ULYSSES

JAMES JOYCE

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY SAM SLOTE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

- **Based on the 1939 Odyssey Press edition, considered to be one of the most accurate versions of *Ulysses***

- **Includes an introduction and over 9,000 explanatory notes by Joyce scholar Sam Slote, which will provide an invaluable study aid for both new and experienced readers of *Ulysses***

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James Joyce

Based on the 1939
Odyssey Press Edition

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY SAM SLOTE,
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

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Introduction

Ulysses has enjoyed or endured numerous different and even contradictory reputations. Some call it, whether in admiration or contempt, a paragon of difficult and obscure literature. Others have said that it champions everyday life. For some, it represents the high-water mark of European Modernist literature, whereas for others it belongs firmly and solely within the context of the Irish Literary Revival. Some read it as a work of realism, whereas others see it rich in deep symbolic meaning. Some find in it much humour, whereas others might see it as deeply serious. Some see it as a book primarily concerned with deeply humanist meanings and values, whereas others see it purely as a sterile intellectual exercise. George Slocombe, one of the book's first reviewers, noted this split character of Joyce's book when he called it 'as large as a telephone directory or a family Bible, and with many of the literary and social characteristics of each!'[1] I would say that perhaps all these different perspectives are valid and that *Ulysses* is both Bible and telephone directory, both humanist and intellectual, both realist and symbolist, both funny and serious, both European and Irish and so forth. It is, if anything, a commodious book.

Joyce was fascinated with the story of Odysseus ever since he was a child. When writing *Ulysses* he told his friend Frank Budgen that Homer's Ulysses is the most complete and multifaceted man in literature.

> Ulysses is son to Laertes, but he is father to Telemachus, husband to Penelope, lover of Calypso, companion in arms of the Greek warriors around Troy and king of Ithaca. He was subjected to many trials, but with wisdom and courage came through them all.[2]

Budgen's reaction to Joyce's comment was that the idea of a 'complete' man implies perfection, like a sculptor's figure, whereas all human beings are invariably imperfect. Joyce's reply was that his Ulysses, the character Leopold Bloom, is both complete and imperfect.

> I see him from all sides, and therefore he is all-round in the sense of your sculptor's figure. But he is a complete man as well – a good man. At any rate, that is what I intend that he shall be.[3]

Bloom is complete because he is seen through many different perspectives. This is the way in which Bloom can be understood as an 'everyman', even though, in many ways, he is somewhat atypical. For example, not every man enjoys kidneys

for breakfast as Bloom does. Bloom is not an everyman in all the exact *specifics* of his characteristics, but rather he is an everyman in that he is detailed in such a richness of *specificity*. Not all men like kidneys, but every man has his own culinary idiosyncrasies and so on. Bloom is an everyman not because he is perfectly, or even adequately, representative of all mankind, but because his specific quirks are precisely enumerated from various different angles.

In *Ulysses* Bloom is subjected to perhaps the most detailed scrutiny any fictional character has ever undergone. Among many other things, we see Bloom defecate, fart, masturbate, urinate, but, above all else, we see him think. Bloom has a remarkable ability to empathize. When we first see him, as he is preparing a breakfast of kidneys, he tries to imagine how his cat perceives him. At first he thinks that he must seem like a giant to her, but then he corrects himself when he realizes that the cat can jump him. He imagines seeing the world through his cat's eyes and mind.

Although Bloom is Irish, he is the grandson of an immigrant from Hungary. His fellow Dubliners assume he is Jewish, although that's not entirely correct: Bloom's father was Jewish, but his mother was not, which according to the strictures of orthodox Judaism means that Bloom is not Jewish. Furthermore, his father converted to Christianity (although he returned to Judaism on his deathbed) and so Bloom was baptized twice (once Catholic and once Protestant) and was never circumcised. Also, he fails to observe the rules of kosher eating. At times Bloom identifies himself as Jewish and at times he does not.

There are several reasons why Joyce gave Bloom Jewish origins. Joyce was interested in a 1902 book by Victor Bérard, a French philologist, who argued that the *Odyssey* had Semitic origins and that Odysseus and the Wandering Jew were two versions of the same character. Joyce also saw an affinity between the Irish and the Jews in that they were both dispossessed peoples. Joyce told his friend Carlo Linati that *Ulysses* is 'the epic of two races (Israel–Ireland)'.[4] Despite some anti-Semitism in Ireland (which Bloom encounters in *Ulysses*), this conceptual association between the Irish and the Jews was not uncommon in Joyce's time.

With the character of Leopold Bloom, Joyce has, in effect, imported a Triestine Jew into Dublin. The Jewish community in Dublin at the turn of the twentieth century was primarily of Lithuanian origin and was by and large religiously observant. In contrast, the Jewish community in Trieste at this time was primarily of Hungarian descent was far less orthodox.[5] Bloom's mixed Jewishness is thus another way in which he is multifaceted: he is both Irish and an immigrant, both Jewish and Christian, both Catholic and Protestant.

Within *Ulysses* the multiform manner of Bloom's representation works like a kind of prism through which Joyce refracts a vast range of experience. On the one hand, Joyce is concerned with certain universal human values, such as what it means to be alive and be human, what it means to live, eat, sleep, fall in love and so on. These things matter not as abstractions, but as specific phenomena, and so to get at this idea of the universal requires the precise elaboration of all the minute details that go into life, all the sorts of things that the character Stephen Dedalus calls 'local colour'. Budgen captures this idea quite neatly when he claims that 'Joyce's realism verges on the mystical'.[6]

When elaborating his theory about Shakespeare in the ninth chapter (or 'episode' as Joyce called them) of *Ulysses*, Stephen says, 'Every life is many days, day after day.'

Ulysses, with its record of the lives and activities of several individuals in Dublin on 16th June 1904, is the representation of life, because it is the representation of all (or seemingly all) the minute particularities of several specific people on one specific day in one specific place. In a sense, Slocombe's judgement about *Ulysses* is completely correct: it is a Bible of life precisely because it works as a telephone directory of the everyday.

In terms of the correspondence with Homer, it is worth noting that Joyce chooses as his title 'Ulysses' and not 'Odysseus' – that is, he chooses the Latinate form of the name of the Greek hero. Indeed, Ulysses is the Medieval Latin form, and thus not the name used by Virgil and other writers of Classical Latin, which was 'Ulixes'. This suggests that Joyce is not simply hearkening back to one single epic tradition, but to an entire history of epic that stands between Homer's age and our own.[7] In any case, I think a first-time reader can easily be misled into spending too much time looking for the elusive allusions to Homer. Joyce gave each episode a title that links it to an episode in the *Odyssey*, but he also made a point of not including these titles in the finished book. While important, the Homeric correspondences can be overemphasized; they are not so much the key to understanding *Ulysses*, but rather one of many patterns Joyce works into his novel.

Besides Bloom, the main characters in *Ulysses* are Bloom's wife Molly and Stephen Dedalus. Stephen had already appeared in Joyce's first novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He is based on Joyce himself, but he should not be mistaken for Joyce. In effect, the character of Stephen Dedalus is Joyce's fictionalized version of himself as a young man. At the end of *Portrait*, Stephen boldly leaves Dublin for Paris, where he plans to begin his life as an artist, and *Ulysses* begins with Stephen back in Dublin after his disappointing stay in Paris (events which mirror those in Joyce's early adulthood). He was called back by his father because his mother was dying and, although she has been dead for over a year when *Ulysses* starts, Stephen is still in mourning.

We do not see too much of Bloom's wife Molly until the final episode, which is her interior monologue as she goes to sleep. But in that episode we get to see quite a lot of her. She gets the final word. Joyce called that episode the *clou* (highlight) of the whole book. Her thoughts counterpoint Bloom's and in many ways serve as a corrective to the impressions we get from him. The Blooms' marriage never quite recovered from when their son Rudy died in childhood, and so Molly, who works as a concert soprano, has just embarked upon an affair with her manager, Blazes Boylan, a local lothario. On the morning of 16th June, Bloom realizes that the first assignation between his wife and Boylan will be that afternoon, and so this is the reason why he avoids returning home for so long. His odyssey around Dublin that day is thus motivated by his wife's impending infidelity. This provides an ironic contrast to Penelope's fidelity to Odysseus in the *Odyssey*: in Homer's poem, Odysseus returns home to his faithful wife, whereas in *Ulysses* Bloom returns to his unfaithful wife.

In terms of its reputed difficulty, *Ulysses* contains references to a wide range of things, the full extent of which would be beyond most people. Topics in *Ulysses* range from music hall to Mozart, from Dante to Victorian ladies' magazines, from Aristotle to horse races, from palmistry to Irish history, from Anglo-Saxon literature to the minute details of Dublin topography, and so on. But dwelling

on these can be counter-productive, since perhaps the most formidable obstacle facing the reader, especially a first-time reader, is dealing with the ever-shifting styles and perspectives.

For the first ten episodes of the novel, with some small qualifications, the perspective alternates between third-person past tense and first-person interior monologue. Joyce called this the book's 'initial style'.[8] Joyce does not signal transitions to a character's thoughts or dialogue with quotation marks, which he derisively called 'perverted commas'.[9] Instead, he trusts the reader to be able to differentiate characters purely on the basis of their own individuating and identificatory patois. The third-person narrative is not objective and impartial, but rather is, to a variable degree, influenced or inflected by the characters and/or incidents it is describing. This technique is called 'free indirect discourse', and the nineteenth-century French novelist Gustave Flaubert, a key influence on Joyce, is credited with being its major innovator, although earlier examples can be found in the works of Jane Austen.

Joyce adopted free indirect discourse when he was writing *Dubliners*. Consider the opening line from 'The Dead': 'Lily, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet.'[10] As Hugh Kenner notes, the phrase 'literally run off her feet' is an odd expression to expect from an omniscient and impartial narrator since, strictly speaking, it cannot be *literally* true. However, it is the sort of expression that one might expect from someone who is uneducated, such as a caretaker's daughter.[11]

Joyce often chooses a style that matches or corresponds or is somehow relevant to the material being described, even if such relevance is ironic. A. Walton Litz calls this sort of technique in Joyce's work 'expressive form', the idea being that 'form "expresses" or imitates qualities of its subject'.[12] Litz prefaces his discussion of this by noting that Joyce kept in his Paris flat a picture of Cork in, suitably enough, a cork frame.[13] From the eleventh episode onwards, expressive form comes to dominate *Ulysses*.

By the time he was writing *Ulysses*, Joyce used free indirect discourse in increasingly subtle and complex ways, especially when it alternates with interior monologue. The first unambiguous instance of interior monologue in *Ulysses* occurs in the opening episode when Stephen looks into a mirror:

> Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack, hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

The first sentence in this paragraph sets up the scene and is ostensibly issued from a separate narrative voice, since it is in the third person. From the second sentence onwards, without any explicit indication, we are shunted into Stephen's thoughts in the first person. However, the transition to Stephen's thoughts is already being made in the first sentence with the phrase 'hair on end', which seems coloured by Stephen's thoughts and mood. In any case, there is something appropriate to having the first instance of internal monologue occur with a character looking into a mirror.

While this is the first clear instance of interior monologue, there are two earlier moments that might be regarded as such, although these are not unequivocal.

Shortly before he looks at his face in the mirror, Stephen remembers a dream he had had about his dead mother:

> Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him.

In this passage, Stephen is referred to in the third person but, all else being the same, if this were changed to first person this passage would be readily identified as interior monologue. At this point, the narrative perspective is thus extremely close to Stephen's thoughts and can only be distinguished from them through the choice of pronouns.

Before this, there is yet another example of what could be a moment of interior monologue. This happens when Stephen is looking at Buck Mulligan, 'his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos'. *Chrysostomos* is Greek for 'golden-mouthed', in the sense of eloquence. This was the epithet of both Dion Chrysostomos, a Greek rhetorician, and St John Chrysostomos, a patriarch of Constantinople. The allusion is to Mulligan's gold-capped teeth as well as to his verbal artistry. Coming from a third-person perspective, this is an oddly judgemental comment about Mulligan, although it is exactly the sort of snide and learned (or pretentious) quip that one would expect from Stephen. So this could be a quick flash into Stephen's thoughts as Mulligan is speaking, but precisely because there is no explicit indication that the perspective has shifted into Stephen's mind, it could also just as easily be an instance where the free indirect discourse reflects the sort of thing that Stephen might think.

This lack of narrative signposting provides for some interesting and resonant ambiguities within the text, but it is one of the obstacles Joyce's readers have to negotiate. Joyce rarely provides the kind of direct contextual information that one would expect from a conventional nineteenth-century realist novel. For example, *Ulysses* opens without any clear indication as to where it takes place as the action begins. However, such information is provided to the reader, albeit gradually. Buck Mulligan is the first character to appear in the novel as he emerges from a stairhead, apparently onto a roof of some kind, since he encounters 'morning air'. On this roof he approaches a round gun rest, so presumably this is not a typical Irish building. The first description made in the text is that it is a tower from which land and mountains can be seen. A little bit later we are told that from the parapet of this tower Dublin Bay can be seen. This is the first geographic marker and, while reasonably vague, it allows for an approximation of location. A few lines later we are told that Stephen sees a boat leaving Kingstown harbour, which helps establish the location a bit more precisely along the coast of Dublin. Several pages later, Haines, who is staying with Mulligan and Stephen, remarks that this particular building is a Martello tower. These are structures that were built by the British all along the Irish coast in 1804–6 to guard against a feared invasion by Napoleon. By 1904 many had been decommissioned and were available for rent. However, there are three Martello towers along the Dublin coast from which Kingstown harbour

can be seen, and so the precise setting of this episode is not fixed until we find out that Mulligan goes swimming in the nearby forty-foot hole. This is a popular (and, at the time, men's-only) swimming area that is right by the path that leads to the Martello tower in Sandycove, which is now the James Joyce Museum. (The name 'forty-foot hole' does not come from the water's depth but from the Fortieth Foot Regiment, who were once stationed in Sandycove and used the spot for swimming.)

This example is not that important in itself, but it is useful as an illustration of a part of Joyce's technique as a writer and as a guide to the reader to pay close attention to the small particulars of the text, since, as they accumulate, patterns that might not otherwise be clear can start to emerge.

Joyce does provide some clues for his readers, but often these are subtle. Since Joyce was no longer living in Dublin when he was writing *Ulysses*, he relied (extensively but not exclusively) on the 1904 edition of the mammoth civil encyclopedia *Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*. We can tell that Joyce used the 1904 edition because *Ulysses* has inherited mistakes unique to that edition. Joyce signposts his reliance upon *Thom's* by mentioning that Bloom was a former employee. Bloom's current employer, the newspaper *The Freeman's Journal*, is also a signal to the reader, since the 16th June 1904 edition of that paper, as well as its sister publication *The Evening Telegraph*, also furnished Joyce with much of the 'local colour' he needed to represent Dublin. Likewise, in the 'Scylla and Charybdis' episode, in which Stephen presents his theory of Shakespeare, the three biographies of Shakespeare that Joyce relied on the most are each named.

With *Ulysses,* attentiveness to the small details of the text is often more important and rewarding than turning to outside sources for help and clarification. Consider this line from the first paragraph of 'Proteus', the third episode, when Stephen thinks *'maestro di color che sanno'*. In my annotations, I gloss this line with 'Italian, "master among those who know"; the epithet Dante Alighieri applies to Aristotle (*Inferno*, IV, 131)'. This is certainly accurate, but it also misses the point. However, in the context of my annotations to say anything more would be to venture away from the informative and stray into the interpretive. In this passage Stephen is thinking about the nature of perception, and specifically the way in which colours are perceived. And so it seems that Joyce is expecting his readers to miss the allusion to Dante and imagine that this line means 'the master who knows colours' (the word *color* can mean both 'of those' and 'colour'). Fritz Senn writes of this, '"Proteus" is about the treacherous relation between appearance and essence, semblance and reality. The wrong sense of *"color"* seems to be more vital than the essential one.'[14] With *Ulysses*, being wrong is half the fun.

Joyce's oft-repeated boast that 'I've put in so many enigmas and puzzles that it will keep the professors busy for centuries', which first appeared in Ellmann's biography,[15] is actually most likely spurious. While *Ulysses* certainly offers a lot of grist for the scholarly mill, Joyce did not write a book exclusively for scholars. One evening, when he was with his cousin Kathleen, he asked her if her mother, his aunt Josephine, with whom he was very close, had read *Ulysses*. Kathleen confessed that her mother had found *Ulysses* unfit to read. Joyce's indignant response was: 'If *Ulysses* isn't fit to read, life isn't fit to live.'[16]

Since *Ulysses* is a book of many small details, errors in the text can create interesting challenges for the reader. Because of the difficulties Joyce had in getting *Ulysses* published, the first edition was produced in France by an amateur publisher using a French printer who did not speak English. Compounding these problems was Joyce's habit of continually revising and expanding his work. One third of *Ulysses* was composed on the galley and page proofs. And so, beyond dealing with a text in a language he did not understand, Maurice Darantiere, Joyce's printer, had to contend with Joyce's barely legible handwriting. As Joyce was reviewing (and expanding) the various proofs for *Ulysses*, he knew that the text would be flawed and so the first edition begins with the statement, initialled by its publisher Sylvia Beach but actually written by Joyce: '*The publisher asks the reader's indulgence for typographical errors unavoidable in the exceptional circumstances.*' Every subsequent attempt to redress these errors in future editions wound up introducing new errors in the process.

Ultimately, Sylvia Beach published eleven printings of *Ulysses* until 1930, when Joyce decided that a larger publisher was needed to cope with the demand. With *Ulysses* still banned in the UK and the US, he turned to the Albatross Press, a German company which was founded in 1931 to distribute English-language books outside the British Empire and the US. They set up an imprint called the Odyssey Press specifically for *Ulysses*.

Between 1932 and 1939 the Odyssey Press issued four printings of *Ulysses*, usually as two small paperback volumes. They continued to publish *Ulysses* even after it became legally available in the UK and the US. Their publication of *Ulysses* stopped, unsurprisingly, with the onset of the Second World War. The first British edition, published by the Bodley Head in 1936, was based on the 1935 printing of the Odyssey Press. Bodley Head advertised their edition as 'Final and definitive', a claim that was belied by the many emendations they (silently) introduced in their 1937 printing.

A note on the title-page verso of the Odyssey Press edition reads: 'The present edition may be regarded as the definitive standard edition as it has been specially revised, at the author's request, by Stuart Gilbert'. Such a claim is, perhaps, presumptuous. By this time Gilbert had effectively become '*the* official Joycean' largely on the strength of his 1930 book-length study of *Ulysses* (he had also assisted in the French translation of the book). In two 1965 letters to Jack Dalton, Gilbert describes his role in preparing the Odyssey Press edition: 'I consulted Joyce re some doubtful points' and: 'As far as I remember I used what was then the latest Shakespeare & Co edition and also my copy of the First, when correcting the Odyssey Press text of *Ulysses*. I certainly asked for, and received, revise [*sic*] proofs'.[17]

Citing a 1956 study by James F. Spoerri, Ellmann calls the final printing of this edition 'the most accurate text of the book'.[18] This is still a commonly held assumption within the Joyce world, although it is not entirely accurate and Spoerri himself was not as categorical. He notes that Gilbert wrote in blue pencil in his copy of the 1932 printing: 'Despite the "perfection" of this version (I should say "Edition"), five misprints somehow slipped their way in! Hélas! Stuart Gilbert.'[19] Spoerri uncovers more than five misprints, the most dramatic being the 'Aeolus' heading 'LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE', which appears as 'LINKS TH

BYGONE DAYS OF YOREWI' in the first printing, but was corrected in subsequent printings. Each printing after 1932 introduced various corrections, and so the 1939 printing of the Odyssey Press *Ulysses* stands as the most accurate instantiation of the Odyssey Press's various printings, although it is also not without error, and so, like all editions of *Ulysses*, is in its own way imperfect.[20]

This present edition is based on the 1939 printing of the Odyssey Press. It is not a facsimile edition, and so the pagination is different. Since the episode divisions in the Odyssey Press printings are somewhat subtle, they are demarcated more clearly here. One additional change involves the headings in the 'Aeolus' episode. As this episode is set in a newspaper office, it is punctuated by a series of newspaper-headline-type headings that comment on the action. These were all added on the galley proofs; Joyce left an instruction for the printer that these headings should be large and bold. While the Shakespeare & Company edition follows Joyce's suggested formatting, the Odyssey Press edition does not. This present edition thus bypasses the Odyssey Press's formatting of the 'Aeolus' headings in favour of the style of the Shakespeare & Company edition. In addition, the Odyssey Press edition imposed the inscription 'The End', which has been removed because, in the context of a book like *Ulysses*, it's just silly. Also, in the Odyssey Press edition the first line of each episode is set in small caps, these are changed to sentence case for this printing (which follow the capitalization of the first edition). Other than the different pagination and the revised episode breaks and formatting of the 'Aeolus' headings, the text presented here matches that of the 1939 printing of the Odyssey Press edition of *Ulysses*.

FURTHER READING

The sheer volume of Joyce criticism can be intimidating to many first-time readers. I have attempted to select a small sample of some of the best works that would be helpful to new readers. As Fritz Senn has noted, there is no such thing as a work of Joyce criticism that is without error (and the same could be said of any scholarship), and so I should say that none of these works, as enlightening as they are, should be considered definitive.

While there are a number of guidebooks aimed at the first-time reader, I would say that the best is Terence Killeen's *'Ulysses' Unbound*. Killeen offers clear, informed and incisive summaries of all the episodes. Derek Attridge's *How to Read Joyce* is, likewise, an excellent introduction, not just to *Ulysses* but to all of Joyce's major works.

Since *Ulysses* relies extensively upon the minute particularities of Dublin's topography, readers unfamiliar with Dublin are at a disadvantage. Clive Hart and Ian Gunn's *James Joyce's Dublin* offers an excellent guide to help surmount this shortcoming.

Two volumes of annotations exist for *Ulysses*, one by Don Gifford and the other by Weldon Thornton. While invaluable, both are not without flaws and errors and omissions.

The standard biography of Joyce is Richard Ellmann's; while its accuracy has been much debated by Joyceans in recent years, there is no clear successor. John McCourt has written an excellent biography that focuses just on Joyce's years in Trieste, which

were crucial in the creation of *Ulysses*. McCourt argues, and with some reason, that Joyce could be considered a Triestine writer as much as he is an Irish writer.

The writing of *Ulysses* is documented by Joyce's friend Frank Budgen. More recent accounts, which make much use of Joyce's fascinating manuscripts, are available in Michael Groden's *'Ulysses' in Progress* and its sequel volume *'Ulysses' in Focus*.

Andrew Gibson's *Joyce's Revenge* offers a clear and comprehensive account of the ways in which Joyce's works engage in a resistance to the colonization of Ireland by Britain. Hugh Kenner's short book *Joyce's Voices* is an excellent and indispensable guide to Joyce's stylistic virtuosity. Fritz Senn's collections of essays, *Joyce's Dislocutions* and *Inductive Scrutinies*, offer meticulous and sensitive readings of Joyce and are highly recommended. In many ways, Senn's work is the best available on Joyce. Derek Attridge's collection of essays on *Ulysses* contains some of the most seminal short works of criticism, including an important negative assessment of *Ulysses* by Leo Bersani. John McCourt's collection of essays, *James Joyce in Context*, contains a number of short essays that examine Joyce's works from a wide variety of different perspectives. And, finally, Sebastian Knowles's book *The Dublin Helix* is that rarest of beasts within the academic menagerie: a scholarly book that's also quite fun.

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Ulysses

I

Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather 1-2
on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

— *Introibo ad altare Dei.* 3

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

— Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.

Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

Buck Mulligan peeped an instant under the mirror and then covered the bowl smartly.

— Back to barracks, he said sternly.

He added in a preacher's tone:

— For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood 4
and ouns. Slow music, please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all.

He peered sideways up and gave a long low whistle of call, then paused awhile in rapt attention, his even white teeth glistening here and there with gold points. Chrysostomos. Two strong shrill whistles answered through the calm. 5

— Thanks, old chap, he cried briskly. That will do nicely. Switch off the current, will you?

He skipped off the gunrest and looked gravely at his watcher, gathering about his legs the loose folds of his gown. The plump shadowed face and sullen oval jowl recalled a prelate, patron of arts in the middle ages. A pleasant smile broke quietly over his lips.

— The mockery of it, he said gaily. Your absurd name, an ancient Greek. 6

He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. Stephen Dedalus stepped up, followed him wearily halfway and sat down on the edge of the gunrest, watching him still as he propped his mirror on the parapet, dipped the brush in the bowl and lathered cheeks and neck.

Buck Mulligan's gay voice went on.

1-2 — My name is absurd too: Malachi Mulligan, two dactyls. But it has a Hellenic ring, hasn't it? Tripping and sunny like the buck himself. We must go to Athens. Will you come if I can get the aunt to fork out twenty quid?

He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:

— Will he come? The jejune jesuit.

Ceasing, he began to shave with care.

— Tell me, Mulligan, Stephen said quietly.

— Yes, my love?

3 — How long is Haines going to stay in this tower?

Buck Mulligan showed a shaven cheek over his right shoulder

— God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. God, these bloody English. Bursting with money and indigestion. Because he comes from Oxford. You know, Dedalus, you have the real Oxford 4 manner. He can't make you out. O, my name for you is the best: Kinch, the knifeblade.

He shaved warily over his chin.

5 — He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase?

— A woful lunatic, Mulligan said. Were you in a funk?

— I was, Stephen said with energy and growing fear. Out here in the dark with a man I don't know raving and moaning to himself about shooting a black panther. 6 You saved men from drowning. I'm not a hero, however. If he stays on here I am off.

Buck Mulligan frowned at the lather on his razorblade. He hopped down from his perch and began to search his trouser pockets hastily.

7 — Scutter, he cried thickly.

He came over to the gunrest and, thrusting a hand into Stephen's upper pocket, said:

— Lend us a loan of your noserag to wipe my razor.

Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:

— The bard's noserag. A new art colour for our Irish poets: snotgreen. You can almost taste it, can't you?

He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly.

8 — God, he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? 9 The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton.* Ah, Dedalus, the 10 Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* She is our great sweet mother. Come and look.

Stephen stood up and went over to the parapet. Leaning on it he looked down 11-12 on the water and on the mailboat clearing the harbour mouth of Kingstown.

13 — Our mighty mother, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned abruptly his great searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face.

— The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you.

— Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily.

— You could have knelt down, damn it, Kinch, when your dying mother asked 14 you, Buck Mulligan said. I'm hyperborean as much as you. But to think of your

mother begging you with her last breath to kneel down and pray for her. And you refused. There is something sinister in you...

He broke off and lathered again lightly his farther cheek. A tolerant smile curled his lips.

— But a lovely mummer, he murmured to himself. Kinch, the loveliest mummer 1
of them all.

He shaved evenly and with care, in silence, seriously.

Stephen, an elbow rested on the jagged granite, leaned his palm against his brow and gazed at the fraying edge of his shiny black coatsleeve. Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white china had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting.

Buck Mulligan wiped again his razorblade.

— Ah, poor dogsbody, he said in a kind voice. I must give you a shirt and a few noserags. How are the secondhand breeks? 2

— They fit well enough, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan attacked the hollow beneath his underlip.

— The mockery of it, he said contentedly, secondleg they should be. God knows what poxy bowsy left them off. I have a lovely pair with a hair stripe, grey. You'll look spiffing in them. I'm not joking, Kinch. You look damn well when you're dressed.

— Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey.

— He can't wear them, Buck Mulligan told his face in the mirror. Etiquette is etiquette. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers.

He folded his razor neatly and with stroking palps of fingers felt the smooth skin.

Stephen turned his gaze from the sea and to the plump face with its smokeblue mobile eyes.

— That fellow I was with in the Ship last night, said Buck Mulligan, says you have 3
g. p. i. He's up in Dottyville with Conolly Norman. General paralysis of the insane. 4-5

He swept the mirror a half circle in the air to flash the tidings abroad in sunlight now radiant on the sea. His curling shaven lips laughed and the edges of his white glittering teeth. Laughter seized all his strong wellknit trunk.

— Look at yourself, he said, you dreadful bard.

Stephen bent forward and peered at the mirror held out to him, cleft by a crooked crack, hair on end. As he and others see me. Who chose this face for me? This 6
dogsbody to rid of vermin. It asks me too.

— I pinched it out of the skivvy's room, Buck Mulligan said. It does her all right. The aunt always keeps plainlooking servants for Malachi. Lead him not into 7
temptation. And her name is Ursula. 8

Laughing again, he brought the mirror away from Stephen's peering eyes.

— The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror, he said. If Wilde were 9
only alive to see you.

Drawing back and pointing, Stephen said with bitterness:

1 — It is a symbol of Irish art. The cracked lookingglass of a servant.

Buck Mulligan suddenly linked his arm in Stephen's and walked with him round the tower, his razor and mirror clacking in the pocket where he had thrust them.

— It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them.

Parried again. He fears the lancet of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen.

— Cracked lookingglass of a servant. Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a
2 gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. God, Kinch, if you and I could only work together we might do
3 something for the island. Hellenise it.

4 Cranly's arm. His arm.

— And to think of your having to beg from these swine. I'm the only one that knows what you are. Why don't you trust me more? What have you up your nose against me? Is it Haines? If he makes any noise here I'll bring down Seymour and we'll give him a ragging worse than they gave Clive Kempthorpe.

Young shouts of moneyed voices in Clive Kempthorpe's rooms. Palefaces: they hold their ribs with laughter, one clasping another, O, I shall expire! Break the news to her gently, Aubrey! I shall die! With slit ribbons of his shirt whipping the air he hops and hobbles round the table, with trousers down at heels, chased by Ades of
5-6 Magdalen with the tailor's shears. A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I
7 don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me!

Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf
8 gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the
9 sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms.

10-12 To ourselves... new paganism... omphalos.

— Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night.

— Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked impatiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank with you. What have you against me now?

13 They halted, looking towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that lay on the water like the snout of a sleeping whale. Stephen freed his arm quietly.

— Do you wish me to tell you? he asked.

— Yes, what is it? Buck Mulligan answered. I don't remember anything.

He looked in Stephen's face as he spoke. A light wind passed his brow, fanning softly his fair uncombed hair and stirring silver points of anxiety in his eyes.

Stephen, depressed by his own voice, said:

— Do you remember the first day I went to your house after my mother's death?

Buck Mulligan frowned quickly and said:

— What? Where? I can't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations. Why? What happened in the name of God?

— You were making tea, Stephen said, and I went across the landing to get more hot water. Your mother and some visitor came out of the drawingroom. She asked you who was in your room.

— Yes? Buck Mulligan said. What did I say? I forget.

— You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.*

A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek.

— Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that? He shook his constraint from him nervously.

— And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut 1
up into tripes in the dissecting room. It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. To me it's all a mockery and beastly. Her cerebral lobes are not functioning. She calls the doctor Sir Peter Teazle and picks buttercups 2
off the quilt. Humour her till it's over. You crossed her last wish in death and yet you sulk with me because I don't whinge like some hired mute from Lalouette's. 3
Absurd! I suppose I did say it. I didn't mean to offend the memory of your mother.

He had spoken himself into boldness. Stephen, shielding the gaping wounds which the words had left in his heart, said very coldly:

— I am not thinking of the offence to my mother.

— Of what, then? Buck Mulligan asked.

— Of the offence to me, Stephen answered.

Buck Mulligan swung round on his heel.

— O, an impossible person! he exclaimed.

He walked off quickly round the parapet. Stephen stood at his post, gazing over the calm sea towards the headland. Sea and headland now grew dim. Pulses were beating in his eyes, veiling their sight, and he felt the fever of his cheeks.

A voice within the tower called loudly:

— Are you up there, Mulligan?

— I'm coming, Buck Mulligan answered.

He turned towards Stephen and said:

— Look at the sea. What does it care about offences? Chuck Loyola, Kinch, and 4
come on down. The Sassenach wants his morning rashers. 5

His head halted again for a moment at the top of the staircase, level with the roof.

— Don't mope over it all day, he said. I'm inconsequent. Give up the moody brooding.

His head vanished but the drone of his descending voice boomed out of the stairhead:

And no more turn aside and brood 6
Upon love's bitter mystery
For Fergus rules the brazen cars.

Woodshadows floated silently by through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide.

A cloud began to cover the sun slowly, shadowing the bay in deeper green. It lay behind him, a bowl of bitter waters. Fergus' song: I sang it alone in the house, holding down the long dark chords. Her door was open: she wanted to hear my music. Silent with awe and pity I went to her bedside. She was crying in her wretched bed. For those words, Stephen: love's bitter mystery.

Where now?

Her secrets: old feather fans, tasselled dancecards, powdered with musk, a gaud of amber beads in her locked drawer. A birdcage hung in the sunny window of her
1-2 house when she was a girl. She heard old Royce sing in the pantomime of Turko the terrible and laughed with others when he sang:

3 *I am the boy*
That can enjoy
Invisibility.

Phantasmal mirth, folded away: muskperfumed.

And no more turn aside and brood.

Folded away in the memory of nature with her toys. Memories beset his brooding brain. Her glass of water from the kitchen tap when she had approached the sacrament. A cored apple, filled with brown sugar, roasting for her at the hob on a dark autumn evening. Her shapely fingernails reddened by the blood of squashed lice from the children's shirts.

In a dream, silently, she had come to him, her wasted body within its loose graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath bent over him with mute secret words, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

Her glazing eyes, staring out of death, to shake and bend my soul. On me alone.
4 The ghostcandle to light her agony. Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. Her eyes on me to
5 strike me down. *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.*

Ghoul! Chewer of corpses!

No, mother. Let me be and let me live.

— Kinch ahoy!

Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words.

6 — Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is apologizing for waking us last night. It's all right.

— I'm coming, Stephen said, turning.

— Do, for Jesus' sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our sakes.

His head disappeared and reappeared.

— I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it's very clever. Touch him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean.

— I get paid this morning, Stephen said.

7 — The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one.

— If you want it, Stephen said.

— Four shining sovereigns, Buck Mulligan cried with delight. We'll have a glorious drink to astonish the druidy druids. Four omnipotent sovereigns.

He flung up his hands and tramped down the stone stairs, singing out of tune with a Cockney accent:

O, won't we have a merry time 1
Drinking whisky, beer and wine,
On coronation,
Coronation day?
O, won't we have a merry time
On coronation day?

Warm sunshine merrying over the sea. The nickel shavingbowl shone, forgotten, on the parapet. Why should I bring it down? Or leave it there all day, forgotten friendship?

He went over to it, held it in his hands awhile, feeling its coolness, smelling the clammy slaver of the lather in which the brush was stuck. So I carried the boat of incense then at Clongowes. I am another now and yet the same. A servant too. A 2-3
server of a servant.

In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.

— We'll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you?

Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker. A tall figure rose from the hammock where it had been sitting, went to the doorway and pulled open the inner doors.

— Have you the key? a voice asked.

— Dedalus has it, Buck Mulligan said. Janey Mack, I'm choked.

He howled without looking up from the fire:

— Kinch!

— It's in the lock, Stephen said, coming forward.

The key scraped round harshly twice and, when the heavy door had been set ajar, welcome light and bright air entered. Haines stood at the doorway, looking out. Stephen haled his upended valise to the table and sat down to wait. Buck Mulligan tossed the fry on to the dish beside him. Then he carried the dish and a large teapot over to the table, set them down heavily and sighed with relief.

— I'm melting, he said, as the candle remarked when... But hush. Not a word more on that subject. Kinch, wake up. Bread, butter, honey. Haines, come in. The grub is ready. Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts. Where's the sugar? O, jay, there's no milk.

Stephen fetched the loaf and the pot of honey and the buttercooler from the locker. Buck Mulligan sat down in a sudden pet.

— What sort of a kip is this? he said. I told her to come after eight.

— We can drink it black, Stephen said. There's a lemon in the locker.

— O, damn you and your Paris fads, Buck Mulligan said. I want Sandycove milk.

Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly:

— That woman is coming up with the milk.

— The blessings of God on you, Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his chair. Sit down. Pour out the tea there. The sugar is in the bag. Here, I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs. He hacked through the fry on the dish and slapped it out on three plates, saying:

— *In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.* 4

Haines sat down to pour out the tea.

— I'm giving you two lumps each, he said. But, I say, Mulligan, you do make strong tea, don't you?

Buck Mulligan, hewing thick slices from the loaf said in an old woman's wheedling voice:

1 — When I makes tea I makes tea, as old mother Grogan said. And when I makes water I makes water.

— By Jove, it is tea, Haines said.

Buck Mulligan went on hewing and wheedling:

— *So I do, Mrs Cahill*, says she. *Begob, ma'am*, says Mrs Cahill, *God send you don't make them in the one pot.*

He lunged towards his messmates in turn a thick slice of bread, impaled on his knife.

— That's folk, he said very earnestly, for your book, Haines. Five lines of text
2 and ten pages of notes about the folk and the fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind.

He turned to Stephen and asked in a fine puzzled voice, lifting his brows:

— Can you recall, brother, is mother Grogan's tea and water pot spoken of in
3-4 the Mabinogion or is it in the Upanishads?

— I doubt it, said Stephen gravely.

— Do you now? Buck Mulligan said in the same tone. Your reasons, pray?

— I fancy, Stephen said as he ate, it did not exist in or out of the Mabinogion. Mother Grogan was, one imagines, a kinswoman of Mary Ann.

Buck Mulligan's face smiled with delight.

— Charming, he said in a finical sweet voice, showing his white teeth and blinking his eyes pleasantly. Do you think she was? Quite charming.

Then, suddenly overclouding all his features, he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf:

5 — *For old Mary Ann*
She doesn't care a damn,
But, hising up her petticoats…

He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned.

The doorway was darkened by an entering form.

— The milk, sir.

— Come in, ma'am, Mulligan said. Kinch, get the jug.

An old woman came forward and stood by Stephen's elbow.

— That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God.

— To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure.

Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker.

— The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the
6 collector of prepuces.

— How much, sir? asked the old woman.

— A quart, Stephen said.

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk,
7 not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and

secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine [1] and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether [2] he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

— It is indeed, ma'am, Buck Mulligan said, pouring milk into their cups.

— Taste it, sir, she said.

He drank at her bidding.

— If we could only live on good food like that, he said to her somewhat loudly, we wouldn't have the country full of rotten teeth and rotten guts. Living in a bogswamp, eating cheap food and the streets paved with dust, horsedung and consumptives' spits.

— Are you a medical student, sir? the old woman asked.

— I am, ma'am, Buck Mulligan answered.

Stephen listened in scornful silence. She bows her old head to a voice that speaks to her loudly, her bonesetter, her medicineman; me she slights. To the voice that will shrive and oil for the grave all there is of her but her woman's unclean loins, [3] of man's flesh made not in God's likeness, the serpent's prey. And to the loud voice that now bids her be silent with wondering unsteady eyes.

— Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her.

— Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines.

Haines spoke to her again a longer speech, confidently.

— Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you? [4]

— I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from west, sir? [5]

— I am an Englishman, Haines answered.

— He's English, Buck Mulligan said, and he thinks we ought to speak Irish in Ireland.

— Sure we ought to, the old woman said, and I'm ashamed I don't speak the language myself. I'm told it's a grand language by them that knows.

— Grand is no name for it, said Buck Mulligan. Wonderful entirely. Fill us out some more tea, Kinch. Would you like a cup, ma'am?

— No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go.

Haines said to her:

— Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we?

Stephen filled the three cups.

— Bill, sir? she said, halting. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir.

Buck Mulligan sighed and having filled his mouth with a crust thickly buttered on both sides, stretched forth his legs and began to search his trouser pockets.

— Pay up and look pleasant, Haines said to him smiling.

Stephen filled a third cup, a spoonful of tea colouring faintly the thick rich milk. Buck Mulligan brought up a florin, twisted it round in his fingers and cried:

— A miracle!

He passed it along the table towards the old woman, saying:

1 — Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give.

Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand.

— We'll owe twopence, he said.

— Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir.

She curtseyed and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant:

2 — *Heart of my heart, were it more,*
More would be laid at your feet.

He turned to Stephen and said:

3 — Seriously, Dedalus. I'm stony. Hurry out to your school kip and bring us back
4 some money. Today the bards must drink and junket. Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty.

5 — That reminds me, Haines said, rising, that I have to visit your national library today.

— Our swim first, Buck Mulligan said.

He turned to Stephen and asked blandly:

— Is this the day for your monthly wash, Kinch?

Then he said to Haines:

— The unclean bard makes a point of washing once a month.

— All Ireland is washed by the gulfstream, Stephen said as he let honey trickle over a slice of the loaf.

Haines from the corner where he was knotting easily a scarf about the loose collar of his tennis shirt spoke:

— I intend to make a collection of your sayings if you will let me.

6 Speaking to me. They wash and tub and scrub. Agenbite of inwit. Conscience.
7 Yet here's a spot.

— That one about the cracked lookingglass of a servant being the symbol of Irish art is deuced good.

Buck Mulligan kicked Stephen's foot under the table and said with warmth of tone:

— Wait till you hear him on Hamlet, Haines.

— Well, I mean it, Haines said, still speaking to Stephen. I was just thinking of it when that poor old creature came in.

— Would I make money by it? Stephen asked.

Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the hammock, said:

— I don't know, I'm sure.

He strolled out to the doorway. Buck Mulligan bent across to Stephen and said with coarse vigour:

— You put your hoof in it now. What did you say that for?

— Well? Stephen said. The problem is to get money. From whom? From the milkwoman or from him. It's a toss up, I think.

— I blow him out about you, Buck Mulligan said, and then you come along with your lousy leer and your gloomy jesuit jibes.

— I see little hope, Stephen said, from her or from him.

Buck Mulligan sighed tragically and laid his hand on Stephen's arm.

— From me, Kinch, he said.

In a suddenly changed tone he added:

— To tell you the God's truth I think you're right. Damn all else they are good for. Why don't you play them as I do? To hell with them all. Let us get out of the kip. 1

He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his gown, saying resignedly:

— Mulligan is stripped of his garments. 2

He emptied his pockets on to the table.

— There's your snotrag, he said.

And putting on his stiff collar and rebellious tie, he spoke to them, chiding them, and to his dangling watchchain. His hands plunged and rummaged in his trunk while he called for a clean handkerchief. Agenbite of inwit. God, we'll simply have to dress the character. I want puce gloves and green boots. Contradiction. Do I contradict myself? Very well then, I contradict myself. Mercurial Malachi. A limp black missile flew out of his talking hands. 3

— And there's your Latin quarter hat, he said.

Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines called to them from the doorway:

— Are you coming, you fellows?

— I'm ready, Buck Mulligan answered, going towards the door. Come out, Kinch. You have eaten all we left, I suppose. Resigned he passed out with grave words and gait, saying, wellnigh with sorrow:

— And going forth he met Butterly. 4

Stephen, taking his ashplant from its leaningplace, followed them out and, as they went down the ladder, pulled to the slow iron door and locked it. He put the huge key in his inner pocket. 5

At the foot of the ladder Buck Mulligan asked:

— Did you bring the key?

— I have it, Stephen said, preceding them.

He walked on. Behind him he heard Buck Mulligan club with his heavy bathtowel the leader shoots of ferns or grasses. 6

— Down, sir. How dare you, sir?

Haines asked.

— Do you pay rent for this tower?

— Twelve quid, Buck Mulligan said.

— To the secretary of state for war, Stephen added over his shoulder. 7

They halted while Haines surveyed the tower and said at last:

— Rather bleak in wintertime, I should say. Martello you call it? 8

— Billy Pitt had them built, Buck Mulligan said, when the French were on the sea. But ours is the *omphalos*. 9-10

— What is your idea of Hamlet? Haines asked Stephen.

— No, no, Buck Mulligan shouted in pain. I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fiftyfive reasons he has made to prop it up. Wait till I have a few pints in me first. 11

He turned to Stephen, saying as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat:

— You couldn't manage it under three pints, Kinch, could you?

— It has waited so long, Stephen said listlessly, it can wait longer.

— You pique my curiosity, Haines said amiably. Is it some paradox?

— Pooh! Buck Mulligan said. We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes. It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father.

— What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself?

Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and, bending in loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear:

— O, shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father!

— We're always tired in the morning, Stephen said to Haines. And it is rather long to tell.

Buck Mulligan, walking forward again, raised his hands.

— The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus, he said.

— I mean to say, Haines explained to Stephen as they followed, this tower and these cliffs here remind me somehow of Elsinore. *That beetles o'er his base into the sea*, isn't it?

Buck Mulligan turned suddenly for an instant towards Stephen but did not speak. In the bright silent instant Stephen saw his own image in cheap dusty mourning between their gay attires.

— It's a wonderful tale, Haines said, bringing them to halt again.

Eyes, pale as the sea the wind had freshened, paler, firm and prudent. The seas' ruler, he gazed southward over the bay, empty save for the smokeplume of the mailboat, vague on the bright skyline, and a sail tacking by the Muglins.

— I read a theological interpretation of it somewhere, he said bemused. The Father and the Son idea. The Son striving to be atoned with the Father.

Buck Mulligan at once put on a blithe broadly smiling face. He looked at them, his wellshaped mouth open happily, his eyes, from which he had suddenly withdrawn all shrewd sense, blinking with mad gaiety. He moved a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice:

— *I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard.*
My mother's a jew, my father's a bird.
With Joseph the joiner I cannot agree,
So here's to disciples and Calvary.

He held up a forefinger of warning.

— *If anyone thinks that I amn't divine*
He'll get no free drinks when I'm making the wine
But have to drink water and wish it were plain
That I make when the wine becomes water again.

He tugged swiftly at Stephen's ashplant in farewell and, running forward to a brow of the cliff, fluttered his hands at his sides like fins or wings of one about to rise in the air, and chanted:

— *Goodbye, now, goodbye. Write down all I said*
And tell Tom, Dick and Harry I rose from the dead.
What's bred in the bone cannot fail me to fly
And Olivet's breezy... Goodbye, now, goodbye. 1

He capered before them down towards the fortyfoot hole, fluttering his winglike hands, leaping nimbly, Mercury's hat quivering in the fresh wind that bore back to them his brief birdlike cries. 2

Haines, who had been laughing guardedly, walked on beside Stephen and said:

— We oughtn't to laugh, I suppose. He's rather blasphemous. I'm not a believer myself, that is to say. Still his gaiety takes the harm out of it somehow, doesn't it? What did he call it? Joseph the Joiner?

— The ballad of Joking Jesus, Stephen answered.

— O, Haines said, you have heard it before?

— Three times a day, after meals, Stephen said drily.

— You're not a believer, are you? Haines asked. I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God.

— There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me, Stephen said.

Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone. He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it. 3

— Thank you, Stephen said, taking a cigarette.

Haines helped himself and snapped the case to. He put it back in his sidepocket and took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox, sprang it open too, and, having lit his cigarette, held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands.

— Yes, of course, he said, as they went on again. Either you believe or you don't, isn't it? Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose?

— You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible example of free thought. 4

He walked on, waiting to be spoken to, trailing his ashplant by his side. Its ferrule followed lightly on the path, squealing at his heels. My familiar, after me, calling 5 Steeeeeeeeeephen. A wavering line along the path. They will walk on it tonight, coming here in the dark. He wants that key. It is mine, I paid the rent. Now I eat 6 his salt bread. Give him the key too. All. He will ask for it. That was in his eyes.

— After all, Haines began...

Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind.

— After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me.

— I am the servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian. 7

— Italian? Haines said.

A crazy queen, old and jealous. Kneel down before me.

— And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs.

— Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean?

— The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his colour rising, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church.

Haines detached from his underlip some fibres of tobacco before he spoke.

— I can quite understand that, he said calmly. An Irishman must think like that, I daresay. We feel in England that we have treated you rather unfairly. It seems history is to blame.

The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam:* the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone loud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. Words Mulligan had spoken a moment since in mockery to the stranger. Idle mockery. The void awaits surely all them that weave the wind: a menace, a disarming and a worsting from those embattled angels of the church, Michael's host, who defend her ever in the hour of conflict with their lances and their shields.

Hear, hear. Prolonged applause. *Zut! Nom de Dieu!*

— Of course I'm a Britisher, Haines' voice said, and I feel as one. I don't want to see my country fall into the hands of German jews either. That's our national problem, I'm afraid, just now.

Two men stood at the verge of the cliff, watching: businessman, boatman.

— She's making for Bullock harbour.

The boatman nodded towards the north of the bay with some disdain.

— There's five fathoms out there, he said. It'll be swept up that way when the tide comes in about one. It's nine days today.

The man that was drowned. A sail veering about the blank bay waiting for a swollen bundle to bob up, roll over to the sun a puffy face, salt white. Here I am.

They followed the winding path down to the creek. Buck Mulligan stood on a stone, in shirtsleeves, his unclipped tie rippling over his shoulder. A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water.

— Is the brother with you, Malachi?

— Down in Westmeath. With the Bannons.

— Still there? I got a card from Bannon. Says he found a sweet young thing down there. Photo girl he calls her.

— Snapshot, eh? Brief exposure.

Buck Mulligan sat down to unlace his boots. An elderly man shot up near the spur of rock a blowing red face. He scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth.

Buck Mulligan made way for him to scramble past and, glancing at Haines and Stephen, crossed himself piously with his thumbnail at brow and lips and breastbone.

— Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of rock. Chucked medicine and going in for the army.

— Ah, go to God, Buck Mulligan said.

— Going over next week to stew. You know that red Carlisle girl, Lily?

— Yes.

— Spooning with him last night on the pier. The father is rotto with money. 1-2

— Is she up the pole? 3

— Better ask Seymour that.

— Seymour a bleeding officer, Buck Mulligan said.

He nodded to himself as he drew off his trousers and stood up, saying tritely:

— Redheaded women buck like goats.

He broke off in alarm, feeling his side under his flapping shirt

— My twelfth rib is gone, he cried. I'm the *Uebermensch*. Toothless Kinch and I, the supermen. 4

He struggled out of his shirt and flung it behind him to where his clothes lay.

— Are you going in here, Malachi?

— Yes. Make room in the bed.

The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. Haines sat down on a stone, smoking.

— Are you not coming in? Buck Mulligan asked.

— Later on, Haines said. Not on my breakfast.

Stephen turned away.

— I'm going, Mulligan, he said.

— Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat.

Stephen handed him the key. Buck Mulligan laid it across his heaped clothes.

— And twopence, he said, for a pint. Throw it there.

Stephen threw two pennies on the soft heap. Dressing, undressing. Buck Mulligan erect, with joined hands before him, said solemnly:

— He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord. Thus spake Zarathustra. 5-6

His plump body plunged.

— We'll see you again, Haines said, turning as Stephen walked up the path and smiling at wild Irish. 7

Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon. 8

— The Ship, Buck Mulligan cried. Half twelve. 9

— Good, Stephen said.

He walked along the upwardcurving path.

Liliata rutilantium. 10
Turma circumdet.
Iubilantium te virginum.

The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly. I will not sleep here tonight. Home also I cannot go.

A voice, sweettoned and sustained, called to him from the sea. Turning the curve he waved his hand. It called again. A sleek brown head, a seal's, far out on the water, round.

Usurper.

— You, Cochrane, what city sent for him?

1 — Tarentum, sir.

— Very good. Well?

— There was a battle, sir.

— Very good. Where?

The boy's blank face asked the blank window.

2 Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory
3 fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then?

— I forget the place, sir. 279 B. C.

4 — Asculum, Stephen said, glancing at the name and date in the gorescarred book.

5 — Yes, sir. And he said: *Another victory like that and we are done for.*

That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind. From a hill above a corpsestrewn plain a general speaking to his officers, leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers. They lend ear.

6 — You, Armstrong, Stephen said. What was the end of Pyrrhus?

— End of Pyrrhus, sir?

— I know, sir. Ask me, sir, Comyn said.

— Wait. You, Armstrong. Do you know anything about Pyrrhus?

A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel. He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly. Crumbs adhered to the tissues of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath. Welloff people, proud that their eldest son was in
7 the navy. Vico Road, Dalkey.

— Pyrrhus, sir? Pyrrhus, a pier.

All laughed. Mirthless high malicious laughter. Armstrong looked round at his classmates, silly glee in profile. In a moment they will laugh more loudly, aware of my lack of rule and of the fees their papas pay.

— Tell me now, Stephen said, poking the boy's shoulder with the book, what is a pier.

— A pier, sir, Armstrong said. A thing out in the waves. A kind of bridge. Kingstown pier, sir.

Some laughed again: mirthless but with meaning. Two in the back bench whispered. Yes. They knew: had never learned nor ever been innocent. All. With envy he watched their faces. Edith, Ethel, Gerty, Lily. Their likes: their breaths, too, sweetened with tea and jam, their bracelets tittering in the struggle.

— Kingstown pier, Stephen said. Yes, a disappointed bridge.

The words troubled their gaze.

— How, sir? Comyn asked. A bridge is across a river.

For Haines's chapbook. No-one here to hear. Tonight deftly amid wild drink and talk, to pierce the polished mail of his mind. What then? A jester at the court of his master, indulged and disesteemed, winning a clement master's praise. Why had they chosen all that part? Not wholly for the smooth caress. For them too history was a tale like any other too often heard, their land a pawnshop.

Had Pyrrhus not fallen by a beldam's hand in Argos or Julius Caesar not been 1
knifed to death. They are not to be thought away. Time has branded them and
fettered they are lodged in the room of the infinite possibilities they have ousted. 2
But can those have been possible seeing that they never were? Or was that only
possible which came to pass? Weave, weaver of the wind.

— Tell us a story, sir.

— Oh, do, sir. A ghoststory.

— Where do you begin in this? Stephen asked, opening another book.

— *Weep no more*, Comyn said. 3

— Go on then, Talbot.

— And the history, sir?

— After, Stephen said. Go on, Talbot.

A swarthy boy opened a book and propped it nimbly under the breastwork of his satchel. He recited jerks of verse with odd glances at the text:

— *Weep no more, woful shepherd, weep no more*
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor...

It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible. Aristotle's 4
phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious
silence of the library of Sainte Geneviève where he had read, sheltered from the 5
sin of Paris, night by night. By his elbow a delicate Siamese conned a handbook of
strategy. Fed and feeding brains about me: under glowlamps, impaled, with faintly
beating feelers: and in my mind's darkness a sloth of the underworld, reluctant, shy
of brightness, shifting her dragon scaly folds. Thought is the thought of thought. 6
Tranquil brightness. The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of 7
forms. Tranquillity sudden, vast, candescent: form of forms.

Talbot repeated:

— *Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,* 8
Through the dear might...

— Turn over, Stephen said quietly. I don't see anything.

— What, sir? Talbot asked simply, bending forward.

His hand turned the page over. He leaned back and went on again having just remembered. Of him that walked the waves. Here also over these craven hearts his shadow lies and on the scoffer's heart and lips and on mine. It lies upon their eager faces who offered him a coin of the tribute. To Caesar what is Caesar's, to 9

God what is God's. A long look from dark eyes, a riddling sentence to be woven and woven on the church's looms. Ay.

1 *Riddle me, riddle me, randy ro.*
My father gave me seeds to sow.

Talbot slid his closed book into his satchel.

— Have I heard all? Stephen asked.

— Yes, sir. Hockey at ten, sir.

— Half day, sir. Thursday.

— Who can answer a riddle? Stephen asked.

They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages rustling. Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels, all gabbling gaily:

— A riddle, sir? Ask me, sir.

— O, ask me, sir.

— A hard one, sir.

— This is the riddle, Stephen said:

2 *The cock crew*
The sky was blue:
The bells in heaven
Were striking eleven.
'Tis time for this poor soul
To go to heaven.

— What is that?

— What, sir?

— Again, sir. We didn't hear.

Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated. After a silence Cochrane said:

— What is it, sir? We give it up.

Stephen, his throat itching, answered:

— The fox burying his grandmother under a hollybush.

He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries echoed dismay.

A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called:

— Hockey!

They broke asunder, sidling out of their benches, leaping them. Quickly they were gone and from the lumberroom came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues.

Sargent who alone had lingered came forward slowly, showing an open copybook. His tangled hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading. On his cheek, dull and bloodless, a soft stain of ink lay, dateshaped, recent and damp as a snail's bed.

He held out his copybook. The word *Sums* was written on the headline. Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot. Cyril Sargent: his name and seal.

— Mr Deasy told me to write them out all again, he said, and show them to you, sir.

Stephen touched the edges of the book. Futility.

— Do you understand how to do them now? he asked.

— Numbers eleven to fifteen, Sargent answered. Mr Deasy said I was to copy them off the board, sir.

— Can you do them yourself? Stephen asked.

— No, sir.

Ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him under foot, a squashed boneless snail. She had loved his weak watery blood drained from her own. Was that then real? The only true thing in life? His mother's prostrate body the fiery Columbanus in 1-2
holy zeal bestrode. She was no more: the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire, an odour of rosewood and wetted ashes. She had saved him from being trampled under foot and had gone, scarcely having been. A poor soul gone to heaven: and on a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red reek of rapine in his fur, with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped.

Sitting at his side Stephen solved out the problem. He proves by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather. Sargent peered askance through his slanted glasses. Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom: the hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field.

Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice, in the mummery of their 3
letters, wearing quaint caps of squares and cubes. Give hands, traverse, bow to partner: so: imps of fancy of the Moors. Gone too from the world, Averroes and 4-5
Moses Maimonides, dark men in mien and movement, flashing in their mocking 6
mirrors the obscure soul of the world, a darkness shining in brightness which 7-8
brightness could not comprehend.

— Do you understand now? Can you work the second for yourself?

— Yes, sir.

In long shady strokes Sargent copied the data. Waiting always for a word of help his hand moved faithfully the unsteady symbols, a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin. *Amor matris:* subjective and objective genitive. With her 9
weak blood and wheysour milk she had fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddling bands.

Like him was I, these sloping shoulders, this gracelessness. My childhood bends beside me. Too far for me to lay a hand there once or lightly. Mine is far and his secret as our eyes. Secrets, silent, stony sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts: secrets weary of their tyranny: tyrants willing to be dethroned.

The sum was done.

— It is very simple, Stephen said as he stood up.

— Yes, sir. Thanks, Sargent answered.

He dried the page with a sheet of thin blottingpaper and carried his copybook back to his desk.

— You had better get your stick and go out to the others, Stephen said as he followed towards the door the boy's graceless form.

— Yes, sir.

In the corridor his name was heard, called from the playfield.

— Sargent!

— Run on, Stephen said. Mr Deasy is calling you.

He stood in the porch and watched the laggard hurry towards the scrappy field where sharp voices were in strife. They were sorted in teams and Mr Deasy came stepping over wisps of grass with gaitered feet. When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him. He turned his angry white moustache.

— What is it now? he cried continually without listening.

— Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side, sir, Stephen cried.

— Will you wait in my study for a moment, Mr Deasy said, till I restore order here.

And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly:

— What is the matter? What is it now?

Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides: their many forms closed round him, the garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illdyed head.

Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs. As on the first day he bargained with me here. As it was in the beginning, is now. On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins, base treasure of a bog: and ever shall be. And snug in their spooncase of purple plush, faded, the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles: world without end.

A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor. Blowing out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table.

— First, our little financial settlement, he said.

He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a leather thong. It slapped open and he took from it two notes, one of joined halves, and laid them carefully on the table.

— Two, he said, strapping and stowing his pocketbook away.

And now his strongroom for the gold. Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money, cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and this, the scallop of Saint James. An old pilgrim's hoard, dead treasure, hollow shells.

A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

— Three, Mr Deasy said, turning his little savingsbox about in his hand. These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for shillings, sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See.

He shot from it two crowns and two shillings.

— Three twelve, he said. I think you'll find that's right.

— Thank you, sir, Stephen said, gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers.

— No thanks at all, Mr Deasy said. You have earned it.

Stephen's hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells. Symbols too of beauty and of power. A lump in my pocket. Symbols soiled by greed and misery.

— Don't carry it like that, Mr Deasy said. You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy.

Answer something.

— Mine would be often empty, Stephen said.

The same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times now. Three nooses round me here. Well. I can break them in this instant if I will.

— Because you don't save, Mr Deasy said, pointing his finger. You don't know yet what money is. Money is power, when you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what does Shakespeare say? *Put but money in thy purse.* 1-2

— Iago, Stephen murmured.

He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

— He knew what money was, Mr Deasy said. He made money. A poet but an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth? 3

The seas' ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay: history is to blame: on me and on my words, unhating.

— That on his empire, Stephen said, the sun never sets.

— Ba! Mr Deasy cried. That's not English. A French Celt said that. He tapped his savingsbox against his thumbnail. 4

— I will tell you, he said solemnly, what is his proudest boast. *I paid my way.*

Good man, good man.

— *I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life.* Can you feel that? *I owe nothing.* Can you?

Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, one pair brogues, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches. 5-7
Russell, one guinea, Cousins, ten shillings, Bob Reynolds, half a guinea, Köhler, 8-10
three guineas, Mrs McKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless. 11

— For the moment, no, Stephen answered.

Mr Deasy laughed with rich delight, putting back his savingsbox.

— I knew you couldn't, he said joyously. But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but we must also be just.

— I fear those big words, Stephen said, which make us so unhappy.

Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the mantelpiece at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs: Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. 12-13

— You think me an old fogey and an old tory, his thoughtful voice said. I saw three 14
generations since O'Connell's time. I remember the famine. Do you know that 15-16
the orange lodges agitated for repeal of the union twenty years before O'Connell 17-18
did or before the prelates of your communion denounced him as a demagogue? 19
You fenians forget some things. 20

Glorious, pious and immortal memory. The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the 21-22
splendid behung with corpses of papishes. Hoarse, masked and armed, the planters' 23
covenant. The black north and true blue bible. Croppies lie down. 24-25

Stephen sketched a brief gesture.

— I have rebel blood in me too, Mr Deasy said. On the spindle side. But I am 26
descended from sir John Blackwood who voted for the union. We are all Irish, all 27-28
kings' sons.

— Alas, Stephen said.

— *Per vias rectas*, Mr Deasy said firmly, was his motto. He voted for it and put 29
on his topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so. 30

1 *Lal the ral the ra*
The rocky road to Dublin.

2 A gruff squire on horseback with shiny topboots. Soft day, sir John. Soft day, your honour... Day... Day... Two topboots jog dangling on to Dublin. Lal the ral the ra, lal the ral the raddy.

— That reminds me, Mr Deasy said. You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus, with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press. Sit down a moment. I have just to copy the end.

He went to the desk near the window, pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter.

— Sit down. Excuse me, he said over his shoulder, *the dictates of common sense.* Just a moment.

He peered from under his shaggy brows at the manuscript by his elbow and, muttering, began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly, some times blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error.

Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the princely presence. Framed around the walls images of vanished horses stood in homage, their meek heads poised
3-5 in air: lord Hastings' Repulse, the duke of Westminster's Shotover, the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, *prix de Paris*, 1866. Elfin riders sat them, watchful of a sign. He saw their speeds, backing king's colours, and shouted with the shouts of vanished crowds.

— Full stop, Mr Deasy bade his keys. But prompt ventilation of this important question...

Where Cranly led me to get rich quick, hunting his winners among the mud-splashed brakes, amid the bawls of bookies on their pitches and reek of the canteen,
6 over the motley slush. Even money Fair Rebel: ten to one the field. Dicers and
7 thimbleriggers we hurried by after the hoofs, the vying caps and jackets and past the meatfaced woman, a butcher's dame, nuzzling thirstily her clove of orange.

Shouts rang shrill from the boys' playfield and a whirring whistle.

Again: a goal. I am among them, among their battling bodies in a medley, the joust of life. You mean that knockkneed mother's darling who seems to be slightly
8 crawsick? Jousts. Time shocked rebounds, shock by shock. Jousts, slush and uproar of battles, the frozen deathspew of the slain, a shout of spear spikes baited with men's bloodied guts.

— Now then, Mr Deasy said, rising.

He came to the table, pinning together his sheets. Stephen stood up.

9 — I have put the matter into a nutshell, Mr Deasy said. It's about the foot and mouth disease. Just look through it. There can be no two opinions on the matter.

May I trespass on your valuable space. That doctrine of *laissez faire* which so often in our history. Our cattle trade. The way of all our old industries.
10-11 Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme. European conflagra-
12 tion. Grain supplies through the narrow waters of the channel. The pluterperfect imperturbability of the department of agriculture. Pardoned a classical allusion.
13-14 Cassandra. By a woman who was no better than she should be. To come to the point at issue.

— I don't mince words, do I? Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on.

Foot and mouth disease. Known as Koch's preparation. Serum and virus. 1-2
Percentage of salted horses. Rinderpest. Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg, lower 3-5
Austria. Veterinary surgeons. Mr Henry Blackwood Price. Courteous offer a fair 6
trial. Dictates of common sense. Allimportant question. In every sense of the word take the bull by the horns. Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns.

— I want that to be printed and read, Mr Deasy said. You will see at the next outbreak they will put an embargo on Irish cattle. And it can be cured. It is cured. My cousin, Blackwood Price, writes to me it is regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattledoctors there. They offer to come over here. I am trying to work up influence with the department. Now I'm going to try publicity. I am surrounded by difficulties, by... intrigues, by... backstairs influence, by...

He raised his forefinger and beat the air oldly before his voice spoke.

— Mark my words, Mr Dedalus, he said. England is in the hands of the jews. In all the highest places: her finance, her press. And they are the signs of a nation's decay. Wherever they gather they eat up the nation's vital strength. I have seen it coming these years. As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying. 7

He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again.

— Dying, he said, if not dead by now.

The harlot's cry from street to street 8
Shall weave old England's winding sheet.

His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted.

— A merchant, Stephen said, is one who buys cheap and sells dear, jew or gentile, is he not?

— They sinned against the light, Mr Deasy said gravely. And you can see the 9
darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day. 10

On the steps of the Paris Stock Exchange the goldskinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabbles of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth about 11
the temple, their heads thickplotting under maladroit silk hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain patience to heap and hoard. Time surely would scatter all. A hoard heaped by the roadside: plundered and passing on. Their eyes knew the years of wandering and, patient, knew the dishonours of their flesh.

— Who has not? Stephen said.

— What do you mean? Mr Deasy asked.

He came forward a pace and stood by the table. His underjaw fell sideways open uncertainly. Is this old wisdom? He waits to hear from me.

— History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake. 12

From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirring whistle: goal. What if that nightmare gave you a back kick?

— The ways of the Creator are not our ways, Mr Deasy said. All history moves 13
towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

— That is God.

Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

— What? Mr Deasy asked.

1 — A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Mr Deasy looked down and held for a while the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers. Looking up again he set them free.

— I am happier than you are, he said. We have committed many errors and
2 many sins. A woman brought sin into the world. For a woman who was no better
3 than she should be, Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks
4 made war on Troy. A faithless wife first brought the strangers to our shore here,
5-6 MacMurrough's wife and her leman O'Rourke, prince of Breffni. A woman too brought Parnell low. Many errors, many failures but not the one sin. I am a struggler now at the end of my days. But I will fight for the right till the end.

7 *For Ulster will fight*
And Ulster will be right.

Stephen raised the sheets in his hand.

— Well, sir, he began.

— I foresee, Mr Deasy said, that you will not remain here very long at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think. Perhaps I am wrong.

— A learner rather, Stephen said.

And here what will you learn more?

Mr Deasy shook his head.

— Who knows? he said. To learn one must be humble. But life is the great teacher.

Stephen rustled the sheets again.

— As regards these, he began.

— Yes, Mr Deasy said. You have two copies there. If you can have them published at once.

8-9 *Telegraph. Irish Homestead.*

— I will try, Stephen said, and let you know tomorrow. I know two editors slightly.

10 — That will do, Mr Deasy said briskly. I wrote last night to Mr Field, M. P. There
11 is a meeting of the cattletraders' association today at the City Arms Hotel. I asked him to lay my letter before the meeting. You see if you can get it into your two papers. What are they?

— *The Evening Telegraph*...

— That will do, Mr Deasy said. There is no time to lose. Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin.

— Good morning, sir, Stephen said, putting the sheets in his pocket. Thank you.

12 — Not at all, Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. I like to break a lance with you, old as I am.

— Good morning, sir, Stephen said again, bowing to his bent back.

He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees, hear-
13 ing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield. The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate; toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

— Mr Dedalus!

Running after me. No more letters, I hope.

— Just one moment.

— Yes, sir, Stephen said, turning back at the gate.

Mr Deasy halted, breathing hard and swallowing his breath.

— I just wanted to say, he said. Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

— Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

— Because she never let them in, Mr Deasy said solemnly. 1

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

— She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That's why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his sconce against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno.* Limit of the diaphane in. Why in? Diaphane, adiaphane. If you can put your five fingers through it, it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsomever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the *nacheinander.* Exactly: and that is the ineluctable modality of the audible. Open your eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base, fell through the *nebeneinander* ineluctably. I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of his legs, *nebeneinander.* Sounds solid: made by the mallet of *Los Demiurgos.* Am I walking into eternity along Sandymount strand? Crush, crack, crik, crick. Wild sea money. Dominie Deasy kens them a'.

Won't you come to Sandymount,
Madeline the mare?

Rhythm begins, you see. I hear. A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching. No, agallop: *deline the mare.*

Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever in the black adiaphane. *Basta!* I will see if I can see.

See now. There all the time without you: and ever shall be, world without end.

They came down the steps from Leahy's terrace prudently, *Frauenzimmer:* and down the shelving shore flabbily their splayed feet sinking in the silted sand. Like me, like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother. Number one swung lourdily her midwife's bag, the other's gamp poked in the beach. From the liberties, out for the day. Mrs Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe, deeply lamented, of Bride Street. One of her sisterhood lugged me squealing into life. Creation from nothing. What has she in the bag? A misbirth with a trailing navelcord, hushed in ruddy wool. The cords of all link back, strandentwining cable of all flesh. That is why mystic monks. Will you be as

gods? Gaze in your omphalos. Hello. Kinch here. Put me on to Edenville. Aleph, alpha: nought, nought, one.

Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon: Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum, no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting. Womb of sin.

Wombed in sin darkness I was too, made not begotten. By them, the man with my voice and my eyes and a ghostwoman with ashes on her breath. They clasped and sundered, did the coupler's will. From before the ages He willed me and now may not will me away or ever. A *lex eterna* stays about Him. Is that then the divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial? Where is poor dear Arius to try conclusions? Warring his life long on the contransmagnificandjewbangtantiality. Illstarred heresiarch. In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last: euthanasia. With beaded mitre and with crozier, stalled upon his throne, widower of a widowed see, with upstiffed omophorion, with clotted hinderparts.

Airs romped around him, nipping and eager airs. They are coming, waves. The whitemaned seahorses, champing, brightwindbridled, the steeds of Mananaan.

I mustn't forget his letter for the press. And after? The Ship, half twelve. By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yes, I must.

His pace slackened. Here. Am I going to Aunt Sara's or not? My consubstantial father's voice. Did you see anything of your artist brother Stephen lately? No? Sure he's not down in Strasburg terrace with his aunt Sally? Couldn't he fly a bit higher than that, eh? And and and and tell us Stephen, how is uncle Si? O weeping God, the things I married into. De boys up in de hayloft. The drunken little costdrawer and his brother, the cornet player. Highly respectable gondoliers. And skeweyed Walter sirring his father, no less. Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept: and no wonder, by Christ.

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait. They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

— It's Stephen, sir.

— Let him in. Let Stephen in.

A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

— We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed uncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the upper moiety.

— Morrow, nephew.

He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of Master Goff and Master Shapland Tandy, filing consents and common searches and a writ of *Duces Tecum*. A bogoak frame over his bald head: Wilde's *Requiescat*. The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back.

— Yes, sir?

— Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she?

— Bathing Crissie, sir.

Papa's little bedpal. Lump of love.

— No, uncle Richie…

— Call me Richie. Damn your lithia water. It lowers. Whusky!

— Uncle Richie, really…

— Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down.

Walter squints vainly for a chair.

— He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

— He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our Chippendale chair. Would you like a bite of something? None of your damned lawdeedaw air here; the rich of a rasher fried with a herring? Sure? So much the better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

All'erta!

He drones bars of Ferrando's *aria di sortita*. The grandest number, Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen.

His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of the air, his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees.

This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom? The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell. Lantern jaws. Abbas father, furious dean, what offence laid fire to their brains? Paff! *Descende, calve, ut ne nimium decalveris.* A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him me clambering down to the footpace *(descende)*, clutching a monstrance, basiliskeyed. Get down, bald poll! A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns, the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tonsured and oiled and gelded, fat with the fat of kidneys of wheat.

And at the same instant perhaps a priest round the corner is elevating it. Dringdring! And two streets off another locking it into a pyx. Dringadring! And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his own cheek. Dringdring! Down, up, forward, back. Dan Occam thought of that, invincible doctor. A misty English morning the imp hypostasis tickled his brain. Bringing his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong.

Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint. Isle of saints. You were awfully holy, weren't you? You prayed to the Blessed Virgin that you might not have a red nose. You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the fubsy widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street. *O si, certo!* Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned round a squaw. More tell me, more still! On the top of the Howth tram alone crying to the rain: *naked women!* What about that, eh?

What about what? What else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When

one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once…

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles 1
beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited 2-3
to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand 4
dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend: wigwams of brown 5
steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

He halted. I have passed the way to aunt Sara's. Am I not going there? Seems not. No-one about. He turned northeast and crossed the firmer sand towards the Pigeonhouse. 6

— *Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?* 7

— *C'est le pigeon, Joseph.*

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with me in the bar MacMahon. 8-9
Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris. My father's a bird, he lapped the sweet 10
lait chaud with pink young tongue, plump bunny's face. Lap, *lapin*. He hopes to 11-12
win in the *gros lots*. About the nature of women he read in Michelet. But he must 13-14
send me *La Vie de Jésus* by M. Léo Taxil. Lent it to his friend. 15

— *C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi je suis socialiste. Je ne crois pas en l'existence de Dieu.* 16
Faut pas le dire à mon père.

— *Il croit?*

— *Mon père, oui.*

Schluss. He laps. 17

My Latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress the character. I want puce gloves. You were a student, weren't you? Of what in the other devil's name? Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know: *physiques, chimiques et naturelles*. Aha. Eating your 18
groatsworth of *mou en civet*, fleshpots of Egypt, elbowed by belching cabmen. Just 19-21
say in the most natural tone: when I was in Paris, *boul' Mich'*, I used to. Yes, used to 22
carry punched tickets to prove an alibi if they arrested you for murder somewhere. Justice. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses. Other fellow did it: other me. Hat, tie, overcoat, nose. *Lui, c'est* 23
moi. You seem to have enjoyed yourself.

Proudly walking. Whom were you trying to walk like? Forget: a dispossessed. With mother's money order, eight shillings, the banging door of the post office slammed in your face by the usher. Hunger toothache. *Encore deux minutes*. Look 24
clock. Must get. *Fermé*. Hired dog! Shoot him to bloody bits with a bang shotgun, 25
bits man spattered walls all brass buttons. Bits all khrrrrklak in place clack back. Not hurt? O, that's all right. Shake hands. See what I meant, see? O, that's all right. Shake a shake. O, that's all only all right.

You were going to do wonders, what? Missionary to Europe after fiery 26
Columbanus. Fiacre and Scotus on their creepystools in heaven spilt from 27-28
their pintpots, loudlatinlaughing: *Euge! Euge!* Pretending to speak broken 29
English as you dragged your valise, porter threepence, across the slimy pier at Newhaven. *Comment?* Rich booty you brought back; *Le Tutu*, five 30-32

tattered numbers of *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*, a blue French telegram, curiosity to show:

— Mother dying come home father.

The aunt thinks you killed your mother. That's why she won't.

1 *Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt*
And I'll tell you the reason why.
She always kept things decent in
The Hannigan famileye.

His feet marched in sudden proud rhythm over the sand furrows, along by the
2 boulders of the south wall. He stared at them proudly, piled stone mammoth skulls. Gold light on sea, on sand, on boulders. The sun is there, the slender trees, the lemon houses.

3-4 Paris rawly waking, crude sunlight on her lemon streets. Moist pith of farls of
5-6 bread, the froggreen wormwood, her matin incense, court the air. Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife, the kerchiefed housewife is astir, a saucer
7 of acetic acid in her hands. In Rodot's Yvonne and Madeleine newmake their
8 tumbled beauties, shattering with gold teeth *chaussons* of pastry, their mouths
9-10 yellowed with the *pus* of *flan breton*. Faces of Paris men go by, their wellpleased pleasers, curled conquistadores.

11 Noon slumbers. Kevin Egan rolls gunpowder cigarettes through fingers smeared
12 with printer's ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white. About us gobblers
13 fork spiced beans down their gullets. *Un demi setier!* A jet of coffee steam from
14 the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. *Il est irlandais. Hollandais? Non fromage. Deux irlandais, nous, Irlande, vous savez? Ah oui!* She thought you wanted a cheese *hollandais*. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial. There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call it
15 his postprandial. Well: *slainte!* Around the slabbed tables the tangle of wined breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our saucestained plates,
16 the green fairy's fang thrusting between his lips. Of Ireland, the Dalcassians,
17-18 of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith now. To yoke me as his yokefellow,
19 our crimes our common cause. You're your father's son. I know the voice. His
20 fustian shirt, sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets. M. Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria?
21-22 Old hag with the yellow teeth. *Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*. Maud Gonne,
23-24 beautiful woman, *La Patrie*, M. Millevoye, Félix Faure, know how he died?
25-26 Licentious men. The froeken, *bonne à tout faire*, who rubs male nakedness in the
27-28 bath at Upsala. *Moi faire*, she said. *Tous les messieurs*. Not this *Monsieur*, I said. Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let my brother, not even my own brother, most lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuse burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobacco shreds
29 catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke light our corner. Raw facebones under his peep
30 of day boy's hat. How the head centre got away, authentic version. Got up as a
31 young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms, drove out the road to Malahide. Did, faith. Of lost leaders, the betrayed, wild escapes. Disguises, clutched at, gone, not here.

Spurned lover. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you, I'll show you my likeness one day. I was, faith. Lover, for her love he prowled with colonel Richard Burke, tanist of his sept, under the walls of Clerkenwell and, crouching, saw a flame of vengeance hurl them upward in the fog. Shattered glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the Montmartre lair he sleeps short night in, rue de la Goutte-d'Or, damascened with flyblown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wifeless. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, madame, in rue Gît-le-Cœur, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing's. Spurned and undespairing. Tell Pat you saw me, won't you? I wanted to get poor Pat a job one time. *Mon fils*, soldier of France. I taught him to sing. *The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades*. Know that old lay? I taught Patrice that. Old Kilkenny: saint Canice, Strongbow's castle on the Nore. Goes like this. *O, O.* He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand.

O, O the boys of
Kilkenny...

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of seeds of brightness. Here, I am not walking out to the Kish lightship, am I? He stood suddenly, his feet beginning to sink slowly in the quaking soil. Turn back.

Turning, he scanned the shore south, his feet sinking again slowly in new sockets. The cold domed room of the tower waits. Through the barbicans the shafts of light are moving ever, slowly ever as my feet are sinking, creeping duskward over the dial floor. Blue dusk, nightfall, deep blue night. In the darkness of the dome they wait, their pushedback chairs, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned platters. Who to clear it? He has the key. I will not sleep there when this night comes. A shut door of a silent tower entombing their blind bodies, the panthersahib and his pointer. Call: no answer. He lifted his feet up from the suck and turned back by the mole of boulders. Take all, keep all. My soul walks with me, form of forms. So in the moon's midwatches I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood.

The flood is following me. I can watch it flow past from here. Get back then by the Poolbeg road to the strand there. He climbed over the sedge and eely oarweeds and sat on a stool of rock, resting his ashplant in a grike.

A bloated carcass of a dog lay lolled on bladderwrack. Before him the gunwale of a boat, sunk in sand. *Un coche ensablé*, Louis Veuillot called Gautier's prose. These heavy sands are language tide and wind have silted here. And there, the stoneheaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir Lout's toys. Mind you don't get one bang on the ear. I'm the bloody well gigant rolls all them bloody well boulders, bones for my steppingstones. Feefawfum. I zmellz de bloodz oldz an Iridzman.

A point, live dog, grew into sight running across the sweep of sand. Lord, is he going to attack me? Respect his liberty. You will not be master of others or their slave. I have my stick. Sit tight. From farther away, walking shoreward across from
1-2 the crested tide, figures, two. The two maries. They have tucked it safe among the bulrushes. Peekaboo. I see you. No, the dog. He is running back to them. Who?
3 Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked
4-5 prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Dane vikings, torcs of tomahawks
6-7 aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from
8 the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers'
9 knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them
10 on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires. I spoke to no-one: none to me.
11 The dog's bark ran towards him, stopped, ran back. Dog of my enemy. I just
12 simply stood pale, silent, bayed about. *Terribilia meditans*. A primrose doublet,
13 fortune's knave, smiled on my fear. For that are you pining, the bark of their
14-15 applause? Pretenders: live their lives. The Bruce's brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, silken
16 knight, Perkin Warbeck, York's false scion, in breeches of silk of whiterose ivory,
17-18 wonder of a day, and Lambert Simnel, with a tail of nans and sutlers, a scullion
19-20 crowned. All kings' sons. Paradise of pretenders then and now. He saved men from
21 drowning and you shake at a cur's yelping. But the courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house. House of... We don't want any of
22 your medieval abstrusiosities. Would you do what he did? A boat would be near,
23-24 a lifebuoy. *Natürlich*, put there for you. Would you or would you not? The man
25 that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see! Who's behind me? Out quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in
26 on all sides, sheeting the lows of sands quickly, shellcocoacoloured? If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I... With him together down... I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost.

A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.

Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life. Suddenly he made off like a bounding hare, ears flung back, chasing the shadow of a lowskimming gull. The man's shrieked whistle struck his limp ears. He turned, bounded back, came nearer,
27 trotted on twinkling shanks. On a field tenney a buck, trippant, proper, unattired. At the lacefringe of the tide he halted with stiff forehoofs, seawardpointed ears. His
28 snout lifted barked at the wavenoise, herds of seamorse. They serpented towards
29 his feet, curling, unfurling many crests, every ninth, breaking, plashing, from far, from farther out, waves and waves.

Cocklepickers. They waded a little way in the water and, stooping, soused their bags, and, lifting them again, waded out. The dog yelped running to them, reared up and pawed them, dropping on all fours, again reared up at them with mute bearish fawning. Unheeded he kept by them as they came towards the

drier sand, a rag of wolf's tongue redpanting from his jaws. His speckled body ambled ahead of them and then loped off at a calf's gallop. The carcass lay on his path. He stopped, sniffed, stalked round it, brother, nosing closer, went round it, sniffling rapidly like a dog all over the dead dog's bedraggled fell. Dogskull, dogsniff, eyes on the ground, moves to one great goal. Ah, poor dogsbody. Here lies poor dogsbody's body. 1

— Tatters! Out of that, you mongrel. 2

The cry brought him skulking back to his master and a blunt bootless kick sent him unscathed across a spit of sand, crouched in flight. He slunk back in a curve. Doesn't see me. Along by the edge of the mole he lolloped, dawdled, smelt a rock and from under a cocked hindleg pissed against it. He trotted forward and, lifting his hindleg, pissed quick short at an unsmelt rock. The simple pleasures of the poor. His hindpaws then scattered sand: then his forepaws dabbled and delved. Something he buried there, his grandmother. He rooted in the sand, dabbling, delving and stopped to listen to the air, scraped up the sand again with a fury of his claws, soon ceasing, a pard, a panther, got in spousebreach, vulturing the dead. 3 4

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. Haroun al Raschid. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melon he had he held against my face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule, said. In. Come. Red carpet spread. You will see who. 5-7

Shouldering their bags they trudged, the red Egyptians. His blued feet out of turnedup trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort. Spoils slung at her back. Loose sand and shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face her hair trailed. Behind her lord his helpmate, bing awast, to Romeville. When night hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, wap in rogue's rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell. A shefiend's whiteness under her rancid rags. Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells. 8 9 10 11-12 13-15 16 17

White thy fambles, red thy gan 18
And thy quarrons dainty is.
Couch a hogshead with me then.
In the darkmans clip and kiss.

Morose delectation Aquinas tunbelly calls this, *frate porcospino*. Unfallen Adam rode and not rutted. Call away let him: *thy quarrons dainty is*. Language no whit worse than his. Monkwords, marybeads jabber on their girdles: roguewords, tough nuggets patter in their pockets. 19-22

Passing now.

A side-eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in her wake. Tides, myriadislanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the 23 24 25-26

moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her mouth's kiss.

Here. Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablets. Mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue 'em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss.

His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her womb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, unspeeched: ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayawayaway. Paper. The banknotes, blast them. Old Deasy's letter. Here. Thanking you for hospitality tear the blank end off. Turning his back to the sun he bent over far to a table of rock and scribbled words. That's twice I forgot to take slips from the library counter.

His shadow lay over the rocks as he bent, ending. Why not endless till the farthest star? Darkly they are there behind this light, darkness shining in the brightness, delta of Cassiopeia, worlds. Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars. I throw this ended shadow from me, manshape ineluctable, call it back. Endless, would it be mine, form of my form? Who watches me here? Who ever anywhere will read these written words? Signs on a white field. Somewhere to someone in your flutiest voice. The good bishop of Cloyne took the veil of the temple out of his shovel hat: veil of space with coloured emblems hatched on its field. Hold hard. Coloured on a flat: yes, that's right. Flat I see, then think distance, near, far, flat I see, east, back. Ah, see now. Falls back suddenly, frozen in stereoscope. Click does the trick. You find my words dark. Darkness is in our souls, do you not think? Flutier. Our souls, shamewounded by our sins, cling to us yet more, a woman to her lover clinging, the more the more.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longlashed eyes. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jess of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park, with a grief and kickshaws, a lady of letters. Talk that to some else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool. Talk about apple dumplings, *piuttosto*. Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat tilted down on his eyes. That is Kevin Egan's movement I made nodding for his nap, sabbath sleep. *Et vidit Deus. Et erant valde bona*. Alo! *Bonjour*, welcome as the flowers in May. Under its leaf he watched through peacocktwittering lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal noon. Among gumheavy serpentplants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

And no more turn aside and brood.

His gaze brooded on his broadtoed boots, a buck's castoffs *nebeneinander.* He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripudium, foot I dislove. But you were delighted when Esther Osvalt's shoe went on you: girl I knew in Paris. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Staunch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. As I am. All or not at all. 1 2 3 4

In long lassoes from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering green-goldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, ooos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling. 5

Under the upswelling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall. Lord, they are weary: and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fullness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit.* To no end gathered: vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her courts, she draws a toil of waters. 6 7 8

Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. At one he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fanshoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising saltwhite from the undertow, bobbing landward, a pace a pace a porpoise. There he is. Hook it quick. Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor. We have him. Easy now. 9-10 11

Bag of corpsegas sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trouserfly. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes featherbed mountain. Dead breaths I living breathe, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead. Hauled stark over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun. 12

A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue. Seadeath, mildest of all deaths known to man. Old Father Ocean. *Prix de Paris:* beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely. 13 14-15

Come. I thirst. Clouding over. No black clouds anywhere, are there? Thunderstorm. Allbright he falls, proud lightning of the intellect, *Lucifer, dico, qui nescit occasum.* No. My cockle hat and staff and his my sandal shoon. Where? To evening lands. Evening will find itself. 16 17-18 19-20

He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end. By the way next when is it? Tuesday will be the longest day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tum tiddledy tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet. *Già.* For the old hag with the yellow teeth. And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist. *Già.* My teeth are very bad. Why, I wonder? Feel. That one is going too. Shells. Ought I go to 21-22 23-25 26

a dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. Toothless Kinch, the superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps?

My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up?

His hand groped vainly in his pockets. No, I didn't. Better buy one.

He laid the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully. For the rest let look who will.

Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Moving through the air high spars of a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees, homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship.

II

Mr Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish.

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. 1
Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

— Mkgnao!

— O, there you are, Mr Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writingtable. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr.

Mr Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees.

— Milk for the pussens, he said.

— Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand 2
them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

— Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. 3
I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it.

— Mrkrgnao! the cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid shameclosing eyes, mewing plaintively and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to the dresser, took the jug Hanlon's milkman had just filled for him, poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer 4
and set it slowly on the floor.

— Gurrhr! she cried, running to lap.

He watched the bristles shining wirily in the weak light as she tipped three times and licked lightly. Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after. 5

Why? They shine in the dark, perhaps, the tips. Or kind of feelers in the dark, perhaps.

He listened to her licking lap. Ham and eggs, no. No good eggs with this drouth. Want pure fresh water. Thursday: not a good day either for a mutton kidney at Buckley's. Fried with butter, a shake of pepper. Better a pork kidney at Dlugacz's. While the kettle is boiling. She lapped slower, then licking the saucer clean. Why are their tongues so rough? To lap better, all porous holes. Nothing she can eat? He glanced round him. No.

On quietly creaky boots he went up the staircase to the hall, paused by the bedroom door. She might like something tasty. Thin bread and butter she likes in the morning. Still perhaps: once in a way.

He said softly in the bare hall:

— I am going round the corner. Be back in a minute.

And when he had heard his voice say it he added:

— You don't want anything for breakfast?

A sleepy soft grunt answered:

— Mn.

No. She did not want anything. He heard then a warm heavy sigh, softer, as she turned over and the loose brass quoits of the bedstead jingled. Must get those settled really. Pity. All the way from Gibraltar. Forgotten any little Spanish she knew. Wonder what her father gave for it. Old style. Ah yes, of course. Bought it at the governor's auction. Got a short knock. Hard as nails at a bargain, old Tweedy. Yes, sir. At Plevna that was. I rose from the ranks, sir, and I'm proud of it. Still he had brains enough to make that corner in stamps. Now that was farseeing.

His hand took his hat from the peg over his initialled heavy overcoat, and his lost property office secondhand waterproof. Stamps: stickyback pictures. Daresay lots of officers are in the swim too. Course they do. The sweated legend in the crown of his hat told him mutely: Plasto's high grade ha. He peeped quickly inside the leather headband. White slip of paper. Quite safe.

On the doorstep he felt in his hip pocket for the latchkey. Not there. In the trousers I left off. Must get it. Potato I have. Creaky wardrobe. No use disturbing her. She turned over sleepily that time. He pulled the halldoor to after him very quietly, more, till the footleaf dropped gently over the threshold, a limp lid. Looked shut. All right till I come back anyhow.

He crossed to the bright side, avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive. The sun was nearing the steeple of George's church. Be a warm day I fancy. Specially in these black clothes feel it more. Black conducts, reflects (refracts is it?), the heat. But I couldn't go in that light suit. Make a picnic of it. His eyelids sank quietly often as he walked in happy warmth. Boland's breadvan delivering with trays our daily but she prefers yesterday's loaves turnovers crisp crowns hot. Makes you feel young. Somewhere in the east: early morning: set off at dawn, travel round in front of the sun, steal a day's march on him. Keep it up for ever never grow a day older technically. Walk along a strand, strange land, come to a city gate, sentry there, old ranker too, old Tweedy's big moustaches leaning on a long kind of a spear. Wander through awned streets. Turbaned faces going by. Dark caves of carpet shops, big man, Turko the terrible, seated cross-legged smoking a coiled pipe. Cries of sellers in the

streets. Drink water scented with fennel, sherbet. Wander along all day. Might meet a robber or two. Well, meet him. Getting on to sundown. The shadows of the mosques along the pillars: priest with a scroll rolled up. A shiver of the trees, signal, the evening wind. I pass on. Fading gold sky. A mother watches from her doorway. She calls her children home in their dark language. High wall: beyond strings twanged. Night sky moon, violet, colour of Molly's new garters. Strings. Listen. A girl playing one of these instruments what do you call them: dulcimers. I pass.

Probably not a bit like it really. Kind of stuff you read: in the track of the 1
sun. Sunburst on the titlepage. He smiled, pleasing himself. What Arthur 2-3
Griffith said about the headpiece over the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun 4
rising up in the northwest from the laneway behind the bank of Ireland. He prolonged his pleased smile. Ikey touch that: homerule sun rising up in 5
the northwest.

He approached Larry O'Rourke's. From the cellar grating floated up the flabby 6
gush of porter. Through the open doorway the bar squirted out whiffs of ginger, teadust, biscuitmush. Good house, however: just the end of the city traffic. For instance M'Auley's down there: n. g. as position. Of course if they ran a tramline 7-9
along the North Circular from the cattle market to the quays value would go up like a shot.

Bald head over the blind. Cute old codger. No use canvassing him for an ad. Still he knows his own business best. There he is, sure enough, my bold Larry, leaning against the sugarbin in his shirtsleeves watching the aproned curate 10
swab up with mop and bucket. Simon Dedalus takes him off to a tee with his eyes screwed up. Do you know what I'm going to tell you? What's that, Mr 11
O'Rourke? Do you know what? The Russians, they'd only be an eight o'clock 12
breakfast for the Japanese.

Stop and say a word: about the funeral perhaps. Sad thing about poor Dignam, 13
Mr O'Rourke.

Turning into Dorset street he said freshly in greeting through the doorway:

— Good day, Mr O'Rourke.

— Good day to you.

— Lovely weather, sir.

— 'Tis all that.

Where do they get the money? Coming up redheaded curates from the county 14
Leitrim, rinsing empties and old man in the cellar. Then, lo and behold, they 15
blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons. Then think of the competition. 16-17
General thirst. Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without passing a pub. Save it they can't. Off the drunks perhaps. Put down three and carry five. What is that? A bob here and there, dribs and drabs. On the wholesale orders perhaps. Doing 18-19
a double shuffle with the town travellers. Square it with the boss and we'll split the job, see?

How much would that tot to off the porter in the month? Say ten barrels of stuff. Say he got ten per cent off. O more. Ten. Fifteen. He passed Saint Joseph's, 20
National school. Brats' clamour. Windows open. Fresh air helps memory. Or a lilt. Ahbeesee defeegee kelomen opeecue rustyouvee double you. Boys are they? Yes. Inishturk. Inishark. Inishboffin. At their joggerfry. Mine. Slieve Bloom. 21-22

He halted before Dlugacz's window, staring at the hanks of sausages, polonies, black and white. Fifty multiplied by. The figures whitened in his mind unsolved: displeased, he let them fade. The shiny links packed with forcemeat fed his gaze and he breathed in tranquilly the lukewarm breath of cooked spicy pig's blood.

A kidney oozed bloodgouts on the willowpatterned dish: the last. He stood by the nextdoor girl at the counter. Would she buy it too, calling the items from a slip
1 in her hand. Chapped: washing soda. And a pound and a half of Denny's sausages.
2 His eyes rested on her vigorous hips. Woods his name is. Wonder what he does. Wife is oldish. New blood. No followers allowed. Strong pair of arms. Whacking a carpet on the clothesline. She does whack it, by George. The way her crooked skirt swings at each whack.

The ferreteyed porkbutcher folded the sausages he had snipped off with blotchy fingers, sausagepink. Sound meat there like a stallfed heifer.

3 He took up a page from the pile of cut sheets. The model farm at Kinnereth on
4 the lakeshore of Tiberias. Can become ideal winter sanatorium. Moses Montefiore. I thought he was. Farmhouse, wall round it, blurred cattle cropping. He held the page from him: interesting: read it nearer, the blurred cropping cattle, the page
5 rustling. A young white heifer. Those mornings in the cattlemarket the beasts lowing in their pens, branded sheep, flop and fall of dung, the breeders in hobnailed boots trudging through the litter, slapping a palm on a ripemeated hindquarter, there's a prime one, unpeeled switches in their hands. He held the page aslant patiently, bending his senses and his will, his soft subject gaze at rest. The crooked skirt swinging whack by whack by whack.

The porkbutcher snapped two sheets from the pile, wrapped up her prime sausages and made a red grimace.

— Now, my miss, he said.

She tendered a coin, smiling boldly, holding her thick wrist out.

— Thank you, my miss. And one shilling threepence change. For you, please?

Mr Bloom pointed quickly. To catch up and walk behind her if she went slowly, behind her moving hams. Pleasant to see first thing in the morning. Hurry up, damn it. Make hay while the sun shines. She stood outside the shop in sunlight and sauntered lazily to the right. He sighed down his nose: they never understand.
6 Sodachapped hands. Crusted toenails too. Brown scapulars in tatters, defending her both ways. The sting of disregard glowed to weak pleasure within his breast. For
7 another: a constable off duty cuddled her in Eccles Lane. They like them sizeable.
8 Prime sausage. O please, Mr Policeman, I'm lost in the wood.

— Threepence, please.

His hand accepted the moist tender gland and slid it into a sidepocket. Then it fetched up three coins from his trousers' pocket and laid them on the rubber prickles. They lay, were read quickly and quickly slid, disc by disc, into the till.

— Thank you, sir. Another time.

A speck of eager fire from foxeyes thanked him. He withdrew his gaze after an instant. No: better not: another time.

— Good morning, he said, moving away.

— Good morning, sir.

No sign. Gone. What matter?

He walked back along Dorset street, reading gravely. Agendath Netaim: planter's company. To purchase vast sandy tracts from Turkish government and plant with eucalyptus trees. Excellent for shade, fuel and construction. Orangegroves and immense melonfields north of Jaffa. You pay eight marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives, oranges, almonds or citrons. Olives cheaper: oranges need artificial irrigation. Every year you get a sending of the crop. Your name entered for life as owner in the book of the union. Can pay ten down and the balance in yearly instalments. Bleibtreustrasse 34, Berlin, W. 15.

Nothing doing. Still an idea behind it.

He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silvered powdered olivetrees. Quiet long days: pruning ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citron still alive in Saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citron's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees. There's whatdoyoucallhim out of. How do you? Doesn't see. Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore. His back is like that Norwegian captain's. Wonder if I'll meet him today. Watering cart. To provoke the rain. On earth as it is in heaven.

A cloud began to cover the sun wholly slowly wholly. Grey. Far.

No, not like that. A barren land, bare waste. Vulcanic lake, the dead sea: no fish, weedless, sunk deep in the earth. No wind would lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. Brimstone they called it raining down: the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom. All dead names. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. Old now. It bore the oldest, the first race. A bent hag crossed from Cassidy's clutching a naggin bottle by the neck. The oldest people. Wandered far away over all the earth, captivity to captivity, multiplying, dying, being born everywhere. It lay there now. Now it could bear no more. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world.

Desolation.

Grey horror seared his flesh. Folding the page into his pocket he turned into Eccles Street, hurrying homeward. Cold oils slid along his veins, chilling his blood: age crusting him with a salt cloak. Well, I am here now. Morning mouth bad images. Got up wrong side of the bed. Must begin again those Sandow's exercises. On the hands down. Blotchy brown brick houses. Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twentyeight. Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur: parlour windows plastered with bills. Plasters on a sore eye. To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan, sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, yes.

Quick warm sunlight came running from Berkeley Road, swiftly, in slim sandals, along the brightening footpath. Runs, she runs to meet me, a girl with gold hair on the wind.

Two letters and a card lay on the hallfloor. He stopped and gathered them. Mrs Marion Bloom. His quick heart slowed at once. Bold hand. Mrs Marion.

— Poldy!

Entering the bedroom he halfclosed his eyes and walked through warm yellow twilight towards her tousled head.

— Who are the letters for?

1 He looked at them. Mullingar. Milly.

— A letter for me from Milly, he said carefully, and a card to you. And a letter for you.

He laid her card and letter on the twill bedspread near the curve of her knees.

— Do you want the blind up?

Letting the blind up by gentle tugs halfway his backward eye saw her glance at the letter and tuck it under her pillow.

— That do? he asked, turning.

She was reading the card, propped on her elbow.

— She got the things, she said.

He waited till she had laid the card aside and curled herself back slowly with a snug sigh.

— Hurry up with that tea, she said. I'm parched.

— The kettle is boiling, he said.

But he delayed to clear the chair: her striped petticoat, tossed soiled linen: and lifted all in an armful on to the foot of the bed.

As he went down the kitchen stairs she called:

— Poldy!

— What?

— Scald the teapot.

On the boil sure enough: a plume of steam from the spout. He scalded and rinsed out the teapot and put in four full spoons of tea, tilting the kettle then to let water flow in. Having set it to draw, he took off the kettle and crushed the pan flat on the live coals and watched the lump of butter slide and melt. While 2 he unwrapped the kidney the cat mewed hungrily against him. Give her too 3 much meat she won't mouse. Say they won't eat pork. Kosher. Here. He let the bloodsmeared paper fall to her and dropped the kidney amid the sizzling butter sauce. Pepper. He sprinkled it through his fingers, ringwise, from the chipped eggcup.

Then he slit open his letter, glancing down the page and over. Thanks: 4-7 new tam: Mr Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's 8 seaside girls.

9 The tea was drawn. He filled his own moustachecup, sham crown Derby, smiling. Silly Milly's birthday gift. Only five she was then. No, wait: four. I gave her the amberoid necklace she broke. Putting pieces of folded brown paper in the letterbox for her. He smiled, pouring.

10 *O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling.*
You are my looking glass from night to morning.
I'd rather have you without a farthing
Than Katey Keogh with her ass and garden.

Poor old professor Goodwin. Dreadful old case. Still he was a courteous old chap. Oldfashioned way he used to bow Molly off the platform. And the little mirror in his silk hat. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. O, look what I found in professor Goodwin's hat! All we laughed. Sex breaking out even then. Pert little piece she was. 1

He prodded a fork into the kidney and slapped it over: then fitted the teapot on the tray. Its hump bumped as he took it up. Everything on it? Bread and butter, four, sugar, spoon, her cream. Yes. He carried it upstairs, his thumb hooked in the teapot handle.

Nudging the door open with his knee he carried the tray in and set it on the chair by the bedhead.

— What a time you were, she said.

She set the brasses jingling as she raised herself briskly, an elbow on the pillow. He looked calmly down on her bulk and between her large soft bubs, sloping within her nightdress like a shegoat's udder. The warmth of her couched body rose on the air, mingling with the fragrance of the tea she poured. 2

A strip of torn envelope peeped from under the dimpled pillow. In the act of going he stayed to straighten the bedspread.

— Who was the letter from? he asked.

Bold hand. Marion.

— O, Boylan, she said. He's bringing the programme.

— What are you singing?

— *Là ci darem* with J. C. Doyle, she said, and *Love's Old Sweet Song*. 3-5

Her full lips, drinking, smiled. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Like foul flowerwater.

— Would you like the window open a little?

She doubled a slice of bread into her mouth, asking:

— What time is the funeral?

— Eleven, I think, he answered. I didn't see the paper.

Following the pointing of her finger he took up a leg of her soiled drawers from the bed. No? Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: rumpled, shiny sole.

— No: that book.

Other stocking. Her petticoat.

— It must have fell down, she said.

He felt here and there. *Voglio e non vorrei*. Wonder if she pronounces that right: *voglio*. Not in the bed. Must have slid down. He stooped and lifted the valance. The book, fallen, sprawled against the bulge of the orangekeyed chamberpot. 6 7

— Show here, she said. I put a mark in it. There's a word I wanted to ask you. 8

She swallowed a draught of tea from her cup held by nothandle and, having wiped her fingertips smartly on the blanket, began to search the text with the hairpin till she reached the word. 9

— Met him what? he asked.

— Here, she said. What does that mean?

He leaned downward and read near her polished thumbnail.

— Metempsychosis? 10

— Yes. Who's he when he's at home? 11

— Metempsychosis, he said, frowning. It's Greek: from the Greek. That means the transmigration of souls.

— O, rocks! she said. Tell us in plain words.

He smiled, glancing askance at her mocking eye. The same young eyes. The first
1-2 night after the charades. Dolphin's Barn. He turned over the smudged pages. *Ruby:*
3 *the Pride of the Ring.* Hello. Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriagewhip. Must be
4 Ruby pride of the on the floor naked. Sheet kindly lent. *The monster Maffei desisted and flung his victim from him with an oath.* Cruelty behind it all. Doped animals.
5 Trapeze at Hengler's. Had to look the other way. Mob gaping. Break your neck and
6 we'll break our sides. Families of them. Bone them young so they metempsychosis. That we live after death. Our souls. That a man's soul after he dies. Dignam's soul...

— Did you finish it? he asked.

7 — Yes, she said. There's nothing smutty in it. Is she in love with the first fellow all the time?

— Never read it. Do you want another?

8 — Yes. Get another of Paul de Kock's. Nice name he has.

She poured more tea into her cup, watching its flow sideways.

9-10 Must get that Capel street library book renewed or they'll write to Kearney, my guarantor. Reincarnation: that's the word.

— Some people believe, he said, that we go on living in another body after death, that we lived before. They call it reincarnation. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. They say we have forgotten it. Some say they remember their past lives.

The sluggish cream wound curdling spirals through her tea. Better remind her of the word: metempsychosis. An example would be better. An example.

The *Bath of the Nymph* over the bed. Given away with the Easter number of
11 *Photo Bits:* Splendid masterpiece in art colours. Tea before you put milk in. Not unlike her with her hair down: slimmer. Three and six I gave for the frame. She said it would look nice over the bed. Naked nymphs: Greece: and for instance all the people that lived then.

He turned the pages back.

— Metempsychosis, he said, is what the ancient Greeks called it. They used to
12 believe you could be changed into an animal or a tree, for instance. What they called nymphs, for example.

Her spoon ceased to stir up the sugar. She gazed straight before her, inhaling through her arched nostrils.

— There's a smell of burn, she said. Did you leave anything on the fire?

— The kidney! he cried suddenly.

He fitted the book roughly into his inner pocket and stubbing his toes against the broken commode, hurried out towards the smell, stepping hastily down the stairs with a flurried stork's legs. Pungent smoke shot up in an angry jet from a side of the pan. By prodding a prong of the fork under the kidney he detached it and turned it turtle on its back. Only a little burned. He tossed it off the pan on to a plate and let the scanty brown gravy trickle over it.

Cup of tea now. He sat down, cut and buttered a slice of the loaf. He shore away the burnt flesh and flung it to the cat. Then he put a forkful into his mouth, chewing with discernment the toothsome pliant meat. Done to a turn. A mouthful

of tea. Then he cut away dies of bread, sopped one in the gravy and put it in his mouth. What was that about some young student and a picnic? He creased out the letter at his side, reading it slowly as he chewed, sopping another die of bread in the gravy and raising it to his mouth.

Dearest Papli, 1

Thanks ever so much for the lovely birthday present. It suits me splendid. Everyone says I'm quite the belle in my new tam. I got mummy's lovely box of creams and am writing. They are lovely. I am getting on swimming in the photo 2
business now. Mr Coghlan took one of me and Mrs will send when developed. We did great biz yesterday. Fair day and all the beef to the heels were in. We are 3-4
going to lough Owel on Monday with a few friends to make a scrap picnic. Give 5
my love to mummy and to yourself a big kiss and thanks. I hear them at the piano downstairs. There is to be a concert in the Greville Arms on Saturday. There is a 6
young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Tell him silly Milly sends my best respects. Must now 7
close with fondest love.

Your fond daughter,

MILLY.

P. S. Excuse bad writing, am in a hurry. Byby.

M.

Fifteen yesterday. Curious, fifteenth of the month too. Her first birthday away from home. Separation. Remember the summer morning she was born, running to knock up Mrs Thornton in Denzille street. Jolly old woman. Lots of babies 8
she must have helped into the world. She knew from the first poor little Rudy 9
wouldn't live. Well, God is good, sir. She knew at once. He would be eleven now if he had lived.

His vacant face stared pitying at the postscript. Excuse bad writing. Hurry. Piano downstairs. Coming out of her shell. Row with her in the XL Café about 10
the bracelet. Wouldn't eat her cakes or speak or look. Saucebox. He sopped other 11
dies of bread in the gravy and ate piece after piece of kidney. Twelve and six a week. Not much. Still, she might do worse. Music hall stage. Young student. He drank a draught of cooler tea to wash down his meal. Then he read the letter again: twice.

O well: she knows how to mind herself. But if not? No, nothing has happened. Of course it might. Wait in any case till it does. A wild piece of goods. Her slim legs running up the staircase. Destiny. Ripening now. Vain: very.

He smiled with troubled affection at the kitchen window. Day I caught her in the street pinching her cheeks to make them red. Anæmic a little. Was 12
given milk too long. On the *Erin's King* that day round the Kish. Damned old 13
tub pitching about. Not a bit funky. Her pale blue scarf loose in the wind 14
with her hair.

All dimpled cheeks and curls, 15
Tour head it simply swirls.

1 Seaside girls. Tom envelope. Hands stuck in his trousers' pockets, jarvey off for
2 the day, singing. Friend of the family. Swurls, he says. Pier with lamps, summer evening, band,

Those girls, those girls,
Those lovely seaside girls.

Milly too. Young kisses: the first. Far away now past. Mrs Marion. Reading lying back now, counting the strands of her hair, smiling, braiding.

A soft qualm regret, flowed down his backbone, increasing. Will happen, yes. Prevent. Useless: can't move. Girl's sweet light lips. Will happen too. He felt the flowing qualm spread over him. Useless to move now. Lips kissed, kissing kissed. Full gluey woman's lips.

Better where she is down there: away. Occupy her. Wanted a dog to pass the
3 time. Might take a trip down there. August bank holiday, only two and six return.
4 Six weeks off however. Might work a press pass. Or through M'Coy.

The cat, having cleaned all her fur, returned to the meatstained paper, nosed at it and stalked to the door. She looked back at him, mewing. Wants to go out. Wait before a door sometime it will open. Let her wait. Has the fidgets. Electric. Thunder in the air. Was washing at her ear with her back to the fire too.

He felt heavy, full: then a gentle loosening of his bowels. He stood up, undoing the waistband of his trousers. The cat mewed to him.

— Miaow! he said in answer. Wait till I'm ready.

5 Heaviness: hot day coming. Too much trouble to fag up the stairs to the landing.

A paper. He liked to read at stool. Hope no ape comes knocking just as I'm.

6 In the table drawer he found an old number of *Titbits*. He folded it under his armpit, went to the door and opened it. The cat went up in soft bounds. Ah, wanted to go upstairs, curl up in a ball on the bed.

Listening, he heard her voice:

— Come, come, pussy. Come.

He went out through the backdoor into the garden: stood to listen towards the
7 next garden. No sound. Perhaps hanging clothes out to dry. The maid was in the garden. Fine morning.

He bent down to regard a lean file of spearmint growing by the wall. Make a
8-9 summerhouse here. Scarlet runners. Virginia creepers. Want to manure the whole
10-11 place over, scabby soil. A coat of liver of sulphur. All soil like that without dung. Household slops. Loam, what is this that is? The hens in the next garden: their droppings are very good top dressing. Best of all though are the cattle, especially
12 when they are fed on those oilcakes. Mulch of dung. Best thing to clean ladies' kid
13 gloves. Dirty cleans. Ashes too. Reclaim the whole place. Grow peas in that corner there. Lettuce. Always have fresh greens then. Still gardens have their drawbacks.
14 That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday.

He walked on. Where is my hat, by the way? Must have put it back on the peg. Or hanging up on the floor. Funny, I don't remember that. Hallstand too
15 full. Four umbrellas, her raincloak. Picking up the letters. Drago's shopbell ringing. Queer I was just thinking that moment. Brown brilliantined hair over his collar. Just had a wash and brushup. Wonder have I time for a bath this

morning. Tara street. Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens they say. O'Brien. 1-2

Deep voice that fellow Dlugacz has. Agenda what is it? Now, my miss. Enthusiast. 3

He kicked open the crazy door of the jakes. Better be careful not to get these trousers dirty for the funeral. He went in, bowing his head under the low lintel. Leaving the door ajar, amid the stench of mouldy limewash and stale cobwebs he undid his braces. Before sitting down he peered through a chink up at the nextdoor window. The king was in his countinghouse. Nobody. 4-5 6

Asquat on the cuckstool he folded out his paper turning its pages over on his bared knees. Something new and easy. No great hurry. Keep it a bit. Our prize titbit. *Matcham's Masterstroke*. Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy, Playgoers' club, London. Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer. Three and a half. Three pounds three. Three pounds thirteen and six. 7 8-9 10-11

Quietly he read, restraining himself, the first column and, yielding but resisting, began the second. Midway, his last resistance yielding, he allowed his bowels to ease themselves quietly as he read, reading still patiently that slight constipation of yesterday quite gone. Hope it's not too big bring on piles again. No, just right. So. Ah! Costive one tabloid of cascara sagrada. Life might be so. It did not move or touch him but it was something quick and neat. Print anything now. Silly season. He read on, seated calm above his own rising smell. Neat certainly. *Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke by which he won the laughing witch who now.* Begins and ends morally. *Hand in hand.* Smart. He glanced back through what he had read and, while feeling his water flow quietly, he envied kindly Mr Beaufoy who had written it and received payment of three pounds thirteen and six. 12

Might manage a sketch. By Mr and Mrs L. M. Bloom. Invent a story for some proverb which? Time I used to try jotting down on my cuff what she said dressing. Dislike dressing together. Nicked myself shaving. Biting her nether lip, hooking the placket of her skirt. Timing her. 9.15. Did Roberts pay you yet? 9.20. What had Gretta Conroy on? 9.23. What possessed me to buy this comb? 9.24. I'm swelled after that cabbage. A speck of dust on the patent leather of her boot. 13 14 15

Rubbing smartly in turn each welt against her stocking calf. Morning after the bazaar dance when May's band played Ponchielli's dance of the hours. Explain that morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours. Washing her teeth. That was the first night. Her head dancing. Her fansticks clicking. Is that Boylan well off? He has money. Why? I noticed he had a good smell off his breath dancing. No use humming then. Allude to it. Strange kind of music that last night. The mirror was in shadow. She rubbed her handglass briskly on her woollen vest against her full wagging bub. Peering into it. Lines in her eyes. It wouldn't pan out somehow. 16-17

Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still true to life also. Day, then the night.

He tore away half the prize story sharply and wiped himself with it. Then he girded up his trousers, braced and buttoned himself. He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and came forth from the gloom into the air.

In the bright light, lightened and cooled in limb, he eyed carefully his black trousers, the ends, the knees, the houghs of the knees. What time is the funeral? Better find out in the paper.

A creak and a dark whirr in the air high up. The bells of George's church. They tolled the hour: loud dark iron.

1 *Heigho! Heigho!*
Heigho! Heigho!
Heigho! Heigho!

2 Quarter to. There again: the overtone following through the air. A third. Poor Dignam!

By lorries along Sir John Rogerson's quay Mr Bloom walked soberly, past Windmill lane, Leask's the linseed crusher's, the postal telegraph office. Could have given that address too. And past the sailors' home. He turned from the morning noises of the quayside and walked through Lime street. By Brady's cottages a boy for the skins lolled, his bucket of offal linked, smoking a chewed fagbutt. A smaller girl with scars of eczema on her forehead eyed him, listlessly holding her battered caskhoop. Tell him if he smokes he won't grow. O let him! His life isn't such a bed of roses! Waiting outside pubs to bring da home. Come home to ma, da. Slack hour: won't be many there. He crossed Townsend street, passed the frowning face of Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth. And past Nichols' the undertaker's. At eleven it is. Time enough. Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged that job for O'Neill's. Singing with his eyes shut. Corny. Met her once in the park. In the dark. What a lark. Police tout. Her name and address she then told with my tooraloom tooraloom tay. O, surely he bagged it. Bury him cheap in a whatyoumaycall. With my tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom, tooraloom.

In Westland row he halted before the window of the Belfast and Oriental Tea Company and read the legends of leadpapered packets: choice blend, finest quality, family tea. Rather warm. Tea. Must get some from Tom Kernan. Couldn't ask him at a funeral, though. While his eyes still read blandly he took off his hat quietly inhaling his hairoil and sent his right hand with slow grace over his brow and hair. Very warm morning. Under their dropped lids his eyes found the tiny bow of the leather headband inside his high grade ha. Just there. His right hand came down into the bowl of his hat. His fingers found quickly a card behind the headband and transferred it to his waistcoat pocket.

So warm. His right hand once more more slowly went over again: choice blend, made of the finest Ceylon brands. The far east. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on, cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them. Wonder is it like that. Those Cinghalese lobbing around in the sun, in *dolce far niente*. Not doing a hand's turn all day. Sleep six months out of twelve. Too hot to quarrel. Influence of the climate. Lethargy. Flowers of idleness. The air feeds most. Azotes. Hothouse in Botanic gardens. Sensitive plants. Waterlilies. Petals too tired to. Sleeping sickness in the air. Walk on roseleaves. Imagine trying to eat tripe and cowheel. Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere? Ah, in the dead sea, floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the weight of the. Or is it the

volume is equal of the weight? It's a law something like that. Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints, teaching. The college curriculum. Cracking curriculum. What is weight really when you say the weight? Thirtytwo feet per second, per second. Law of falling bodies: per second, per second. They all fall to the ground. The earth. It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight.

He turned away and sauntered across the road. How did she walk with her sausages? Like that something. As he walked he took the folded *Freeman* from his sidepocket, unfolded it, rolled it lengthwise in a baton and tapped it at each sauntering step against his trouserleg. Careless air: just drop in to see. Per second, per second. Per second for every second it means. From the curbstone he darted a keen glance through the door of the postoffice. Too late box. Post here. No-one. In.

He handed the card through the brass grill.

— Are there any letters for me? he asked.

While the postmistress searched a pigeonhole he gazed at the recruiting poster with soldiers of all arms on parade: and held the tip of his baton against his nostrils, smelling freshprinted rag paper. No answer probably. Went too far last time.

The postmistress handed him back through the grill his card with a letter. He thanked and glanced rapidly at the typed envelope.

Henry Flower, Esq,
c/o P. O. Westland Row,
City.

Answered anyhow. He slipped card and letter into his sidepocket, reviewing again the soldiers on parade. Where's old Tweedy's regiment? Castoff soldier. There: bearskin cap and hackle plume. No, he's a grenadier. Pointed cuffs. There he is: royal Dublin fusiliers. Redcoats. Too showy. That must be why the women go after them. Uniform. Easier to enlist and drill. Maud Gonne's letter about taking them off O'Connell street at night: disgrace to our Irish capital. Griffith's paper is on the same tack now: an army rotten with venereal disease: overseas or halfseasover empire. Half baked they look: hypnotised like. Eyes front. Mark time. Table: able. Bed: ed. The King's own. Never see him dressed up as a fireman or a bobby. A mason, yes.

He strolled out of the postoffice and turned to the right. Talk: as if that would mend matters. His hand went into his pocket and a forefinger felt its way under the flap of the envelope, ripping it open in jerks. Women will pay a lot of heed, I don't think. His fingers drew forth the letter and crumpled the envelope in his pocket. Something pinned on: photo perhaps. Hair? No.

M'Coy. Get rid of him quickly. Take me out of my way. Hate company when you.

— Hello, Bloom. Where are you off to?

— Hello, M'Coy. Nowhere in particular.

— How's the body?

— Fine. How are you?

— Just keeping alive, M'Coy said.

His eyes on the black tie and clothes he asked with low respect:

— Is there any... no trouble I hope? I see you're...

— O no, Mr Bloom said. Poor Dignam, you know. The funeral is today.

— To be sure, poor fellow. So it is. What time?

A photo it isn't. A badge maybe.

— E… eleven, Mr Bloom answered.

— I must try to get out there, M'Coy said. Eleven, is it? I only heard it last night. Who was telling me? Holohan. You know Hoppy? 1

— I know.

Mr Bloom gazed across the road at the outsider drawn up before the door of the 2-3
Grosvenor. The porter hoisted the valise up on the well. She stood still, waiting, while the man, husband, brother, like her, searched his pockets for change. Stylish kind of coat with that roll collar, warm for a day like this, looks like blanketcloth. Careless stand of her with her hands in those patch pockets. Like that haughty creature at the polo match. Women all for caste till you touch the spot. Handsome 4
is and handsome does. Reserved about to yield. The honourable Mrs and Brutus 5
is an honourable man. Possess her once take the starch out of her.

— I was with Bob Doran, he's on one of his periodical bends, and what do you 6-7
call him Bantam Lyons. Just down there in Conway's we were. 8-9

Doran, Lyons in Conway's. She raised a gloved hand to her hair. In came Hoppy. Having a wet. Drawing back his head and gazing far from beneath his veiled eyelids 10-11
he saw the bright fawn skin shine in the glare, the braided drums. Clearly I can see today. Moisture about gives long sight perhaps. Talking of one thing or another. Lady's hand. Which side will she get up?

— And he said: *Sad thing about our poor friend Paddy! What Paddy?* I said. *Poor little Paddy Dignam*, he said.

Off to the country: Broadstone probably. High brown boots with laces dangling. 12
Wellturned foot. What is he fostering over that change for? Sees me looking. Eye 13
out for other fellow always. Good fallback. Two strings to her bow.

— *Why?* I said. *What's wrong with him?* I said.

Proud: rich: silk stockings.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He moved a little to the side of M'Coy's talking head. Getting up in a minute.

— *What's wrong with him?* he said. *He's dead*, he said. And, faith, he filled up. *Is it Paddy Dignam?* I said. I couldn't believe it when I heard it. I was with him no later than Friday last or Thursday was it in the Arch. *Yes*, he said. *He's gone. He died on* 14
Monday, poor fellow.

Watch! Watch! Silk flash rich stockings white. Watch!

A heavy tramcar honking its gong slewed between.

Lost it. Curse your noisy pugnose. Feels locked out of it. Paradise and the peri. 15
Always happening like that. The very moment. Girl in Eustace street hallway 16
Monday was it settling her garter. Her friend covering the display of. *Esprit de corps.* 17
Well, what are you gaping at?

— Yes, yes, Mr Bloom said after a dull sigh. Another gone.

— One of the best, M'Coy said.

The tram passed. They drove off towards the Loop Line bridge, her rich gloved 18
hand on the steel grip. Flicker, flicker: the laceflare of her hat in the sun: flicker, flick.

— Wife well, I suppose? M'Coy's changed voice said.

— O yes, Mr Bloom said. Tiptop, thanks.

He unrolled the newspaper baton idly and read idly:

1 *What is home without*
Plumtree's Potted Meat?
Incomplete.
With it an abode of bliss.

2 — My missus has just got an engagement. At least it's not settled yet.
3-4 Valise tack again. By the way no harm. I'm off that, thanks.
Mr Bloom turned his largelidded eyes with unhasty friendliness.
5 — My wife too, he said. She's going to sing at a swagger affair in the Ulster hall, Belfast, on the twentyfifth.
— That so? M'Coy said. Glad to hear that, old man. Who's getting it up?
6 Mrs Marion Bloom. Not up yet. Queen was in her bedroom eating bread and.
7 No book. Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by sevens. Dark lady and fair man. Cat furry black ball. Torn strip of envelope.

8 *Love's*
Old
Sweet
Song
Comes lo-ve's old…

— It's a kind of a tour, don't you see? Mr Bloom said thoughtfully. *Sweet song.* There's a committee formed. Part shares and part profits.
M'Coy nodded, picking at his moustache stubble.
— O well, he said. That's good news.
He moved to go.
— Well, glad to see you looking fit, he said. Meet you knocking around.
— Yes, Mr Bloom said.
— Tell you what, M'Coy said. You might put down my name at the funeral,
9 will you? I'd like to go but I mightn't be able, you see. There's a drowning case at
10 Sandycove may turn up and then the coroner and myself would have to go down if the body is found. You just shove in my name if I'm not there, will you?
— I'll do that, Mr Bloom said, moving to get off. That'll be all right.
— Right, M'Coy said brightly. Thanks, old man. I'd go if I possibly could. Well, tolloll. Just C. P. M'Coy will do.
— That will be done, Mr Bloom answered firmly.
11-13 Didn't catch me napping that wheeze. The quick touch. Soft mark. I'd like my job. Valise I have a particular fancy for. Leather. Capped corners, riveted edges,
14-15 double action lever lock. Bob Cowley lent him his for the Wicklow regatta concert last year and never heard tidings of it from that good day to this.
16 Mr Bloom, strolling towards Brunswick street, smiled. My missus has just got an. Reedy freckled soprano. Cheeseparing nose. Nice enough in its way: for a little
17-18 ballad. No guts in it. You and me, don't you know? In the same boat. Softsoaping.
19 Give you the needle that would. Can't he hear the difference? Think he's that way inclined a bit. Against my grain somehow. Thought that Belfast would fetch him.
20 I hope that smallpox up there doesn't get worse. Suppose she wouldn't let herself be vaccinated again. Your wife and my wife.

Wonder is he pimping after me? 1

Mr Bloom stood at the corner, his eyes wandering over the multicoloured hoardings. Cantrell and Cochrane's Ginger Ale (Aromatic). Clery's summer sale. 2-3
No, he's going on straight. Hello. *Leah* tonight: Mrs Bandman Palmer. Like to see 4-5
her in that again. *Hamlet* she played last night. Male impersonator. Perhaps he was 6-7
a woman. Why Ophelia committed suicide? Poor papa! How he used to talk about Kate Bateman in that! Outside the Adelphi in London waited all the afternoon 8
to get in. Year before I was born that was: sixtyfive. And Ristori in Vienna. What 9
is this the right name is? By Mosenthal it is. Rachel, is it? No. The scene he was 10
always talking about where the old blind Abraham recognises the voice and puts his fingers on his face.

— Nathan's voice! His son's voice! I hear the voice of Nathan who left his father 11
to die of grief and misery in my arms, who left the house of his father and left the God of his father.

Every word is so deep, Leopold.

Poor papa! Poor man! I'm glad I didn't go into the room to look at his face. That day! O dear! O dear! Ffoo! Well, perhaps it was the best for him.

Mr Bloom went round the corner and passed the drooping nags of the hazard. 12
No use thinking of it any more. Nosebag time. Wish I hadn't met that M'Coy fellow.

He came nearer and heard a crunching of gilded oats, the gently champing teeth. Their full buck eyes regarded him as he went by, amid the sweet oaten reek of horsepiss. Their Eldorado. Poor jugginses! Damn all they know or care about 13-14
anything with their long noses stuck in nosebags. Too full for words. Still they get their feed all right and their doss. Gelded too: a stump of black guttapercha wagging 15
limp between their haunches. Might be happy all the same that way. Good poor brutes they look. Still their neigh can be very irritating.

He drew the letter from his pocket and folded it into the newspaper he carried. Might just walk into her here. The lane is safer. 16

He passed the cabman's shelter. Curious the life of drifting cabbies, all weathers, 17
all places, time or setdown, no will of their own. *Voglio e non.* Like to give them 18
an odd cigarette. Sociable. Shout a few flying syllables as they pass. He hummed:

Là ci darem la mano 19
La la lala la la.

He turned into Cumberland street and, going on some paces, halted in the lee 20
of the station wall. No-one. Meade's timberyard. Piled balks. Ruins and tenements. 21-22
With careful tread he passed over a hopscotch court with its forgotten pickeystone. 23
Not a sinner. Near the timberyard a squatted child at marbles, alone, shooting 24
the taw with a cunnythumb. A wise tabby, a blinking sphinx, watched from her warm sill. Pity to disturb them. Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not 25
to wake her. Open it. And once I played marbles when I went to that old dame's school. She liked mignonette. Mrs Ellis's. And Mr? He opened the letter within 26-27
the newspaper.

A flower. I think it's a. A yellow flower with flattened petals. Not annoyed then? What does she say?

Dear Henry,

I got your last letter to me and thank you very much for it. I am sorry you did
1 not like my last letter. Why did you enclose the stamps? I am awfully angry with you. I do wish I could punish you for that. I called you naughty boy because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the real meaning of that word. Are you not happy in your home you poor little naughty boy? I do wish I could do something for you. Please tell me what you think of poor me. I often think of the beautiful name you have. Dear Henry, when will we meet? I think of you so often you have no idea. I have never felt myself so much drawn to a man as you. I feel so bad about. Please write me a long letter and tell me more. Remember if you do not I will punish you. So now you know what I will do to you, you naughty boy, if you do not write. O how I long to meet you. Henry dear, do not deny my request before my patience are exhausted. Then I will tell you all. Goodbye now, naughty darling. I have such a bad headache today and write *by return* to your longing

MARTHA.

P. S. Do tell me what kind of perfume does your wife use. I want to know.

He tore the flower gravely from its pinhold smelt its almost no smell and placed it
2 in his heart pocket. Language of flowers. They like it because no-one can hear. Or a poison bouquet to strike him down. Then, walking slowly forward, he read the letter again, murmuring here and there a word. Angry tulips with you darling manflower punish your cactus if you don't please poor forgetmenot how I long violets to dear roses when we soon anemone meet all naughty nightstalk wife Martha's perfume. Having read it all he took it from the newspaper and put it back in his sidepocket.

Weak joy opened his lips. Changed since the first letter. Wonder did she write it herself. Doing the indignant: a girl of good family like me, respectable character.
3 Could meet one Sunday after the rosary. Thank you: not having any. Usual love scrimmage. Then running round corners. Bad as a row with Molly. Cigar has a cooling effect. Narcotic. Go further next time. Naughty boy: punish: afraid of words, of course. Brutal, why not? Try it anyhow. A bit at a time.

Fingering still the letter in his pocket he drew the pin out of it. Common pin, eh? He threw it on the road. Out of her clothes somewhere: pinned together. Queer the number of pins they always have. No roses without thorns.

4-5 Flat Dublin voices bawled in his head. Those two sluts that night in the Coombe, linked together in the rain.

6 *O, Mairy lost the pin of her drawers.*
She didn't know what to do
To keep it up
To keep it up.

7 It? Them. Such a bad headache. Has her roses probably. Or sitting all day typing. Eyefocus bad for stomach nerves. What perfume does your wife use? Now could you make out a thing like that?

To keep it up.

Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old master or faked for money. He is sitting in their house, talking. Mysterious. Also the two sluts in the Coombe would listen. 1

To keep it up.

Nice kind of evening feeling. No more wandering about. Just loll there: quiet dusk: let everything rip. Forget. Tell about places you have been, strange customs. The other one, jar on her head, was getting the supper: fruit, olives, lovely cool water out of the well stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown. 2 Must carry a paper goblet next time I go to the trottingmatches. She listens 3 with big dark soft eyes. Tell her: more and more: all. Then a sigh: silence. Long long long rest.

Going under the railway arch he took out the envelope, tore it swiftly in shreds 4 and scattered them towards the road. The shreds fluttered away, sank in the dank air: a white flutter then all sank.

Henry Flower. You could tear up a cheque for a hundred pounds in the same way. Simple bit of paper. Lord Iveagh once cashed a sevenfigure cheque for a mil- 5 lion in the bank of Ireland. Shows you the money to be made out of porter. Still 6 the other brother lord Ardilaun has to change his shirt four times a day, they say. 7 Skin breeds lice or vermin. A million pounds, wait a moment. Twopence a pint, fourpence a quart, eightpence a gallon of porter, no, one and fourpence a gallon of porter. One and four into twenty: fifteen about. Yes, exactly. Fifteen millions of barrels of porter.

What am I saying barrels? Gallons. About a million barrels all the same.

An incoming train clanked heavily above his head, coach after coach. Barrels bumped in his head: dull porter slopped and churned inside. The bungholes sprang open and a huge dull flood leaked out, flowing together, winding through mudflats all over the level land, a lazy pooling swirl of liquor bearing along wideleaved flowers of its froth.

He had reached the open backdoor of All Hallows. Stepping into the porch he 8 doffed his hat, took the card from his pocket and tucked it again behind the leather headband. Damn it. I might have tried to work M'Coy for a pass to Mullingar.

Same notice on the door. Sermon by the very reverend John Conmee S. J. on 9 saint Peter Claver and the African mission. Save China's millions. Wonder how 10 they explain it to the heathen Chinee. Prefer an ounce of opium. Celestials. Rank 11-13 heresy for them. Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone they had too when he was 14 almost unconscious. The protestants the same. Convert Dr. William J. Walsh. D. D. 15 to the true religion. Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum. Taking it 16 easy with hand under his cheek. Joss-sticks burning. Not like Ecce Homo. Crown 17-18 of thorns and cross. Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock. Chopsticks? Conmee: 19 Martin Cunningham knows him: distinguished looking. Sorry I didn't work him 20 about getting Molly into the choir instead of that Father Farley who looked a fool 21-22 but wasn't. They're taught that. He's not going out in bluey specs with the sweat 23 rolling off him to baptise blacks, is he? The glasses would take their fancy, flashing. Like to see them sitting round in a ring with blub lips, entranced, listening. Still life. Lap it up like milk, I suppose.

The cold smell of sacred stone called him. He trod the worn steps, pushed the swingdoor and entered softly by the rere. 24

Something going on: some sodality. Pity so empty. Nice discreet place to be next some girl. Who is my neighbour? Jammed by the hour to slow music. That woman at mid-night mass. Seventh heaven. Women knelt in the benches with crimson halters round their necks, heads bowed. A batch knelt at the altar rails. The priest went along by them, murmuring, holding the thing in his hands. He stopped at each, took out a communion, shook a drop or two (are they in water?) off it and put it neatly into her mouth. Her hat and head sank. Then the next one: a small old woman. The priest bent down to put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin. The next one. Shut your eyes and open your mouth. What? *Corpus*. Body. Corpse. Good idea the Latin. Stupefies them first. Hospice for the dying. They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down. Rum idea: eating bits of a corpse why the cannibals cotton to it.

He stood aside watching their blind masks pass down the aisle, one by one, and seek their places. He approached a bench and seated himself in its corner, nursing his hat and newspaper. These pots we have to wear. We ought to have hats modelled on our heads. They were about him here and there, with heads still bowed in their crimson halters, waiting for it to melt in their stomachs. Something like those mazzoth: it's that sort of bread: unleavened shewbread. Look at them. Now I bet it makes them feel happy. Lollipop. It does. Yes, bread of angels it's called. There's a big idea behind it, kind of kingdom of God is within you feel. First communicants. Hokypoky penny a lump. Then feel all like one family party, same in the theatre, all in the same swim. They do. I'm sure of that. Not so lonely. In our confraternity. Then come out a bit spreeish. Let off steam. Thing is if you really believe in it. Lourdes cure, waters of oblivion, and the Knock apparition, statues bleeding. Old fellow asleep near that confession box. Hence those snores. Blind faith. Safe in the arms of kingdom come. Lulls all pain. Wake this time next year.

He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had on. Suppose he lost the pin of his. He wouldn't know what to do to. Bald spot behind. Letters on his back I. N. R. I? No: I. H. S. Molly told me one time I asked her. I have sinned: or no: I have suffered, it is. And the other one? Iron nails ran in.

Meet one Sunday after the rosary. Do not deny my request. Turn up with a veil and black bag. Dusk and the light behind her. She might be here with a ribbon round her neck and do the other thing all the same on the sly. Their character. That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the invincibles he used to receive the, Carey was his name, the communion every morning. This very church. Peter Carey. No, Peter Claver I am thinking of Denis Carey. And just imagine that. Wife and six children at home. And plotting that murder all the time. Those crawthumpers, now that's a good name for them, there's always something shiftylooking about them. They're not straight men of business either. O no she's not here: the flower: no, no. By the way did I tear up that envelope? Yes: under the bridge.

The priest was rinsing out the chalice: then he tossed off the dregs smartly. Wine. Makes it more aristocratic than for example if he drank what they are used to Guinness's porter or some temperance beverage Wheatley's Dublin hop bitters or Cantrell and Cochrane's ginger ale (aromatic). Doesn't give them any of it: shew wine: only the other. Cold comfort. Pious fraud but quite right: otherwise they'd have one old booser worse than another coming along,

cadging for a drink. Queer the whole atmosphere of the. Quite right. Perfectly right that is. 1

Mr Bloom looked back towards the choir. Not going to be any music. Pity. Who has the organ here I wonder? Old Glynn he knew how to make that instrument talk, the *vibrato:* fifty pounds a year they say he had in Gardiner street. Molly was in fine voice that day, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first. Christ or Pilate? Christ, but don't keep us all night over it. Music they wanted. Footdrill stopped. Could hear a pin drop. I told her to pitch her voice against that corner. I could feel the thrill in the air, the full, the people looking up: 2 3 4-5

Quis est homo? 6

Some of that old sacred music is splendid. Mercadante: seven last words. Mozart's twelfth mass: the *Gloria* in that. Those old popes were keen on music, on art and statues and pictures of all kinds. Palestrina for example too. They had a gay old time while it lasted. Healthy too chanting, regular hours, then brew liqueurs. Benedictine. Green Chartreuse. Still, having eunuchs in their choir that was coming it a bit thick. What kind of voice is it? Must be curious to hear after their own strong basses. Connoisseurs. Suppose they wouldn't feel anything after. Kind of a placid. No worry. Fall into flesh don't they? Gluttons, tall, long legs. Who knows? Eunuch. One way out of it. 7-8 9 10 11-12 13

He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar and then face about and bless all the people. All crossed themselves and stood up. Mr Bloom glanced about him and then stood up, looking over the risen hats. Stand up at the gospel of course. Then all settled down on their knees again and he sat back quietly in his bench. The priest came down from the altar, holding the thing out from him, and he and the massboy answered each other in Latin. Then the priest knelt down and began to read off a card: 14 15 16

— O God, our refuge and our strength… 17

Mr Bloom put his face forward to catch the words. English. Throw them the bone. I remember slightly. How long since your last mass? Gloria and immaculate virgin. Joseph her spouse. Peter and Paul. More interesting if you understood what it was all about. Wonderful organisation certainly, goes like clockwork. Confession. Everyone wants to. Then I will tell you all. Penance. Punish me, please. Great weapon in their hands. More than doctor or solicitor. Woman dying to. And I schschschschschsch. And did you chachachachacha? And why did you? Look down at her ring to find an excuse. Whispering gallery walls have ears. Husband learn to his surprise. God's little joke. Then out she comes. Repentance skindeep. Lovely shame. Pray at an altar. Hail Mary and Holy Mary. Flowers, incense, candles melting. Hide her blushes. Salvation army blatant imitation. Reformed prostitute will address the meeting. How I found the Lord. Squareheaded chaps those must be in Rome: they work the whole show. And don't they rake in the money too? Bequests also: to the P. P. for the time being in his absolute discretion. Masses for the repose of my soul to be said publicly with open doors. Monasteries and convents. The priest in the Fermanagh will case in the witness box. No browbeating him. He had his answer pat for everything. Liberty and exaltation of our holy mother the church. The doctors of the church: they mapped out the whole theology of it. 18-19 20 21 22 23 24 25

The priest prayed:

— Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil (may God restrain him, we humbly pray): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls.

The priest and the massboy stood up and walked off. All over. The women remained behind: thanksgiving.

Better be shoving along. Brother Buzz. Come around with the plate perhaps. Pay your Easter duty.

He stood up. Hello. Were those two buttons of my waistcoat open all the time. Women enjoy it. Annoyed if you don't. Why didn't you tell me before. Never tell you. But we. Excuse, miss, there's a (whh!) just a (whh!) fluff. Or their skirt behind, placket unhooked. Glimpses of the moon. Still like you better untidy. Good job it wasn't farther south. He passed, discreetly buttoning, down the aisle and out through the main door into the light. He stood a moment unseeing by the cold black marble bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped furtive hands in the low tide of holy water. Trams: a car of Prescott's dyeworks: a widow in her weeds. Notice because I'm in mourning myself. He covered himself. How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion made up. Where is this? Ah yes, the last time. Sweny's in Lincoln place. Chemists rarely move. Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to stir. Hamilton Long's, founded in the year of the flood. Huguenot churchyard near there. Visit some day.

He walked southward along Westland row. But the recipe is in the other trousers. O, and I forgot that latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair. O well, poor fellow, it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up last? Wait. I changed a sovereign I remember. First of the month it must have been or the second. O he can look it up in the prescriptions book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have. Shrunken skull. And old. Quest for the philosopher's stone. The alchemists. Drugs age you after mental excitement. Lethargy then. Why? Reaction. A lifetime in a night. Gradually changes your character. Living all the day among herbs, ointments, disinfectants. All his alabaster lilypots. Mortar and pestle. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid. Smell almost cure you like the dentist's doorbell. Doctor whack. He ought to physic himself a bit. Electuary or emulsion. The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Simples. Want to be careful. Enough stuff here to chloroform you. Test: turns blue litmus paper red. Chloroform. Overdose of laudanum. Sleeping draughts. Lovephiltres. Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough. Clogs the pores or the phlegm. Poisons the only cures. Remedy where you least expect it. Clever of nature.

— About a fortnight ago, sir?

— Yes, Mr Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling the keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs. Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains.

— Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr Bloom said, and then orange-flower water…

It certainly did make her skin so delicate white like wax.

— And white wax also, he said.

Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes, Spanish, smelling herself, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs. Those homely recipes are often the best: strawberries for the teeth: nettles and rainwater: oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk. Skinfood. One of the old queen's sons, duke of 1
Albany was it? had only one skin. Leopold yes. Three we have. Warts, bunions and pimples to make it worse. But you want a perfume too. What perfume does your? *Peau d'Espagne.* That orangeflower. Pure curd soap. Water is so fresh. Nice 2
smell these soaps have. Time to get a bath round the corner. Hammam. Turkish. 3
Massage. Dirt gets rolled up in your navel. Nicer if a nice girl did it. Also I think I. Yes I. Do it in the bath. Curious longing I. Water to water. Combine business with pleasure. Pity no time for massage. Feel fresh then all day. Funeral be rather glum.

— Yes, sir, the chemist said. That was two and nine. Have you brought a bottle?

— No, Mr Bloom said. Make it up, please. I'll call later in the day and I'll take one of those soaps. How much are they?

— Fourpence, sir.

Mr Bloom raised a cake to his nostrils. Sweet lemony wax.

— I'll take this one, he said. That makes three and a penny.

— Yes, sir, the chemist said. You can pay all together, sir, when you come back.

— Good, Mr Bloom said.

He strolled out of the shop, the newspaper baton under his armpit, the coolwrappered soap in his left hand.

At his armpit Bantam Lyons' voice and hand said:

— Hello, Bloom, what's the best news? Is that today's? Show us a minute.

Shaved off his moustache again, by Jove! Long cold upper lip. To look younger. He does look balmy. Younger than I am.

Bantam Lyons' yellow blacknailed fingers unrolled the baton. Wants a wash too. Take off the rough dirt. Good morning, have you used Pears' soap? Dandruff on his shoulders. Scalp wants oiling.

— I want to see about that French horse that's running today, Bantam Lyons said. Where the bugger is it?

He rustled the pleated pages, jerking his chin on his high collar. Barber's itch. Tight collar he'll lose his hair. Better leave him the paper and get shut of him. 4

— You can keep it, Mr Bloom said.

— Ascot. Gold cup. Wait, Bantam Lyons muttered. Half a mo. Maximum the 5
second.

— I was just going to throw it away, Mr Bloom said.

Bantam Lyons raised his eyes suddenly and leered weakly.

— What's that? his sharp voice said.

— I say you can keep it, Mr Bloom answered. I was going to throw it away that moment.

Bantam Lyons doubted an instant, leering: then thrust the outspread sheets back on Mr Bloom's arms.

— I'll risk it, he said. Here, thanks.

He sped off towards Conway's corner. God speed scut. 6-7

Mr Bloom folded the sheets again to a neat square and lodged the soap in it, smiling. Silly lips of that chap. Betting. Regular hotbed of it lately. Messenger boys stealing to put on sixpence. Raffle for large tender turkey. Your Christmas dinner 8

for threepence. Jack Fleming embezzling to gamble then smuggled off to America.
1 Keeps a hotel now. They never come back. Fleshpots of Egypt.
2 He walked cheerfully towards the mosque of the baths. Remind you of a mosque
3 redbaked bricks, the minarets. College sports today I see. He eyed the horseshoe
4 poster over the gate of college park: cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot. Damn bad ad. Now if they had made it round like a wheel. Then the spokes: sports, sports, sports: and the hub big: college. Something to catch the eye.
5-6 There's Hornblower standing at the porter's lodge. Keep him on hands: might
7 take a turn in there on the nod. How do you do, Mr Hornblower? How do you do, sir?
8 Heavenly weather really. If life was always like that. Cricket weather. Sit around under sunshades. Over after over. Out. They can't play it here. Duck for six wickets.
9-11 Still Captain Buller broke a window in the Kildare street club with a slog to square
12-13 leg. Donnybrook fair more in their line. And the skulls we were acracking when
14 M'Carthy took the floor. Heatwave. Won't last. Always passing, the stream of life, which in the stream of life we trace is dearer than them all.

Enjoy a bath now: clean trough of water, cool enamel, the gentle tepid stream.
15 This is my body.

He foresaw his pale body reclined in it at full, naked, in a womb of warmth, oiled by scented melting soap, softly laved. He saw his trunk and limbs riprippled over and sustained, buoyed lightly upward, lemonyellow: his navel, bud of flesh: and saw the dark tangled curls of his bush floating, floating hair of the stream around
16 the limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower.

Martin Cunningham, first, poked his silkhatted head into the creaking carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr Power stepped in after him, curving his height with care. 1 2

— Come on, Simon.

— After you, Mr Bloom said.

Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:

— Yes, yes.

— Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.

Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the armstrap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Nose whiteflattened against the pane. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Glad to see us go we give them such trouble coming. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Slop about in slipperslappers for fear he'd wake. Then getting it ready. Laying it out. Molly and Mrs Fleming making the bed. Pull it more to your side. Our windingsheet. Never know who will touch you dead. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Keep a bit in an envelope. Grow all the same after. Unclean job. 3 4-5 6

All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap in my hip pocket. Better shift it out of that. Wait for an opportunity.

All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front turning: then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number nine with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace. 7

They waited still, their knees jogging, till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the doorframes. 8

— What way is he taking us? Mr Power asked through both windows.

— Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street. 9

Mr Dedalus nodded, looking out.

— That's a fine old custom, he said. I am glad to see it has not died out. 10

All watched awhile through their windows caps and hats lifted by passers. Respect. The carriage swerved from the tramtrack to the smoother road past Watery lane. Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat. 11

— There's a friend of yours gone by, Dedalus, he said.

— Who is that?

— Your son and heir.

— Where is he? Mr Dedalus said, stretching over across.

The carriage, passing the open drains and mounds of rippedup roadway before the tenement houses, lurched round the corner and, swerving back to the tramtrack, rolled on noisily with chattering wheels. Mr Dedalus fell back, saying:

1 — Was that Mulligan cad with him? His *fidus Achates?*

— No, Mr Bloom said. He was alone.

2 — Down with his aunt Sally, I suppose, Mr Dedalus said, the Goulding faction,
3-4 the drunken little costdrawer and Crissie, papa's little lump of dung, the wise child that knows her own father.

5-6 Mr Bloom smiled joylessly on Ringsend road. Wallace Bros the bottleworks.
7 Dodder bridge.

8 Richie Goulding and the legal bag. Goulding, Collis and Ward he calls the firm.
9-10 His jokes are getting a bit damp. Great card he was. Waltzing in Stamer street with
11 Ignatius Gallaher on a Sunday morning, the landlady's two hats pinned on his head. Out on the rampage all night. Beginning to tell on him now: that backache of his, I fear. Wife ironing his back. Thinks he'll cure it with pills. All breadcrumbs they are. About six hundred per cent profit.

— He's in with a lowdown crowd, Mr Dedalus snarled. That Mulligan is a contaminated bloody doubledyed ruffian by all accounts. His name stinks all over Dublin. But with the help of God and His blessed mother I'll make it my business to write a letter one of those days to his mother or his aunt or
12 whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

He cried above the clatter of the wheels.

13 — I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counterjumper's son.
14 Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.

He ceased. Mr Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived.
15 See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly in an Eton suit. My son. Me in his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance.
16 Must have been that morning in Raymond terrace she was at the window, watching
17 the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the sergeant grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

18 Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her. I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German too.

— Are we late? Mr Power asked.

— Ten minutes, Martin Cunningham said, looking at his watch.

Molly. Milly. Same thing watered down. Her tomboy oaths. O jumping Jupiter! Ye gods and little fishes! Still, she's a dear girl. Soon be a woman. Mullingar. Dearest Papli. Young student. Yes, yes: a woman too. Life. Life.

The carriage heeled over and back, their four trunks swaying.

19 — Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke, Mr Power said.

— He might, Mr Dedalus said, if he hadn't that squint troubling him. Do you follow me?

He closed his left eye. Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs.

— What is this, he said, in the name of God? Crumbs?

— Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately, Mr Power said.

All raised their thighs, eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats. Mr Dedalus, twisting his nose, frowned downward and said:

— Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?

— It struck me too, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom set his thigh down. Glad I took that bath. Feel my feet quite clean. But I wish Mrs Fleming had darned these socks better.

Mr Dedalus sighed resignedly.

— After all, he said, it's the most natural thing in the world.

— Did Tom Kernan turn up? Martin Cunningham asked, twirling the peak of his beard gently. 1

— Yes, Mr Bloom answered. He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes. 2-3

— And Corny Kelleher himself? Mr Power asked.

— At the cemetery, Martin Cunningham said.

— I met M'Coy this morning, Mr Bloom said. He said he'd try to come.

The carriage halted short.

— What's wrong?

— We're stopped.

— Where are we?

Mr Bloom put his head out of the window.

— The grand canal, he said. 4

Gasworks. Whooping cough they say it cures. Good job Milly never got it. Poor children! Doubles them up black and blue in convulsions. Shame really. Got off lightly with illness compared. Only measles. Flaxseed tea. Scarlatina, influenza epidemics. Canvassing for death. Don't miss this chance. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to Athos, Leopold, is my last wish. Thy will be done. We obey them in the grave. A dying scrawl. He took it to heart, pined away. Quiet brute. Old men's dogs usually are. 5 6-7 8 9-10

A raindrop spat on his hat. He drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags. Apart. Curious. Like through a colander. I thought it would. My boots were creaking I remember now.

— The weather is changing, he said quietly.

— A pity it did not keep up fine, Martin Cunningham said.

— Wanted for the country, Mr Power said. There's the sun again coming out.

Mr Dedalus, peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun, hurled a mute curse at the sky.

— It's as uncertain as a child's bottom, he said.

— We're off again.

The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently. Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard.

— Tom Kernan was immense last night, he said. And Paddy Leonard taking him off to his face. 11

— O draw him out, Martin, Mr Power said eagerly. Wait till you hear him, Simon,
1 on Ben Dollard's singing of *The Croppy Boy.*

— Immense, Martin Cunningham said pompously. *His singing of that simple ballad, Martin, is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience.*

— Trenchant, Mr Power said laughing. He's dead nuts on that. And the retrospective arrangement.

2 — Did you read Dan Dawson's speech? Martin Cunningham asked.

— I did not then, Mr Dedalus said. Where is it?

— In the paper this morning.

Mr Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket. That book I must change for her.

— No, no, Mr Dedalus said quickly. Later on, please.

3 Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge of the paper, scanning the deaths.
4 Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake, what Peake is that?
5 is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no, Sexton, Urbright. Inked characters
6 fast fading on the frayed breaking paper. Thanks to the Little Flower. Sadly missed.
7 To the inexpressible grief of his. Aged 88 after a long and tedious illness. Month's mind Quinlan. On whose soul Sweet Jesus have mercy.

It is now a month since dear Henry fled
To his home up above in the sky
While his family weeps and mourns his loss
Hoping some day to meet him on high.

I tore up the envelope? Yes. Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath? He patted his waistcoat pocket. There all right. Dear Henry fled. Before my patience are exhausted.

8-9 National school. Meade's yard. The hazard. Only two there now. Nodding. Full as a tick. Too much bone in their skulls. The other trotting round with a fare. An
10 hour ago I was passing there. The jarvies raised their hats.

11 A pointsman's back straightened itself upright suddenly against a tramway standard by Mr Bloom's window. Couldn't they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself much handier? Well but that fellow would lose his job then? Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention?

12 Antient concert rooms. Nothing on there. A man in a buff suit with a crape armlet. Not much grief there. Quarter mourning. People in law, perhaps.

13-14 They went past the bleak pulpit of Saint Mark's, under the railway bridge, past
15-17 the Queen's theatre: in silence. Hoardings. Eugene Stratton. Mrs Bandman Palmer.
18-20 Could I go to see *Leah* tonight, I wonder. I said I. Or the *Lily of Killarney*? Elster
21-22 Grimes Opera company. Big powerful change. Wet bright bills for next week. *Fun*
23 *on the Bristol.* Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a drink or two. As broad as it's long.

He's coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

24-25 Plasto's. Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust. Who was he?

— How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in salute.

— He doesn't see us, Mr Power said. Yes, he does. How do you do?

— Who? Mr Dedalus asked.

— Blazes Boylan, Mr Power said. There he is airing his quiff.

Just that moment I was thinking.

Mr Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc 1
of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.

Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump. Night of the dance dressing. Shift stuck between the cheeks behind.

He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant glance over their faces.

Mr Power asked:

— How is the concert tour getting on, Bloom?

— O very well, Mr Bloom said. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see...

— Are you going yourself?

— Well no, Mr Bloom said. In point of fact I have to go down to the county 2
Clare on some private business. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up on the other.

— Quite so, Martin Cunningham said. Mary Anderson is up there now. 3

— Have you good artists?

— Louis Werner is touring her, Mr Bloom said. O yes, we'll have all topnobbers. 4
J. C. Doyle and John MacCormack I hope and. The best, in fact. 5-6

— And *Madame*, Mr Power said, smiling. Last but not least.

Mr Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them. Smith O'Brien. Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there. Woman. Must be his 7-8
deathday. For many happy returns. The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united 9
noiselessly their unresisting knees.

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth 10
opening: oot.

— Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Had his office in Hume street. Same 11-12
house as Molly's namesake. Tweedy, crown solicitor for Waterford. Has that silk 13
hat ever since. Relics of old decency. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Kicked about like snuff at a wake. O'Callaghan on his last legs. 14-15

And *Madame.* Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: *voglio e non vorrei.* No: *vorrei e non.* Looking at the tips of her hairs to 16
see if they are split. *Mi trema un poco il.* Beautiful on that *tre* her voice is: weeping 17
tone. A thrush. A throstle. There is a word throstle that expressed that. 18

His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power's goodlooking face. Greyish over the ears. *Madame:* smiling. I smiled back. A smile goes a long way. Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine

that would get played out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury's. Or the Moira, was it?

They passed under the hugecloaked Liberator's form.

Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power.

— Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery's elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

— In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said.

Mr Dedalus looked after the stumping figure and said mildly:

— The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the window as the carriage passed Gray's statue.

— We have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.

His eyes met Mr Bloom's eyes. He caressed his beard, adding:

— Well, nearly all of us.

Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions' faces.

— That's an awfully good one that's going the rounds about Reuben J. and the son.

— About the boatman? Mr Power asked.

— Yes. Isn't it awfully good?

— What is that? Mr Dedalus asked. I didn't hear it.

— There was a girl in the case, Mr Bloom began, and he determined to send him to the isle of Man out of harm's way but when they were both…

— What? Mr Dedalus asked. That confirmed bloody hobbledehoy is it?

— Yes, Mr Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried to drown…..

— Drown Barabbas! Mr Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

— No, Mr Bloom said, the son himself…..

Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely.

— Reuben J. and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.

— For God' sake! Mr Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?

— Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he! A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay. More dead than alive. Half the town was there.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said. But the funny part is…..

— And Reuben J., Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life.

A stifled sigh came from under Mr Power's hand.

— O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.

— Isn't it awfully good? Mr Bloom said eagerly.

— One and eightpence too much, Mr Dedalus said drily.

Mr Power's choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.

Nelson's pillar.

— Eight plums a penny! Eight for a penny!

— We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Dedalus sighed.

— And then indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.

— The Lord forgive me! Mr Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this. He's gone from us.

— As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr Dedalus said. He went very suddenly.

— Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.

He tapped his chest sadly.

Blazing face: redhot. Too much John Barleycorn. Cure for a red nose. Drink like the devil till it turns adelite. A lot of money he spent colouring it. 1 2

Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.

— He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said.

— The best death, Mr Bloom said. 3

Their wide open eyes looked at him.

— No suffering, he said. A moment and all is over. Like dying in sleep.

No-one spoke.

Dead side of the street this. Dull business by day, land agents, temperance hotel, Falconer's railway guide, civil service college, Gill's, catholic club, the industrious blind. Why? Some reason. Sun or wind. At night too. Chummies and slaveys. Under the patronage of the late Father Mathew. Foundation stone for Parnell. Breakdown. Heart. 4-5 6-10 11 12-13

White horses with white frontlet plumes came round the Rotunda corner, galloping. A tiny coffin flashed by. In a hurry to bury. A mourning coach. Unmarried. Black for the married. Piebald for bachelors. Dun for a nun. 14-15

— Sad, Martin Cunningham said. A child.

A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body, weak as putty, in a whitelined deal box. Burial friendly society pays. Penny a week for a sod of turf. Our. Little. Beggar. Baby. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature. If it's healthy it's from the mother. If not the man. Better luck next time. 16

— Poor little thing, Mr Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square. Rattle his bones. Over the stones. Only a pauper. Nobody owns. 17-18

— In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said. 19

— But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the man who takes his own life. 20

Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.

— The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr Power added.

— Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.

— They say a man who does it is a coward, Mr Dedalus said.

— It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again. Martin Cunningham's large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. They have no mercy on that here or infanticide. 21

Refuse christian burial. They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave. As if it wasn't broken already. Yet sometimes they repent too late. Found in the riverbed clutching rushes. He looked at me. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost. Leading him the life of the damned. Wear the heart out of a stone, that. Monday morning start afresh. Shoulder to the wheel. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night, Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella:

And they call me the jewel of Asia,
Of Asia,
The geisha.

He looked away from me. He knows. Rattle his bones.

That afternoon of the inquest. The redlabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed. Verdict: overdose. Death by misadventure. The letter. For my son Leopold.

No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Blessington street. Over the stones.

— We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.

— God grant he doesn't upset us on the road, Mr Power said.

— I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany. The Gordon Bennett.

— Yes, by Jove, Mr. Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

As they turned into Berkeley street a streetorgan near the Basin sent over and after them a rollicking rattling song of the halls. Has anybody here seen Kelly? Kay ee double ell wy. Dead march from *Saul*. He's as bad as old Antonio. He left me on my ownio. Pirouette! The *Mater Misericordiæ*. Eccles street. My house down there. Big place. Ward for incurables there. Very encouraging. Our Lady's Hospice for the dying. Deadhouse handy underneath. Where old Mrs Riordan died. They look terrible the women. Her feeding cup and rubbing her mouth with the spoon. Then the screen round her bed for her to die. Nice young student that was dressed that bite the bee gave me. He's gone over to the lying-in hospital they told me. From one extreme to the other.

The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

— What's wrong now?

A divided drove of branded cattle passed the windows, lowing, slouching by on padded hoofs, whisking their tails slowly on their clotted bony croups. Outside them and through them ran raddled sheep bleating their fear.

— Emigrants, Mr Power said.

— Huuuh! the drover's voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks. Huuuh! Out of that!

Thursday of course. Tomorrow is killing day. Springers. Cuffe sold them about twentyseven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roast beef for old England. They

buy up all the juicy ones. And then the fifth quarter is lost: all that raw stuff, hide, hair, horns. Comes to a big thing in a year. Dead meat trade. Byproducts of the slaughterhouses for tanneries, soap, margarine. Wonder if that dodge works now 1
getting dicky meat off the train at Clonsilla. 2

The carriage moved on through the drove.

— I can't make out why the corporation doesn't run a tramline from the 3-4
parkgate to the quays, Mr Bloom said. All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats.

— Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite right. They ought to.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said, and another thing I often thought is to have municipal 5
funeral trams like they have in Milan, you know. Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage and all. Don't you see what I mean?

— O that be damned for a story, Mr Dedalus said. Pullman car and saloon 6
diningroom.

— A poor lookout for Corny, Mr Power added.

— Why? Mr Bloom asked, turning to Mr Dedalus. Wouldn't it be more decent than galloping two abreast?

— Well, there's something in that, Mr Dedalus granted.

— And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn't have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road. 7

— That was terrible, Mr Power's shocked face said, and the corpse fell about the road. Terrible!

— First round Dunphy's, Mr Dedalus said, nodding. Gordon Bennett cup. 8

— Praises be to God! Martin Cunningham said piously.

Bom! Upset. A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burst open. Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too large for him. Red face: grey now. Mouth fallen open. Asking what's up now. Quite right to close it. Looks horrid open. Then the insides decompose quickly. Much better to close up all the orifices. Yes, also. With wax. The sphincter loose. Seal up all.

— Dunphy's, Mr Power announced as the carriage turned right.

Dunphy's corner. Mourning coaches drawn up drowning their grief. A pause by the wayside. Tiptop position for a pub. Expect we'll pull up here on the way back to drink his health. Pass round the consolation. Elixir of life. 9

But suppose now it did happen. Would he bleed if a nail say cut him in the knocking about? He would and he wouldn't, I suppose. Depends on where. The circulation stops. Still some might ooze out of an artery. It would be better to bury them in red: a dark red.

In silence they drove along Phibsborough road. An empty hearse trotted by, 10
coming from the cemetery: looks relieved. Crossguns bridge: the royal canal. 11

Water rushed roaring through the sluices. A man stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf. On the towpath by the lock a slacktethered horse. Aboard 12
of the *Bugabu*.

Their eyes watched him. On the slow weedy waterway he had floated on his raft coastward over Ireland drawn by a haulage rope past beds of reeds, over slime, mudchoked bottles, carrion dogs. Athlone, Mullingar, Moyvalley, I could make a 13
walking tour to see Milly by the canal. Or cycle down. Hire some old crock, safety. 14

Wren had one the other day at the auction but a lady's. Developing waterways. James M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry. Cheaper transit. By easy stages. Houseboats. Camping out. Also hearses. To heaven by water. Perhaps I will without writing. Come as a surprise, Leixlip, Clonsilla. Dropping down, lock by lock to Dublin. With turf from the midland bogs. Salute. He lifted his brown straw hat, saluting Paddy Dignam.

They drove on past Brian Boroimhe house. Near it now.

— I wonder how is our friend Fogarty getting on, Mr Power said.

— Better ask Tom Kernan, Mr Dedalus said.

— How is that? Martin Cunningham said. Left him weeping I suppose.

— Though lost to sight, Mr Dedalus said, to memory dear.

The carriage steered left for Finglas road.

The stonecutter's yard on the right. Last lap. Crowded on the spit of land silent shapes appeared, white, sorrowful, holding out calm hands, knelt in grief, pointing. Fragments of shapes, hewn. In white silence: appealing. The best obtainable. Thos. H. Dennany, monumental builder and sculptor.

Passed.

On the curbstone before Jimmy Geary the sexton's an old tramp sat, grumbling, emptying the dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot. After life's journey.

Gloomy gardens then went by, one by one: gloomy houses.

Mr Power pointed.

— That is where Childs was murdered, he said. The last house.

— So it is, Mr Dedalus said. A gruesome case. Seymour Bushe got him off. Murdered his brother. Or so they said.

— The crown had no evidence, Mr Power said.

— Only circumstantial, Martin Cunningham said. That's the maxim of the law. Better for ninetynine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer's ground. It passed darkly. Shuttered, tenantless, unweeded garden. Whole place gone to hell. Wrongfully condemned. Murder. The murderer's image in the eye of the murdered. They love reading about it. Man's head found in a garden. Her clothing consisted of. How she met her death. Recent outrage. The weapon used. Murderer is still at large. Clues. A shoelace. The body to be exhumed. Murder will out.

Cramped in this carriage. She mightn't like me to come that way without letting her know. Must be careful about women. Catch them once with their pants down. Never forgive you after. Fifteen.

The high railings of Prospects rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars, rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air.

The felly harshed against the curbstone: stopped. Martin Cunningham put out his arm and, wrenching back the handle, shoved the door open with his knee. He stepped out. Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed.

Change that soap now. Mr Bloom's hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket. He stepped out of the carriage, replacing the newspaper his other hand still held.

Paltry funeral: coach and three carriages. It's all the same. Pallbearers, gold reins, requiem mass, firing a volley. Pomp of death. Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: 1
cakes for the dead. Dogbiscuits. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

He followed his companions. Mr Kernan and Ned Lambert followed, Hynes walking after them. Corny Kelleher stood by the opened hearse and took out the two wreaths. He handed one to the boy. 2

Where is that child's funeral disappeared to?

A team of horses passed from Finglas with toiling plodding tread, dragging 3
through the funereal silence a creaking waggon on which lay a granite block. The waggoner marching at their head saluted.

Coffin now. Got here before us, dead as he is. Horse looking round at it with 4
his plume skeowways. Dull eye: collar tight on his neck, pressing on a bloodvessel 5
or something. Do they know what they cart out here every day? Must be twenty or thirty funerals every day. Then Mount Jerome for the protestants. Funerals all 6
over the world everywhere every minute. Shovelling them under by the cartload doublequick. Thousands every hour. Too many in the world.

Mourners came out through the gates: woman and a girl. Leanjawed harpy, hard woman at a bargain, her bonnet awry. Girl's face stained with dirt and tears, holding the woman's arm looking up at her for a sign to cry. Fish's face, bloodless and livid.

The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates. So much dead 7
weight. Felt heavier myself stepping out of that bath. First the stiff: then the friends of the stiff. Corny Kelleher and the boy followed with their wreaths. Who is that beside them? Ah, the brother in-law.

All walked after.

Martin Cunningham whispered:

— I was in mortal agony with you talking of suicide before Bloom.

— What? Mr Power whispered. How so?

— His father poisoned himself, Martin Cunningham whispered. Had the Queen's 8
hotel in Ennis. You heard him say he was going to Clare. Anniversary.

— O God! Mr Power whispered. First I heard of it. Poisoned himself!

He glanced behind him to where a face with dark thinking eyes followed towards the cardinal's mausoleum. Speaking. 9

— Was he insured? Mr Bloom asked.

— I believe so, Mr Kernan answered, but the policy was heavily mortgaged. Martin is trying to get the youngster into Artane. 10

— How many children did he leave?

— Five. Ned Lambert says he'll try to get one of the girls into Todd's. 11

— A sad case, Mr Bloom said gently. Five young children.

— A great blow to the poor wife, Mr Kernan added.

— Indeed yes, Mr Bloom agreed.

Has the laugh at him now.

He looked down at the boots he had blacked and polished. She had outlived him, lost her husband. More dead for her than for me. One must outlive the other. Wise men say. There are more women than men in the world. Condole with her. 12
Your terrible loss. I hope you'll soon follow him. For Hindu widows only. She 13
would marry another. Him? No. Yet who knows after? Widowhood not the thing 14

since the old queen died. Drawn on a guncarriage. Victoria and Albert. Frogmore memorial mourning. But in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet. Vain in her heart of hearts. All for a shadow. Consort not even a king. Her son was the substance. Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back, waiting. It never comes. One must go first: alone under the ground: and lie no more in her warm bed.

— How are you, Simon? Ned Lambert said softly, clasping hands. Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays.

— Never better. How are all in Cork's own town?

— I was down there for the Cork park races on Easter Monday, Ned Lambert said. Same old six and eightpence. Stopped with Dick Tivy.

— And how is Dick, the solid man?

— Nothing between himself and heaven, Ned Lambert answered.

— By the holy Paul! Mr Dedalus said in subdued wonder. Dick Tivy bald?

— Martin is going to get up a whip for the youngsters, Ned Lambert said, pointing ahead. A few bob a skull. Just to keep them going till the insurance is cleared up.

— Yes, yes, Mr Dedalus said dubiously. Is that the eldest boy in front?

— Yes, Ned Lambert said, with the wife's brother. John Henry Menton is behind. He put down his name for a quid.

— I'll engage he did, Mr Dedalus said. I often told poor Paddy he ought to mind that job. John Henry is not the worst in the world.

— How did he lose it? Ned Lambert asked. Liquor, what?

— Many a good man's fault, Mr Dedalus said with a sigh.

They halted about the door of the mortuary chapel. Mr Bloom stood behind the boy with the wreath, looking down at his sleek combed hair and the slender furrowed neck inside his brandnew collar. Poor boy! Was he there when the father? Both unconscious. Lighten up at the last moment and recognise for the last time. All he might have done. I owe three shillings to O'Grady. Would he understand? The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel. Which end is his head?

After a moment he followed the others in, blinking in the screened light. The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel, four tall yellow candles at its corners. Always in front of us. Corny Kelleher, laying a wreath at each fore corner, beckoned to the boy to kneel. The mourners knelt here and there in praying desks. Mr Bloom stood behind near the font and, when all had knelt dropped carefully his unfolded newspaper from his pocket and knelt his right knee upon it. He fitted his black hat gently on his left knee and, holding its brim, bent over piously.

A server, bearing a brass bucket with something in it, came out through a door. The whitesmocked priest came after him tidying his stole with one hand, balancing with the other a little book against his toad's belly. Who'll read the book? I, said the rook.

They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak.

Father Coffey. I knew his name was like a coffin. *Dominenamine*. Bully about the muzzle he looks. Bosses the show. Muscular christian. Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him: priest. Thou art Peter. Burst sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will. With a belly on him like a poisoned pup. Most amusing expressions that man finds. Hhhn: burst sideways.

— *Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine.* 1

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Requiem mass. Crape weepers. Blackedged notepaper. Your name on the altarlist. Chilly place 2
this. Want to feed well, sitting in there all the morning in the gloom kicking his heels waiting for the next please. Eyes of a toad too. What swells him up that way? Molly gets swelled after cabbage. Air of the place maybe. Looks full up of bad gas. Must be an infernal lot of bad gas round the place. Butchers for instance: they get like raw beefsteaks. Who was telling me? Mervyn Brown. Down in the vaults of 3-4
saint Werburgh's lovely old organ hundred and fifty they have to bore a hole in 5
the coffins sometimes to let out the bad gas and burn it. Out it rushes: blue. One whiff of that and you're a goner. 6

My kneecap is hurting me. Ow. That's better.

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and 7
shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down: he has to do it.

— *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.* 8

The server piped the answers in the treble. I often thought it would be better to have boy servants. Up to fifteen or so. After that of course…

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up. What harm if he could see what he was shaking it over. Every mortal day a fresh batch: middleaged men, old women, children, women dead in childbirth, men with beards, baldheaded business men, consumptive girls with little sparrow's breasts. All the year round he prayed the same thing over them all and shook water on top of them: sleep. On Dignam now.

— *In paradisum.* 9

Said he was going to paradise or is in paradise. Says that over everybody. Tiresome kind of a job. But he has to say something.

The priest closed his book and went off, followed by the server. Corny Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. Corny Kelleher gave one wreath to the boy and one to the brother-in-law. All followed them out of the sidedoors into the mild grey air. Mr Bloom came last, folding his paper again into his pocket. He gazed gravely at the ground till the coffincart wheeled off to the left. The metal wheels ground the gravel with a sharp grating cry and the pack of blunt boots followed the barrow along a lane of sepulchres.

The ree the ra the ree the ra the roo. Lord, I mustn't lilt here.

— The O'Connell circle, Mr Dedalus said about him. 10

Mr Power's soft eyes went up to the apex of the lofty cone.

— He's at rest, he said, in the middle of his people, old Dan O'. But his heart is 11
buried in Rome. How many broken hearts are buried here, Simon!

— Her grave is over there, Jack, Mr Dedalus said. I'll soon be stretched beside her. Let Him take me whenever He likes.

Breaking down, he began to weep to himself quietly, stumbling a little in his walk. Mr Power took his arm.

— She's better where she is, he said kindly.

— I suppose so, Mr Dedalus said with a weak gasp. I suppose she is in heaven if there is a heaven.

Corny Kelleher stepped aside from his rank and allowed the mourners to plod by.

— Sad occasions, Mr Kernan began politely.

Mr Bloom closed his eyes and sadly twice bowed his head.

— The others are putting on their hats, Mr Kernan said. I suppose we can do so too. We are the last. This cemetery is a treacherous place.

They covered their heads.

— The reverend gentleman read the service too quickly, don't you think? Mr Kernan said with reproof.

Mr Bloom nodded gravely, looking in the quick bloodshot eyes. Secret eyes, secret searching eyes. Mason, I think: not sure. Beside him again. We are the last. In the same boat. Hope he'll say something else.

Mr Kernan added:

1 — The service of the Irish church, used in Mount Jerome, is simpler, more impressive, I must say.

Mr Bloom gave prudent assent. The language of course was another thing.

Mr Kernan said with solemnity:

2 — *I am the resurrection and the life*. That touches a man's inmost heart.

— It does, Mr Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections. Broken heart. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here: lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. The resurrection and the life. Once you are dead you are dead. That last day idea. Knocking 3 them all up out of their graves. Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight. Troy measure.

Corny Kelleher fell into step at their side.

— Everything went off A 1, he said. What?

He looked on them from his drawling eye. Policeman's shoulders. With your tooraloom tooraloom.

— As it should be, Mr Kernan said.

— What? Eh? Corny Kelleher said.

Mr Kernan assured him.

— Who is that chap behind with Tom Kernan? John Henry Menton asked. I know his face.

Ned Lambert glanced back.

— Bloom, he said, Madam Marion Tweedy that was, is, I mean, the soprano. She's his wife.

— O, to be sure, John Henry Menton said. I haven't seen her for some time. She was a finelooking woman. I danced with her, wait, fifteen seventeen golden years 4 ago, at Mat Dillon's, in Roundtown. And a good armful she was.

He looked behind through the others.

— What is he? he asked. What does he do? Wasn't he in the stationery line? I fell foul of him one evening, I remember, at bowls.

Ned Lambert smiled.

— Yes, he was, he said, in Wisdom Hely's. A traveller for blottingpaper. 1

— In God's name, John Henry Menton said, what did she marry a coon like that 2
for? She had plenty of game in her then.

— Has still, Ned Lambert said. He does some canvassing for ads.

John Henry Menton's large eyes stared ahead.

The barrow turned into a side lane. A portly man, ambushed among the grasses, raised his hat in homage. The gravediggers touched their caps.

— John O'Connell, Mr Power said, pleased. He never forgets a friend. 3

Mr O'Connell shook all their hands in silence. Mr Dedalus said:

— I am come to pay you another visit.

— My dear Simon, the caretaker answered in a low voice. I don't want your custom at all.

Saluting Ned Lambert and John Henry Menton he walked on at Martin Cunningham's side, puzzling two keys at his back.

— Did you hear that one, he asked them, about Mulcahy from the Coombe? 4

— I did not, Martin Cunningham said.

They bent their silk hats in concert and Hynes inclined his ear. The caretaker hung his thumbs in the loops of his gold watch chain and spoke in a discreet tone to their vacant smiles.

— They tell the story, he said, that two drunks came out here one foggy evening to look for the grave of a friend of theirs. They asked for Mulcahy from the Coombe and were told where he was buried. After traipsing about in the fog they found the grave, sure enough. One of the drunks spelt out the name: Terence Mulcahy. The other drunk was blinding up at a statue of our Saviour the widow had got put up.

The caretaker blinked up at one of the sepulchres they passed. He resumed:

— And, after blinking up at the sacred figure, *Not a bloody bit like the man*, says he. *That's not Mulcahy*, says he, *whoever done it.*

Rewarded by smiles he fell back and spoke with Corny Kelleher, accepting the dockets given him, turning them over and scanning them as he walked.

— That's all done with a purpose, Martin Cunningham explained to Hynes.

— I know, Hynes said, I know that.

— To cheer a fellow up, Martin Cunningham said. It's pure goodheartedness: damn the thing else.

Mr Bloom admired the caretaker's prosperous bulk. All want to be on good terms with him. Decent fellow, John O'Connell, real good sort. Keys: like Keyes's ad: 5
no fear of anyone getting out, no passout checks. *Habeat corpus.* I must see about 6
that ad after the funeral. Did I write Ballsbridge on the envelope I took to cover 7
when she disturbed me writing to Martha? Hope it's not chucked in the dead letter office. Be the better of a shave. Grey sprouting beard. That's the first sign when the hairs come out grey and temper getting cross. Silver threads among the grey. 8
Fancy being his wife. Wonder how he had the gumption to propose to any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. Dangle that before her. It might thrill her first. Courting death… Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about.

1-2 The shadows of the tombs when churchyards yawn and Daniel O'Connell must
3 be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great
4 catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark. Will o' the wisp. Gas of graves. Want to keep her mind off it to conceive at all. Women especially are so touchy. Tell her a ghost story in bed to make her sleep. Have you ever seen a ghost? Well, I have. It was a pitchdark night. The clock was on the stroke of twelve. Still they'd kiss all right if properly keyed up. Whores in Turkish graveyards. Learn anything if
5 taken young. You might pick up a young widow here. Men like that. Love among
6 the tombstones. Romeo. Spice of pleasure. In the midst of death we are in life.
7 Both ends meet. Tantalising for the poor dead. Smell of frilled beefsteaks to the
8 starving gnawing their vitals. Desire to grig people. Molly wanting to do it at the window. Eight children he has anyway.

He has seen a fair share go under in his time, lying around him field after field. Holy fields. More room if they buried them standing. Sitting or kneeling you couldn't. Standing? His head might come up some day above ground in a landslip with his hand pointing. All honeycombed the ground must be: oblong cells. And
9 very neat he keeps it too, trim grass and edgings. His garden Major Gamble calls Mount Jerome. Well so it is. Ought to be flowers of sleep. Chinese cemeteries with
10-11 giant poppies growing produce the best opium Mastiansky told me. The Botanic Gardens are just over there. It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life.
12 Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy. Every man his price. Well preserved fat corpse gentleman, epicure, invaluable for fruit garden. A bargain.
13 By carcass of William Wilkinson, auditor and accountant, lately deceased, three pounds thirteen and six. With thanks.

I daresay the soil would be quite fat with corpse manure, bones, flesh, nails, charnelhouses. Dreadful. Turning green and pink, decomposing. Rot quick in damp earth. The lean old ones tougher. Then a kind of a tallowy kind of a cheesy.
14 Then begin to get black, treacle oozing out of them. Then dried up. Deathmoths. Of course the cells or whatever they are go on living. Changing about. Live for ever practically. Nothing to feed on feed on themselves.

But they must breed a devil of a lot of maggots. Soil must be simply swirling
15 with them. Your head it simply swurls. Those pretty little seaside gurls. He looks cheerful enough over it. Gives him a sense of power seeing all the others go under first. Wonder how he looks at life. Cracking his jokes too: warms the cockles of his heart. The one about the bulletin. Spurgeon went to heaven 4 a. m. this morning. 11 p. m. (closing time). Not arrived yet. Peter. The dead themselves the men anyhow would like to hear an odd joke or the women to know what's in fashion. A juicy pear or ladies' punch, hot, strong and sweet. Keep out the damp. You must laugh
16 sometimes so better do it that way. Gravediggers in *Hamlet*. Shows the profound knowledge of the human heart. Daren't joke about the dead for two years at least.
17 *De mortuis nil nisi prius*. Go out of mourning first. Hard to imagine his funeral. Seems a sort of a joke. Read your own obituary notice they say you live longer. Gives you second wind. New lease of life.

— How many have you for tomorrow? the caretaker asked.

— Two, Corny Kelleher said. Half ten and eleven.

The caretaker put the papers in his pocket. The barrow had ceased to trundle. The mourners split and moved to each side of the hole, stepping with care round

the graves. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

Burying him. We come to bury Cæsar. His ides of March or June. He doesn't know who is here nor care. 1-2

Now who is that lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh? Now who is he I'd like to know? Now, I'd give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you never dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes, he could. Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died though he could dig his own grave. We all do. Only man buries. No ants too. First thing strikes anybody. Bury the dead. Say Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him. Every Friday buries a Thursday if you come to look at it. 3 4

O, poor Robinson Crusoe, 5
How could you possibly do so?

Poor Dignam! His last lie on the earth in his box. When you think of them all it does seem a waste of wood. All gnawed through. They could invent a handsome bier with a kind of panel sliding let it down that way. Ay but they might object to be buried out of another fellow's. They're so particular. Lay me in my native earth. Bit of clay from the holy land. Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the one coffin. I see what it means. I see. To protect him as long as possible even in the earth. The Irishman's house is his coffin. Embalming in catacombs, mummies, the same idea. 6-7 8

Mr Bloom stood far back, his hat in his hand, counting the bared heads. Twelve. I'm thirteen. No. The chap in the macintosh is thirteen. Death's number. Where the deuce did he pop out of? He wasn't in the chapel, that I'll swear. Silly superstition that about thirteen.

Nice soft tweed Ned Lambert has in that suit. Tinge of purple. I had one like that when we lived in Lombard street west. Dressy fellow he was once. Used to change three suits in the day. Must get that grey suit of mine turned by Mesias. Hello. It's dyed. His wife I forgot he's not married or his landlady ought to have picked out those threads for him. 9 10

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the grave-trestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Far away a donkey brayed. Rain. No such ass. Never see a dead one, they say. Shame of death. They hide. Also poor papa went away. 11

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands staring quietly in the black open space. Mr Bloom moved behind the portly kindly caretaker. Well cut frockcoat. Weighing them up perhaps to see which will go next. Well it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened deathchamber. Light they want. Whispering around you. Would you like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid all your life. The death struggle. His sleep is not natural. Press his lower

eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow. Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed. Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman. Dying to embrace her in
1 his shirt. Last act of *Lucia. Shall I nevermore behold thee?* Bam! expires. Gone at last. People talk about you a bit: forget you. Don't forget to pray for him. Remember
2 him in your prayers. Even Parnell. Ivy day dying out. Then they follow: dropping into a hole one after the other.

3 We are praying now for the repose of his soul. Hoping you're well and not in hell. Nice change of air. Out of the fryingpan of life into the fire of purgatory.

Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself? They say you do when you
4 shiver in the sun. Someone walking over it. Callboy's warning. Near you. Mine over
5 there towards Finglas, the plot I bought. Mamma poor mamma, and little Rudy.

The gravediggers took up their spades and flung heavy clods of clay in on the coffin. Mr Bloom turned his face. And if he was alive all the time? Whew! By Jingo, that would be awful! No, no: he is dead, of course. Of course he is dead. Monday he died. They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole. Flag of distress. Three days. Rather long to keep them in summer. Just as well to get shut of them as soon as you are sure there's no.

The clay fell softer. Begin to be forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind.

The caretaker moved away a few paces and put on his hat. Had enough of it.
6 The mourners took heart of grace, one by one, covering themselves without show. Mr Bloom put on his hat and saw the portly figure make its way deftly through the maze of graves. Quietly, sure of his ground, he traversed the dismal fields.

Hynes jotting down something in his notebook. Ah, the names. But he knows them all. No: coming to me.

— I am just taking the names, Hynes said below his breath. What is your christian name? I'm not sure.

— L, Mr Bloom said. Leopold. And you might put down M'Coy's name too. He asked me to.

— Charley, Hynes said writing. I know. He was on the *Freeman* once.

7 So he was before he got the job in the morgue under Louis Byrne. Good idea
8 a postmortem for doctors. Find out what they imagine they know. He died of a
9-11 Tuesday. Got the run. Levanted with the cash of a few ads. Charley, you're my darling. That was why he asked me to. O well, does no harm. I saw to that, M'Coy. Thanks, old chap: much obliged. Leave him under an obligation: costs nothing.

— And tell us, Hynes said, do you know that fellow in the, fellow was over there in the…

He looked around.

— Macintosh. Yes, I saw him, Mr Bloom said. Where is he now?

— M'Intosh, Hynes said, scribbling. I don't know who he is. Is that his name?

He moved away, looking about him.

— No, Mr Bloom began, turning and stopping. I say, Hynes!

Didn't hear. What? Where has he disappeared to? Not a sign. Well of all the.
12 Has anybody here seen? Kay ee double ell. Become invisible. Good Lord, what became of him?

A seventh gravedigger came beside Mr Bloom to take up an idle spade.

— O, excuse me!

He stepped aside nimbly.

Clay, brown, damp, began to be seen in the hole. It rose. Nearly over. A mound of damp clods rose more, rose, and the gravediggers rested their spades. All uncovered again for a few instants. The boy propped his wreath against a corner: the brother-in-law his on a lump. The gravediggers put on their caps and carried their earthy spades towards the barrow. Then knocked the blades lightly on the turf: clean. One bent to pluck from the haft a long tuft of grass. One, leaving his mates, walked slowly on with shouldered weapon, its blade blueglancing. Silently at the gravehead another coiled the coffinband. His navelcord. The brother-in-law, turning away, placed something in his free hand. Thanks in silence. Sorry, sir: trouble. Headshake. I know that. For yourselves just.

The mourners moved away slowly, without aim, by devious paths, staying awhile to read a name on a tomb.

— Let us go round by the chief's grave, Hynes said. We have time. 1

— Let us, Mr Power said.

They turned to the right, following their slow thoughts. With awe Mr Power's blank voice spoke:

— Some say he is not in that grave at all. That the coffin was filled with stones. 2 That one day he will come again.

Hynes shook his head.

— Parnell will never come again, he said. He's there, all that was mortal of him. Peace to his ashes.

Mr Bloom walked unheeded along his grove by saddened angels, crosses, broken pillars, family vaults, stone hopes praying with upcast eyes, old Ireland's hearts 3 and hands. More sensible to spend the money on some charity for the living. Pray 4 for the repose of the soul of. Does anybody really? Plant him and have done with him. Like down a coalshoot. Then lump them together to save time. All souls' 5 day. Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave. Ten shillings for the gardener. He keeps it 6 free of weeds. Old man himself. Bent down double with his shears clipping. Near death's door. Who passed away. Who departed this life. As if they did it of their own accord. Got the shove, all of them. Who kicked the bucket. More interesting if they told you what they were. So and so, wheelwright. I travelled for cork lino. I paid five shillings in the pound. Or a woman's with her saucepan. I cooked good Irish stew. Eulogy in a country churchyard it ought to be that poem of whose is 7 it Wordsworth or Thomas Campbell. Entered into rest the protestants put it. Old 8 Dr Murren's. The great physician called him home. Well it's God's acre for them. 9 Nice country residence. Newly plastered and painted. Ideal spot to have a quiet smoke and read the *Church Times*. Marriage ads they never try to beautify. Rusty 10 wreaths hung on knobs, garlands of bronzefoil. Better value that for the money. Still, the flowers are more poetical. The other gets rather tiresome, never withering. Expresses nothing. Immortelles. 11

A bird sat tamely perched on a poplar branch. Like stuffed. Like the wedding present alderman Hooper gave us. Hu! Not a budge out of him. Knows there are 12 no catapults to let fly at him. Dead animal even sadder. Silly-Milly burying the 13 little dead bird in the kitchen matchbox, a daisychain and bits of broken chainies on the grave.

The Sacred Heart that is: showing it. Heart on his sleeve. Ought to be sideways and red it should be painted like a real heart. Ireland was dedicated to it or whatever that. Seems anything but pleased. Why this infliction? Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Apollo that was.

How many! All these here once walked round Dublin. Faithful departed. As you are now so once were we.

Besides how could you remember everybody? Eyes, walk, voice. Well, the voice, yes: gramophone. Have a gramophone in every grave or keep it in the house. After dinner on a Sunday. Put on poor old greatgrandfather Kraahraark! Hellohellohello amawfullyglad kraark awfullygladaseeragain hellohello amarawf kopthsth. Remind you of the voice like the photograph reminds you of the face. Otherwise you couldn't remember the face after fifteen years, say. For instance who? For instance some fellow that died when I was in Wisdom Hely's.

Rtststr! A rattle of pebbles. Wait. Stop.

He looked down intently into a stone crypt. Some animal. Wait. There he goes.

An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. Good hidingplace for treasure.

Who lives there? Are laid the remains of Robert Emery. Robert Emmet was buried here by torchlight, wasn't he? Making his rounds.

Tail gone now.

One of those chaps would make short work of a fellow. Pick the bones clean no matter who it was. Ordinary meat for them. A corpse is meat gone bad. Well and what's cheese? Corpse of milk. I read in that *Voyages in China* that the Chinese say a white man smells like a corpse. Cremation better. Priests dead against it. Devilling for the other firm. Wholesale burners and Dutch oven dealers. Time of the plague. Quicklime fever pits to eat them. Lethal chamber. Ashes to ashes. Or bury at sea. Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds. Earth, fire, water. Drowning they say is the pleasantest. See your whole life in a flash. But being brought back to life no. Can't bury in the air however. Out of a flying machine. Wonder does the news go about whenever a fresh one is let down. Underground communication. We learned that from them. Wouldn't be surprised. Regular square feed for them. Flies come before he's well dead. Got wind of Dignam. They wouldn't care about the smell of it. Saltwhite crumbling mush of corpse: smell, taste like raw white turnips.

The gates glimmered in front: still open. Back to the world again. Enough of this place. Brings you a bit nearer every time. Last time I was here was Mrs Sinico's funeral. Poor papa too. The love that kills. And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores. Give you the creeps after a bit. I will appear to you after death. You will see my ghost after death. My ghost will haunt you after death. There is another world after death named hell. I do not like that other world she wrote. No more do I. Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. Let them sleep in their maggoty beds. They are not going to get me this innings. Warm beds: warm fullblooded life.

Martin Cunningham emerged from a sidepath, talking gravely.

Solicitor, I think. I know his face. Menton. John Henry, solicitor, commissioner for oaths and affidavits. Dignam used to be in his office. Mat Dillon's long ago. 1
Jolly Mat convivial evenings. Cold fowl, cigars, the Tantalus glasses. Heart of gold 2
really. Yes, Menton. Got his rag out that evening on the bowling green because I 3-4
sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias. Why he took such a rooted dislike to
me. Hate at first sight. Molly and Floey Dillon linked under the lilactree, laughing. 5
Fellow always like that, mortified if women are by.

Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

— Excuse me, sir, Mr Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

— Your hat is a little crushed, Mr Bloom said, pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.

— There, Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also.

John Henry Menton took off his hat, bulged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his coatsleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

— It's all right now, Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment.

— Thank you, he said shortly.

They walked on towards the gates. Mr Bloom, chapfallen, drew behind a few 6
paces so as not to overhear. Martin laying down the law. Martin could wind a sappyhead like that round his little finger without his seeing it.

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning.

IN THE HEART OF THE HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS

1-2 Before Nelson's pillar trams slowed, shunted, changed trolley, started for
3-6 Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, Clonskea, Rathgar and Terenure, Palmerston park
7-9 and upper Rathmines, Sandymount Green, Rathmines, Ringsend and Sandymount
10-11 Tower, Harold's Cross. The hoarse Dublin United Tramway Company's timekeeper bawled them off:

— Rathgar and Terenure!

— Come on, Sandymount Green!

Right and left parallel clanging ringing a doubledecker and a singledeck moved from their railheads, swerved to the down line, glided parallel.

— Start, Palmerston park!

THE WEARER OF THE CROWN

12 Under the porch of the general post office shoeblacks called and polished. Parked in North Prince's street His Majesty's vermilion mailcars, bearing on their sides
13 the royal initials, E. R., received loudly flung sacks of letters, postcards, lettercards, parcels, insured and paid, for local, provincial, British and overseas delivery.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

14-15 Grossbooted draymen rolled barrels dullthudding out of Prince's stores and bumped them up on the brewery float. On the brewery float bumped dullthudding barrels rolled by grossbooted draymen out of Prince's stores.

16-17 — There it is, Red Murray said. Alexander Keyes.

18 — Just cut it out, will you? Mr Bloom said, and I'll take it round to the *Telegraph* office.

19-20 The door of Ruttledge's office creaked again. Davy Stephens, minute in a large capecoat, a small felt hat crowning his ringlets, passed out with a roll of papers under his cape, a king's courier.

Red Murray's long shears sliced out the advertisement from the newspaper in
21 four clean strokes. Scissors and paste

— I'll go through the printing works, Mr Bloom said, taking the cut square.

22 — Of course, if he wants a par, Red Murray said earnestly, a pen behind his ear, we can do him one.

— Right, Mr Bloom said with a nod. I'll rub that in.

We.

WILLIAM BRAYDEN, ESQUIRE, OF OAKLANDS, SANDYMOUNT

Red Murray touched Mr Bloom's arm with the shears and whispered:

— Brayden.

Mr Bloom turned and saw the liveried porter raise his lettered cap as a stately figure entered between the newsboards of the *Weekly Freeman and National Press* and the *Freeman's Journal and National Press.* Dullthudding Guinness's barrels. It passed stately up the staircase steered by an umbrella, a solemn beardframed face. The broadcloth back ascended each step: back. All his brains are in the nape of his neck, Simon Dedalus says. Welts of flesh behind on him. Fat folds of neck, fat, neck, fat, neck.

— Don't you think his face is like Our Saviour? Red Murray whispered.

The door of Ruttledge's office whispered: ee: cree. They always build one door opposite another for the wind to. Way in. Way out.

Our Saviour: beardframed oval face: talking in the dusk Mary, Martha. Steered by an umbrella sword to the footlights: Mario the tenor.

— Or like Mario, Mr Bloom said.

— Yes, Red Murray agreed. But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour.

Jesus Mario with rougy cheeks, doublet and spindle legs. Hand on his heart. In *Martha*.

Co-ome thou lost one,
Co-ome thou dear one.

THE CROZIER AND THE PEN

— His grace phoned down twice this morning, Red Murray said gravely.

They watched the knees, legs, boots vanish. Neck.

A telegram boy stepped in nimbly, threw an envelope on the counter and stepped off posthaste with a word.

— *Freeman!*

Mr Bloom said slowly:

— Well, he is one of our saviours also.

A meek smile accompanied him as he lifted the counterflap, as he passed in through the sidedoor and along the warm dark stairs and passage, along the now reverberating boards. But will he save the circulation? Thumping, thumping.

He pushed in the glass swingdoor and entered, stepping over strewn packing paper. Through a lane of clanking drums he made his way towards Nannetti's reading closet.

WITH UNFEIGNED REGRET IT IS WE ANNOUNCE THE DISSOLUTION OF A MOST RESPECTED DUBLIN BURGESS

Hynes here too: account of the funeral probably. Thumping thump. This morning the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam. Machines. Smash a man to

atoms if they got him caught. Rule the world today. His machineries are pegging away too. Like these, got out of hand: fermenting. Working away, tearing away. And that old grey rat tearing to get in.

HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS TURNED OUT

Mr Bloom halted behind the foreman's spare body, admiring a glossy crown.

1 Strange he never saw his real country. Ireland my country. Member for College green. He boomed that workaday worker tack for all it was worth. It's the ads and
2-3 side features sell a weekly not the stale news in the official gazette. Queen Anne
4 is dead. Published by authority in the year one thousand and. Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnachinch. To all whom it may concern
5 schedule pursuant to statute showing return of number of mules and jennets
6-8 exported from Ballina. Nature notes. Cartoons. Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull
9-10 story. Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots. Country bumpkin's queries. Dear Mr Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence? I'd like that part. Learn a lot teaching others.
11 The personal note M. A. P. Mainly all pictures. Shapely bathers on golden strand. World's biggest balloon. Double marriage of sisters celebrated. Two bridegrooms
12-13 laughing heartily at each other. Cuprani too, printer. More Irish than the Irish.
14 The machines clanked in threefour time. Thump, thump, thump. Now if he got paralysed there and no one knew how to stop them they'd clank on and on
15 the same, print it over and over and up and back. Monkeydoodle the whole thing. Want a cool head.

— Well, get it into the evening edition, councillor, Hynes said.

16-17 Soon be calling him my lord mayor. Long John is backing him they say.

The foreman, without answering, scribbled press on a corner of the sheet and made a sign to a typesetter. He handed the sheet silently over the dirty glass screen.

— Right: thanks, Hynes said moving off.

Mr Bloom stood in his way.

— If you want to draw the cashier is just going to lunch, he said, pointing backward with his thumb.

— Did you? Hynes asked.

— Mm, Mr Bloom said. Look sharp and you'll catch him.

— Thanks, old man, Hynes said. I'll tap him too.

He hurried on eagerly towards the *Freeman's Journal*.

18 Three bob I lent him in Meagher's. Three weeks. Third hint.

WE SEE THE CANVASSER AT WORK

Mr Bloom laid his cutting on Mr Nannetti's desk.

— Excuse me, councillor, he said. This ad, you see. Keyes, you remember.

Mr Nannetti considered the cutting a while and nodded.

— He wants it in for July, Mr Bloom said.

He doesn't hear it. Nannan. Iron nerves.

The foreman moved his pencil towards it.

— But wait, Mr Bloom said. He wants it changed. Keyes, you see. He wants two keys at the top.

Hell of a racket they make. Maybe he understands what I.

The foreman turned round to hear patiently and, lifting an elbow began to scratch slowly in the armpit of his alpaca jacket.

— Like that, Mr Bloom said, crossing his forefingers at the top.

Let him take that in first.

Mr Bloom, glancing sideways up from the cross he had made, saw the foreman's sallow face, think he has a touch of jaundice, and beyond the obedient reels feeding in huge webs of paper. Clank it. Clank it. Miles of it unreeled. What becomes of it after? O, wrap up meat, parcels: various uses, thousand and one things.

Slipping his words deftly into the pauses of the clanking he drew swiftly on the scarred woodwork.

HOUSE OF KEY(E)S

— Like that, see. Two crossed keys here. A circle. Then here the name Alexander 1
Keyes, tea, wine and spirit merchant. So on. 2

Better not teach him his own business.

— You know yourself, councillor, just what he wants. Then round the top in 3
leaded: the house of keys. You see? Do you think that's a good idea?

The foreman moved his scratching hand to his lower ribs and scratched there quietly.

— The idea, Mr Bloom said, is the house of keys. You know, councillor, the Manx parliament. Innuendo of home rule. Tourists, you know, from the isle of 4
Man. Catches the eye, you see. Can you do that?

I could ask him perhaps about how to pronounce that *voglio*. But then if he didn't 5
know only make it awkward for him. Better not.

— We can do that, the foreman said. Have you the design?

— I can get it, Mr Bloom said. It was in a Kilkenny paper. He has a house there 6
too. I'll just run out and ask him. Well, you can do that and just a little par calling attention. You know the usual. High class licensed premises. Longfelt want. So on.

The foreman thought for an instant.

— We can do that, he said. Let him give us a three months' renewal.

A typesetter brought him a limp galleypage. He began to check it silently. Mr Bloom stood by, hearing the loud throbs of cranks, watching the silent typesetters at their cases.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL

Want to be sure of his spelling. Proof fever. Martin Cunningham forgot to give us his spellingbee conundrum this morning. It is amusing to view the unpar one ar alleled embarra two ars is it? double ess ment of a harassed pedlar while gauging au the symmetry of a peeled pear under a cemetery wall. Silly, isn't it? Cemetery put in of course on account of the symmetry.

I could have said when he clapped on his topper. Thank you. I ought to have said something about an old hat or something. No, I could have said. Looks as good as new now. See his phiz then.

Sllt. The nethermost deck of the first machine jogged forward its flyboard with sllt the first batch of quirefolded papers. Sllt. Almost human the way it sllt to call attention. Doing its level best to speak. That door too sllt creaking, asking to be shut. Everything speaks in its own way. Sllt.

NOTED CHURCHMAN AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

The foreman handed back the galleypage suddenly, saying:

1 — Wait. Where's the archbishop's letter? It's to be repeated in the *Telegraph*. Where's what's his name?

He looked about him round his loud unanswering machines.

2-3 — Monks, sir? a voice asked from the castingbox.

— Ay. Where's Monks?

— Monks!

Mr Bloom took up his cutting. Time to get out.

— Then I'll get the design, Mr Nannetti, he said, and you'll give it a good place I know.

— Monks!

— Yes, sir.

Three months' renewal. Want to get some wind off my chest first. Try it anyhow.

4 Rub in August: good idea: horseshow month. Ballsbridge. Tourists over for the show.

5 A DAYFATHER

He walked on through the caseroom, passing an old man, bowed, spectacled, aproned. Old Monks, the dayfather. Queer lot of stuff he must have put through

6 his hands in his time: obituary notices, pub's ads, speeches, divorce suits, found drowned. Nearing the end of his tether now. Sober serious man with a bit in the

7 savingsbank I'd say. Wife a good cook and washer. Daughter working the machine

8 in the parlour. Plain Jane, no damn nonsense.

AND IT WAS THE FEAST OF THE 9 PASSOVER

10 He stayed in his walk to watch a typesetter neatly distributing type. Reads it backwards first. Quickly he does it. Must require some practice that. mangiD.

11 kcirtaP. Poor papa with his hagadah book, reading backwards with his finger to

12-13 me. Pessach. Next year in Jerusalem. Dear, O dear! All that long business about

14-15 that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage *alleluia.*

16-18 *Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu.* No, that's the other. Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's

19 sons. And then the lamb and the cat and the dog and the stick and the water and the butcher and then the angel of death kills the butcher and he kills the ox and

20 the dog kills the cat. Sounds a bit silly till you come to look into it well. Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else. That's what life is after all. How quickly he does that job. Practice makes perfect. Seems to see with his fingers.

Mr Bloom passed on out of the clanking noises through the gallery on to the landing. Now am I going to tram it out all the way and then catch him out

21 perhaps? Better phone him up first. Number? Same as Citron's house. Twentyeight. Twentyeight double four.

ONLY ONCE MORE THAT SOAP

He went down the house staircase. Who the deuce scrawled all over these walls with matches? Looks as if they did it for a bet. Heavy greasy smell there always is

22 in those works. Lukewarm glue in Thom's next door when I was there.

He took out his handkerchief to dab his nose. Citronlemon? Ah, the soap I put there. Lose it out of that pocket. Putting back his handkerchief he took out the soap and stowed it away, buttoned, into the hip pocket of his trousers.

What perfume does your wife use? I could go home still: tram: something I forgot. Just to see before dressing. No. Here. No.

A sudden screech of laughter came from the *Evening Telegraph* office. Know who that is. What's up? Pop in a minute to phone. Ned Lambert it is. 1

He entered softly.

ERIN, GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA 2

— The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane. 3-4

Mr Dedalus, staring from the empty fireplace at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly:

— Agonising Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

— *Or again, note the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its way, fanned by gentlest zephyrs tho' quarrelling with the stony obstacles, to the tumbling waters of Neptune's blue domain, mid mossy banks, played on by the glorious sunlight or 'neath the shadows cast o'er its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest.* What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper. How's that for high?

— Changing his drink, Mr Dedalus said.

Ned Lambert, laughing, struck the newspaper on his knees, repeating:

— *The pensive bosom and the overarsing leafage.* O boys! O boys!

— And Xenophon looked upon Marathon, Mr Dedalus said, looking again on the fireplace and to the window, and Marathon looked on the sea. 5

— That will do, professor MacHugh cried from the window. I don't want to hear any more of the stuff.

He ate off the crescent of water biscuit he had been nibbling and, hungered, made ready to nibble the biscuit in his other hand.

High falutin stuff. Bladderbags. Ned Lambert is taking a day off I see. Rather upsets a man's day a funeral does. He has influence they say. Old Chatterton, the vice-chancellor, is his granduncle or his greatgranduncle. Close on ninety they say. Subleader for his death written this long time perhaps. Living to spite them. Might go first himself. Johnny, make room for your uncle. The right honourable Hedges Eyre Chatterton. Daresay he writes him an odd shaky cheque or two on gale days. Windfall when he kicks out. Alleluia. 6 7 8 9 10

— Just another spasm, Ned Lambert said.

— What is it? Mr Bloom asked.

— A recently discovered fragment of Cicero's, professor MacHugh answered with pomp of tone. *Our lovely land.* 11

SHORT BUT TO THE POINT

— Whose land? Mr Bloom said simply.

— Most pertinent question, the professor said between his chews. With an accent on the whose.

— Dan Dawson's land, Mr Dedalus said. 12

— Is it his speech last night? Mr Bloom asked.

Ned Lambert nodded.

— But listen to this, he said.

The doorknob hit Mr Bloom in the small of the back as the door was pushed in.

1 — Excuse me, J. J. O'Molloy said, entering.

Mr Bloom moved nimbly aside.

— I beg yours, he said.

— Good day, Jack.

— Come in. Come in.

— Good day.

— How are you, Dedalus?

— Well. And yourself?

J. J. O'Molloy shook his head.

SAD

Cleverest fellow at the junior bar he used to be. Decline poor chap. That hectic
2 flush spells finis for a man. Touch and go with him. What's in the wind, I wonder. Money worry.

— *Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks.*

— You're looking extra.

— Is the editor to be seen? J. J. O'Molloy asked, looking towards the inner door.

— Very much so, professor MacHugh said. To be seen and heard. He's in his
3 sanctum with Lenehan.

4 J. J. O'Molloy strolled to the sloping desk and began to turn back the pink pages of the file.

5 Practice dwindling. A mighthavebeen. Losing heart. Gambling. Debts of
6-7 honour. Reaping the whirlwind. Used to get good retainers from D. and T. Fitzgerald. Their wigs to show their grey matter. Brains on their sleeve like the
8 statue in Glasnevin. Believe he does some literary work for the *Express* with
9-11 Gabriel Conroy. Wellread fellow. Myles Crawford began on the *Independent*. Funny the way those newspaper men veer about when they get wind of a new opening. Weathercocks. Hot and cold in the same breath. Wouldn't know
12 which to believe. One story good till you hear the next. Go for one another baldheaded in the papers and then all blows over. Hailfellow well met the next moment.

— Ah, listen to this for God' sake, Ned Lambert pleaded. *Or again if we but climb the serried mountain peaks...*

— Bombast! the professor broke in testily. Enough of the inflated windbag!

— *Peaks*, Ned Lambert went on, *towering high on high, to bathe our souls, as it were...*

— Bathe his lips, Mr Dedalus said. Blessed and eternal God! Yes? Is he taking anything for it?

— As *'twere, in the peerless panorama of Ireland's portfolio, unmatched, despite their*
13 *wellpraised prototypes in other vaunted prize regions, for very beauty, of bosky grove and undulating plain and luscious pastureland of vernal green, steeped in the transcendent translucent glow of our mild mysterious Irish twilight...*

HIS NATIVE DORIC

— The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet.

— *That mantles the vista far and wide and wait till the glowing orb of the moon shines forth to irradiate her silver effulgence.*

— O! Mr Dedalus cried, giving vent to a hopeless groan, shite and onions! That'll do, Ned. Life is too short.

He took off his silk hat and, blowing out impatiently his bushy moustache, welshcombed his hair with raking fingers.

Ned Lambert tossed the newspaper aside, chuckling with delight. An instant after a hoarse bark of laughter burst over professor MacHugh's unshaven black-spectacled face.

— Doughy Daw! he cried.

WHAT WETHERUP SAID

All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff. He was in the bakery line too wasn't he? Why they call him Doughy Daw. Feathered his nest well anyhow. Daughter engaged to that chap in the inland revenue office with the motor. Hooked that nicely. Entertainments open house. Big blow out. Wetherup always said that. Get a grip of them by the stomach.

The inner door was opened violently and a scarlet beaked face, crested by a comb of feathery hair, thrust itself in. The bold blue eyes stared about them and the harsh voice asked:

— What is it?

— And here comes the sham squire himself, professor MacHugh said grandly.

— Getououthat, you bloody old pedagogue! the editor said in recognition.

— Come, Ned, Mr Dedalus said, putting on his hat. I must get a drink after that.

— Drink! the editor cried. No drinks served before mass.

— Quite right too, Mr Dedalus said, going out. Come on, Ned.

Ned Lambert sidled down from the table. The editor's blue eyes roved towards Mr Bloom's face, shadowed by a smile.

— Will you join us, Myles? Ned Lambert asked.

MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED

— North Cork militia! the editor cried, striding to the mantelpiece. We won every time! North Cork and Spanish officers!

— Where was that, Myles? Ned Lambert asked with a reflective glance at his toecaps.

— In Ohio! the editor shouted.

— So it was, begad, Ned Lambert agreed.

Passing out, he whispered to J. J. O'Molloy:

— Incipient jigs. Sad case.

— Ohio! the editor crowed in high treble from his uplifted scarlet face. My Ohio!

— A perfect cretic! the professor said. Long, short and long.

O, HARP EOLIAN

He took a reel of dental floss from his waistcoat pocket and, breaking off a piece, twanged it smartly between two and two of his resonant unwashed teeth.

— Bingbang, bangbang.

Mr Bloom, seeing the coast clear, made for the inner door.

— Just a moment, Mr Crawford, he said. I just want to phone about an ad.

He went in.

— What about that leader this evening? professor MacHugh asked, coming to the editor and laying a firm hand on his shoulder.

— That'll be all right, Myles Crawford said more calmly. Never you fret. Hello, Jack. That's all right.

— Good day, Myles, J. J. O'Molloy said, letting the pages he held slip limply back
1 on the file. Is that Canada swindle case on today?

The telephone whirred inside.

— Twenty eight... No, twenty... Double four... Yes.

SPOT THE WINNER

2 Lenehan came out of the inner office with *Sports* tissues.

3 — Who wants a dead cert for the Gold cup? he asked. Sceptre with O. Madden up.

He tossed the tissues on to the table.

Screams of newsboys barefoot in the hall rushed near and the door was flung open.

— Hush, Lenehan said. I hear feetstoops.

Professor MacHugh strode across the room and seized the cringing urchin by the collar as the others scampered out of the hall and down the steps. The tissues rustled up in the draught, floated softly in the air blue scrawls and under the table came to earth.

— It wasn't me, sir. It was the big fellow shoved me, sir.

— Throw him out and shut the door, the editor said. There's a hurricane blowing.

Lenehan began to paw the tissues up from the floor, grunting as he stooped twice.

— Waiting for the racing special, sir, the newsboy said. It was Pat Farrell shoved me, sir.

He pointed to two faces peering in round the doorframe.

— Him, sir.

— Out of this with you, professor MacHugh said gruffly.

He hustled the boy out and banged the door to.

J. J. O'Molloy turned the files crackingly over, murmuring, eeking:

— Continued on page six, column four.

— Yes... *Evening Telegraph* here, Mr Bloom phoned from the inner office. Is the
4 boss...? Yes, *Telegraph*... To where?... Aha! Which auction rooms?... Aha! I see... Right. I'll catch him

A COLLISION ENSUES

The bell whirred again as he rang off. He came in quickly and bumped against Lenehan who was struggling up with the second tissue.

5 — *Pardon, monsieur,* Lenehan said, clutching him for an instant and making a grimace.

— My fault, Mr Bloom said, suffering his grip. Are you hurt? I'm in a hurry.

— Knee, Lenehan said.

He made a comic face and whined, rubbing his knee.

6 — The accumulation of the *anno Domini.*

— Sorry, Mr Bloom said.

He went to the door and, holding it ajar, paused. J. J. O'Molloy slapped the heavy pages over. The noise of two shrill voices, a mouthorgan, echoed in the bare hallway from the newsboys squatted on the doorsteps:

We are the boys of Wexford 1
Who fought with heart and hand.

EXIT BLOOM

I'm just running round to Bachelor's walk, Mr Bloom said, about this ad of 2
Keyes's. Want to fix it up. They tell me he's round there in Dillon's.

He looked indecisively for a moment at their faces. The editor who, leaning against the mantelshelf, had propped his head on his hand suddenly stretched forth an arm amply.

— Begone! he said. The world is before you.

— Back in no time, Mr Bloom said, hurrying out.

J. J. O'Molloy took the tissues from Lenehan's hand and read them, blowing them apart gently, without comment.

— He'll get that advertisement, the professor said, staring through his black-rimmed spectacles over the crossblind. Look at the young scamps after him.

— Show! Where? Lenehan cried, running to the window.

A STREET CORTÈGE

Both smiled over the crossblind at the file of capering newsboys in Mr Bloom's wake, the last zigzagging white on the breeze a mocking kite, a tail of white bowknots.

— Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry, Lenehan said, and you'll kick. O, my rib risible! Taking off his flat spaugs and the walk. Small nines. 3
Steal upon larks.

He began to mazurka in swift caricature cross the floor on sliding feet past the fireplace to J. J. O'Molloy who placed the tissues in his receiving hands.

— What's that? Myles Crawford said with a start. Where are the other two gone?

— Who? the professor said, turning. They're gone round to the Oval for a drink. 4
Paddy Hooper is there with Jack Hall. Came over last night. 5-6

— Come on then, Myles Crawford said. Where's my hat?

He walked jerkily into the office behind, parting the vent of his jacket, jingling his keys in his back pocket. They jingled then in the air and against the wood as he locked his desk drawer.

— He's pretty well on, professor MacHugh said in a low voice. 7

— Seems to be, J. J. O'Molloy said, taking out a cigarette case in murmuring meditation, but it is not always as it seems. Who has the most matches?

THE CALUMET OF PEACE 8

He offered a cigarette to the professor and took one himself. Lenehan promptly struck a match for them and lit their cigarettes in turn. J. J. O'Molloy opened his case again and offered it.

— *Thanky vous,* Lenehan said, helping himself.

The editor came from the inner office, a straw hat awry on his brow. He declaimed in song, pointing sternly at professor MacHugh:

1 *'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,*
'Twas empire charmed thy heart.

The professor grinned, locking his long lips.

— Eh? You bloody old Roman empire? Myles Crawford said.

He took a cigarette from the open case. Lenehan, lighting it for him with quick grace, said:

— Silence for my brandnew riddle!

2 — *Imperium romanum*, J. J. O'Molloy said gently. It sounds nobler than British or Brixton. The word reminds one somehow of fat in the fire.

Myles Crawford blew his first puff violently towards the ceiling.

— That's it, he said. We are the fat. You and I are the fat in the fire. We haven't got the chance of a snowball in hell.

3 THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

— Wait a moment, professor MacHugh said, raising two quiet claws. We mustn't be led away by words, by sounds of words. We think of Rome, imperial, imperious, imperative.

He extended elocutionary arms from frayed stained shirtcuffs, pausing:

4 — What was their civilisation? Vast, I allow: but vile. Cloacæ: sewers. The Jews
5 in the wilderness and on the mountaintop said: *It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah.* The Roman, like the Englishman who follows in his footsteps,
6 brought to every new shore on which he set his foot (on our shore he never set it)
7 only his cloacal obsession. He gazed about him in his toga and he said: *It is meet to be here. Let us construct a watercloset.*

— Which they accordingly did do, Lenehan said. Our old ancient ancestors,
8 as we read in the first chapter of Guinness's, were partial to the running stream.

9 — They were nature's gentlemen, J. J. O'Molloy murmured. But we have also
10 Roman law.

11 — And Pontius Pilate is its prophet, professor MacHugh responded.

12 — Do you know that story about chief Baron Palles? J. J. O'Molloy asked. It was
13 at the royal university dinner. Everything was going swimmingly...

— First my riddle, Lenehan said. Are you ready?

14-15 Mr O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed, came in from the hallway. Stephen Dedalus, behind him, uncovered as he entered.

16 — *Entrez, mes enfants!* Lenehan cried.

— I escort a suppliant, Mr O'Madden Burke said melodiously. Youth led by Experience visits Notoriety.

17 — How do you do? the editor said, holding out a hand. Come in. Your governor is just gone.

? ? ?

Lenehan said to all:

— Silence! What opera resembles a railway line? Reflect, ponder, excogitate, reply.

Stephen handed over the typed sheets, pointing to the tide and signature.

— Who? the editor asked.

Bit torn off.

— Mr Garrett Deasy, Stephen said.

— That old pelters, the editor said. Who tore it? Was he short taken? 1-2

On swift sail flaming 3
From storm and south
He comes, pale vampire,
Mouth to my mouth.

— Good day, Stephen, the professor said, coming to peer over their shoulders. Foot and mouth? Are you turned...?

Bullockbefriending bard.

SHINDY IN WELLKNOWN RESTAURANT

— Good day, sir, Stephen answered, blushing. The letter is not mine. Mr Garrett Deasy asked me to...

— O, I know him, Myles Crawford said, and knew his wife too. The bloodiest old tartar God ever made. By Jesus, she had the foot and mouth disease and no mistake! 4
The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Oho! 5

A woman brought sin into the world. For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, 6-7
ten years the Greeks. O'Rourke, prince of Breffni. 8

— Is he a widower? Stephen asked.

— Ay, a grass one, Myles Crawford said, his eye running down the typescript. 9
Emperor's horses. Habsburg. An Irishman saved his life on the ramparts of Vienna. 10-12
Don't you forget! Maximilian Karl O'Donnell, graf von Tirconnel in Ireland. Sent 13
his heir over to make the king an Austrian fieldmarshal now. Going to be trouble there one day. Wild geese. O yes, every time. Don't you forget that! 14

— The moot point is did he forget it? J. J. O'Molloy said quietly, turning a horseshoe paperweight. Saving princes is a thank you job. 15

Professor MacHugh turned on him.

— And if not? he said.

— I'll tell you how it was, Myles Crawford began. A Hungarian it was one day... 16

LOST CAUSES 17
NOBLE MARQUESS MENTIONED

— We were always loyal to lost causes, the professor said. Success for us is the death of the intellect and of the imagination. We were never loyal to the successful. We serve them. I teach the blatant Latin language. I speak the tongue of a race the acme of whose mentality is the maxim: time is money. Material domination. 18
Dominus! Lord! Where is the spirituality? Lord Jesus! Lord Salisbury. A sofa in a 19-20
westend club. But the Greek!

KYRIE ELEISON! 21

A smile of light brightened his darkrimmed eyes, lengthened his long lips.

— The Greek! he said again. *Kyrios!* Shining word! The vowels the Semite and the 22-23

Saxon know not. *Kyrie!* The radiance of the intellect. I ought to profess Greek, the language of the mind. *Kyrie eleison!* The closetmaker and the cloacamaker will never be
1 lords of our spirit. We are liege subjects of the catholic chivalry of Europe that found-
2-3 ered at Trafalgar and of the empire of the spirit, not an *imperium*, that went under with
4 the Athenian fleets at Ægospotami. Yes, yes. They went under. Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt to retrieve the fortunes of Greece. Loyal to a lost cause.

He strode away from them towards the window.

5 — They went forth to battle, Mr O'Madden Burke said greyly, but they always fell.

— Boohoo! Lenehan wept with a little noise. Owing to a brick received in the
6 latter half of the *matinée*. Poor, poor, poor Pyrrhus!

He whispered then near Stephen's ear:

LENEHAN'S LIMERICK

There's a ponderous pundit MacHugh
Who wears goggles of ebony hue.
As he mostly sees double
To wear them why trouble?
7 *I can't see the Joe Miller. Can you?*

8 In mourning for Sallust, Mulligan says. Whose mother is beastly dead.

Myles Crawford crammed the sheets into a sidepocket.

— That'll be all right, he said. I'll read the rest after. That'll be all right.

Lenehan extended his hands in protest.

— But my riddle! he said. What opera is like a railway line?

9 — Opera? Mr O'Madden Burke's sphinx face reriddled.

Lenehan announced gladly:

10-11 — *The Rose of Castille*. See the wheeze? Rows of cast steel. Gee!

He poked Mr O'Madden Burke mildly in the spleen. Mr O'Madden Burke fell back with grace on his umbrella, feigning a gasp.

— Help! he sighed. I feel a strong weakness.

Lenehan, rising to tiptoe, fanned his face rapidly with the rustling tissues.

The professor, returning by way of the files, swept his hand across Stephen's and Mr O'Madden Burke's loose ties.

12 — Paris, past and present, he said. You look like communards.

13 — Like fellows who had blown up the bastille, J. J. O'Molloy said in quiet mockery.

14 Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland between you? You look as though you had done the deed. General Bobrikoff.

15 ## OMNIUM GATHERUM

— We were only thinking about it, Stephen said.

— All the talents, Myles Crawford said. Law, the classics…

16 — The turf, Lenehan put in.

— Literature, the press.

— If Bloom were here, the professor said. The gentle art of advertisement.

— And Madam Bloom, Mr O'Madden Burke added. The vocal muse. Dublin's prime favourite.

Lenehan gave a loud cough.

— Ahem! he said very softly. O, for a fresh of breath air! I caught a cold in the park. The gate was open.

YOU CAN DO IT!

The editor laid a nervous hand on Stephen's shoulder.

— I want you to write something for me, he said. Something with a bite in it. You can do it. I see it in your face. *In the lexicon of youth…* 1

See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer. 2

— Foot and mouth disease! the editor cried in scornful invective. Great nationalist 3 meeting in Borris-in-Ossory. All balls! Bulldosing the public! Give them something 4 with a bite in it. Put us all into it, damn its soul. Father Son and Holy Ghost and 5 Jakes M'Carthy.

— We can all supply mental pabulum, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

Stephen raised his eyes to the bold unheeding stare.

— He wants you for the pressgang, J. J. O'Molloy said.

THE GREAT GALLAHER 6

— You can do it, Myles Crawford repeated, clenching his hand in emphasis. Wait a minute. We'll paralyse Europe as Ignatius Gallaher used to say when he was on the shaughraun, doing billiardmarking in the Clarence. Gallaher, that was a press- 7-9 man for you. That was a pen. You know how he made his mark? I'll tell you. That was the smartest piece of journalism ever known. That was in eightyone, sixth of 10 May, time of the invincibles, murder in the Phœnix park, before you were born, I suppose. I'll show you.

He pushed past them to the files.

— Look at here, he said, turning. The *New York World* cabled for a special. 11 Remember that time?

Professor MacHugh nodded.

— *New York World*, the editor said, excitedly pushing back his straw hat. Where it took place. Tim Kelly, or Kavanagh I mean, Joe Brady and the rest of them. Where 12-13 Skin-the-goat drove the car. Whole route, see?

— Skin-the-goat, Mr O'Madden Burke said. Fitzharris. He has that cabman's 14 shelter, they say, down there at Butt bridge. Holohan told me. You know Holohan? 15-16

— Hop and carry one, is it? Myles Crawford said. 17

— And poor Gumley is down there too, so he told me, minding stones for the 18 corporation. A night watchman.

Stephen turned in surprise.

— Gumley? he said. You don't say so? A friend of my father's, is he?

— Never mind Gumley, Myles Crawford cried angrily. Let Gumley mind the stones, see they don't run away. Look at here. What did Ignatius Gallaher do? I'll tell you. Inspiration of genius. Cabled right away. Have you *Weekly Freeman* of 17 19 March? Right. Have you got that?

He flung back pages of the files and stuck his finger on a point.

— Take page four, advertisement for Bransome's coffee let us say. Have you got 20 that? Right.

The telephone whirred.

A DISTANT VOICE

— I'll answer it, the professor said going.

— B is parkgate. Good.

His finger leaped and struck point after point, vibrating.

— T is viceregal lodge. C is where murder took place. K is Knockmaroon gate.

The loose flesh of his neck shook like a cock's wattles. An illstarched dicky jutted up and with a rude gesture he thrust it back into his waistcoat.

— Hello? *Evening Telegraph* here... Hello?... Who's there?... Yes... Yes... Yes...

— F to P is the route Skin-the-goat drove the car for an alibi. Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Arbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh. F. A. B. P. Got that? X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street.

The professor came to the inner door.

— Bloom is at the telephone, he said.

— Tell him go to hell, the editor said promptly. X is Burke's publichouse, see?

CLEVER, VERY

— Clever, Lenehan said. Very.

— Gave it to them on a hot plate, Myles Crawford said, the whole bloody history. Nightmare from which you will never awake.

— I saw it, the editor said proudly. I was present, Dick Adams, the besthearted bloody Corkman the Lord ever put the breath of life in, and myself.

Lenehan bowed to a shape of air, announcing:

— Madam, I'm Adam. And Able was I ere I saw Elba.

— History! Myles Crawford cried. The Old Woman of Prince's street was there first. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth over that. Out of an advertisement. Gregor Grey made the design for it. That gave him the leg up. Then Paddy Hooper worked Tay Pay who took him on to the *Star*. Now he's got in with Blumenfeld. That's press. That's talent. Pyatt! He was all their daddies.

— The father of scare journalism, Lenehan confirmed, and the brother-in-law of Chris Callinan.

— Hello?... Are you there?... Yes, he's here still. Come across yourself.

— Where do you find a pressman like that now, eh? the editor cried.

He flung the pages down.

— Clamn dever, Lenehan said to Mr O'Madden Burke.

— Very smart, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

Professor MacHugh came from the inner office.

— Talking about the invincibles, he said, did you see that some hawkers were up before the recorder...

— O yes, J. J. O'Molloy said eagerly. Lady Dudley was walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. And it turned out to be a commemoration postcard of Joe Brady or Number One or Skin-the-goat. Right outside the viceregal lodge, imagine!

— They're only in the hook and eye department, Myles Crawford said. Psha! Press and the bar! Where have you a man now at the bar like those fellows, like Whiteside, like Isaac Butt, like silvertongued O'Hagan? Eh? Ah, bloody nonsense! Only in the halfpenny place!

His mouth continued to twitch unspeaking in nervous curls of disdain.

Would anyone wish that mouth for her kiss? How do you know? Why did you write it then?

RHYMES AND REASONS

Mouth, south. Is the mouth south someway? Or the south a mouth? Must be some. South, pout, out, shout, drouth. Rhymes: two men dressed the same, looking the same, two by two.

. . . . . *la tua pace* 1
. . . . . *che parlar ti piace*
. . . . . *mentrechè il vento, come fa, si tace.*

He saw them three by three, approaching girls, in green, in rose, in russet, 2
entwining, *per l'aer perso* in mauve, in purple, *quella pacifica oriafiamma*, in gold 3-4
of oriflamme, *di rimirar fè più ardenti*. But I old men, penitent, leadenfooted, 5
underdarkneath the night: mouth south: tomb womb.

— Speak up for yourself, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY... 6

J. J. O'Molloy, smiling palely, took up the gage. 7

— My dear Myles, he said, flinging his cigarette aside, you put a false construction on my words. I hold no brief, as at present advised, for the third profession 8
qua profession but your Cork legs are running away with you. Why not bring 9
in Henry Grattan and Flood and Demosthenes and Edmund Burke? Ignatius 10-13
Gallaher we all know and his Chapelizod boss, Harmsworth of the farthing 14-15
press, and his American cousin of the Bowery gutter sheet not to mention *Paddy* 16-17
Kelly's Budget, Pue's Occurrences and our watchful friend *The Skibereen Eagle*. Why 18-19
bring in a master of forensic eloquence like Whiteside? Sufficient for the day is 20-22
the newspaper thereof.

LINKS WITH BYGONE DAYS OF YORE

— Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper, the editor cried in his face. Irish 23-24
volunteers. Where are you now? Established 1763. Dr Lucas. Who have you now 25-26
like John Philpot Curran? Psha! 27

— Well, J. J. O'Molloy said, Bushe K. C., for example. 28

— Bushe? the editor said. Well, yes. Bushe, yes. He has a strain of it in his blood. Kendal Bushe or I mean Seymour Bushe. 29

— He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said, only for... 30
But no matter.

J. J. O'Molloy turned to Stephen and said quietly and slowly:

— One of the most polished periods I think I ever listened to in my life fell from the lips of Seymour Bushe. It was in that case of fratricide, the Childs murder 31
case. Bushe defended him.

And in the porches of mine ear did pour. 32

By the way how did he find that out? He died in his sleep. Or the other story, beast with two backs?

— What was that? the professor asked.

ITALIA, MAGISTRA ARTIUM

— He spoke on the law of evidence, J. J. O'Molloy said, of Roman justice as contrasted with the earlier Mosaic code, the *lex talionis*. And he cited the Moses of Michelangelo in the Vatican.

— Ha.

— A few wellchosen words, Lenehan prefaced. Silence!

Pause. J. J. O'Molloy took out his cigarette case.

False lull. Something quite ordinary.

Messenger took out his matchbox thoughtfully and lit his cigar.

I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking of that match, that determined the whole aftercourse of both our lives.

A POLISHED PERIOD

J. J. O'Molloy resumed, moulding his words:

— He said of it: *that stony effigy in frozen music, horned and terrible, of the human form divine, that eternal symbol of wisdom and prophecy which, if aught that the imagination or the hand of sculptor has wrought in marble of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live, deserves to live.*

His slim hand with a wave graced echo and fall.

— Fine! Myles Crawford said at once.

— The divine afflatus, Mr O'Madden Burke said.

— You like it? J. J. O'Molloy asked Stephen.

Stephen, his blood wooed by grace of language and gesture, blushed. He took a cigarette from the case. J. J. O'Molloy offered his case to Myles Crawford. Lenehan lit their cigarettes as before and took his trophy, saying:

— Muchibus thankibus.

A MAN OF HIGH MORALE

— Professor Magennis was speaking to me about you, J. J. O'Molloy said to Stephen. What do you think really of that hermetic crowd, the opal hush poets: A. E. the master mystic? That Blavatsky woman started it. She was a nice old bag of tricks. A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer that you came to him in the small hours of the morning to ask him about planes of consciousness. Magennis thinks you must have been pulling A. E.'s leg. He is a man of the very highest morale, Magennis.

Speaking about me. What did he say? What did he say? What did he say about me? Don't ask.

— No, thanks, professor MacHugh said, waving the cigarette case aside. Wait a moment. Let me say one thing. The finest display of oratory I ever heard was a speech made by John F. Taylor at the college historical society. Mr Justice Fitzgibbon, the present lord justice of appeal, had spoken and the paper under debate was an essay (new for those days), advocating the revival of the Irish tongue.

He turned towards Myles Crawford and said:

— You know Gerald Fitzgibbon. Then you can imagine the style of his discourse.

— He is sitting with Tim Healy, J. J. O'Molloy said, rumour has it, on the Trinity college estates commission. 1-2

— He is sitting with a sweet thing in a child's frock, Myles Crawford said. Go on. Well?

— It was the speech, mark you, the professor said, of a finished orator, full of courteous haughtiness and pouring in chastened diction, I will not say the vials of his wrath but pouring the proud man's contumely upon the new movement. It was then a new movement. We were weak, therefore worthless. 3 4 5

He closed his long thin lips an instant but, eager to be on, raised an outspanned hand to his spectacles and, with trembling thumb and ringfinger touching lightly the black rims, steadied them to a new focus.

IMPROMPTU

In ferial tone he addressed J. J. O'Molloy: 6

— Taylor had come there, you must know, from a sick bed. That he had prepared his speech I do not believe for there was not even one shorthandwriter in the hall. His dark lean face had a growth of shaggy beard round it. He wore a loose neckcloth and altogether he looked (though he was not) a dying man. 7

His gaze turned at once but slowly from J. J. O'Molloy's towards Stephen's face and then bent at once to the ground, seeking. His unglazed linen collar appeared behind his bent head, soiled by his withering hair. Still seeking, he said:

— When Fitzgibbon's speech had ended John F. Taylor rose to reply. Briefly, as well as I can bring them to mind, his words were these. 8

He raised his head firmly. His eyes bethought themselves once more. Witless shellfish swam in the gross lenses to and fro, seeking outlet.

He began:

— *Mr chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Great was my admiration in listening to the remarks addressed to the youth of Ireland a moment since by my learned friend. It seemed to me that I had been transported into a country far away from this country, into an age remote from this age, that I stood in ancient Egypt and that I was listening to the speech of some highpriest of that land addressed to the youthful Moses.* 9

His listeners held their cigarettes poised to hear, their smokes ascending in frail stalks that flowered with his speech. *And let our crooked smokes.* Noble words coming. Look out. Could you try your hand at it yourself? 10

— *And it seemed to me that I heard the voice of that Egyptian highpriest raised in a tone of like haughtiness and like pride. I heard his words and their meaning was revealed to me.*

FROM THE FATHERS 11

It was revealed to me that those things are good which yet are corrupted which neither if they were supremely good nor unless they were good could be corrupted. Ah, curse you! That's saint Augustine. 12

— *Why will you jews not accept our culture, our religion and our language? You are a tribe of nomad herdsmen; we are a mighty people. You have no cities nor no wealth: our cities are hives of humanity and our galleys, trireme and quadrireme,* 13

laden with all manner merchandise furrow the waters of the known globe. You have but emerged from primitive conditions: we have a literature, a priesthood, an agelong history and a polity.

Nile.

Child, man, effigy.

1 By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes: a man supple in combat: stonehorned, stonebearded, heart of stone.

2 — *You pray to a local and obscure idol: our temples, majestic and mysterious, are the*
3-4 *abodes of Isis and Osiris, of Horus and Ammon Ra. Yours serfdom, awe and humbleness: ours thunder and the seas. Israel is weak and few are her children: Egypt is an host and terrible are her arms. Vagrants and daylabourers are you called: the world trembles at our name.*

A dumb belch of hunger cleft his speech. He lifted his voice above it boldly:

— *But, ladies and gentlemen, had the youthful Moses listened to and accepted that view of life, had he bowed his head and bowed his will and bowed his spirit before that*
5 *arrogant admonition he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of*
6 *bondage nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day. He would never have spoken with the Eternal amid lightnings on Sinai's mountaintop nor ever have come down with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the tables of the law,*
7 *graven in the language of the outlaw.*

He ceased and looked at them, enjoying silence.

OMINOUS—FOR HIM!

J. J. O'Molloy said not without regret:

8 — And yet he died without having entered the land of promise.

— A sudden - at - the - moment - though - from - lingering - illness - often - previously - expectorated - demise, Lenehan said. And with a great future behind him.

The troop of bare feet was heard rushing along the hallway and pattering up the staircase.

— That is oratory, the professor said, uncontradicted.

9-11 Gone with the wind. Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings. Miles of ears of porches. The tribune's words howled and scattered to the four winds. A people
12 sheltered within his voice. Dead noise. Akasic records of all that ever anywhere
13 wherever was. Love and laud him: me no more.

I have money.

14 — Gentlemen, Stephen said. As the next motion on the agenda paper may I suggest that the house do now adjourn?

15 — You take my breath away. It is not perchance a French compliment? Mr O'Madden Burke asked. 'Tis the hour, methinks, when the winejug, metaphorically speaking, is most grateful in Ye ancient hostelry.

— That it be and hereby is resolutely resolved. All who are in favour say ay, Lenehan announced. The contrary no. I declare it carried. To which particular
16 boosing shed?... My casting vote is: Mooney's!

He led the way, admonishing:

— We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters, will we not? Yes, we will not. By no manner of means.

Mr O'Madden Burke, following close, said with an ally's lunge of his umbrella:

— Lay on, Macduff! 1

— Chip of the old block! the editor cried, slapping Stephen on the shoulder. Let us go. Where are those blasted keys?

He fumbled in his pocket, pulling out the crushed typesheets.

— Foot and mouth. I know. That'll be all right. That'll go in. Where are they? That's all right.

He thrust the sheets back and went into the inner office.

LET US HOPE

J. J. O'Molloy, about to follow him in, said quietly to Stephen:

— I hope you will live to see it published. Myles, one moment.

He went into the inner office, closing the door behind him.

— Come along, Stephen, the professor said. That is fine, isn't it? It has the prophetic vision. *Fuit Ilium!* The sack of windy Troy. Kingdoms of this world. The 2-3
masters of the Mediterranean are fellaheen today. 4

The first newsboy came pattering down the stairs at their heels and rushed out into the street, yelling:

— Racing special!

Dublin. I have much, much to learn.

They turned to the left along Abbey street. 5

— I have a vision too, Stephen said.

— Yes, the professor said, skipping to get into step. Crawford will follow.

Another newsboy shot past them, yelling as he ran:

— Racing special!

DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN 6

Dubliners.

— Two Dublin vestals, Stephen said, elderly and pious, have lived fifty and fiftythree years in Fumbally's lane. 7

— Where is that? the professor asked.

— Off Blackpitts.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. Against the wall. Face glistening tallow under her fustian shawl. Frantic hearts. Akasic records. Quicker, darling! 8

On now. Dare it. Let there be life. 9

— They want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson's pillar. They 10
save up three and tenpence in a red tin letterbox moneybox. They shake out the threepenny bits and a sixpence and coax out the pennies with the blade of a knife. Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers. They put on their 11
bonnets and best clothes and take their umbrellas for fear it may come on to rain.

— Wise virgins, professor MacHugh said. 12

LIFE ON THE RAW

— They buy one and fourpenceworth of brawn and four slices of panloaf 13
at the north city dining rooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins, 14
proprietress... They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of 15
Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. They give two threepenny bits to the gentleman at the turnstile and begin to waddle slowly up the winding staircase,

grunting, encouraging each other, afraid of the dark, panting, one asking the other have you the brawn, praising God and the Blessed Virgin, threatening to come down, peeping at the airslits. Glory be to God. They had no idea it was that high.

Their names are Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe. Anne Kearns has the lumbago for which she rubs on Lourdes water given her by a lady who got a bottleful from a passionist father. Florence MacCabe takes a crubeen and a bottle of double X for supper every Saturday.

— Antithesis, the professor said, nodding twice. Vestal virgins. I can see them. What's keeping our friend?

He turned.

A bevy of scampering newsboys rushed down the steps, scampering in all directions, yelling, their white papers fluttering. Hard after them Myles Crawford appeared on the steps, his hat aureoling his scarlet face, talking with J. J. O'Molloy.

— Come along, the professor cried, waving his arm.

He set off again to walk by Stephen's side.

RETURN OF BLOOM

— Yes, he said. I see them.

Mr Bloom, breathless, caught in a whirl of wild newsboys near the offices of the *Irish Catholic* and *Dublin Penny Journal*, called:

— Mr Crawford! A moment!

— *Telegraph!* Racing special!

— What is it? Myles Crawford said, falling back a pace.

A newsboy cried in Mr Bloom's face:

— Terrible tragedy in Rathmines! A child bit by a bellows!

INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR

— Just this ad, Mr Bloom said, pushing through towards the steps, puffing, and taking the cutting from his pocket. I spoke with Mr Keyes just now. He'll give a renewal for two months, he says. After he'll see. But he wants a par to call attention in the *Telegraph* too, the Saturday pink. And he wants it if it's not too late I told councillor Nannetti from the *Kilkenny People*. I can have access to it in the national library. House of keys, don't you see? His name is Keyes. It's a play on the name. But he practically promised he'd give the renewal. But he wants just a little puff. What will I tell him, Mr Crawford?

K. M. A.

— Will you tell him he can kiss my arse? Myles Crawford said, throwing out his arm for emphasis. Tell him that straight from the stable.

A bit nervy. Look out for squalls. All off for a drink. Arm in arm. Lenehan's yachting cap on the cadge beyond. Usual blarney. Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit. Has a good pair of boots on him today. Last time I saw him he had his heels on view. Been walking in muck somewhere. Careless chap. What was he doing in Irishtown?

— Well, Mr Bloom said, his eyes returning, if I can get the design I suppose it's worth a short par. He'd give the ad I think. I'll tell him...

K. M. R. I. A. 1

— He can kiss my royal Irish arse, Myles Crawford cried loudly over his shoulder. Any time he likes, tell him.

While Mr Bloom stood weighing the point and about to smile he strode on jerkily.

RAISING THE WIN 2

— *Nulla bona*, Jack, he said, raising his hand to his chin. I'm up to here. I've been 3-4
through the hoop myself. I was looking for a fellow to back a bill for me no later 5
than last week. You must take the will for the deed. Sorry, Jack. With a heart and a half if I could raise the wind anyhow.

J. J. O'Molloy pulled a long face and walked on silently. They caught up on the others and walked abreast.

— When they have eaten the brawn and the bread and wiped their twenty fingers in the paper the bread was wrapped in, they go nearer to the railings.

— Something for you, the professor explained to Myles Crawford. Two old Dublin women on the top of Nelson's pillar.

SOME COLUMN!—THAT'S WHAT WADDLER ONE SAID 6

— That's new, Myles Crawford said. That's copy. Out for the waxies' Dargle. 7
Two old trickies, what?

— But they are afraid the pillar will fall, Stephen went on. They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are: Rathmines' blue dome, Adam 8-9
and Eve's, saint Laurence O'Toole's. But it makes them giddy to look so they pull 10
up their skirts...

THOSE SLIGHTLY RAMBUNCTIOUS FEMALES

— Easy all, Myles Crawford said, no poetic licence. We're in the archdiocese here. 11

— And settle down on their striped petticoats, peering up at the statue of the onehandled adulterer. 12

— Onehandled adulterer! the professor cried. I like that. I see the idea. I see what you mean.

DAMES DONATE DUBLIN'S CITS SPEEDPILLS VELOCITOUS AEROLITHS, BELIEF 13

— It gives them a crick in their necks, Stephen said, and they are too tired to look up or down or to speak. They put the bag of plums between them and eat the plums out of it, one after another, wiping off with their handkerchiefs the plumjuice that dribbles out of their mouths and spitting the plumstones slowly out between the railings.

He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. Lenehan and Mr O'Madden Burke, hearing, turned, beckoned and led on across towards Mooney's.

— Finished? Myles Crawford said. So long as they do no worse.

SOPHIST WALLOPS HAUGHTY HELEN SQUARE ON PROBOSCIS. SPARTANS GNASH MOLARS. ITHACANS VOW PEN IS CHAMP.

— You remind me of Antisthenes, the professor said, a disciple of Gorgias, the sophist. It is said of him that none could tell if he were bitterer against others or against himself. He was the son of a noble and a bondwoman. And he wrote a book in which he took away the palm of beauty from Argive Helen and handed it to poor Penelope.

Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich.

They made ready to cross O'Connell street.

HELLO THERE, CENTRAL!

At various points along the eight lines tramcars with motionless trolleys stood in their tracks, bound for or from Rathmines, Rathfarnham, Blackrock, Kingstown and Dalkey, Sandymount Green, Ringsend and Sandymount Tower, Donnybrook, Palmerston Park and Upper Rathmines, all still, becalmed in short circuit. Hackney cars, cabs, delivery waggons, mail-vans, private broughams, aerated mineral water floats with rattling crates of bottles, rattled, rolled, horsedrawn, rapidly.

WHAT?—AND LIKEWISE—WHERE?

— But what do you call it? Myles Crawford asked. Where did they get the plums?

VIRGILIAN, SAYS PEDAGOGUE. SOPHOMORE PLUMPS FOR OLD MAN MOSES

— Call it, wait, the professor said, opening his long lips wide to reflect. Call it, let me see. Call it: *deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

— No, Stephen said, I call it *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine or the Parable of the Plums.*

— I see, the professor said.

He laughed richly.

— I see, he said again with new pleasure. Moses and the promised land. We gave him that idea, he added to J. J. O'Molloy.

HORATIO IS CYNOSURE THIS FAIR JUNE DAY

J. J. O'Molloy sent a weary sidelong glance towards the statue and held his peace.

— I see, the professor said.

He halted on sir John Gray's pavement island and peered aloft at Nelson through the meshes of his wry smile.

DIMINISHED DIGITS PROVE TOO TITILLATING FOR FRISKY FRUMPS. ANNE WIMBLES, FLO WANGLES—YET CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

— Onehandled adulterer, he said grimly. That tickles me I must say.

— Tickled the old ones too, Myles Crawford said, if the God Almighty's truth was known.

Pineapple rock, lemon platt, butter scotch. A sugarsticky girl shovelling scoopfuls of creams for a christian brother. Some school treat. Bad for their tummies. Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King. God. Save. Our. Sitting on his throne, sucking red jujubes white. 1 2-3 4

A sombre Y. M. C. A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr Bloom. 5 6-7

Heart to heart talks.

Bloo... Me? No.

Blood of the Lamb. 8

His slow feet walked him riverward, reading. Are you saved? All are washed in the blood of the lamb. God wants blood victim. Birth, hymen, martyr, war, foundation of a building, sacrifice, kidney burntoffering, druid's altars. Elijah is coming. Dr John Alexander Dowie, restorer of the church in Zion, is coming. 9 10-12 13

Is coming! Is coming!! Is coming!!!
All heartily welcome.

Paying game. Torry and Alexander last year. Polygamy. His wife will put the stopper on that. Where was that ad some Birmingham firm the luminous crucifix? Our Saviour. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. Pepper's ghost idea. Iron nails ran in. 14-15 16-17

Phosphorus it must be done with. If you leave a bit of codfish for instance. I could see the bluey silver over it. Night I went down to the pantry in the kitchen. Don't like all the smells in it waiting to rush out. What was it she wanted? The Malaga raisins. Thinking of Spain. Before Rudy was born. The phosphorescence, that bluey greeny. Very good for the brain.

From Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk. Dedalus' daughter there still outside Dillon's auctionrooms. Must be selling off some old furniture. Knew her eyes at once from the father. Lobbing about waiting for him. Home always breaks up when the mother goes. Fifteen children he had. Birth every year almost. That's in their theology or the priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution. Increase and multiply. Did you ever hear such an idea? Eat you out of house and home. No families themselves to feed. Living on the fat of the land. Their butteries and larders. I'd like to see them do the black fast Yom Kippur. Crossbuns. One meal and a collation for fear he'd collapse on the altar. A housekeeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her. 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25-26

Never pick it out of her. Like getting L. s. d. out of him. Does himself well. No guests. All for number one. Watching his water. Bring your own bread and butter. His reverence. Mum's the word.

Good Lord, that poor child's dress is in flitters. Underfed she looks too. Potatoes and marge, marge and potatoes. It's after they feel it. Proof of the pudding. Undermines the constitution.

As he set foot on O'Connell bridge a puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular world in itself. Vats of porter, wonderful. Rats get in too. Drink themselves bloated as big as a collie floating. Dead drunk on the porter. Drink till they puke again like christians. Imagine drinking that! Rats: vats. Well of course if we knew all the things.

Looking down he saw flapping strongly, wheeling between the gaunt quay walls, gulls. Rough weather outside. If I threw myself down? Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage. One and eightpence too much. Hhhhm. It's the droll way he comes out with the things. Knows how to tell a story too.

They wheeled lower. Looking for grub. Wait.

He threw down among them a crumpled paper ball. Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is com. Not a bit. The ball bobbed unheeded on the wake of swells, floated under by the bridge piers. Not such damn fools. Also the day I threw that stale cake out of the Erin's King picked it up in the wake fifty yards astern. Live by their wits. They wheeled, flapping.

The hungry famished gull
Flaps o'er the waters dull.

That is how poets write, the similar sounds. But then Shakespeare has no rhymes: blank verse. The flow of the language it is. The thoughts. Solemn.

Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain time to walk the earth.

— Two apples a penny! Two for a penny!

His gaze passed over the glazed apples serried on her stand. Australians they must be this time of year. Shiny peels: polishes them up with a rag or a handkerchief.

Wait. Those poor birds.

He halted again and bought from the old applewoman two Banbury cakes for a penny and broke the brittle paste and threw its fragments down into the Liffey. See that? The gulls swooped silently two, then all, from their heights, pouncing on prey. Gone. Every morsel.

Aware of their greed and cunning he shook the powdery crumb from his hands. They never expected that. Manna. Live on fishy flesh they have to, all sea birds, gulls, seagoose. Swans from Anna Liffey swim down here sometimes to preen themselves. No accounting for tastes. Wonder what kind is swanmeat. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them.

They wheeled, flapping weakly. I'm not going to throw any more. Penny quite enough. Lot of thanks I get. Not even a caw. They spread foot and mouth disease too.

If you cram a turkey, say, on chestnut meal it tastes like that. Eat pig like pig. But then why is it that saltwater fish are not salty? How is that?

His eyes sought answer from the river and saw a rowboat rock at anchor on the treacly swells lazily its plastered board.

Kino's 1

11/–

Trousers.

Good idea that. Wonder if he pays rent to the corporation. How can you own water really? It's always flowing in a stream, never the same, which in the stream 2
of life we trace. Because life is a stream. All kinds of places are good for ads. That quack doctor for the clap used to be stuck up in all the greenhouses. Never see it 3
now. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy Franks. Didn't cost him a red like Maginni the 4-6
dancing master self advertisement. Got fellows to stick them up or stick them up himself for that matter on the q. t. running in to loosen a button. Fly by night. Just 7
the place too. Post No Bills. Post No Pills. Some chap with a dose burning him. 8

If he...

O!

Eh?

No... No.

No, no. I don't believe it. He wouldn't surely?

No, no.

Mr Bloom moved forward raising his troubled eyes. Think no more about that. After one. Timeball on the ballast office is down. Dunsink time. Fascinating little 9-10
book that is of Sir Robert Ball's. Parallax. I never exactly understood. There's a 11
priest. Could ask him. Par it's Greek: parallel, parallax. Met him pikehoses she 12-13
called it till I told her about the transmigration. O rocks!

Mr Bloom smiled O rocks at two windows of the ballast office. She's right after all. Only big words for ordinary things on account of the sound. She's not exactly witty. Can be rude too. Blurt out what I was thinking. Still I don't know. She used to say Ben Dollard had a base barreltone voice. He has legs like barrels and you'd think he was singing into a barrel. Now, isn't that wit? They used to call him big 14
Ben. Not half as witty as calling him base barreltone. Appetite like an albatross. Get outside of a baron of beef. Powerful man he was at storing away number one 15-16
Bass. Barrel of Bass. See? It all works out.

A procession of whitesmocked men marched slowly towards him along the gutter, scarlet sashes across their boards. Bargains. Like that priest they are this morning: we have sinned: we have suffered. He read the scarlet letters on their 17
five tall white hats: H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's. Y lagging behind drew a chunk 18
of bread from under his foreboard, crammed it into his mouth and munched as he walked. Our staple food. Three bob a day, walking along the gutters, street after street. Just keep skin and bone together, bread and skilly. They are not Boyl: 19-20
no: M'Glade's men. Doesn't bring in any business either. I suggested to him about a transparent show cart with two smart girls sitting inside writing letters, copybooks, envelopes, blotting paper. I bet that would have caught on. Smart girls writing something catch the eye at once. Everyone dying to know what she's writing. Get twenty of them round you if you stare at nothing. Have a finger in 21
the pie. Women too. Curiosity. Pillar of salt. Wouldn't have it of course because 22

he didn't think of it himself first. Or the inkbottle I suggested with a false stain of black celluloid. His ideas for ads like Plumtree's potted under the obituaries, cold meat department. You can't lick 'em. What? Our envelopes. Hello! Jones, where are you going? Can't stop, Robinson, I am hastening to purchase the only reliable
1-2 inkeraser *Kansell*, sold by Hely's Ltd, 85 Dame Street. Well out of that ruck I am.
3 Devil of a job it was collecting accounts of those convents. Tranquilla convent. That was a nice nun there, really sweet face. Wimple suited her small head. Sister? Sister? I am sure she was crossed in love by her eyes. Very hard to bargain with that sort of woman. I disturbed her at her devotions that morning. But glad to
4 communicate with the outside world. Our great day, she said. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Sweet name too: caramel. She knew, I think she knew by the way she. If she had married she would have changed. I suppose they really were short of money. Fried everything in the best butter all the same. No lard for them.
5 My heart's broke eating dripping. They like buttering themselves in and out. Molly
6-7 tasting it, her veil up. Sister? Pat Claffey, the pawnbroker's daughter. It was a nun they say invented barbed wire.

8-9 He crossed Westmoreland street when apostrophe S had plodded by. Rover
10-11 cycleshop. Those races are on today. How long ago is that? Year Phil Gilligan died.
12-14 We were in Lombard street west. Wait, was in Thom's. Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married. Six years. Ten years ago: ninetyfour he died, yes that's right,
15-18 the big fire at Arnott's. Val Dillon was lord mayor. The Glencree dinner. Alderman Robert O'Reilly emptying the port into his soup before the flag fell, Bobbob lapping
19 it for the inner alderman. Couldn't hear what the band played. For what we have
20 already received may the Lord make us. Milly was a kiddy then. Molly had that elephantgrey dress with the braided frogs. Mantailored with selfcovered buttons.
21 She didn't like it because I sprained my ankle first day she wore choir picnic at the Sugarloaf. As if that. Old Goodwin's tall hat done up with some sticky stuff. Flies' picnic too. Never put a dress on her back like it. Fitted her like a glove, shoulder and hips. Just beginning to plump it out well. Rabbit pie we had that day. People looking after her.

22 Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper, Dockrell's, one and ninepence a dozen. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elderflower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over.
23 Shapely too. Now photography. Poor papa's daguerreotype atelier he told me of. Hereditary taste.

He walked along the curbstone.

24 Stream of life. What was the name of that priestylooking chap was always
25 squinting in when he passed? Weak eyes, woman. Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's
26 parade. Pen something. Pendennis? My memory is getting. Pen...? of course
27 it's years ago. Noise of the trams probably. Well, if he couldn't remember the dayfather's name that he sees every day.

28 Bartell d'Arcy was the tenor, just coming out then. Seeing her home after
29 practice. Conceited fellow with his waxedup moustache. Gave her that song *Winds that blow from the south.*

30 Windy night that was I went to fetch her there was that lodge meeting on about
31 those lottery tickets after Goodwin's concert in the supper room or oakroom of the mansion house. He and I behind. Sheet of her music blew out of my hand against

the high school railings. Lucky it didn't. Thing like that spoils the effect of a night 1
for her. Professor Goodwin linking her in front. Shaky on his pins, poor old sot.
His farewell concerts. Positively last appearance on any stage. May be for months 2
and may be for never. Remember her laughing at the wind, her blizzard collar up.
Corner of Harcourt road remember that gust? Brrfoo! Blew up all her skirts and 3
her boa nearly smothered old Goodwin. She did get flushed in the wind. Remember
when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton
for her supper with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see
her in the bedroom from the hearth unclamping the busk of her stays. White.

Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins. Milly tucked up in beddyhouse. Happy. Happy. That was the night…

— O, Mr Bloom, how do you do?

— O, how do you do, Mrs Breen? 4

— No use complaining. How is Molly those times? Haven't seen her for ages.

— In the pink, Mr Bloom said gaily, Milly has a position down in Mullingar, you know.

— Go away! Isn't that grand for her?

— Yes, in a photographer's there. Getting on like a house on fire. How are all your charges?

— All on the baker's list, Mrs Breen said. 5

How many has she? No other in sight.

— You're in black I see. You have no…

— No, Mr Bloom said. I have just come from a funeral.

Going to crop up all day, I foresee. Who's dead, when and what did he die of? Turn up like a bad penny. 6

— O dear me, Mrs Breen said, I hope it wasn't any near relation.

May as well get her sympathy.

— Dignam, Mr Bloom said. An old friend of mine. He died quite suddenly, poor fellow. Heart trouble, I believe. Funeral was this morning.

Your funeral's tomorrow 7
While you're coming through the rye.
Diddlediddle dumdum
Diddlediddle…

— Sad to lose the old friends, Mrs Breen's womaneyes said melancholily.

Now that's quite enough about that. Just quietly: husband.

— And your lord and master?

Mrs Breen turned up her two large eyes. Hasn't lost them anyhow.

— O, don't be talking, she said. He's a caution to rattlesnakes. He's in there now 8-9
with his lawbooks finding out the law of libel. He has me heartscalded. Wait till 10
I show you.

Hot mockturtle vapour and steam of newbaked jampuffs rolypoly poured out from Harrison's. The heavy noonreek tickled the top of Mr Bloom's gullet. Want 11
to make good pastry, butter, best flour, Demerara sugar, or they'd taste it with the 12
hot tea. Or is it from her? A barefoot arab stood over the grating, breathing in the

fumes. Deaden the gnaw of hunger that way. Pleasure or pain is it? Penny dinner. Knife and fork chained to the table.

Opening her handbag, chipped leather, hatpin: ought to have a guard on those things. Stick it in a chap's eye in the tram. Rummaging. Open. Money. Please take one. Devils if they lose sixpence. Raise Cain. Husband barging. Where's the ten shillings I gave you on Monday? Are you feeding your little brother's family? Soiled handkerchief: medicinebottle. Pastille that was fell. What is she?...

— There must be a new moon out, she said. He's always bad then. Do you know what he did last night?

Her hand ceased to rummage. Her eyes fixed themselves on him, wide in alarm, yet smiling.

— What? Mr Bloom asked.

Let her speak. Look straight in her eyes. I believe you. Trust me.

— Woke me up in the night, she said. Dream he had, a nightmare.

Indiges.

— Said the ace of spades was walking up the stairs.

— The ace of spades! Mr Bloom said.

She took a folded postcard from her handbag.

— Read that, she said. He got it this morning.

— What is it? Mr Bloom asked, taking the card. U. P.?

— U. P.: up, she said. Someone taking a rise out of him. It's a great shame for them whoever he is.

— Indeed it is, Mr Bloom said.

She took back the card, sighing.

— And now he's going round to Mr Menton's office. He's going to take an action for ten thousand pounds, he says.

She folded the card into her untidy bag and snapped the catch.

Same blue serge dress she had two years ago, the nap bleaching. Seen its best days. Wispish hair over her ears. And that dowdy toque, three old grapes to take the harm out of it. Shabby genteel. She used to be a tasty dresser. Lines round her mouth. Only a year or so older than Molly.

See the eye that woman gave her, passing. Cruel. The unfair sex.

He looked still at her, holding back behind his look his discontent. Pungent mockturtle oxtail mulligatawny. I'm hungry too. Flakes of pastry on the gusset of her dress: daub of sugary flour stuck to her cheek. Rhubarb tart with liberal fillings, rich fruit interior. Josie Powell that was. In Luke Doyle's long ago, Dolphin's Barn, the charades. U. P.: up.

Change the subject.

— Do you ever see anything of Mrs Beaufoy, Mr Bloom asked.

— Mina Purefoy? she said.

Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham often thinks of the masterstroke. Did I pull the chain? Yes. The last act.

— Yes.

— I just called to ask on the way in is she over it. She's in the lying-in hospital in Holles street. Dr Horne got her in. She's three days bad now.

— O, Mr Bloom said. I'm sorry to hear that.

— Yes, Mrs Breen said. And a houseful of kids at home. It's a very stiff birth, the nurse told me.

— O, Mr Bloom said.

His heavy pitying gaze absorbed her news. His tongue clacked in compassion. Dth! Dth!

— I'm sorry to hear that, he said. Poor thing! Three days! That's terrible for her.

Mrs Breen nodded.

— She was taken bad on the Tuesday...

Mr Bloom touched her funnybone gently, warning her.

— Mind! Let this man pass.

A bony form strode along the curbstone from the river, staring with a rapt gaze into the sunlight through a heavy stringed glass. Tight as a skullpiece a tiny hat gripped his head. From his arm a folded dustcoat, a stick and an umbrella dangled to his stride. 1

— Watch him, Mr Bloom said. He always walks outside the lampposts. Watch!

— Who is he if it's a fair question, Mrs Breen asked. Is he dotty?

— His name is Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, Mr Bloom said, smiling. Watch! 2

— He has enough of them, she said. Denis will be like that one of these days. 3

She broke off suddenly.

— There he is, she said. I must go after him. Goodbye. Remember me to Molly, won't you?

— I will, Mr Bloom said.

He watched her dodge through passers towards the shopfronts. Denis Breen in skimpy frockcoat and blue canvas shoes shuffled out of Harrison's hugging two heavy tomes to his ribs. Blown in from the bay. Like old times. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly. 4 5

Meshuggah. Off his chump. 6-7

Mr Bloom walked on again easily, seeing ahead of him in sunlight the tight skullpiece, the dangling stick, umbrella, dustcoat. Going the two days. Watch him! Out he goes again. One way of getting on in the world. And that other old mosey lunatic in those duds. Hard time she must have with him. 8

U. P.: up. I'll take my oath that's Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding. Wrote it for a lark in the Scotch house, I bet anything. Round to Menton's office. His oyster eyes staring at the postcard. Be a feast for the gods. 9 10 11

He passed the *Irish Times*. There might be other answers lying there. Like to answer them all. Good system for criminals. Code. At their lunch now. Clerk with the glasses there doesn't know me. O, leave them there to simmer. Enough bother wading through fortyfour of them. Wanted smart lady typist to aid gentleman in literary work. I called you naughty darling because I do not like that other world. Please tell me what is the meaning. Please tell me what perfume does your wife. Tell me who made the world. The way they spring those questions on you. And the other one Lizzie Twigg. My literary efforts have had the good fortune to meet with the approval of the eminent poet A. E. (Mr Geo Russell). No time to do her hair drinking sloppy tea with a book of poetry. 12 13

Best paper by long chalks for a small ad. Got the provinces now. Cook and general, exc cuisine, housemaid kept. Wanted live man for spirit counter. Resp girl (R. C.) wishes to hear of post in fruit or pork shop. James Carlisle made that. Six and a half percent dividend. Made a big deal on Coates's shares. Ca'canny. Cunning old Scotch hunks. All the toady news. Our gracious and popular vicereine. Bought the *Irish Field* now. Lady Mountcashel has quite recovered after her confinement and rode out with the Ward Union staghounds at the enlargement yesterday at Rathoath. Uneatable fox. Pothunters too. Fear injects juices make it tender enough for them. Riding astride. Sit her horse like a man. Weightcarrying huntress. No sidesaddle or pillion for her, not for Joe. First to the meet and in at the death. Strong as a brood mare some of those horsey women. Swagger around livery stables. Toss off a glass of brandy neat while you'd say knife. That one at the Grosvenor this morning. Up with her on the car: wishwish. Stonewall or fivebarred gate put her mount to it. Think that pugnosed driver did it out of spite. Who is this she was like? O yes! Mrs Miriam Dandrade that sold me her old wraps and black underclothes in the Shelbourne hotel. Divorced Spanish American. Didn't take a feather out of her my handling them. As if I was her clotheshorse. Saw her in the viceregal party when Stubbs the park ranger got me in with Whelan of the *Express*. Scavenging what the quality left. High tea. Mayonnaise I poured on the plums thinking it was custard. Her ears ought to have tingled for a few weeks after. Want to be a bull for her. Born courtesan. No nursery work for her, thanks.

Poor Mrs Purefoy! Methodist husband. Method in his madness. Saffron bun and milk and soda lunch in the educational dairy. Eating with a stopwatch, thirtytwo chews to the minute. Still his muttonchop whiskers grew. Supposed to be well connected. Theodore's cousin in Dublin Castle. One tony relative in every family. Hardy annuals he presents her with. Saw him out at the Three Jolly Topers marching along bareheaded and his eldest boy carrying one in a marketnet. The squallers. Poor thing! Then having to give the breast year after year all hours of the night. Selfish those t.t's are. Dog in the manger. Only one lump of sugar in my tea, if you please.

He stood at Fleet street crossing. Luncheon interval a sixpenny at Rowe's? Must look up that ad in the national library. An eightpenny in the Burton. Better. On my way.

He walked on past Bolton's Westmoreland house. Tea. Tea. Tea. I forgot to tap Tom Kernan.

Sss. Dth, dth, dth! Three days imagine groaning on a bed with a vinegared handkerchief round her forehead, her belly swollen out! Phew! Dreadful simply! Child's head too big: forceps. Doubled up inside her trying to butt its way out blindly, groping for the way out. Kill me that would. Lucky Molly got over hers lightly. They ought to invent something to stop that. Life with hard labour. Twilightsleep idea: queen Victoria was given that. Nine she had. A good layer. Old woman that lived in a shoe she had so many children. Suppose he was consumptive. Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. Flapdoodle to feed fools on. They could easily have big establishments. Whole thing quite painless out of all the taxes give every child born five quid at compound interest up to twentyone, five per cent is a hundred shillings and five tiresome pounds, multiply by twenty decimal system, encourage

people to put by money save hundred and ten and a bit twentyone years want to work it out on paper come to a tidy sum, more than you think.

Not stillborn of course. They are not even registered. Trouble for nothing.

Funny sight two of them together, their bellies out. Molly and Mrs Moisel. 1
Mothers' meeting. Phthisis retires for the time being, then returns. How flat they 2
look after all of a sudden! Peaceful eyes. Weight off their minds. Old Mrs Thornton 3
was a jolly old soul. All my babies, she said. The spoon of pap in her mouth before she fed them. O, that's nyumyum. Got her hand crushed by old Tom Wall's son. 4
His first bow to the public. Head like a prize pumpkin. Snuffy Dr Murren. People 5
knocking them up at all hours. For God'sake doctor. Wife in her throes. Then keep them waiting months for their fee. To attendance on your wife. No gratitude in people. Humane doctors, most of them.

Before the huge high door of the Irish house of parliament a flock of pigeons 6
flew. Their little frolic after meals. Who will we do it on? I pick the fellow in black. Here goes. Here's good luck. Must be thrilling from the air. Apjohn, myself and 7
Owen Goldberg up in the trees near Goose green playing the monkeys. Mackerel 8-10
they called me.

A squad of constables debouched from College street, marching in Indian file. 11
Goose step. Foodheated faces, sweating helmets, patting their truncheons. After their feed with a good load of fat soup under their belts. Policeman's lot is oft a 12
happy one. They split up into groups and scattered, saluting towards their beats. Let out to graze. Best moment to attack one in pudding time. A punch in his dinner. A squad of others, marching irregularly, rounded Trinity railings, making for the station. Bound for their troughs. Prepare to receive cavalry. Prepare to receive soup.

He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger. They did right to put him 13
up over a urinal: meeting of the waters. Ought to be places for women. Running 14
into cakeshops. Settle my hat straight. *There is not in this wide world a vallee.* Great 15
song of Julia Morkan's. Kept her voice up to the very last. Pupil of Michael Balfe's 16-17
wasn't she?

He gazed after the last broad tunic. Nasty customers to tackle. Jack Power could 18
a tale unfold: father a G man. If a fellow gave them trouble being lagged they let 19-20
him have it hot and heavy in the bridewell. Can't blame them after all with the 21
job they have especially the young hornies. That horse policeman the day Joe 22-23
Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity he got a run for his money. My word he did! His horse's hoofs clattering after us down Abbey street. Luck I had the 24
presence of mind to dive into Manning's or I was souped. He did come a wallop, 25-26
by George. Must have cracked his skull on the cobblestones. I oughtn't to have got myself swept along with those medicals. And the Trinity jibs in their mortarboards. 27
Looking for trouble. Still I got to know that young Dixon who dressed that sting for 28
me in the Mater and now he's in Holles street where Mrs Purefoy. Wheels within 29-30
wheels. Police whistle in my ears still. All skedaddled. Why he fixed on me. Give 31
me in charge. Right here it began.

— Up the Boers! 32

— Three cheers for De Wet! 33

— We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree. 34

Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. Vinegar hill. The Butter 35-36
exchange band. Few years time half of them magistrates and civil servants. War

comes on: into the army helterskelter: same fellows used to whether on the scaffold high.

Never know who you're talking to. Corny Kelleher he has Harvey Duff in his eye. Like that Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles. Member of the corporation too. Egging raw youths on to get in the know. All the time drawing secret service pay from the castle. Drop him like a hot potato. Why those plain clothes men are always courting slaveys. Easily twig a man used to uniform. Squarepushing up against a backdoor. Maul her a bit. Then the next thing on the menu. And who is the gentleman does be visiting there? Was the young master saying anything? Peeping Tom through the keyhole. Decoy duck. Hotblooded young student fooling round her fat arms ironing.

— Are those yours, Mary?

— I don't wear such things... Stop or I'll tell the missus on you. Out half the night.

— There are great times coming, Mary. Wait till you see.

— Ah, get along with your great times coming.

Barmaids too. Tobacco shopgirls.

James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them. Circles of ten so that a fellow couldn't round on more than his own ring. Sinn Fein. Back out you get the knife. Hidden hand. Stay in. The firing squad. Turnkey's daughter got him out of Richmond, off from Lusk. Putting up in the Buckingham Palace hotel under their very noses. Garibaldi.

You must have a certain fascination: Parnell. Arthur Griffith is a squareheaded fellow but he has no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land. Gammon and spinach. Dublin Bakery Company's tearoom. Debating societies. That republicanism is the best form of government. That the language question should take precedence of the economic question. Have your daughters inveigling them to your house. Stuff them up with meat and drink. Michaelmas goose. Here's a good lump of thyme seasoning under the apron for you. Have another quart of goosegrease before it gets too cold. Halffed enthusiasts. Penny roll and a walk with the band. No grace for the carver. The thought that the other chap pays best sauce in the world. Make themselves thoroughly at home. Shove us over those apricots, meaning peaches. The not far distant day. Home Rule sun rising up in the northwest.

His smile faded as he walked, a heavy cloud hiding the sun slowly, shadowing Trinity's surly front. Trams passed one another, ingoing, outgoing, clanging. Useless words. Things go on same; day after day: squads of police marching out, back: trams in, out. Those two loonies mooching about. Dignam carted off. Mina Purefoy swollen belly on a bed groaning to have a child tugged out of her. One born every second somewhere. Other dying every second. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Three hundred kicked the bucket. Other three hundred born, washing the blood off, all are washed in the blood of the lamb, bawling maaaaaa.

Cityful passing away, other cityful coming, passing away too: other coming on, passing on. Houses, lines of houses, streets, miles of pavements, piledup bricks, stones. Changing hands. This owner, that. Landlord never dies they say. Other steps into his shoes when he gets his notice to quit. They buy the place up with gold and still they have all the gold. Swindle in it somewhere. Piled up in cities, worn away age after age. Pyramids in sand. Built on bread and onions. Slaves Chinese wall.

Babylon. Big stones left. Round towers. Rest rubble, sprawling suburbs, jerrybuilt, Kerwan's mushroom houses, built of breeze. Shelter for the night. 1 2

No one is anything.

This is the very worst hour of the day. Vitality. Dull, gloomy: hate this hour. Feel as if I had been eaten and spewed.

Provost's house. The reverend Dr Salmon: tinned salmon. Well tinned in there. Wouldn't live in it if they paid me. Hope they have liver and bacon today. Nature abhors a vacuum. 3

The sun freed itself slowly and lit glints of light among the silver ware in Walter Sexton's window opposite by which John Howard Parnell passed, unseeing. 4 5

There he is: the brother. Image of him. Haunting face. Now that's a coincidence. Course hundreds of times you think of a person and don't meet him. Like a man walking in his sleep. No-one knows him. Must be a corporation meeting today. They say he never put on the city marshal's uniform since he got the job. Charley Boulger used to come out on his high horse, cocked hat, puffed, powdered and shaved. Look at the woebegone walk of him. Eaten a bad egg. Poached eyes on ghost. I have a pain. Great man's brother: his brother's brother. He'd look nice on the city charger. Drop into the D. B. C. probably for his coffee, play chess there. His brother used men as pawns. Let them all go to pot. Afraid to pass a remark on him. Freeze them up with that eye of his. That's the fascination: the name. All a bit touched. Mad Fanny and his other sister Mrs Dickinson driving about with scarlet harness. Bolt upright like surgeon M'Ardle. Still David Sheehy beat him for south Meath. Apply for the Chiltern Hundreds and retire into public life. The patriot's banquet. Eating orangepeels in the park. Simon Dedalus said when they put him in parliament that Parnell would come back from the grave and lead him out of the House of Commons by the arm. 6 7 8 9 10-12 13-14 15-16

— Of the twoheaded octopus, one of whose heads is the head upon which the ends of the world have forgotten to come while the other speaks with a Scotch accent. The tentacles… 17

They passed from behind Mr Bloom along the curbstone. Beard and bicycle. Young woman. 18

And there he is too. Now that's really a coincidence: secondtime. Coming events cast their shadows before. With the approval of the eminent poet Mr Geo Russell. That might be Lizzie Twigg with him. A. E.: what does that mean? Initials perhaps. Albert Edward, Arthur Edmund, Alphonsus Eb Ed El Esquire. What was he saying? The ends of the world with a Scotch accent. Tentacles: octopus. Something occult: symbolism. Holding forth. She's taking it all in. Not saying a word. To aid gentleman in literary work. 19 20-21 22

His eyes followed the high figure in homespun, beard and bicycle, a listening woman at his side. Coming from the vegetarian. Only weggebobbles and fruit. Don't eat a beefsteak. If you do the eyes of that cow will pursue you through all eternity. They say it's healthier. Wind and watery though. Tried it. Keep you on the run all day. Bad as a bloater. Dreams all night. Why do they call that thing they gave me nutsteak? Nutarians. Fruitarians. To give you the idea you are eating rumpsteak. Absurd. Salty too. They cook in soda. Keep you sitting by the tap all night. 23 24 25 26 27-28 29

Her stockings are loose over her ankles. I detest that: so tasteless. Those literary etherial people they are all. Dreamy, cloudy, symbolistic. Esthetes they are. I

wouldn't be surprised if it was that kind of food you see produces the like waves of the brain the poetical. For example one of those policemen sweating Irish stew into their shirts; you couldn't squeeze a line of poetry out of him. Don't know what poetry is even. Must be in a certain mood.

The dreamy cloudy gull
Waves o'er the waters dull.

He crossed at Nassau street corner and stood before the window of Yeates and Son, pricing the field glasses. Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with young Sinclair? Wellmannered fellow. Probably at his lunch. Must get those old glasses of mine set right. Gœrz lenses, six guineas. Germans making their way everywhere. Sell on easy terms to capture trade. Undercutting. Might chance on a pair in the railway lost property office. Astonishing the things people leave behind them in trains and cloak rooms. What do they be thinking about? Women too. Incredible. Last year travelling to Ennis had to pick up that farmer's daughter's bag and hand it to her at Limerick junction. Unclaimed money too. There's a little watch up there on the roof of the bank to test those glasses by.

His lids came down on the lower rims of his irides. Can't see it. If you imagine it's there you can almost see it. Can't see it.

He faced about and, standing between the awnings, held out his right hand at arm's length towards the sun. Wanted to try that often. Yes: completely. The tip of his little finger blotted out the sun's disk. Must be the focus where the rays cross. If I had black glasses. Interesting. There was a lot of talk about those sunspots when we were in Lombard street west. Terrific explosions they are. There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time.

Now that I come to think of it, that ball falls at Greenwich time. It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink. Must go out there some first Saturday of the month. If I could get an introduction to professor Joly or learn up something about his family. That would do to: man always feels complimented. Flattery where least expected. Nobleman proud to be descended from some king's mistress. His foremother. Lay it on with a trowel. Cap in hand goes through the land. Not go in and blurt out what you know you're not to: what's parallax? Show this gentleman the door.

Ah.

His hand fell again to his side.

Never know anything about it. Waste of time. Gasballs spinning about, crossing each other, passing. Same old dingdong always. Gas, then solid, then world, then cold, then dead shell drifting around, frozen rock like that pineapple rock. The moon. Must be a new moon, she said. I believe there is.

He went on by la Maison Claire.

Wait. The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon. Walking down by the Tolka. Not bad for a Fairview moon. She was humming: The young May moon she's beaming, love. He other side of her. Elbow, arm. He. Glowworm's la-amp is gleaming, love. Touch. Fingers. Asking. Answer. Yes.

Stop. Stop. If it was it was. Must.

Mr Bloom, quick breathing, slowlier walking, passed Adam court. 1

With a deep quiet relief, his eyes took note: this is street here middle of the day Bob Doran's bottle shoulders. On his annual bend, M'Coy said. They drink in order 2-3
to say or do something or *cherchez la femme.* Up in the Coombe with chummies 4-6
and streetwalkers and then the rest of the year as sober as a judge.

Yes. Thought so. Sloping into the Empire. Gone. Plain soda would do him good. 7-8
Where Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre before Whitbred ran the Queen's. Broth 9-11
of a boy. Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon face in a poky bonnet. 12
Three Purty Maids from School. How time flies eh? Showing long red pantaloons 13
under his skirts. Drinkers, drinking, laughed spluttering, their drink against their
breath. More power, Pat. Coarse red: fun for drunkards: guffaw and smoke. Take 14-15
off that white hat. His parboiled eyes. Where is he now? Beggar somewhere. The 16
harp that once did starve us all.

I was happier then. Or was that I? Or am I now I? Twentyeight I was. She 17
twentythree when we left Lombard street west something changed. Could never 18
like it again after Rudy. Can't bring back time. Like holding water in your hand.
Would you go back to then? Just beginning then. Would you? Are you not happy
in your home, you poor little naughty boy? Wants to sew on buttons for me. I
must answer. Write it in the library.

Grafton street gay with housed awnings lured his senses. Muslin prints, silk, 19
dames and dowagers, jingle of harnesses, hoofthuds lowringing in the baking
causeway. Thick feet that woman has in the white stockings. Hope the rain mucks
them up on her. Country bred chawbacon. All the beef to the heels were in. Always 20-21
gives a woman clumsy feet. Molly looks out of plumb.

He passed, dallying, the windows of Brown Thomas, silk mercers. Cascades 22
of ribbons. Flimsy China silks. A tilted urn poured from its mouth a flood of
bloodhued poplin: lustrous blood. The huguenots brought that here. *La causa è* 23-24
santa! Tara tara. Great chorus that. Tara. Must be washed in rainwater. Meyerbeer.
Tara: bom bom bom.

Pincushions. I'm a long time threatening to buy one. Stick them all over the
place. Needles in window curtains.

He bared slightly his left forearm. Scrape: nearly gone. Not today anyhow. Must
go back for that lotion. For her birthday perhaps. Junejuly augseptember eighth. 25
Nearly three months off. Then she mightn't like it. Women won't pick up pins. 26
Say it cuts lo.

Gleaming silks, petticoats on slim brass rails, rays of flat silk stockings.

Useless to go back. Had to be. Tell me all.

High voices. Sunwarm silk. Jingling harnesses. All for a woman, home and
houses, silk webs, silver, rich fruits, spicy from Jaffa. Agendath Netaim. Wealth 27-28
of the world.

A warm human plumpness settled down on his brain. His brain yielded. Perfume
of embraces all him assailed. With hungered flesh obscurely, he mutely craved to
adore.

Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton. Feel better then. 29

He turned Combridge's corner, still pursued. Jingling hoofthuds. Perfumed 30
bodies, warm, full. All kissed, yielded: in deep summer fields, tangled pressed grass,
in trickling hallways of tenements, along sofas, creaking beds.

— Jack, love!

— Darling!

— Kiss me, Reggy!

— My boy!

— Love!

His heart astir he pushed in the door of the Burton restaurant. Stink gripped his trembling breath: pungent meatjuice, slop of greens. See the animals feed.

Men, men, men.

Perched on high stools by the bar, hats shoved back, at the tables calling for more bread no charge, swilling, wolfing gobfuls of sloppy food, their eyes bulging, wiping wetted moustaches. A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin. New set of microbes. A man with an infant's saucestained napkin tucked round him shovelled gurgling soup down his gullet. A man spitting back on his plate: halfmasticated gristle: no teeth to chewchewchew it. Chump chop from the grill. Bolting to get it over. Sad booser's eyes. Bitten off
1-2 more than he can chew. Am I like that? See ourselves as others see us. Hungry
3 man is an angry man. Working tooth and jaw. Don't! O! A bone! That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the schoolpoem choked himself at Sletty southward
4 of the Boyne. Wonder what he was eating. Something galoptious. Saint Patrick converted him to Christianity. Couldn't swallow it all however.

— Roast beef and cabbage.

— One stew.

Smells of men. His gorge rose. Spaton sawdust, sweetish warmish cigarette smoke, reek of plug, spilt beer, men's beery piss, the stale of ferment.

Couldn't eat a morsel here. Fellow sharpening knife and fork, to eat all before
5 him, old chap picking his tootles. Slight spasm, full, chewing the cud. Before and
6 after. Grace after meals. Look on this picture then on that. Scoffing up stewgravy with sopping sippets of bread. Lick it off the plate, man! Get out of this.

He gazed round the stooled and tabled eaters, tightening the wings of his nose.

— Two stouts here.

— One corned and cabbage.

That fellow ramming a knifeful of cabbage down as if his life depended on it. Good stroke. Give me the fidgets to look. Safer to eat from his three hands. Tear
7 it limb from limb. Second nature to him. Born with a silver knife in his mouth. That's witty, I think. Or no. Silver means born rich. Born with a knife. But then the allusion is lost.

8 An illgirt server gathered sticky clattering plates. Rock, the bailiff, standing at the bar blew the foamy crown from his tankard. Well up: it splashed yellow near his boot. A diner, knife and fork upright, elbows on table, ready for a second helping stared towards the foodlift across his stained square of newspaper. Other chap telling him something with his mouth full. Sympathetic listener. Table talk.
9 I munched hum un thu Unchster Bunk un Munchday. Ha? Did you, faith?

Mr Bloom raised two fingers doubtfully to his lips. His eyes said.

— Not here. Don't see him.

Out. I hate dirty eaters.

10 He backed towards the door. Get a light snack in Davy Byrne's. Stopgap. Keep me going. Had a good breakfast.

— Roast and mashed here.

— Pint of stout.

Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gulp. Gobstuff. 1

He came out into clearer air and turned back towards Grafton street. Eat or be eaten. Kill! Kill!

Suppose that communal kitchen years to come perhaps. All trotting down with porringers and tommycans to be filled. Devour contents in the street. John 2-3
Howard Parnell example the provost of Trinity every mother's son don't talk 4-5
of your provosts and provost of Trinity women and children, cabmen, priests, parsons, fieldmarshals, archbishops. From Ailesbury road, Clyde road, artisans' 6-7
dwellings north Dublin union, lord mayor in his gingerbread coach, old queen in 8-9
a bathchair. My plate's empty. After you with our incorporated drinkingcup. Like 10
sir Philip Crampton's fountain. Rub off the microbes with your handkerchief. Next chap rubs on a new batch with his. Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all. 11
Have rows all the same. All for number one. Children fighting for the scrapings of the pot. Want a soup pot as big as the Phœnix Park. Harpooning flitches and 12
hindquarters out of it. Hate people all round you. City Arms hotel *table d'hôte* she 13-14
called it. Soup, joint and sweet. Never know whose thoughts you're chewing. Then who'd wash up all the plates and forks? Might be all feeding on tabloids that time. 15
Teeth getting worse and worse.

After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic, of course, it stinks Italian organgrinders crisp of onions, mushrooms truffles. Pain to animal too. Pluck and draw fowl. Wretched brutes there at the cattlemarket 16
waiting for the poleaxe to split their skulls open. Moo. Poor trembling calves. Meh. Staggering bob. Bubble and squeak. Butchers' buckets wobble lights. Give us that 17-19
brisket off the hook. Plup. Rawhead and bloody bones. Flayed glasseyed sheep hung 20
from their haunches, sheepsnouts bloodypapered snivelling nosejam on sawdust. Top and lashers going out. Don't maul them pieces, young one. 21

Hot fresh blood they prescribe for decline. Blood always needed. Insidious. Lick 22
it up, smoking hot, thick sugary. Famished ghosts.

Ah, I'm hungry.

He entered Davy Byrne's. Moral pub. He doesn't chat. Stands a drink now and then. But in leapyear once in four. Cashed a cheque for me once.

What will I take now? He drew his watch. Let me see now. Shandygaff? 23

— Hello, Bloom! Nosey Flynn said from his nook. 24

— Hello, Flynn.

— How's things?

— Tiptop... Let me see. I'll take a glass of burgundy and... let me see.

Sardines on the shelves. Almost taste them by looking. Sandwich? Ham and 25
his descendants mustered and bred there. Potted meats. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. What a stupid ad! Under the obituary notices they stuck it. All up a plumtree. Dignam's potted meat. Cannibals would with lemon 26
and rice. White missionary too salty. Like pickled pork. Expect the chief consumes the parts of honour. Ought to be tough from exercise. His wives in a row to watch the effect. *There was a right royal old nigger. Who ate or something the somethings of the reverend Mr MacTrigger.* With it an abode of bliss. Lord knows what concoction. Cauls mouldy tripes windpipes faked and minced up. Puzzle find the meat. Kosher. 27

No meat and milk together. Hygiene that was what they call now. Yom kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. Peace and war depend on some fellow's digestion. Religions. Christmas turkeys and geese. Slaughter of innocents. Eat, drink and be merry. Then casual wards full after. Heads bandaged. Cheese digests all but itself. Mighty cheese.

— Have you a cheese sandwich?

— Yes, sir.

Like a few olives too if they had them. Italian I prefer. Good glass of burgundy; take away that. Lubricate. A nice salad, cool as a cucumber. Tom Kernan can dress. Puts gusto into it. Pure olive oil. Milly served me that cutlet with a sprig of parsley. Take one Spanish onion. God made food, the devil the cooks. Devilled crab.

— Wife well?

— Quite well, thanks… A cheese sandwich, then. Gorgonzola, have you?

— Yes, sir.

Nosey Flynn sipped his grog.

— Doing any singing those times?

Look at his mouth. Could whistle in his own ear. Flap ears to match. Music. Knows as much about it as my coachman. Still better tell him. Does no harm. Free ad.

— She's engaged for a big tour end of this month. You may have heard perhaps.

— No. O, that's the style. Who's getting it up?

The curate served.

— How much is that?

— Seven d., sir… Thank you, sir.

Mr Bloom cut his sandwich into slender strips. *Mr MacTrigger.* Easier than the dreamy creamy stuff. *His five hundred wives. Had the time of their lives.*

— Mustard, sir?

— Thank you.

He studded under each lifted strip yellow blobs. *Their lives.* I have it. *It grew bigger and bigger and bigger.*

— Getting it up? he said. Well, it's like a company idea, you see. Part shares and part profits.

— Ay, now I remember, Nosey Flynn said, putting his hand in his pocket to scratch his groin. Who is this was telling me? Isn't Blazes Boylan mixed up in it?

A warm shock of air heat of mustard hauched on Mr Bloom's heart. He raised his eyes and met the stare of a bilious clock. Two. Pub clock five minutes fast. Time going on. Hands moving. Two. Not yet.

His midriff yearned then upward, sank within him, yearned more longly, longingly.

Wine.

He smellsipped the cordial juice and, bidding his throat strongly to speed it, set his wineglass delicately down.

— Yes, he said. He's the organiser in point of fact.

No fear. No brains.

Nosey Flynn snuffled and scratched. Flea having a good square meal.

— He had a good slice of luck, Jack Mooney was telling me, over that boxing match Myler Keogh won again that soldier in the Portobello barracks. By God, he had the little kipper down in the county Carlow he was telling me…

Hope that dewdrop doesn't come down into his glass. No, snuffled it up.

— For near a month, man, before it came off. Sucking duck eggs by God till further orders. Keep him off the boose, see? O, by God, Blazes is a hairy chap.

Davy Byrne came forward from the hindbar in tuckstitched shirt sleeves, cleaning his lips with two wipes of his napkin. Herring's blush. Whose smile upon each [1-2] feature plays with such and such replete. Too much fat on the parsnips. [3]

— And here's himself and pepper on him, Nosey Flynn said. Can you give us a good one for the Gold cup? [4]

— I'm off that, Mr Flynn, Davy Byrne answered. I never put anything on a horse.

— You're right there, Nosey Flynn said.

Mr Bloom ate his strips of sandwich, fresh clean bread, with relish of disgust, pungent mustard, the feety savour of green cheese. Sips of his wine soothed his palate. Not logwood that. Tastes fuller this weather with the chill off. [5]

Nice quiet bar. Nice piece of wood in that counter. Nicely planed. Like the way it curves there.

— I wouldn't do anything at all in that line, Davy Byrne said. It ruined many a man the same horses.

Vintners' sweepstake. Licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises. Heads I win tails you lose.

— True for you, Nosey Flynn said. Unless you're in the know. There's no straight sport going now. Lenehan gets some good ones. He's giving Sceptre today. [6] Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom. Morny Cannon [7] is riding him. I could have got seven to one against Saint Amant a fortnight before. [8]

— That so? Davy Byrne said...

He went towards the window and, taking up the petty cash book, scanned its pages.

— I could, faith, Nosey Flynn said snuffling. That was a rare bit of horseflesh. Saint Frusquin was her sire. She won in a thunderstorm, Rothschild's filly, with [9] wadding in her ears. Bluejacket and yellow cap. Bad luck to big Ben Dollard and his John O'Gaunt. He put me off it. Ay. [10]

He drank resignedly from his tumbler, running his fingers down the flutes.

— Ay, he said, sighing.

Mr Bloom, champing standing, looked upon his sigh. Nosey numskull. Will I tell him that horse Lenehan? He knows already. Better let him forget. Go and lose more. Fool and his money. Dewdrop coming down again. Cold nose he'd have kissing a woman. Still they might like. Prickly beards they like. Dog's cold noses. Old Mrs Riordan with the rumbling stomach's Skye terrier in the City Arms hotel. [11] Molly fondling him in her lap. O the big doggybowwowsywowsy!

Wine soaked and softened rolled pith of bread mustard a moment mawkish cheese. Nice wine it is. Taste it better because I'm not thirsty. Bath of course does that. Just a bite or two. Then about six o'clock I can. Six, six. Time will be gone then. She...

Mild fire of wine kindled his veins. I wanted that badly. Felt so off colour. His eyes unhungrily saw shelves of tins, sardines, gaudy lobsters' claws. All the odd things people pick up for food. Out of shells, periwinkles with a pin, off trees, snails out of the ground the French eat, out of the sea with bait on a hook. Silly fish learn nothing in a thousand years. If you didn't know risky putting anything into your mouth.

1 Poisonous berries. Johnny Magories. Roundness you think good. Gaudy colour warns you off. One fellow told another and so on. Try it on the dog first. Led on by the smell or the look. Tempting fruit. Ice cones. Cream. Instinct. Orangegroves
2 for instance. Need artificial irrigation. Bleibtreustrasse. Yes but what about oysters? Unsightly like a clot of phlegm. Filthy shells. Devil to open them too. Who found
3 them out? Garbage, sewage they feed on. Fizz and Red bank oysters. Effect on the sexual. Aphrodis. He was in the Red bank this morning. Was he oyster old fish at
4 table. Perhaps he young flesh in bed. No. June has no ar no oysters. But there are
5-7 people like tainted game. Jugged hare. First catch your hare. Chinese eating eggs fifty years old, blue and green again. Dinner of thirty courses. Each dish harmless
8 might mix inside. Idea for a poison mystery. That archduke Leopold was it. No.
9 Yes, or was it Otto one of those Habsburgs? Or who was it used to eat the scruff off his own head? Cheapest lunch in town. Of course, aristocrats. Then the others copy to be in the fashion. Milly too rock oil and flour. Raw pastry I like myself. Half the catch of oysters they throw back in the sea to keep up the price. Cheap.
10 No one would buy. Caviare. Do the grand. Hock in green glasses. Swell blowout.
11 Lady this. Powdered bosom pearls. The *élite. Crème de la crème.* They want special dishes to pretend they're. Hermit with a platter of pulse keep down the stings of
12-13 the flesh. Know me come eat with me. Royal sturgeon. High sheriff, Coffey, the butcher, right to venisons of the forest from his ex. Send him back the half of a
14-15 cow. Spread I saw down in the Master of the Rolls' kitchen area. Whitehatted *chef*
16-17 like a rabbi. Combustible duck. Curly cabbage *à la duchesse de Parme.* Just as well
18 to write it on the bill of fare so you can know what you've eaten too many drugs
19-20 spoil the broth. I know it myself. Dosing it with Edwards' desiccated soup. Geese
21 stuffed silly for them. Lobsters boiled alive. Do ptake some ptarmigan. Wouldn't mind being a waiter in a swell hotel. Tips, evening dress, halfnaked ladies. May I
22-23 tempt you to a little more filleted lemon sole, miss Dubedat? Yes, do bedad. And
24 she did bedad. Huguenot name I expect that. A miss Dubedat lived in Killiney I
25-26 remember. *Du, de la,* French. Still it's the same fish, perhaps old Micky Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money, hand over fist, finger in fishes' gills, can't write his name on a cheque, think he was painting the landscape with
27 his mouth twisted. Moooikill A Aitcha Ha. Ignorant as a kish of brogues, worth fifty thousand pounds.

Stuck on the pane two flies buzzed, stuck.

Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory.
28 Touched his sense moistened remembered. Hidden under wild ferns on Howth.
29 Below us bay sleeping sky. No sound. The sky. The bay purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton. Fields of undersea, the lines
30 faint brown in grass, buried cities. Pillowed on my coat she had her hair, earwigs in the heather scrub my hand under her nape, you'll toss me all. O wonder! Coolsoft with ointments her hand touched me, caressed: her eyes upon me did not turn away. Ravished over her I lay, full lips full open, kissed her mouth. Yum. Softly she
31 gave me in my mouth the seedcake warm and chewed. Mawkish pulp her mouth had mumbled sweet and sour with spittle. Joy: I ate it: joy. Young life, her lips that gave me pouting. Soft, warm, sticky gumjelly lips. Flowers her eyes were, take
32 me, willing eyes. Pebbles fell. She lay still. A goat. No-one. High on Ben Howth

rhododendrons a nannygoat walking surefooted, dropping currants. Screened under ferns she laughed warmfolded. Wildly I lay on her, kissed her; eyes, her lips, her stretched neck, beating, woman's breasts full in her blouse of nun's veiling, fat nipples upright. Hot I tongued her. She kissed me. I was kissed. All yielding she tossed my hair. Kissed, she kissed me.

Me. And me now.

Stuck, the flies buzzed.

His downcast eyes followed the silent veining of the oaken slab. Beauty: it curves: curves are beauty. Shapely goddesses, Venus, Juno: curves the world admires. Can see them library museum standing in the round hall, naked goddesses. Aids to 1
digestion. They don't care what man looks. All to see. Never speaking, I mean to say to fellows like Flynn. Suppose she did Pygmalion and Galatea what would she 2
say first? Mortal! Put you in your proper place. Quaffing nectar at mess with gods, golden dishes, all ambrosial. Not like a tanner lunch we have, boiled mutton, carrots 3
and turnips, bottle of Allsop. Nectar, imagine it drinking electricity: gods' food. 4-5
Lovely forms of woman sculped Junonian. Immortal lovely. And we stuffing food in one hole and out behind: food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food: have to feed it 6
like stoking an engine. They have no. Never looked. I'll look today. Keeper won't see. Bend down let something fall see if she.

Dribbling a quiet message from his bladder came to go to do not to do there to do. A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked, to men too 7
they gave themselves, manly conscious, lay with men lovers, a youth enjoyed her, 8
to the yard.

When the sound of his boots had ceased Davy Byrne said from his book:

— What is this he is? Isn't he in the insurance line? 9

— He's out of that long ago, Nosey Flynn said. He does canvassing for the *Freeman*.

— I know him well to see, Davy Byrne said. Is he in trouble?

— Trouble? Nosey Flynn said. Not that I heard of. Why?

— I noticed he was in mourning.

— Was he? Nosey Flynn said. So he was, faith. I asked him how was all at home. You're right, by God. So he was.

— I never broach the subject, Davy Byrne said humanely, if I see a gentleman is in trouble that way. It only brings it up fresh in their minds.

— It's not the wife anyhow, Nosey Flynn said. I met him the day before yesterday and he coming out of that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry 10
street with a jar of cream in his hand taking it home to his better half. She's well nourished, I tell you. Plovers on toast. 11

— And is he doing for the *Freeman*? Davy Byrne said.

Nosey Flynn pursed his lips.

— He doesn't buy cream on the ads he picks up. You can make bacon of that. 12

— How so? Davy Byrne asked, coming from his book.

Nosey Flynn made swift passes in the air with juggling fingers. He winked.

— He's in the craft, he said. 13

— Do you tell me so? Davy Byrne said.

— Very much so, Nosey Flynn said. Ancient free and accepted order. Light, life 14
and love, by God. They give him a leg up. I was told that by a, well, I won't say who.

— Is that a fact?

— O, it's a fine order, Nosey Flynn said. They stick to you when you're down. I know a fellow was trying to get into it, but they're as close as damn it. By God they did right to keep the women out of it.

Davy Byrne smiledyawnednodded all in one:

— Iiiiiichaaaaaaach!

— There was one woman, Nosey Flynn said, hid herself in a clock to find out what they do be doing. But be damned but they smelt her out and swore her in on the spot a master mason. That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile.

Davy Byrne, sated after his yawn, said with tearwashed eyes:

— And is that a fact? Decent quiet man he is. I often saw him in here and I never once saw him, you know, over the line.

— God Almighty couldn't make him drunk, Nosey Flynn said firmly. Slips off when the fun gets too hot. Didn't you see him look at his watch? Ah, you weren't there. If you ask him to have a drink first thing he does he outs with the watch to see what he ought to imbibe. Declare to God he does.

— There are some like that, Davy Byrne said. He's a safe man, I'd say.

— He's not too bad, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling it up. He has been known to put his hand down too to help a fellow. Give the devil his due. O, Bloom has his good points. But there's one thing he'll never do.

His hand scrawled a dry pen signature beside his grog.

— I know, Davy Byrne said.

— Nothing in black and white, Nosey Flynn said.

Paddy Leonard and Bantam Lyons came in. Tom Rochford followed, a plaining hand on his claret waistcoat.

— Day, Mr Byrne.

— Day, gentlemen.

They paused at the counter.

— Who's standing? Paddy Leonard asked.

— I'm sitting anyhow, Nosey Flynn answered.

— Well, what'll it be? Paddy Leonard asked.

— I'll take a stone ginger, Bantam Lyons said.

— How much? Paddy Leonard cried. Since when, for God' sake? What's yours, Tom?

— How is the main drainage? Nosey Flynn asked, sipping.

For answer Tom Rochford pressed his hand to his breastbone and hiccupped.

— Would I trouble you for a glass of fresh water, Mr Byrne? he said.

— Certainly, sir.

Paddy Leonard eyed his alemates.

— Lord love a duck, he said, look at what I'm standing drinks to! Cold water and gingerpop! Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg. He has some bloody horse up his sleeve for the Gold cup. A dead snip.

— Zinfandel is it? Nosey Flynn asked.

Tom Rochford spilt powder from a twisted paper into the water set before him.

— That cursed dyspepsia, he said before drinking.

— Breadsoda is very good, Davy Byrne said.

Tom Rochford nodded and drank.

— Is it Zinfandel?

— Say nothing, Bantam Lyons winked. I'm going to plunge five bob on my own.

— Tell us if you're worth your salt and be damned to you, Paddy Leonard said. Who gave it to you?

Mr Bloom on his way out raised three fingers in greeting.

— So long, Nosey Flynn said.

The others turned.

— That's the man now that gave it to me, Bantam Lyons whispered.

— Prrwht! Paddy Leonard said with scorn. Mr Byrne, sir, we'll take two of your small Jamesons after that and a… 1

— Stone ginger, Davy Byrne added civilly.

— Ay, Paddy Leonard said. A suckingbottle for the baby.

Mr Bloom walked towards Dawson street, his tongue brushing his teeth smooth. 2 Something green it would have to be: spinach say. Then with those Röntgen rays 3 searchlight you could.

At Duke lane a ravenous terrier choked up a sick knuckly cud on the cobble stones 4 and lapped it with new zest. Surfeit. Returned with thanks having fully digested the contents. First sweet then savoury. Mr Bloom coasted warily. Ruminants. His second course. Their upper jaw they move. Wonder if Tom Rochford will do anything with that invention of his. Wasting time explaining it to Flynn's mouth. 5 Lean people long mouths. Ought to be a hall or a place where inventors could go in and invent free. Course then you'd have all the cranks pestering.

He hummed, prolonging in solemn echo, the closes of the bars:

Don Giovanni, a cenar teco 6
M'invitasti.

Feel better. Burgundy. Good pick me up. Who distilled first? Some chap in the 7 blues. Dutch courage. That *Kilkenny People* in the national library now I must. 8-9

Bare clean closestools, waiting, in the window of William Miller, plumber, 10-11 turned back his thoughts. They could: and watch it all the way down, swallow a pin sometimes come out of the ribs years after, tour round the body, changing biliary duct, spleen squirting liver, gastric juice coils of intestines like pipes. But the poor buffer would have to stand all the time with his insides entrails on show. Science.

— *A cenar teco.* 12

What does that *teco* mean? Tonight perhaps.

Don Giovanni, thou hast me invited
To come to supper tonight,
The rum the rumdum.

Doesn't go properly.

Keyes: two months if I get Nannetti to. That'll be two pounds ten, about two pounds eight. Three Hynes owes me. Two eleven. Presscott's ad. Two fifteen. Five 13 guineas about. On the pig's back. 14

Could buy one of those silk petticoats for Molly, colour of her new garters.

Today. Today. Not think.

Tour the south then. What about English watering places? Brighton, Margate. Piers by moonlight. Her voice floating out. Those lovely seaside girls. Against John Long's a drowsing loafer lounged in heavy thought, gnawing a crusted knuckle. Handy man wants job. Small wages. Will eat anything.

Mr Bloom turned at Gray's confectioner's window of unbought tarts and passed the reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore. *Why I left the church of Rome? Bird's Nest.* Women run him. They say they used to give pauper children soup to change to protestants in the time of the potato blight. Society over the way papa went to for the conversion of poor jews. Same bait. Why we left the church of Rome?

A blind stripling stood tapping the curbstone with his slender cane. No tram in sight. Wants to cross.

— Do you want to cross? Mr Bloom asked.

The blind stripling did not answer. His wall face frowned weakly. He moved his head uncertainly.

— You're in Dawson street, Mr Bloom said. Molesworth street is opposite. Do you want to cross? There's nothing in the way.

The cane moved out trembling to the left. Mr Bloom's eye followed its line and saw again the dyeworks' van drawn up before Drago's. Where I saw his brilliantined hair just when I was. Horse drooping. Driver in John Long's. Slaking his drouth.

— There's a van there, Mr Bloom said, but it's not moving. I'll see you across. Do you want to go to Molesworth street?

— Yes, the stripling answered. South Frederick street.

— Come, Mr Bloom said.

He touched the thin elbow gently: then took the limp seeing hand to guide it forward.

Say something to him. Better not do the condescending. They mistrust what you tell them. Pass a common remark.

— The rain kept off.

No answer.

Stains on his coat. Slobbers his food, I suppose. Tastes all different for him. Have to be spoonfed first. Like a child's hand his hand. Like Milly's was. Sensitive. Sizing me up I daresay from my hand. Wonder if he has a name. Van. Keep his cane clear of the horse's legs tired drudge get his doze. That's right. Clear. Behind a bull: in front of a horse.

— Thanks, sir.

Knows I'm a man. Voice.

— Right now? First turn to the left.

The blind stripling tapped the curbstone and went on his way, drawing his cane back, feeling again.

Mr Bloom walked behind the eyeless feet, a flatcut suit of herringbone tweed. Poor young fellow! How on earth did he know that van was there? Must have felt it. See things in their foreheads perhaps. Kind of sense of volume. Weight would he feel it if something was removed. Feel a gap. Queer idea of Dublin he must have, tapping his way round by the stones. Could he walk in a beeline if he hadn't that cane? Bloodless pious face like a fellow going in to be a priest.

Penrose! That was that chap's name.

Look at all the things they can learn to do. Read with their fingers. Tune pianos. Or we are surprised they have any brains. Why we think a deformed person or a hunchback clever if he says something we might say. Of course the other senses are more. Embroider. Plait baskets. People ought to help. Work basket I could buy Molly's birthday. Hates sewing. Might take an objection. Dark men they call them. 1-2

Sense of smell must be stronger too. Smells on all sides bunched together. Each person too. Then the spring, the summer: smells. Tastes. They say you can't taste wines with your eyes shut or a cold in the head. Also smoke in the dark they say get no pleasure.

And with a woman, for instance. More shameless not seeing. That girl passing the Stewart institution, head in the air. Look at me. I have them all on. Must be 3 strange not to see her. Kind of a form in his mind's eye. The voice temperature when he touches her with fingers must almost see the lines, the curves. His hands on her hair, for instance. Say it was black for instance. Good. We call it black. Then passing over her white skin. Different feel perhaps. Feeling of white.

Postoffice. Must answer. Fag today. Send her a postal order two shillings half 4 a crown. Accept my little present. Stationer's just here too. Wait. Think over it. 5

With a gentle finger he felt ever so slowly the hair combed back above his ears. Again. Fibres of fine fine straw. Then gently his finger felt the skin of his right cheek. Downy hair there too. Not smooth enough. The belly is the smoothest. No-one about. There he goes into Frederick street. Perhaps to Levenston's dancing 6 academy piano. Might be settling my braces.

Walking by Doran's public house he slid his hand between waistcoat and 7 trousers and, pulling aside his shirt gently, felt a slack fold of his belly. But I know it's whiteyellow. Want to try in the dark to see.

He withdrew his hand and pulled his dress to.

Poor fellow! Quite a boy. Terrible. Really terrible. What dreams would he have, not seeing? Life a dream for him. Where is the justice being born that way? All those women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York. 8 Holocaust. Karma they call that transmigration for sins you did in a past life the 9 reincarnation met him pikehoses. Dear, dear, dear. Pity of course: but somehow you can't cotton on to them someway.

Sir Frederick Falkiner going into the freemasons' hall. Solemn as Troy. After his 10-12 good lunch in Earlsfort terrace. Old legal cronies cracking a magnum. Tales of 13-14 the bench and assizes and annals of the bluecoat school. I sentenced him to ten years. I suppose he'd turn up his nose at that stuff I drank. Vintage wine for them, the year marked on a dusty bottle. Has his own ideas of justice in the recorder's 15 court. Wellmeaning old man. Police chargesheets crammed with cases get their percentage manufacturing crime. Sends them to the rightabout. The devil on 16 moneylenders. Gave Reuben J. a great strawcalling. Now he's really what they call 17-18 a dirty jew. Power those judges have. Crusty old topers in wigs. Bear with a sore 19 paw. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Hello, placard. Mirus bazaar. His excellency the lord lieutenant. Sixteenth today 20-21 it is. In aid of funds for Mercer's hospital. *The Messiah* was first given for that. Yes. 22-23 Handel. What about going out there. Ballsbridge. Drop in on Keyes. No use sticking 24 to him like a leech. Wear out my welcome. Sure to know someone on the gate.

Mr Bloom came to Kildare Street. First I must. Library. 25

Straw hat in sunlight. Tan shoes. Turnedup trousers. It is. It is.

1 His heart quopped softly. To the right. Museum. Goddesses. He swerved to the right.

Is it? Almost certain. Won't look. Wine in my face. Why did I? Too heady. Yes, it is. The walk. Not see. Not see. Get on.

Making for the museum gate with long windy strides he lifted his eyes. Handsome
2 building. Sir Thomas Deane designed. Not following me?

Didn't see me perhaps. Light in his eyes.

The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.

No, didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.

My heart!

3 His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. Sir Thomas Deane was the Greek architecture.

Look for something I.

4 His hasty hand went quick into a pocket, took out, read unfolded Agendath Netaim. Where did I?

Busy looking for.

He thrust back quickly Agendath.

Afternoon she said.

I am looking for that. Yes, that. Try all pockets. Handker. *Freeman*. Where did I?
5 Ah, yes. Trousers. Purse. Potato. Where did I?

Hurry. Walk quietly. Moment more. My heart.

His hand looking for the where did I put found in his hip pocket soap lotion have to call tepid paper stuck. Ah, soap there! Yes. Gate.

Safe!

Urbane, to comfort them, the quaker librarian purred:

— And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister*? A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts, as one sees in real life.

He came a step a sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

A noiseless attendant, setting open the door but slightly, made him a noiseless beck.

— Directly, said he, creaking to go, albeit lingering. The beautiful ineffectual dreamer who comes to grief against hard facts. One always feels that Goethe's judgments are so true. True in the larger analysis.

Twicreakingly analysis he corantoed off. Bald, most zealous by the door he gave his large ear all to the attendant's words: heard them: and was gone.

Two left.

— Monsieur de la Palisse, Stephen sneered, was alive fifteen minutes before his death.

— Have you found those six brave medicals, John Eglinton asked with elder's gall, to write *Paradise Lost* at your dictation? *The Sorrows of Satan* he calls it.

Smile. Smile Cranly's smile.

First he tickled her
Then he patted her
Then he passed the female catheter.
For he was a medical
Jolly old medi…

— I feel you would need one more for *Hamlet*. Seven is dear to the mystic mind. The shining seven W. B. calls them.

Glittereyed, his rufous skull close to his greencapped desklamp sought the face, bearded amid darkgreener shadow, an ollav, holyeyed. He laughed low: a sizar's laugh of Trinity: unanswered.

Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood
Tears such as angels weep.
Ed egli aveva del cul fatto trombetta.

He holds my follies hostage.

Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen to free their sireland. Gaptoothed Kathleen, her four beautiful green fields, the stranger in her house. And one more to hail him: *ave, rabbi*. The Tinahely twelve. In the shadow of the glen he cooees for them. My soul's youth I gave him, night by night. Godspeed. Good hunting.

Mulligan has my telegram.

Folly. Persist.

— Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet though I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry.

— All these questions are purely academic, Russell oracled out of his shadow. I mean, whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex. Clergymen's discussions of the historicity of Jesus. Art has to reveal to us ideas, formless spiritual essences. The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. The deepest poetry of Shelley, the words of Hamlet bring our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom, Plato's world of ideas. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer. Wall, tarnation strike me!

—The schoolmen were schoolboys first, Stephen said superpolitely. Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy.

— And has remained so, one should hope, John Eglinton sedately said. One can see him, a model schoolboy with his diploma under his arm.

He laughed again at the now smiling bearded face.

Formless spiritual. Father, Word and Holy Breath. Allfather, the heavenly man. Hiesos Kristos, magician of the beautiful, the Logos who suffers in us at every moment. This verily is that. I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter.

Dunlop, Judge, the noblest Roman of them all, A. E., Arval, the Name Ineffable, in heaven hight, K. H., their master, whose identity is no secret to adepts. Brothers of the great white lodge always watching to see if they can help. The Christ with the bridesister, moisture of light, born of an ensouled virgin, repentant sophia, departed to the plane of buddhi. The life esoteric is not for ordinary person. O. P. must work off bad karma first. Mrs Cooper Oakley once glimpsed our very illustrious sister H. P. B's elemental.

O, fie! Out on't! *Pfuiteufel!* You naughtn't to look, missus, so you naughtn't when a lady's ashowing of her elemental.

Mr Best entered, tall, young, mild, light. He bore in his hand with grace a notebook, new, large, clean, bright.

— That model schoolboy, Stephen said, would find Hamlet's musings about the afterlife of his princely soul, the improbable, insignificant and undramatic monologue, as shallow as Plato's.

John Eglinton, frowning, said, waxing wroth:

— Upon my word it makes my blood boil to hear anyone compare Aristotle with Plato.

— Which of the two, Stephen asked, would have banished me from his commonwealth?

Unsheathe your dagger definitions. Horseness is the whatness of allhorse. Streams of tendency and eons they worship. God: noise in the street: very peripatetic. Space: what you damn well have to see. Through spaces smaller than red globules of man's blood they creepycrawl after Blake's buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past.

Mr Best came forward, amiable, towards his colleague.

— Haines is gone, he said.

— Is he?

— I was showing him Jubainville's book. He's quite enthusiastic, don't you know, about Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht*. I couldn't bring him in to hear the discussion. He's gone to Gill's to buy it.

Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick
To greet the callous public.
Writ, I ween, 'twas not my wish
In lean unlovely English.

— The peatsmoke is going to his head, John Eglinton opined.

We feel in England. Penitent thief. Gone. I smoked his baccy. Green twinkling stone. An emerald set in the ring of the sea.

— People do not know how dangerous lovesongs can be, the auric egg of Russell warned occultly. The movements which work revolutions in the world are born out of the dreams and visions in a peasant's heart on the hillside. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the living mother. The rarefied air of the academy and the arena produce the sixshilling novel, the musichall song, France produces the finest flower of corruption in Mallarmé but the desirable life is revealed only to the poor of heart, the life of Homer's Phæacians.

From these words Mr Best turned an unoffending face to Stephen.

— Mallarmé, don't you know, he said, has written those wonderful prose poems Stephen MacKenna used to read to me in Paris. The one about *Hamlet*. He says: *il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même*, don't you know, *reading the book of himself*. He describes *Hamlet* given in a French town, don't you know, a provincial town. They advertised it.

His free hand graciously wrote tiny signs in air.

HAMLET
ou
LE DISTRAIT
Pièce de Shakespeare

He repeated to John Eglinton's newgathered frown:

— *Pièce de Shakespeare*, don't you know. It's so French, the French point of view. *Hamlet ou…*

— The absentminded beggar, Stephen ended.

John Eglinton laughed.

— Yes, I suppose it would be, he said. Excellent people, no doubt, but distressingly shortsighted in some matters.

Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder.

— A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him, Stephen said. Not for nothing was he a butcher's son wielding the sledded poleaxe and spitting in his palm. Nine lives are taken off for his father's one, Our Father who art in purgatory. Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot. The bloodboltered shambles in act five is a forecast of the concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne.

Cranly, I his mute orderly, following battles from afar.

Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none
But we had spared…

Between the Saxon smile and yankee yawp. The devil and the deep sea.

— He will have it that *Hamlet* is a ghoststory, John Eglinton said for Mr Best's behoof. Like the fat boy in Pickwick he wants to make our flesh creep.

List! List! O list!

My flesh hears him: creeping, hears.

If thou didst ever…

— What is a ghost? Stephen said with tingling energy. One who has faded into impalpability through death, through absence, through change of manners. Elizabethan London lay as far from Stratford as corrupt Paris lies from virgin Dublin. Who is the ghost from *limbo patrum*, returning to the world that has forgotten him? Who is king Hamlet?

John Eglinton shifted his spare body, leaning back to judge.

Lifted.

— It is this hour of a day in mid June, Stephen said, begging with a swift glance their hearing. The flag is up on the playhouse by the bankside. The bear Sackerson growls in the pit near it, Paris garden. Canvasclimbers who sailed with Drake chew their sausages among the groundlings.

Local colour. Work in all you know. Make them accomplices.

— Shakespeare has left the huguenot's house in Silver street and walks by the swanmews along the riverbank. But he does not stay to feed the pen chivying her game of cygnets towards the rushes. The swan of Avon has other thoughts.

Composition of place. Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!

— The play begins. A player comes on under the shadow, made up in the castoff mail of a court buck, a wellset man with a bass voice. It is the ghost, the king, a king and no king, and the player is Shakespeare who has studied *Hamlet* all the years of his life which were not vanity in order to play the part of the spectre. He speaks the words to Burbage, the young player who stands before him beyond the rack of cerecloth, calling him by a name:

Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit

bidding him list. To a son he speaks, the son of his soul, the prince, young Hamlet and to the son of his body, Hamnet Shakespeare, who has died in Stratford that his namesake may live for ever. 1 2

— Is it possible that that player Shakespeare, a ghost by absence, and in the vesture of buried Denmark, a ghost by death, speaking his own words to his own son's name (had Hamnet Shakespeare lived he would have been prince Hamlet's twin) is it possible, I want to know, or probable that he did not draw or foresee the logical conclusion of those premises: you are the dispossessed son: I am the murdered father: your mother is the guilty queen, Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway? 3 4-5

— But this prying into the family life of a great man, Russell began impatiently.

Art thou there, truepenny? 6

— Interesting only to the parish clerk. I mean, we have the plays. I mean when we read the poetry of *King Lear* what is it to us how the poet lived? As for living, our servants can do that for us, Villiers de l'Isle has said. Peeping and prying into greenroom gossip of the day, the poet's drinking, the poet's debts. We have *King Lear*: and it is immortal. 7

Mr Best's face appealed to, agreed.

Flow over them with your waves and with your waters, Mananaan, Mananaan MacLir..... 8

How now, sirrah, that pound he lent you when you were hungry? 9

Marry, I wanted it.

Take thou this noble. 10

Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter. 11

Agenbite of inwit. 12

Do you intend to pay it back?

O, yes.

When? Now?

Well... no.

When, then?

I paid my way. I paid my way.

Steady on. He's from beyant Boyne water. The northeast corner. You owe it. 13

Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now. Other I got pound.

Buzz. Buzz. 14

But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms. 15

I that sinned and prayed and fasted. 16

A child Conmee saved from pandies. 17

I, I and I. I.

A. E. I. O. U.

— Do you mean to fly in the face of the tradition of three centuries? John Eglinton's carping voice asked. Her ghost at least has been laid for ever. She died, for literature at least, before she was born.

— She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born. She saw him into and out of the world. She took his first embraces. She bore his children and she laid pennies on his eyes to keep his eyelids closed when he lay on his deathbed. 18

Mother's deathbed. Candle. The sheeted mirror. Who brought me into this world lies there, bronzelidded, under few cheap flowers. *Liliata rutilantium.*

I wept alone.

John Eglinton looked in the tangled glowworm of his lamp.

— The world believes that Shakespeare made a mistake, he said, and got out of it as quickly and as best he could.

— Bosh! Stephen said rudely. A man of genius makes no mistakes. His errors are volitional and are the portals of discovery.

Portals of discovery opened to let in the quaker librarian, softcreakfooted, bald, eared and assiduous.

— A shrew, John Eglinton said shrewdly, is not a useful portal of discovery, one should imagine. What useful discovery did Socrates learn from Xanthippe?

— Dialectic, Stephen answered: and from his mother how to bring thoughts into the world. What he learnt from his other wife Myrto *(absit nomen!)* Socratididion's Epipsychidion, no man, not a woman, will ever know. But neither the midwife's lore nor the caudlectures saved him from the archons of Sinn Fein and their noggin of hemlock.

— But Ann Hathaway? Mr Best's quiet voice said forgetfully. Yes, we seem to be forgetting her as Shakespeare himself forgot her.

His look went from brooder's beard to carper's skull, to remind, to chide them not unkindly, then to the baldpink lollard costard, guiltless though maligned.

— He had a good groatsworth of wit, Stephen said, and no truant memory. He carried a memory in his wallet as he trudged to Romeville whistling *The girl I left behind me.* If the earthquake did not time it we should know where to place poor Wat, sitting in his form, the cry of hounds, the studded bridle and her blue windows. That memory, *Venus and Adonis*, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London. Is Katharine the shrew illfavoured? Hortensio calls her young and beautiful. Do you think the writer of *Antony and Cleopatra*, a passionate pilgrim, had his eyes in the back of his head that he chose the ugliest doxy in all Warwickshire to lie withal? Good: he left her and gained the world of men. But his boywomen are the women of a boy. Their life, thought, speech are lent them by males. He chose badly? He was chosen, it seems to me. If others have their will Ann hath a way. By cock, she was to blame. She put the comether on him, sweet and twentysix. The greyeyed goddess who bends over the boy Adonis, stooping to conquer, as prologue to the swelling act, is a boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles in a cornfield a lover younger than herself.

And my turn? When?

Come!

— Ryefield, Mr Best said brightly, gladly, raising his new book, gladly brightly.

He murmured then with blond delight for all:

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty countryfolk would lie.

Paris: the wellpleased pleaser.

A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and unveiled its cooperative watch.

— I am afraid I am due at the *Homestead.*

Whither away? Exploitable ground.

— Are you going, John Eglinton's active eyebrows asked. Shall we see you at Moore's tonight? Piper is coming. 1 2

— Piper! Mr Best piped. Is Piper back?

Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper. 3

— I don't know if I can. Thursday. We have our meeting. If I can get away in time. 4

Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers. *Isis Unveiled.* Their Pali book we tried to pawn. Crosslegged under an umbrel umbershoot he thrones an Aztec logos, functioning on astral levels, their oversoul, mahamahatma. The faithful hermetists await the light, ripe for chelaship, ringroundabout him. Louis H. Victory. T. Caulfield Irwin. Lotus ladies tend them i'the eyes, their pineal glands aglow. Filled with his god he thrones, Buddh under plantain. Gulfer of souls, engulfer. Hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls. Engulfed with wailing creecries, whirled, whirling, they bewail. 5-7 8-9 10-12 13-16 17-18 19-21

In quintessential triviality 22
For years in this fleshcase a shesoul dwelt.

— They say we are to have a literary surprise, the quaker librarian said, friendly and earnest. Mr Russell, rumour has it, is gathering together a sheaf of our younger poets' verses. We are all looking forward anxiously. 23

Anxiously he glanced in the cone of lamplight where three faces, lighted, shone.

See this. Remember.

Stephen looked down on a wide headless caubeen, hung on his ashplanthandle over his knee. My casque and sword. Touch lightly with two index fingers. Aristotle's experiment. One or two? Necessity is that in virtue of which it is impossible that one can be otherwise. Argal, one hat is one hat. 24 25-26 27 28

Listen.

Young Colum and Starkey. George Roberts is doing the commercial part. Longworth will give it a good puff in the *Express*. O, will he? I liked Colum's *Drover.* Yes, I think he has that queer thing, genius. Do you think he has genius really? Yeats admired his line: *As in wild earth a Grecian vase.* Did he? I hope you'll be able to come tonight. Malachi Mulligan is coming too. Moore asked him to bring Haines. Did you hear Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn? That Moore is Martyn's wild oats? Awfully clever, isn't it? They remind one of don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Our national epic has yet to be written, Dr Sigerson says. Moore is the man for it. A knight of the rueful countenance here in Dublin. With a saffron kilt? O'Neill Russell? O, yes, he must speak the grand old tongue. And his Dulcinea? James Stephens is doing some clever sketches. We are becoming important, it seems. 29-31 32-33 34 35 36 37 38 39-40 41-42

Cordelia. *Cordoglio.* Lir's loneliest daughter. 43-44

Nookshotten. Now your best French polish. 45

— Thank you very much, Mr Russell, Stephen said, rising. If you will be so kind as to give the letter to Mr Norman….. 46

— O, yes. If he considers it important it will go in. We have so much correspondence.

— I understand, Stephen said. Thanks.

God ild you. The pigs' paper. Bullockbefriending. 47-48

1-2 — Synge has promised me an article for *Dana* too. Are we going to be read? I feel
3 we are. The Gaelic league wants something in Irish. I hope you will come round tonight. Bring Starkey.

Stephen sat down.

The quaker librarian came from the leavetakers. Blushing his mask said:

— Mr Dedalus, your views are most illuminating.

4 He creaked to and fro, tiptoing up nearer heaven by the altitude of a chopine, and, covered by the noise of outgoing, said low:

— Is it your view, then, that she was not faithful to the poet?

5 Alarmed face asks me. Why did he come? Courtesy or an inward light?

— Where there is a reconciliation, Stephen said, there must have been first a sundering.

— Yes.

6 Christfox in leather trews, hiding, a runaway in blighted treeforks from hue and
7-8 cry. Knowing no vixen, walking lonely in the chase. Women he won to him, tender
9-12 people, a whore of Babylon, ladies of justices, bully tapsters' wives. Fox and geese.
13-14 And in New place a slack dishonoured body that once was comely, once as sweet,
15 as fresh as cinnamon, now her leaves falling, all, bare, frighted of the narrow grave and unforgiven.

— Yes. So you think...

The door closed behind the outgoer.

Rest suddenly possessed the discreet vaulted cell, rest of warm and brooding air. A vestal's lamp.

16 Here he ponders things that were not: what Caesar would have lived to do had
17 he believed the soothsayer: what might have been: possibilities of the possible as
18 possible: things not known: what name Achilles bore when he lived among women.

Coffined thoughts around me, in mummycases, embalmed in spice of words.
19 Thoth, god of libraries, a birdgod, moonycrowned. And I heard the voice of that
20 Egyptian highpriest. *In painted chambers loaded with tilebooks.*

They are still. Once quick in the brains of men. Still: but an itch of death is in them, to tell me in my ear a maudlin tale, urge me to wreak their will.

— Certainly, John Eglinton mused, of all great men he is the most enigmatic. We
21 know nothing but that he lived and suffered. Not even so much. Others abide our question. A shadow hangs over all the rest.

22 — But *Hamlet* is so personal, isn't it? Mr Best pleaded. I mean, a kind of private paper, don't you know, of his private life. I mean I don't care a button, don't you know, who is killed or who is guilty...

He rested an innocent book on the edge of the desk, smiling his defiance. His
23-24 private papers in the original. *Ta an bad ar an tir. Taim imo shagart.* Put beurla on it,
25 littlejohn.

Quoth littlejohn Eglinton:

— I was prepared for paradoxes from what Malachi Mulligan told us but I may as well warn you that if you want to shake my belief that Shakespeare is Hamlet you have a stern task before you.

26 Bear with me.

Stephen withstood the bane of miscreant eyes, glinting stern under wrinkled brows.
27-28 A basilisk. *E quando vede l'uomo l'attosca.* Messer Brunetto, I thank thee for the word.

— As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies, Stephen said, from day to day, their molecules shuttled to and fro, so does the artist weave and unweave his image. And as the mole on my right breast is where it was when I was born, though all my body has been woven of new stuff time after time, so through the ghost of the unquiet father the image of the unliving son looks forth. In the intense instant of imagination, when the mind, Shelley says, is a fading coal, that which I was is that which I am and that which in possibility I may come to be. So in the future, the sister of the past, I may see myself as I sit here now but by reflection from that which then I shall be.

Drummond of Hawthornden helped you at that stile.

— Yes, Mr Best said youngly, I feel Hamlet quite young, The bitterness might be from the father but the passages with Ophelia are surely from the son.

Has the wrong sow by the lug. He is in my father. I am in his son.

— That mole is the last to go, Stephen said, laughing.

John Eglinton made a nothing pleasing mow.

— If that were the birthmark of genius, he said, genius would be a drug in the market. The plays of Shakespeare's later years which Renan admired so much breathe another spirit.

— The spirit of reconciliation, the quaker librarian breathed.

— There can be no reconciliation, Stephen said, if there has not been a sundering.

Said that.

— If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over the hell of time of *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, look to see when and how the shadow lifts. What softens the heart of a man, shipwrecked in storms dire, Tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles, prince of Tyre?

Head, redconecapped, buffeted, brineblinded.

— A child, a girl placed in his arms, Marina.

— The leaning of sophists towards the bypaths of apocrypha is a constant quantity, John Eglinton detected. The highroads are dreary but they lead to the town.

Good Bacon: gone musty. Shakespeare Bacon's wild oats. Cypherjugglers going the highroads. Seekers on the great quest. What town, good masters? Mummed in names: A. E., eon: Magee, John Eglinton. East of the sun, west of the moon: *Tir na n-og*. Booted the twain and staved.

How many miles to Dublin?
Three score and ten, sir.
Will we be there by candlelight?

— Mr Brandes accepts it, Stephen said, as the first play of the closing period.

— Does he? What does Mr Sidney Lee, or Mr Simon Lazarus, as some aver his name is, say of it?

— Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm, Miranda, a wonder, Perdita, that which was lost. What was lost is given back to him: his daughter's child. *My dearest wife*, Pericles says, *was like this maid*. Will any man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?

— The art of being a grandfather, Mr Best gan murmur. *L'art d'être grand…*

— His own image to a man with that queer thing genius is the standard of all experience, material and moral. Such an appeal will touch him. The images of other males of his blood will repel him. He will see in them grotesque attempts of nature to foretell or repeat himself.

The benign forehead of the quaker librarian enkindled rosily with hope.

— I hope Mr Dedalus will work out his theory for the enlightenment of the public. And we ought to mention another Irish commentator, Mr George Bernard Shaw. Nor should we forget Mr Frank Harris. His articles on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review* were surely brilliant. Oddly enough he too draws for us an unhappy relation with the dark lady of the sonnets. The favoured rival is William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. I own that if the poet must be rejected, such a rejection would seem more in harmony with—what shall I say?—our notions of what ought not to have been.

Felicitously he ceased and held a meek head among them, auk's egg, prize of their fray.

He thous and thees her with grave husbandwords. Dost love, Miriam? Dost love thy man?

— That may be too, Stephen said. There is a saying of Goethe's which Mr Magee likes to quote. Beware of what you wish for in youth because you will get it in middle life. Why does he send to one who is a *buonaroba*, a bay where all men ride, a maid of honour with a scandalous girlhood, a lordling to woo for him? He was himself a lord of language and had made himself a coistrel gentleman and had written *Romeo and Juliet*. Why? Belief in himself has been untimely killed. He was overborne in a cornfield first (ryefield, I should say) and he will never be a victor in his own eyes after nor play victoriously the game of laugh and lie down. Assumed dongiovannism will not save him. No later undoing will undo the first undoing. The tusk of the boar has wounded him there where love lies ableeding. If the shrew is worsted yet there remains to her woman's invisible weapon. There is, I feel in the words, some goad of the flesh driving him into a new passion, a darker shadow of the first, darkening even his own understanding of himself. A like fate awaits him and the two rages commingle in a whirlpool.

They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour.

— The soul has been before stricken mortally, a poison poured in the porch of a sleeping ear. But those who are done to death in sleep cannot know the manner of their quell unless their Creator endow their souls with that knowledge in the life to come. The poisoning and the beast with two backs that urged it king Hamlet's ghost could not know of were he not endowed with knowledge by his creator. That is why the speech (his lean unlovely English) is always turned elsewhere, backward. Ravisher and ravished, what he would but would not, go with him from Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes to Imogen's breast, bare, with its mole cinquespotted. He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up to hide him from himself, an old dog licking an old sore. But, because loss is his gain, he passes on towards eternity in undiminished personality, untaught by the wisdom he has written or by the laws he has revealed. His beaver is up. He is a ghost, a shadow now, the wind by Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice, a voice heard only in the heart of him who is the substance of his shadow, the son consubstantial with the father.

— Amen! responded from the doorway.

Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? 1

Entr'acte. 2

A ribald face, sullen as a dean's, Buck Mulligan came forwards then blithe in motley, towards the greeting of their smiles. My telegram.

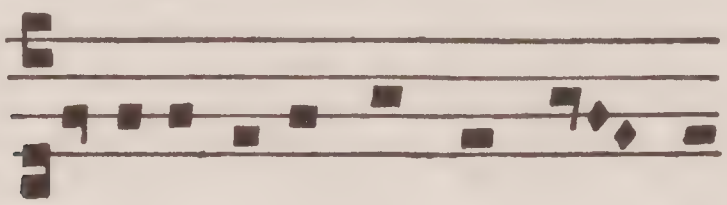
— You were speaking of the gaseous vertebrate, if I mistake not? he asked of Stephen.

Primrosevested he greeted gaily with his doffed Panama as with a bauble.

They make him welcome. *Was Du verlachst wirst Du noch dienen.* 3

Brood of mockers: Photius, pseudomalachi, Johann Most. 4

He Who Himself begot, middler the Holy Ghost, and Himself sent Himself, 5
Agenbuyer, between Himself and others, Who, put upon by His fiends, stripped 6
and whipped, was nailed like bat to barndoor, starved on crosstree, Who let Him bury, stood up, harrowed hell, fared into heaven and there these nineteen hundred years sitteth on the right hand of His Own Self but yet shall come in the latter day to doom the quick and dead when all the quick shall be dead already.



Glo—o—ri—a in ex — cel — sis De — o. 7

He lifts hands. Veils fall. O, flowers! Bells with bells with bells aquiring. 8

— Yes, indeed, the quaker librarian said. A most instructive discussion. Mr Mulligan, I'll be bound, has his theory too of the play and of Shakespeare. All sides of life should be represented.

He smiled on all sides equally.

Buck Mulligan thought, puzzled:

— Shakespeare? he said. I seem to know the name.

A flying sunny smile rayed in his loose features.

— To be sure, he said, remembering brightly. The chap that writes like Synge. 9

Mr Best turned to him:

— Haines missed you, he said. Did you meet him? He'll see you after at the D. B. C. He's gone to Gill's to buy Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht.* 10-12

— I came through the museum, Buck Mulligan said. Was he here?

— The bard's fellowcountrymen, John Eglinton answered, are rather tired perhaps of our brilliancies of theorising. I hear that an actress played Hamlet for 13
the fourhundredandeighth time last night in Dublin. Vining held that the prince 14
was a woman. Has no-one made him out to be an Irishman? Judge Barton, I 15
believe, is searching for some clues. He swears (His Highness not His Lordship) 16
by saint Patrick.

— The most brilliant of all is that story of Wilde's, Mr Best said, lifting his brilliant notebook. That *Portrait of Mr W. H.* where he proves that the sonnets were written 17
by a Willie Hughes, a man all hues.

— For Willie Hughes, is it not? the quaker librarian asked.

Or Hughie Wills. Mr William Himself. W. H.: who am I?

— I mean, for Willie Hughes, Mr Best said, amending his gloss easily. Of course it's all paradox, don't you know, Hughes and hews and hues the colour, but it's so typical the way he works it out. It's the very essence of Wilde, don't you know. The light touch.

His glance touched their faces lightly as he smiled, a blond ephebe. Tame essence of Wilde.

You're darned witty. Three drams of usquebaugh you drank with Dan Deasy's ducats.

How much did I spend? O, a few shillings.

For a plump of pressmen. Humour wet and dry.

Wit. You would give your five wits for youth's proud livery he pranks in. Lineaments of gratified desire.

There be many mo. Take her for me. In pairing time. Jove, a cool ruttime send them. Yea, turtledove her.

Eve. Naked wheatbellied sin. A snake coils her, fang in's kiss.

— Do you think it is only a paradox, the quaker librarian was asking. The mocker is never taken seriously when he is most serious.

They talked seriously of mocker's seriousness.

Buck Mulligan's again heavy face eyed Stephen awhile. Then, his head wagging, he came near, drew a folded telegram from his pocket. His mobile lips read, smiling with new delight.

— Telegram! he said. Wonderful inspiration! Telegram! A papal bull!

He sat on a corner of the unlit desk, reading aloud joyfully:

— *The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done.* Signed: Dedalus. Where did you launch it from? The kips? No. College Green. Have you drunk the four quid? The aunt is going to call on your unsubstantial father. Telegram! Malachi Mulligan, the Ship, lower Abbey street. O, you peerless mummer! O, you priestified kinchite!

Joyfully he thrust message and envelope into a pocket but keened in querulous brogue:

— It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were, Haines and myself, the time himself brought it in. 'Twas murmur we did for a gallus potion would rouse a friar, I'm thinking, and he limp with leching. And we one hour and two hours and three hours in Connery's sitting civil waiting for pints apiece.

He wailed:

— And we to be there, mavrone, and you to be unbeknownst sending us your conglomerations the way we to have our tongues out a yard long like the drouthy clerics do be fainting for a pussful.

Stephen laughed.

Quickly, warningfully Buck Mulligan bent down:

— The tramper Synge is looking for you, he said, to murder you. He heard you pissed on his halldoor in Glasthule. He's out in pampooties to murder you.

— Me! Stephen exclaimed. That was your contribution to literature.

Buck Mulligan gleefully bent back, laughing to the dark eavesdropping ceiling.

— Murder you! he laughed.

Harsh gargoyle face that warred against me over our mess of hash of lights in rue Saint-André-des-Arts. In words of words for words, palabras. Oisin with Patrick. Faunman he met in Clamart woods, brandishing a winebottle. *C'est vendredi saint!* Murthering Irish. His image, wandering, he met. I mine. I met a fool i' the forest. 1 2-3 4-5 6

— Mr Lyster, an attendant said from the door ajar.

—...in which everyone can find his own. So Mr Justice Madden in his *Diary of Master William Silence* has found the hunting terms... Yes? What is it? 7

— There's a gentleman here, sir, the attendant said, coming forward and offering a card. From the *Freeman*. He wants to see the files of the *Kilkenny People* for last year. 8

— Certainly, certainly, certainly. Is the gentleman?...

He took the eager card, glanced, not saw, laid down, unglanced, looked, asked, creaked, asked:

— Is he?... O, there!

Brisk in a galliard he was off and out. In the daylit corridor he talked with voluble pains of zeal, in duty bound, most fair, most kind, most honest broadbrim. 9 10

— This gentleman? *Freeman's Journal? Kilkenny People?* To be sure. Good day, sir. *Kilkenny*... We have certainly...

A patient silhouette waited, listening.

— All the leading provincial... *Northern Whig, Cork Examiner, Enniscorthy Guardian*, 1903... Will you please?... Evans, conduct this gentleman... If you just follow the atten... Or please allow me... This way... Please, sir... 11

Voluble, dutiful, he led the way to all the provincial papers, a bowing dark figure following his hasty heels.

The door closed.

— The sheeny! Buck Mulligan cried. 12

He jumped up and snatched the card.

— What's his name? Ikey Moses? Bloom. 13

He rattled on.

— Jehovah, collector of prepuces, is no more. I found him over in the museum when I went to hail the foamborn Aphrodite. The Greek mouth that has never been twisted in prayer. Every day we must do homage to her. *Life of life, thy lips enkindle.* 14 15 16

Suddenly he turned to Stephen:

— He knows you. He knows your old fellow. O, I fear me, he is Greeker than the Greeks. His pale Galilean eyes were upon her mesial groove. Venus Kallipyge. O, the thunder of those loins! *The god pursuing the maiden hid.* 17 18-20 21

— We want to hear more, John Eglinton decided with Mr Best's approval. We begin to be interested in Mrs S. Till now we had thought of her, if at all, as a patient Griselda, a Penelope stayathome. 22 23

— Antisthenes, pupil of Gorgias, Stephen said, took the palm of beauty from Kyrios Menelaus' brooddam, Argive Helen, the wooden mare of Troy in whom a score of heroes slept, and handed it to poor Penelope. Twenty years he lived in London and, during part of that time, he drew a salary equal to that of the lord chancellor of Ireland. His life was rich. His art, more than the art of feudalism, as Walt Whitman called it, is the art of surfeit. Hot herringpies, green mugs of sack, honeysauces, sugar of roses, marchpane, gooseberried pigeons, ringocandies. Sir Walter Raleigh, when they arrested him, had half a million francs on his back including a pair of fancy stays. The gombeen woman Eliza Tudor had underlinen 24-25 26-27 28 29 30 31 32

enough to vie with her of Sheba. Twenty years he dallied there between conjugal love and its chaste delights and scortatory love and its foul pleasures. You know Manningham's story of the burgher's wife who bade Dick Burbage to her bed after she had seen him in *Richard III* and how Shakespeare, overhearing, without more ado about nothing, took the cow by the horns and, when Burbage came knocking at the gate, answered from the capon's blankets: *William the conqueror came before Richard III.* And the gay lakin, mistress Fitton, mount and cry O, and his dainty birdsnies, lady Penelope Rich, a clean quality woman is suited for a player, and the punks of the bankside, a penny a time.

Cours-la-Reine. *Encore vingt sous. Nous ferons de petites cochonneries. Minette? Tu veux?*

— The height of fine society. And sir William Davenant of Oxford's mother with her cup of canary for every cockcanary.

Buck Mulligan, his pious eyes upturned, prayed:

— Blessed Margaret Mary Anycock!

— And Harry of six wives' daughter and other lady friends from neighbour seats, as Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet, sings. But all those twenty years what do you suppose poor Penelope in Stratford was doing behind the diamond panes?

Do and do. Thing done. In a rosery of Fetter Lane of Gerard, herbalist, he walks, greyedauburn. An azured harebell like her veins. Lids of Juno's eyes, violets. He walks. One life is all. One body. Do. But do. Afar, in a reek of lust and squalor, hands are laid on whiteness.

Buck Mulligan rapped John Eglinton's desk sharply.

— Whom do you suspect? he challenged.

— Say that he is the spurned lover in the sonnets. Once spurned twice spurned. But the court wanton spurned him for a lord, his dearmylove.

Love that dare not speak its name.

— As an Englishman, you mean, John sturdy Eglinton put in, he loved a lord.

Old wall where sudden lizards flash. At Charenton I watched them.

— It seems so, Stephen said, when he wants to do for him, and for all other and singular uneared wombs, the holy office an ostler does for the stallion. Maybe, like Socrates, he had a midwife to mother as he had a shrew to wife. But she, the giglot wanton, did not break a bedvow. Two deeds are rank in that ghost's mind: a broken vow and the dullbrained yokel on whom her favour has declined, deceased husband's brother. Sweet Ann I take it, was hot in the blood. Once a wooer twice a wooer.

Stephen turned boldly in his chair.

— The burden of proof is with you not with me, he said, frowning. If you deny that in the fifth scene of *Hamlet* he has branded her with infamy, tell me why there is no mention of her during the thirtyfour years between the day she married him and the day she buried him. All those women saw their men down and under: Mary, her goodman John, Ann, her poor dear Willun, when he went and died on her, raging that he was the first to go, Joan, her four brothers, Judith, her husband and all her sons, Susan, her husband too, while Susan's daughter, Elizabeth, to use granddaddy's words, wed her second, having killed her first.

O yes, mention there is. In the years when he was living richly in royal London to pay a debt she had to borrow forty shillings from her father's shepherd.

Explain you then. Explain the swansong too wherein he has commended her to posterity.

He faced their silence.

To whom thus Eglinton:

You mean the will.
That has been explained, I believe, by jurists.
She was entitled to her widow's dower
At common law. His legal knowledge was great
Our judges tell us.
Him Satan fleers,
Mocker:
And therefore he left out her name
From the first draft but he did not leave out
The presents for his granddaughter, for his daughters,
For his sister, for his old cronies in Stratford
And in London. And therefore when he was urged,
As I believe, to name her
He left her his
Secondbest
Bed.

Punkt

Leftherhis
Secondbest
Bestabed
Secabest
Leftabed.

Woa!

— Pretty countryfolk had few chattels then, John Eglinton observed, as they have still if our peasant plays are true to type.

— He was a rich countrygentleman, Stephen said, with a coat of arms and landed estate at Stratford and a house in Ireland yard, a capitalist shareholder, a bill promoter, a tithefarmer. Why did he not leave her his best bed if he wished her to snore away the rest of her nights in peace?

— It is clear that there were two beds, a best and a secondbest, Mr Secondbest Best said finely.

— *Separatio a mensa et a thalamo*, bettered Buck Mulligan and was smiled on.

— Antiquity mentions famous beds, Second Eglinton puckered, bedsmiling. Let me think.

— Antiquity mentions that Stagyrite schoolurchin and bald heathen sage, Stephen said, who when dying in exile frees and endows his slaves, pays tribute to his elders, wills to be laid in earth near the bones of his dead wife and bids his friends be kind to an old mistress (don't forget Nell Gwynn Herpyllis) and let her live in his villa.

— Do you mean he died so? Mr Best asked with slight concern. I mean…

— He died dead drunk, Buck Mulligan capped. A quart of ale is a dish for a king. O, I must tell you what Dowden said!

— What? asked Besteglinton.

William Shakespeare and company, limited. The people's William. For terms apply: E. Dowden, Highfield house…

— Lovely! Buck Mulligan suspired amorously. I asked him what he thought of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard. He lifted his hands and said: *All we can say is that life ran very high in those days.* Lovely!

Catamite.

— The sense of beauty leads us astray, said beautifulinsadness Best to ugling Eglinton.

Steadfast John replied severe:

— The doctor can tell us what those words mean. You cannot eat your cake and have it.

Sayest thou so? Will they wrest from us, from me the palm of beauty?

— And the sense of property, Stephen said. He drew Shylock out of his own long pocket. The son of a maltjobber and moneylender he was himself a cornjobber and moneylender with ten tods of corn hoarded in the famine riots. His borrowers are no doubt those divers of worship mentioned by Chettle Falstaff who reported his uprightness of dealing. He sued a fellowplayer for the price of a few bags of malt and exacted his pound of flesh in interest for every money lent. How else could Aubrey's ostler and callboy get rich quick? All events brought grist to his mill. Shylock chimes with the jewbaiting that followed the hanging and quartering of the queen's leech Lopez, his jew's heart being plucked forth while the sheeny was yet alive: *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* with the coming to the throne of a Scotch philosophaster with a turn for witchroasting. The lost armada is his jeer in *Love's Labour Lost.* His pageants, the histories, sail fullbellied on a tide of Mafeking enthusiasm. Warwickshire jesuits are tried and we have a porter's theory of equivocation. The *Sea Venture* comes home from Bermudas and the play Renan admired is written with Patsy Caliban, our American cousin. The sugared sonnets follow Sidney's. As for fay Elizabeth, otherwise carroty Bess, the gross virgin who inspired *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* let some meinherr from Almany grope his life long for deephid meanings in the depth of the buckbasket.

I think you're getting on very nicely. Just mix up a mixture of theolologicophilological. *Mingo, minxi, mictum, mingere.*

— Prove that he was a jew, John Eglinton dared, expectantly. Your dean of studies holds he was a holy Roman.

Sufflaminandus sum.

— He was made in Germany, Stephen replied, as the champion French polisher of Italian scandals.

— A myriadminded man, Mr Best reminded. Coleridge called him myriadminded.

Amplius. In societate humana hoc est maxime necessarium ut sit amicitia inter multos.

— Saint Thomas, Stephen began…

— *Ora pro nobis,* Monk Mulligan groaned, sinking to a chair.

There he keened a wailing rune.

— *Pogue mahone! Acushla machree!* It's destroyed we are from this day! It's destroyed we are surely!

All smiled their smiles.

— Saint Thomas, Stephen, smiling, said, whose gorbellied works I enjoy reading in the original, writing of incest from a standpoint different from that of the new Viennese school Mr Magee spoke of, likens it in his wise and curious way to an avarice of the emotions. He means that the love so given to one near in blood is covetously withheld from some stranger who, it may be, hungers for it. Jews, whom christians tax with avarice, are of all races the most given to intermarriage. Accusations are made in anger. The christian laws which built up the hoards of the jews (for whom, as for the lollards, storm was shelter) bound their affections too with hoops of steel. Whether these be sins or virtues old Nobodaddy will tell us at doomsday leet. But a man who holds so tightly to what he calls his rights over what he calls his debts will hold tightly also to what he calls his rights over her whom he calls his wife. No sir smile neighbour shall covet his ox or his wife or his manservant or his maidservant or his jackass.

— Or his jennyass, Buck Mulligan antiphoned.

— Gentle Will is being roughly handled, gentle Mr Best said gently.

— Which Will? gagged sweetly Buck Mulligan. We are getting mixed.

— The will to live, John Eglinton philosophised, for poor Ann, Will's widow, is the will to die.

— *Requiescat!* Stephen prayed.

What of all the will to do?
It has vanished long ago…

— She lies laid out in stark stiffness in that secondbest bed, the mobled queen, even though you prove that a bed in those days was as rare as a motorcar is now and that its carvings were the wonder of seven parishes. In old age she takes up with gospellers (one stayed at New Place and drank a quart of sack the town paid for but in which bed he slept it skills not to ask) and heard she had a soul. She read or had read to her his chapbooks preferring them to the *Merry Wives* and, loosing her nightly waters on the jordan, she thought over *Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches* and *The most Spiritual Snuffbox to Make the Most Devout Souls Sneeze.* Venus had twisted her lips in prayer. Agenbite of inwit: remorse of conscience. It is an age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god.

— History shows that to be true, *inquit Eglintonus Chronologos.* The ages succeed one another. But we have it on high authority that a man's worst enemies shall be those of his own house and family. I feel that Russell is right. What do we care for his wife and father? I should say that only family poets have family lives. Falstaff was not a family man. I feel that the fat knight is his supreme creation.

Lean, he lay back. Shy, deny thy kindred, the unco guid. Shy supping with the godless, he sneaks the cup. A sire in Ultonian Antrim bade it him. Visits him here on quarter days. Mr Magee, sir, there's a gentleman to see you. Me? Says he's your father, sir. Give me my Wordsworth. Enter Magee Mor Matthew, a rugged rough rugheaded kern, in strossers with a buttoned codpiece, his nether stocks bemired with clauber of ten forests, a wand of wilding in his hand.

Your own? He knows your old fellow. The widower.

Hurrying to her squalid deathlair from gay Paris on the quayside I touched his hand. The voice, new warmth, speaking. Dr Bob Kenny is attending her. The eyes that wish me well. But do not know me.

— A father, Stephen said, battling against hopelessness, is a necessary evil. He wrote the play in the months that followed his father's death. If you hold that he, a greying man with two marriageable daughters, with thirtyfive years of life, *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, with fifty of experience, is the beardless undergraduate from Wittenberg then you must hold that his seventyyear old mother is the lustful queen. No. The corpse of John Shakespeare does not walk the night. From hour to hour it rots and rots. He rests, disarmed of fatherhood, having devised that mystical estate upon his son. Boccaccio's Calandrino was the first and last man who felt himself with child. Fatherhood, in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the church is founded and founded irremovably because founded, like the world, macro- and microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood. *Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive, may be the only true thing in life. Paternity may be a legal fiction. Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son?

What the hell are you driving at?

I know. Shut up. Blast you! I have reasons.

Amplius. Adhuc. Iterum. Postea.

Are you condemned to do this?

— They are sundered by a bodily shame so steadfast that the criminal annals of the world, stained with all other incests and bestialities hardly record its breach. Sons with mothers, sires with daughters, lesbic sisters, loves that dare not speak their name, nephews with grandmothers, jailbirds with keyholes, queens with prize bulls. The son unborn mars beauty: born, he brings pain, divides affection, increases care. He is a male: his growth is his father's decline, his youth his father's envy, his friend his father's enemy.

In rue Monsieur-le-Prince I thought it.

— What links them in nature? An instant of blind rut.

Am I father? If I were?

Shrunken uncertain hand.

— Sabellius, the African, subtlest heresiarch of all the beasts of the field, held that the Father was Himself His Own Son. The bulldog of Aquin, with whom no word shall be impossible, refutes him. Well: if the father who has not a son be not a father can the son who has not a father be a son? When Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare or another poet of the same name in the comedy of errors wrote *Hamlet* he was not the father of his own son merely but, being no more a son, he was and felt himself the father of all his race, the father of his own grandfather, the father of his unborn grandson who, by the same token, never was born for nature, as Mr Magee understands her, abhors perfection.

Eglintoneyes, quick with pleasure, looked up shybrightly. Gladly glancing, a merry puritan, through the twisted eglantine.

Flatter. Rarely. But flatter.

— Himself his own father, Sonmulligan told himself. Wait. I am big with child. I have an unborn child in my brain. Pallas Athena! A play! The play's the thing! Let me parturiate!

He clasped his paunchbrow with both birthaiding hands.

— As for his family, Stephen said, his mother's name lives in the forest of Arden. Her death brought from him the scene with Volumnia in *Coriolanus*. His boyson's death is the deathscene of young Arthur in *King John*. Hamlet, the black prince, is Hamnet Shakespeare. Who the girls in *The Tempest*, in *Pericles*, in *Winter's Tale* are we know. Who Cleopatra, fleshpot of Egypt, and Cressid and Venus are we may guess. But there is another member of his family who is recorded.

— The plot thickens, John Eglinton said.

The quaker librarian, quaking, tiptoed in, quake, his mask, quake, with haste, quake, quack.

Door closed. Cell. Day.

They list. Three. They.

I you he they.

Come, mess.

STEPHEN

He had three brothers, Gilbert, Edmund, Richard. Gilbert in his old age told some cavaliers he got a pass for nowt from Maister Gatherer one time mass he did and he seen his brud Maister Wull the playwriter up in Lunnon in a wrastling play wud a man on's back. The playhouse sausage filled Gilbert's soul. He is nowhere: but an Edmund and a Richard are recorded in the works of sweet William.

MAGEEGLINJOHN

Names! What's in a name?

BEST

That is my name, Richard, don't you know. I hope you are going to say a good word for Richard, don't you know, for my sake.

(Laughter.)

BUCK MULLIGAN

(Piano, diminuendo.)

Then outspoke medical Dick
To his comrade medical Davy…

STEPHEN

In his trinity of black Wills, the villain shakebags, Iago, Richard Crookback, Edmund in *King Lear*, two bear the wicked uncles' names. Nay, that last play was written or being written while his brother Edmund lay dying in Southwark.

BEST

I hope Edmund is going to catch it. I don't want Richard, my name…

(Laughter.)

QUAKERLYSTER

(*A tempo.*) But he that filches from me my good name…

STEPHEN

(*Stringendo.*) He has hidden his own name, a fair name, William, in the plays, a super here, a clown there, as a painter of old Italy set his face in a dark corner of his canvas. He has revealed it in the sonnets where there is Will in overplus. Like John O'Gaunt his name is dear to him, as dear as the coat of arms he toadied for, on a bend sable a spear or steeled argent, honorificabilitudinitatibus, dearer than his glory of greatest shakescene in the country. What's in a name? That is what we ask ourselves in childhood when we write the name that we are told is ours. A star, a daystar, a firedrake rose at his birth. It shone by day in the heavens alone, brighter than Venus in the night, and by night it shone over delta in Cassiopeia, the recumbent constellation which is the signature of his initial among the stars. His eyes watched it, lowlying on the horizon, eastward of the bear, as he walked by the slumberous summer fields at midnight, returning from Shottery and from her arms.

Both satisfied. I too.

Don't tell them he was nine years old when it was quenched.

And from her arms.

Wait to be wooed and won. Ay, meacock. Who will woo you?

Read the skies. *Autontimerumenos. Bous Stephanoumenos.* Where's your configuration? Stephen, Stephen, cut the bread even. S. D: *sua donna. Già: di lui. Gelindo risolve di non amar S. D.*

— What is that, Mr Dedalus? the quaker librarian asked. Was it a celestial phenomenon?

— A star by night, Stephen said, a pillar of the cloud by day.

What more's to speak?

Stephen looked on his hat, his stick, his boots.

Stephanos, my crown. My sword. His boots are spoiling the shape of my feet. Buy a pair. Holes in my socks. Handkerchief too.

— You make good use of the name, John Eglinton allowed. Your own name is strange enough. I suppose it explains your fantastical humour.

Me, Magee and Mulligan.

Fabulous artificer, the hawklike man. You flew. Whereto? Newhaven-Dieppe, steerage passenger. Paris and back. Lapwing. Icarus. *Pater, ait.* Seabedabbled, fallen, weltering. Lapwing you are. Lapwing he.

Mr Best eagerquietly lifted his book to say:

— That's very interesting because that brother motive, don't you know, we find also in the old Irish myths. Just what you say. The three brothers Shakespeare. In Grimm too, don't you know, the fairytales. The third brother that marries the sleeping beauty and wins the best prize.

Best of Best brothers. Good, better, best.

The quaker librarian springhalted near.

— I should like to know, he said, which brother you… I understand you to suggest there was misconduct with one of the brothers… But perhaps I am anticipating?

He caught himself in the act: looked at all: refrained.

An attendant from the doorway called:

— Mr Lyster! Father Dineen wants… 1

— O! Father Dineen! Directly. 2

Swiftly rectly creaking rectly rectly he was rectly gone.

John Eglinton touched the foil.

— Come, he said. Let us hear what you have to say of Richard and Edmund. You kept them for the last, didn't you?

— In asking you to remember those two noble kinsmen nuncle Richie and nuncle 3-4
Edmund, Stephen answered, I feel I am asking too much perhaps. A brother is as easily forgotten as an umbrella.

Lapwing.

Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall. My whetstone. Him, then Cranly, 5-6
Mulligan: now these. Speech, speech. But act. Act speech. They mock to try you. Act. Be acted on.

Lapwing.

I am tired of my voice, the voice of Esau. My kingdom for a drink. 7

On.

— You will say those names were already in the chronicles from which he 8
took the stuff of his plays. Why did he take them rather than others? Richard, a 9
whoreson crookback, misbegotten, makes love to a widowed Ann (what's in a name?), woos and wins her, a whoreson merry widow. Richard the conqueror, 10
third brother, came after William the conquered. The other four acts of that play hang limply from that first. Of all his kings Richard is the only king unshielded by Shakespeare's reverence, the angel of the world. Why is the underplot of *King* 11-12
Lear in which Edmund figures lifted out of Sidney's *Arcadia* and spatchcocked on 13
to a Celtic legend older than history?

— That was Will's way, John Eglinton defended. We should not now combine a Norse saga with an excerpt from a novel by George Meredith. *Que voulez-vous?* 14-15
Moore would say. He puts Bohemia on the seacoast and makes Ulysses quote 16-17
Aristotle.

— Why? Stephen answered himself. Because the theme of the false or the usurping or the adulterous brother or all three in one is to Shakespeare, what 18
the poor is not, always with him. The note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds uninterruptedly from *The Two Gentlemen* 19
of Verona onward till Prospero breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth and drowns his book. It doubles itself in the middle of his life, reflects itself in another, repeats itself, protasis, epitasis, catastasis, catastrophe. It repeats itself 20
again when he is near the grave, when his married daughter Susan, chip of the 21
old block, is accused of adultery. But it was the original sin that darkened his understanding, weakened his will and left in him a strong inclination to evil. The words are those of my lords bishops of Maynooth: an original sin and, like original 22-23
sin, committed by another in whose sin he too has sinned. It is between the lines of his last written words, it is petrified on his tombstone under which her four 24
bones are not to be laid. Age has not withered it. Beauty and peace have not done 25
it away. It is in infinite variety everywhere in the world he has created, in *Much* 26
Ado about Nothing, twice in *As you like It*, in *The Tempest*, in *Hamlet*, in *Measure for Measure*, and in all the other plays which I have not read.

He laughed to free his mind from his mind's bondage.

Judge Eglinton summed up.

— The truth is midway, he affirmed. He is the ghost and the prince. He is all in all.

— He is, Stephen said. The boy of act one is the mature man of act five. All in all. In *Cymbeline*, in *Othello* he is bawd and cuckold. He acts and is acted on. Lover of an ideal or a perversion, like José he kills the real Carmen. His unremitting intellect is the hornmad Iago ceaselessly willing that the moor in him shall suffer.

— Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck Mulligan clucked lewdly. O word of fear!

Dark dome received, reverbed.

— And what a character is Iago! undaunted John Eglinton exclaimed. When all is said Dumas *fils* (or is it Dumas *père*?) is right. After God Shakespeare has created most.

— Man delights him not nor woman neither, Stephen said. He returns after a life of absence to that spot of earth where he was born, where he has always been, man and boy, a silent witness and there, his journey of life ended, he plants his mulberrytree in the earth. Then dies. The motion is ended. Gravediggers bury Hamlet *père* and Hamlet *fils*. A king and a prince at last in death, with incidental music. And, what though murdered and betrayed, bewept by all frail tender hearts for, Dane or Dubliner, sorrow for the dead is the only husband from whom they refuse to be divorced. If you like the epilogue look long on it: prosperous Prospero, the good man rewarded, Lizzie, grandpa's lump of love, and nuncle Richie, the bad man taken off by poetic justice to the place where the bad niggers go. Strong curtain. He found in the world without as actual what was in his world within as possible. Maeterlinck says: *If Socrates leave his house today he will find the sage seated on his doorstep. If Judas go forth tonight it is to Judas his steps will tend.* Every life is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love. But always meeting ourselves. The playwright who wrote the folio of this world and wrote it badly (He gave us light first and the sun two days later), the lord of things as they are whom the most Roman of catholics call *dio boia*, hangman god, is doubtless all in all in all of us, ostler and butcher, and would be bawd and cuckold too but that in the economy of heaven, foretold by Hamlet, there are no more marriages, glorified man, an androgynous angel, being a wife unto himself.

— *Eureka!* Buck Mulligan cried. *Eureka!*

Suddenly happied he jumped up and reached in a stride John Eglinton's desk.

— May I? he said. The Lord has spoken to Malachi.

He began to scribble on a slip of paper.

Take some slips from the counter going out.

— Those who are married, Mr Best, douce herald, said, all save one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.

He laughed, unmarried, at Eglinton Johannes, of arts a bachelor.

Unwed, unfancied, ware of wiles, they fingerponder nightly each his variorum edition of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

— You are a delusion, said roundly John Eglinton to Stephen. You have brought us all this way to show us a French triangle. Do you believe your own theory?

— No, Stephen said promptly.

— Are you going to write it? Mr Best asked. You ought to make it a dialogue, don't you know, like the Platonic dialogues Wilde wrote. 1

John Eclecticon doubly smiled.

— Well, in that case, he said, I don't see why you should expect payment for it since you don't believe it yourself. Dowden believes there is some mystery in 2
Hamlet but will say no more. Herr Bleibtreu, the man Piper met in Berlin, who is 3
working up that Rutland theory, believes that the secret is hidden in the Stratford 4
monument. He is going to visit the present duke, Piper says, and prove to him 5
that his ancestor wrote the plays. It will come as a surprise to his grace. But he believes his theory.

I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief. That is, help me to believe or help me to 6
unbelieve? Who helps to believe? *Egomen.* Who to unbelieve? Other chap. 7

— You are the only contributor to *Dana* who asks for pieces of silver. Then I don't 8
know about the next number. Fred Ryan wants space for an article on economics.

Fraidrine. Two pieces of silver he lent me. Tide you over. Economics. 9

— For a guinea, Stephen said, you can publish this interview.

Buck Mulligan stood up from his laughing scribbling, laughing: and then gravely said, honeying malice:

— I called upon the bard Kinch at his summer residence in upper Mecklenburgh 10
street and found him deep in the study of the *Summa contra Gentiles* in the company 11
of two gonorrheal ladies, Fresh Nelly and Rosalie, the coalquay whore. 12

He broke away.

— Come, Kinch. Come, wandering Ængus of the birds. 13

Come, Kinch, you have eaten all we left. Ay. I will serve you your orts and offals. 14

Stephen rose.

Life is many days. This will end.

— We shall see you tonight, John Eglinton said. *Notre ami* Moore says Malachi 15
Mulligan must be there.

Buck Mulligan flaunted his slip and panama.

— Monsieur Moore, he said, lecturer on French letters to the youth of Ireland. 16
I'll be there. Come, Kinch, the bards must drink. Can you walk straight?

Laughing he…

Swill till eleven. Irish nights entertainment. 17-18

Lubber… 19

Stephen followed a lubber…

One day in the national library we had a discussion. Shakes. After his lub back I followed. I gall his kibe. 20

Stephen, greeting, then all amort, followed a lubber jester, a wellkempt head, 21-22
newbarbered, out of the vaulted cell into a shattering daylight of no thoughts.

What have I learned? Of them? Of me?

Walk like Haines now.

The constant readers' room. In the readers' book Cashel Boyle O'Connor 23
Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell parafes his polysyllables. Item: was Hamlet mad? The 24
quaker's pate godlily with a priesteen in booktalk. 25

— O please do, sir… I shall be most pleased…

Amused Buck Mulligan mused in pleasant murmur with himself, selfnodding:

— A pleased bottom. 26

The turnstile.

Is that?... Blueribboned hat... Idly writing... What? Looked?...

The curving balustrade; smoothsliding Mincius.

Puck Mulligan, panamahelmeted, went step by step, iambing, trolling:

John Eglinton, my jo, John.
Why won't you wed a wife?

He sputtered to the air:

— O, the chinless Chinaman! Chin Chon Eg Lin Ton. We went over to their playbox, Haines and I, the plumbers' hall. Our players are creating a new art for Europe like the Greeks or M. Maeterlinck. Abbey theatre! I smell the public sweat of monks.

He spat blank.

Forgot: any more than he forgot the whipping lousy Lucy gave him. And left the *femme de trente ans*. And why no other children born? And his first child a girl?

Afterwit. Go back.

The dour recluse still there (he has his cake) and the douce youngling, minion of pleasure, Phedo's toyable fair hair.

Eh... I just eh... wanted... I forgot... he...

— Longworth and M'Curdy Atkinson were there...

Puck Mulligan footed featly, trilling:

I hardly hear the purlieu cry
Or a Tommy talk as I pass one by
Before my thoughts begin to run
On F. M'Curdy Atkinson,
The same that had the wooden leg
And that filibustering fillibeg
That never dared to slake his drouth,
Magee that had the chinless mouth.
Being afraid to marry on earth
They masturbated for all they were worth.

Jest on. Know thyself.

Halted below me, a quizzer looks at me. I halt.

— Mournful mummer, Buck Mulligan moaned. Synge has left off wearing black to be like nature. Only crows, priests and English coal are black.

A laugh tripped over his lips.

— Longworth is awfully sick, he said, after what you wrote about that old hake Gregory. O you inquisitional drunken jew jesuit! She gets you a job on the paper and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus. Couldn't you do the Yeats touch?

He went on and down, mopping, chanting with waving graceful arms:

— The most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time. One thinks of Homer.

He stopped at the stairfoot.

— I have conceived a play for the mummers, he said solemnly.

The pillared Moorish hall, shadows entwined. Gone the nine men's morrice 1
with caps of indices.

In sweetly varying voices Buck Mulligan read his tablet:

Everyman His Own Wife 2
or
A Honeymoon in the Hand
(a national immorality in three orgasms)
by
Ballocky Mulligan

He turned a happy patch's smirk to Stephen, saying: 3
— The disguise, I fear, is thin. But listen.

He read, *marcato:* 4
— Characters:

Toby Tostoff (a ruined Pole). 5
Crab (a bushranger). 6
Medical Dick and Medical Davy } (two birds with one stone). 7
Mother Grogan (a watercarrier). 8
Fresh Nelly and Rosalie (the coalquay whore). 9

He laughed, lolling a to and fro head, walking on, followed by Stephen: and mirthfully he told the shadows, souls of men:

— O, the night in the Camden hall when the daughters of Erin had to lift 10-11
their skirts to step over you as you lay in your mulberrycoloured, multicoloured, multitudinous vomit!

— The most innocent son of Erin, Stephen said, for whom they ever lifted them.

About to pass through the doorway, feeling one behind, he stood aside.

Part. The moment is now. Where then? If Socrates leave his house today, if Judas 12
go forth tonight. Why? That lies in space which I in time must come to, ineluctably.

My will: his will that fronts me. Seas between.

A man passed out between them, bowing, greeting.

— Good day again, Buck Mulligan said.

The portico.

Here I watched the birds for augury. Ængus of the birds. They go, they come. 13
Last night I flew. Easily flew. Men wondered. Street of harlots after. A creamfruit melon he held to me. In. You will see.

— The wandering jew, Buck Mulligan whispered with clown's awe. Did you 14
see his eye? He looked upon you to lust after you. I fear thee, ancient mariner. O, 15-16
Kinch, thou art in peril. Get thee a breechpad.

Manner of Oxenford.

Day. Wheelbarrow sun over arch of bridge.

A dark back went before them. Step of a pard, down, out by the gateway, under
1 portcullis barbs.

They followed.

Offend me still. Speak on.

2 Kind air defined the coigns of houses in Kildare street. No birds. Frail from the housetops two plumes of smoke ascended, pluming, and in a flaw of softness softly were blown.

3-5 Cease to strive. Peace of the druid priests of Cymbeline, hierophantic: from wide earth an altar.

6 *Laud we the gods*
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars.

The Superior, the very reverend John Conmee S. J., reset his smooth watch in his interior pocket as he came down the presbytery steps. Five to three. Just nice time to walk to Artane. What was that boy's name again? Dignam, yes. *Vere dignum et justum est.* Brother Swan was the person to see. Mr Cunningham's letter. Yes. Oblige him, if possible. Good practical catholic: useful at mission time.

A onelegged sailor, swinging himself onward by lazy jerks of his crutches, growled some notes. He jerked short before the convent of the sisters of charity and held out a peaked cap for alms towards the very reverend John Conmee S. J. Father Conmee blessed him in the sun for his purse held, he knew, one silver crown.

Father Conmee crossed to Mountjoy square. He thought, but not for long, of soldiers and sailors, whose legs had been shot off by cannonballs, ending their days in some pauper ward, and of cardinal Wolsey's words: *If I had served my God as I had served my king He would not have abandoned me in my old days.* He walked by the treeshade of sunnywinking leaves and towards him came the wife of Mr David Sheehy M. P.

— Very well, indeed, father. And you father?

Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad indeed to hear that. And Mr Sheehy himself? Still in London. The house was still sitting, to be sure it was. Beautiful weather it was, delightful indeed. Yes, it was very probable that Father Bernard Vaughan would come again to preach. O, yes: a very great success. A wonderful man really.

Father Conmee was very glad to see the wife of Mr David Sheehy M. P. looking so well and he begged to be remembered to Mr David Sheehy M. P. Yes, he would certainly call.

— Good afternoon, Mrs Sheehy.

Father Conmee doffed his silk hat, as he took leave, at the jet beads of her mantilla inkshining in the sun. And smiled yet again in going. He had cleaned his teeth, he knew, with arecanut paste.

Father Conmee walked and, walking, smiled for he thought on Father Bernard Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice.

— Pilate! Wy don't you old back that owlin mob?

A zealous man, however. Really he was. And really did great good in his way. Beyond a doubt. He loved Ireland, he said, and he loved the Irish. Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?

O, lest he forget. That letter to father provincial.

Father Conmee stopped three little schoolboys at the corner of Mountjoy square. Yes: they were from Belvedere. The little house: Aha. And were they good boys at school? O. That was very good now. And what was his name? Jack Sohan. And his name? Ger. Gallaher. And the other little man? His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.

Father Conmee gave a letter from his breast to master Brunny Lynam and pointed to the red pillarbox at the corner of Fitzgibbon street.

— But mind you don't post yourself into the box, little man, he said.

The boys sixeyed Father Conmee and laughed.

— O, sir.

— Well, let me see if you can post a letter, Father Conmee said.

Master Brunny Lynam ran across the road and put Father Conmee's letter to father provincial into the mouth of the bright red letterbox, Father Conmee smiled and nodded and smiled and walked along Mountjoy square east.

Mr Denis J. Maginni, professor of dancing, &c., in silk hat, slate frock coat with silk facings, white kerchief tie, tight lavender trousers, canary gloves and pointed patent boots, walking with grave deportment most respectfully took the curbstone as he passed lady Maxwell at the corner of Dignam's court.

Was that not Mrs M'Guinness?

Mrs M'Guinness, stately, silverhaired, bowed to Father Conmee from the farther footpath along which she sailed. And Father Conmee smiled and saluted. How did she do?

A fine carriage she had. Like Mary, queen of Scots, something. And to think that she was a pawnbroker. Well, now! Such a... what should he say?... such a queenly mien.

Father Conmee walked down Great Charles Street and glanced at the shutup free church on his left. The reverend T. R. Greene B. A. will (D. V.) speak. The incumbent they called him. He felt it incumbent on him to say a few words. But one should be charitable. Invincible ignorance. They acted according to their lights.

Father Conmee turned the corner and walked along the North Circular road. It was a wonder that there was not a tramline in such an important thoroughfare. Surely, there ought to be.

A band of satchelled schoolboys crossed from Richmond street. All raised untidy caps. Father Conmee greeted them more than once benignly. Christian brother boys.

Father Conmee smelled incense on his right hand as he walked. Saint Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females. Father Conmee raised his hat to the Blessed Sacrament. Virtuous: but occasionally they were also badtempered.

Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift nobleman. And now it was an office or something.

Father Conmee began to walk along the North Strand road and was saluted by Mr William Gallagher who stood in the doorway of his shop. Father Conmee saluted Mr William Gallagher and perceived the odours that came from baconflitches and ample cools of butter. He passed Grogan's the tobacconist against which newsboards leaned and told of a dreadful catastrophe in New York. In America those things were continually happening. Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition.

Father Conmee went by Daniel Bergin's publichouse against the window of which two unlabouring men lounged. They saluted him and were saluted. 1

Father Conmee passed H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment where Corny Kelleher totted figures in the daybook while he chewed a blade of hay. A constable on his beat saluted Father Conmee and Father Conmee saluted the constable. In Youkstetter's, the porkbutcher's, Father Conmee observed pig's puddings, white and black and red, lying neatly curled in tubes. 2-3 4

Moored under the trees of Charleville Mall Father Conmee saw a turfbarge, a towhorse with pendent head, a bargeman with a hat of dirty straw seated amidships, smoking and staring at a branch of poplar above him. It was idyllic: and Father Conmee reflected on the providence of the Creator who had made turf to be in bogs where men might dig it out and bring it to town and hamlet to make fires in the houses of poor people. 5

On Newcomen bridge the very reverend John Conmee S. J. of saint Francis Xavier's church, upper Gardiner street, stepped on to an outward bound tram. 6-7 8

Off an inward bound tram stepped the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of saint Agatha's church, north William street, on to Newcomen bridge. 9

At Newcomen bridge Father Conmee stepped into an outward bound tram for he disliked to traverse on foot the dingy way past Mud Island. 10

Father Conmee sat in a corner of the tramcar, a blue ticket tucked with care in the eye of one plump kid glove, while four shillings, a sixpence and five pennies chuted from his other plump glovepalm into his purse. Passing the ivy church he reflected that the ticket inspector usually made his visit when one had carelessly thrown away the ticket. The solemnity of the occupants of the car seemed to Father Conmee excessive for a journey so short and cheap. Father Conmee liked cheerful decorum. 11

It was a peaceful day. The gentleman with the glasses opposite Father Conmee had finished explaining and looked down. His wife, Father Conmee supposed. A tiny yawn opened the mouth of the wife of the gentleman with the glasses. She raised her small gloved fist, yawned ever so gently, tiptapping her small gloved fist on her opening mouth and smiled tinily, sweetly.

Father Conmee perceived her perfume in the car. He perceived also that the awkward man at the other side of her was sitting on the edge of the seat.

Father Conmee at the altarrails placed the host with difficulty in the mouth of the awkward old man who had the shaky head.

At Annesley bridge the tram halted and, when it was about to go, an old woman rose suddenly from her place to alight. The conductor pulled the bellstrap to stay the car for her. She passed out with her basket and a market net: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down: and Father Conmee thought that, as she had nearly passed the end of the penny fare, she was one of those good souls who had always to be told twice *bless you, my child,* that they have been absolved, *pray for me.* But they had so many worries in life, so many cares, poor creatures. 12 13

From the hoardings Mr Eugene Stratton grinned with thick niggerlips at Father Conmee. 14

Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon of saint Peter Claver S. J. and the African mission and of the propagation 15

of the faith and of the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not
1 received the baptism of water when their last hour came like a thief in the night.
2 That book by the Belgian jesuit, *Le Nombre des Élus*, seemed to Father Conmee a
3 reasonable plea. Those were millions of human souls created by God in His Own
4 likeness to whom the faith had not (D. V.) been brought. But they were God's souls created by God. It seemed to Father Conmee a pity that they should all be lost, a waste, if one might say.

5 At the Howth road stop Father Conmee alighted, was saluted by the conductor and saluted in his turn.

6-7 The Malahide road was quiet. It pleased Father Conmee, road and name. The
8 joybells were ringing in gay Malahide. Lord Talbot de Malahide, immediate hereditary lord admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining. Then came the call
9 to arms and she was maid, wife and widow in one day. Those were oldworldish
10-11 days, loyal times in joyous townlands, old times in the barony.

Father Conmee, walking, thought of his little book *Old Times in the Barony* and
12 of the book that might be written about jesuit houses and of Mary Rochfort, daughter of lord Molesworth, first countess of Belvedere.

13 A listless lady, no more young, walked alone the shore of lough Ennel, Mary, first countess of Belvedere, listlessly walking in the evening, not startled when an
14 otter plunged. Who could know the truth? Not the jealous lord Belvedere and not
15 her confessor if she had not committed adultery fully, *eiaculatio seminis inter vas naturale mulieris*, with her husband's brother? She would half confess if she had not all sinned as women did. Only God knew and she and he, her husband's brother.

Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for men's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways.

16 Don John Conmee walked and moved in times of yore. He was humane and honoured there. He bore in mind secrets confessed and he smiled at smiling noble
17 faces in a beeswaxed drawingroom, ceiled with full fruit clusters. And the hands of a bride and of a bridegroom, noble to noble, were impalmed by don John Conmee.

It was a charming day.

The lychgate of a field showed Father Conmee breadths of cabbages, curtseying to him with ample underleaves. The sky showed him a flock of small white clouds
18 going slowly down the wind. *Moutonner*, the French said. A homely and just word.
19 Father Conmee, reading his office, watched a flock of muttoning clouds over
20 Rathcoffey. His thinsocked ankles were tickled by the stubble of Clongowes field.
21 He walked there, reading in the evening and heard the cries of the boys' lines at their play, young cries in the quiet evening. He was their rector: his reign was mild.

Father Conmee drew off his gloves and took his rededged breviary out. An ivory bookmark told him the page.

22-23 Nones. He should have read that before lunch. But lady Maxwell had come.

24-25 Father Conmee read in secret *Pater* and *Ave* and crossed his breast. *Deus in adiutorium.*

He walked calmly and read mutely the nones, walking and reading till he came
26 to *Res* in *Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia iudicia iustitiæ tuæ.*

A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. The young man raised his cap

abruptly: the young woman abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

Father Conmee blessed both gravely and turned a thin page of his breviary. *Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis: et a verbis tuis formidavit cor meum.* 1

*

Corny Kelleher closed his long daybook and glanced with his drooping eye at a pine coffinlid sentried in a corner. He pulled himself erect, went to it and, spinning it on its axle, viewed its shape and brass furnishings. Chewing his blade of hay he laid the coffinlid by and came to the doorway. There he tilted his hatbrim to give shade to his eyes and leaned against the doorcase, looking idly out.

Father John Conmee stepped into the Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge. 2

Corny Kelleher locked his largefooted boots and gazed, his hat downtilted, chewing his blade of hay.

Constable 57C, on his beat, stood to pass the time of day. 3

— That's a fine day, Mr Kelleher.

— Ay, Corny Kelleher said.

— It's very close, the constable said. 4

Corny Kelleher sped a silent jet of hayjuice arching from his mouth while a generous white arm from a window in Eccles street flung forth a coin.

— What's the best news? he asked.

— I seen that particular party last evening, the constable said with bated breath.

*

A onelegged sailor crutched himself round MacConnell's corner, skirting 5
Rabaiotti's icecream car, and jerked himself up Eccles street. Towards Larry 6-7
O'Rourke, in shirtsleeves in his doorway, he growled unamiably.

— *For England...* 8

He swung himself violently forward past Katey and Boody Dedalus, halted and 9
growled:

— *home and beauty.*

J. J. O'Molloy's white careworn face was told that Mr Lambert was in the 10-11
warehouse with a visitor.

A stout lady stopped, took a copper coin from her purse and dropped it into the cap held out to her. The sailor grumbled thanks and glanced sourly at the unheeding windows, sank his head and swung himself forward four strides.

He halted and growled angrily:

— *For England...*

Two barefoot urchins, sucking long liquorice laces, halted near him, gaping at his stump with their yellowslobbered mouths.

He swung himself forward in vigorous jerks, halted, lifted his head towards a window and bayed deeply:

— *home and beauty.*

The gay sweet chirping whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased. The blind 12
of the window was drawn aside. A card *Unfurnished Apartments* slipped from the sash and fell. A plump bare generous arm shone, was seen, held forth from a white

petticoatbodice and taut shiftstraps. A woman's hand flung forth a coin over the area railings. It fell on the path.

One of the urchins ran to it, picked it up and dropped it into the minstrel's cap, saying:

— There, sir.

*

Katey and Boody Dedalus shoved in the door of the close steaming kitchen.

— Did you put in the books? Boody asked.

Maggy at the range rammed down a greyish mass beneath bubbling suds twice with her potstick and wiped her brow.

— They wouldn't give anything on them, she said.

Father Conmee walked through Clongowes fields, his thinsocked ankles tickled by stubble.

— Where did you try? Boody asked.

— M'Guinness's.

Boody stamped her foot and threw her satchel on the table.

— Bad cess to her big face! she cried.

Katey went to the range and peered with squinting eyes.

— What's in the pot? she asked.

— Shirts, Maggy said.

Boody cried angrily:

— Crickey, is there nothing for us to eat?

Katey, lifting the kettlelid in a pad of her stained skirt, asked:

— And what's in this?

A heavy fume gushed in answer.

— Peasoup, Maggy said.

— Where did you get it? Katey asked.

— Sister Mary Patrick, Maggy said.

The lacquey rang his bell.

— Barang!

Boody sat down at the table and said hungrily:

— Give us it here!

Maggy poured yellow thick soup from the kettle into a bowl. Katey, sitting opposite Boody, said quietly, as her fingertip lifted to her mouth random crumbs.

— A good job we have that much. Where's Dilly?

— Gone to meet father, Maggy said.

Boody, breaking big chunks of bread into the yellow soup, added:

— Our father who art not in heaven.

Maggy, pouring yellow soup in Katey's bowl, exclaimed:

— Boody! For shame!

A skiff, a crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly down the Liffey, under Loopline bridge, shooting the rapids where water chafed around the bridgepiers, sailing eastward past hulls and anchorchains, between the Customhouse old dock and George's quay.

*

The blond girl in Thornton's bedded the wicker basket with rustling fibre. Blazes 1
Boylan handed her the bottle swathed in pink tissue paper and a small jar.

— Put these in first, will you? he said.

— Yes, sir, the blond girl said, and the fruit on top.

— That'll do, game ball, Blazes Boylan said. 2

She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them ripe shamefaced peaches.

Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the fruit-smelling shop, lifting fruits, young juicy crinkled and plump red tomatoes, sniffing smells.

H. E. L. Y.'S. filed before him, tallwhitehatted, past Tangier lane, plodding 3-4
towards their goal.

He turned suddenly from a chip of strawberries, drew a gold watch from his fob and held it at its chain's length.

— Can you send them by tram? Now?

A darkbacked figure under Merchants' arch scanned books on the hawker's car. 5

— Certainly, sir. Is it in the city?

— O, yes, Blazes Boylan said. Ten minutes.

The blond girl handed him a docket and pencil.

— Will you write the address, sir?

Blazes Boylan at the counter wrote and pushed the docket to her.

— Send it at once, will you? he said. It's for an invalid. 6

— Yes, sir. I will, sir.

Blazes Boylan rattled merry money in his trousers' pocket.

— What's the damage? he asked.

The blond girl's slim fingers reckoned the fruits.

Blazes Boylan looked into the cut of her blouse. A young pullet. He took a red 7
carnation from the tall stemglass.

— This for me? he asked gallantly.

The blond girl glanced sideways at him, got up regardless, with his tie a bit crooked, blushing.

— Yes, sir, she said.

Bending archly she reckoned again fat pears and blushing peaches.

Blazes Boylan looked in her blouse with more favour, the stalk of the red flower between his smiling teeth.

— May I say a word to your telephone, missy? he asked roguishly.

*

— *Ma!* Almidano Artifoni said. 8-9

He gazed over Stephen's shoulder at Goldsmith's knobby poll. 10

Two carfuls of tourists passed slowly, their women sitting fore, gripping frankly 11
the handrests. Pale faces. Men's arms frankly round their stunted forms. They looked from Trinity to the blind columned porch of the bank of Ireland where 12
pigeons roocoocooed.

— *Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee*, Almidano Artifoni said, *quand' ero giovine come* 13
Lei. Eppoi mi sono convinto che il mondo è una bestia. È peccato. Perchè la sua voce… sarebbe un cespite di rendita, via. Invece, Lei si sacrifica.

— *Sacrifizio incruento*, Stephen said smiling, swaying his ashplant in slow swing-swong from its midpoint, lightly.

— *Speriamo*, the round mustachioed face said pleasantly. *Ma, dia retta a me. Ci rifletta.*

By the stern stone hand of Grattan, bidding halt, an Inchicore tram unloaded straggling Highland soldiers of a band.

— *Ci rifletterò*, Stephen said, glancing down the solid trouserleg.

— *Ma, sul serio, eh?* Almidano Artifoni said.

His heavy hand took Stephen's firmly. Human eyes. They gazed curiously an instant and turned quickly towards a Dalkey tram.

— *Eccolo*, Almidano Artifoni said in friendly haste. *Venga a trovarmi e ci pensi. Addio, caro.*

— *Arrivederla, maestro*, Stephen said, raising his hat when his hand was freed. *E grazie.*

— *Di che?* Almidano Artifoni said. *Scusi, eh? Tante belle cose!*

Almidano Artifoni, holding up a baton of rolled music as a signal, trotted on stout trousers after the Dalkey tram. In vain he trotted, signalling in vain among the rout of barekneed gillies smuggling implements of music through Trinity gates.

*

Miss Dunne hid the Capel street library copy of *The Woman in White* far back in her drawer and rolled a sheet of gaudy notepaper into her typewriter.

Too much mystery business in it. Is he in love with that one, Marion? Change it and get another by Mary Cecil Haye.

The disk shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased and ogled them: six.

Miss Dunne clicked on the keyboard:

— 16 June 1904.

Five tallwhitehatted sandwichmen between Monypeny's corner and the slab where Wolfe Tone's statue was not, eeled themselves turning H. E. L. Y.'S and plodded back as they had come.

Then she stared at the large poster of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, and, listlessly lolling, scribbled on the jotter sixteens and capital esses. Mustard hair and dauby cheeks. She's not nicelooking, is she? The way she is holding up her bit of a skirt. Wonder will that fellow be at the band tonight. If I could get that dressmaker to make a concertina skirt like Susy Nagle's. They kick out grand. Shannon and all the boatclub swells never took his eyes off her. Hope to goodness he won't keep me here till seven.

The telephone rang rudely by her ear.

— Hello. Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five. Only those two, sir, for Belfast and Liverpool. All right, sir. Then I can go after six if you're not back. A quarter after. Yes, sir. Twentyseven and six. I'll tell him. Yes: one, seven, six.

She scribbled three figures on an envelope.

— Mr Boylan! Hello! That gentleman from *Sport* was in looking for you. Mr Lenehan, yes. He said he'll be in the Ormond at four. No, sir. Yes, sir. I'll ring them up after five.

*

Two pink faces turned in the flare of the tiny torch.

— Who's that? Ned Lambert asked. Is that Crotty? 1-2

— Ringabella and Crosshaven, a voice replied, groping for foothold. 3

— Hello, Jack, is that yourself? Ned Lambert said, raising in salute his pliant lath among the flickering arches. Come on. Mind your steps there. 4

The vesta in the clergyman's uplifted hand consumed itself in a long soft flame and was let fall. At their feet its red speck died: and mouldy air closed round them. 5

— How interesting! a refined accent said in the gloom.

— Yes, sir, Ned Lambert said heartily. We are standing in the historic council chamber of saint Mary's abbey where silken Thomas proclaimed himself a rebel in 1534. This is the most historic spot in all Dublin. O'Madden Burke is going to write something about it one of these days. The old bank of Ireland was over the way till the time of the union and the original jews' temple was here too before they built their synagogue over in Adelaide road. You were never here before, Jack, were you? 6 7 8 9 10

— No, Ned.

— He rode down through Dame walk, the refined accent said, if my memory serves me. The mansion of the Kildares was in Thomas court. 11

— That's right, Ned Lambert said. That's quite right, sir.

— If you will be so kind then, the clergyman said, the next time to allow me perhaps...

— Certainly, Ned Lambert said. Bring the camera whenever you like. I'll get those bags cleared away from the windows. You can take it from here or from here.

In the still faint light he moved about, tapping with his lath the piled seedbags and points of vantage on the floor.

From a long face a beard and gaze hung on a chessboard.

— I'm deeply obliged, Mr Lambert, the clergyman said. I won't trespass on your valuable time...

— You're welcome, sir, Ned Lambert said. Drop in whenever you like. Next week, say. Can you see?

— Yes, yes. Good afternoon, Mr Lambert. Very pleased to have met you.

— Pleasure is mine, sir, Ned Lambert answered.

He followed his guest to the outlet and then whirled his lath away among the pillars. With J. J. O'Molloy he came forth slowly into Mary's abbey where draymen were loading floats with sacks of carob and palm nut meal, O'Connor, Wexford. 12 13

He stood to read the card in his hand.

— The reverend Hugh C. Love, Rathcoffey. Present address: Saint Michael's, Sallins. Nice young chap he is. He's writing a book about the Fitzgeralds he told me. He's well up in history, faith. 14 15

The young woman with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig.

— I thought you were at a new gunpowder plot, J. J. O'Molloy said. 16

Ned Lambert cracked his fingers in the air.

— God, he cried. I forgot to tell him that one about the earl of Kildare after he set fire to Cashel cathedral. You know that one? *I'm bloody sorry I did it*, says he, *but I declare to God I thought the archbishop was inside.* He mightn't like it, though. What? God, I'll tell him anyhow. That was the great earl, the Fitzgerald Mor. Hot members they were all of them, the Geraldines. 17 18 19

The horses he passed started nervously under their slack harness. He slapped a piebald haunch quivering near him and cried:

— Woa, sonny!

He turned to J. J. O'Molloy and asked:

— Well, Jack. What is it? What's the trouble? Wait a while. Hold hard.

With gaping mouth and head far back he stood still and, after an instant, sneezed loudly.

— Chow! he said. Blast you!

— The dust from those sacks, J. J. O'Molloy said politely.

— No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of draught...

He held his handkerchief ready for the coming...

— I was... this morning... poor little... what do you call him... Chow!... Mother of Moses!

*

1 Tom Rochford took the top disk from the pile he clasped against his claret waistcoat.

2 — See? he said. Say it's turn six. In here, see. Turn Now On.

He slid it into the left slot for them. It shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased, ogling them: six.

Lawyers of the past, haughty, pleading, beheld pass from the consolidated taxing
3-6 office to Nisi Prius court Richie Goulding carrying the costbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward and heard rustling from the admiralty division of king's bench to the court of appeal an elderly female with false teeth smiling incredulously and a black silk skirt of great amplitude.

— See? he said. See now the last one I put in is over here. Turns Over. The impact. Leverage, see?

He showed them the rising column of disks on the right.

7 — Smart idea, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. So a fellow coming in late can see what turn is on and what turns are over.

— See? Tom Rochford said.

He slid in a disk for himself: and watched it shoot, wobble, ogle, stop: four. Turn Now On.

— I'll see him now in the Ormond, Lenehan said, and sound him. One good turn deserves another.

— Do, Tom Rochford said. Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience.

8 — Goodnight, M'Coy said abruptly, when you two begin...

Nosey Flynn stooped towards the lever, snuffling at it.

— But how does it work here, Tommy? he asked.

— Tooraloo, Lenehan said, see you later.

9 He followed M'Coy out across the tiny square of Crampton court.

10 — He's a hero, he said simply.

— I know, M'Coy said. The drain, you mean.

— Drain? Lenehan said. It was down a manhole.

11-12 They passed Dan Lowry's musichall where Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, smiled on them from a poster a dauby smile.

Going down the path of Sycamore street beside the Empire musichall Lenehan showed M'Coy how the whole thing was. One of those manholes like a bloody gaspipe and there was the poor devil stuck down in it half choked with sewer gas. Down went Tom Rochford anyhow, booky's vest and all, with the rope round him. And be damned but he got the rope round the poor devil and the two were hauled up. 1 2

— The act of a hero, he said.

At the Dolphin they halted to allow the ambulance car to gallop past them for Jervis street. 3-4

— This way, he said, walking to the right. I want to pop into Lynam's to see Sceptre's starting price. What's the time by your gold watch and chain? 5 6

M'Coy peered into Marcus Tertius Moses' sombre office, then at O'Neill's clock. 7-8

— After three, he said. Who's riding her? 9

— O. Madden, Lenehan said. And a game filly she is. 10-11

While he waited in Temple bar M'Coy dodged a banana peel with gentle pushes of his toe from the path to the gutter. Fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark. 12 13

The gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the viceregal cavalcade. 14

— Even money, Lenehan said returning. I knocked against Bantam Lyons in there going to back a bloody horse someone gave him that hasn't an earthly. Through here.

They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A darkbacked figure scanned books on the hawker's cart. 15

— There he is, Lenehan said.

— Wonder what he is buying, M'Coy said, glancing behind.

— *Leopoldo or the Bloom is on the Rye*, Lenehan said. 16

— He's dead nuts on sales, M'Coy said. I was with him one day and he bought a book from an old one in Liffey street for two bob. There were fine plates in it worth double the money, the stars and the moon and comets with long tails. Astronomy it was about. 17-18

Lenehan laughed.

— I'll tell you a damn good one about comets' tails, he said. Come over in the sun.

They crossed to the metal bridge and went along Wellington quay by the river wall. 19-20

Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam came out of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, carrying a pound and a half of porksteaks. 21

— There was a big spread out at Glencree reformatory, Lenehan said eagerly. The annual dinner you know. Boiled shirt affair. The lord mayor was there, Val Dillon it was, and sir Charles Cameron and Dan Dawson spoke and there was music. Bartell D'Arcy sang and Benjamin Dollard... 22 23-24 25-26 27-28

— I know, M'Coy broke in. My missus sang there once.

— Did she? Lenehan said.

A card *Unfurnished Apartments* reappeared on the windowsash of number 7 Eccles street.

He checked his tale a moment but broke out in a wheezy laugh.

— But wait till I tell you, he said. Delahunt of Camden street had the catering and yours truly was chief bottlewasher. Bloom and the wife were there. Lashings of stuff 29 30

we put up: port wine and sherry and curaçao to which we did ample justice. Fast and furious it was. After liquids came solids. Cold joints galore and mince pies…

— I know, M'Coy said. The year the missus was there…

Lenehan linked his arm warmly.

— But wait till I tell you, he said. We had a midnight lunch too after all the
1 jollification and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock the morning after the
2 night before. Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's night on the Featherbed
3-4 Mountain. Bloom and Chris Callinan were on one side of the car and I was with the
5 wife on the other. We started singing glees and duets: *Lo, the early beam of morning.* She was well primed with a good load of Delahunt's port under her bellyband. Every jolt the bloody car gave I had her bumping up against me. Hell's delights! She has a fine pair, God bless her. Like that.

6 He held his caved hands a cubit from him, frowning:

— I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time. Know what I mean?

His hands moulded ample curves of air. He shut his eyes tight in delight, his body shrinking, and blew a sweet chirp from his lips.

— The lad stood to attention anyhow, he said with a sigh. She's a gamey mare and no mistake. Bloom was pointing out all the stars and the comets in the heavens
7-9 to Chris Callinan and the jarvey: the great bear and Hercules and the dragon and the whole jingbang lot. But, by God, I was lost, so to speak, in the milky way. He knows them all, faith. At last she spotted a weeny weeshy one miles away. *And what star is that, Poldy?* says she. By God, she had Bloom cornered. *That one, is it?* says Chris Callinan, *sure that's only what you might call a pinprick.* By God, he wasn't far wide of the mark.

Lenehan stopped and leaned on the riverwall, panting with soft laughter.

— I'm weak, he gasped.

M'Coy's white face smiled about it at instants and grew grave. Lenehan walked on again. He lifted his yachtingcap and scratched his hindhead rapidly. He glanced sideways in the sunlight at M'Coy.

— He's a cultured allroundman, Bloom is, he said seriously. He's not one of your common or garden… you know… There's a touch of the artist about old Bloom.

*

10 Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, then
11 of Aristotle's *Masterpiece*. Crooked botched print. Plates: infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born
12 every minute somewhere. Mrs Purefoy.

13 He laid both books aside and glanced at the third: *Tales of the Ghetto* by Leopold von Sacher Masoch.

— That I had, he said, pushing it by.

14 The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

— Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth. He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

On O'Connell bridge many persons observed the grave deportment and gay apparel of Mr Denis J. Maginni, professor of dancing &c.

Mr Bloom, alone, looked at the titles. *Fair Tyrants* by James Lovebirch. Know the kind that is. Had it? Yes.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: The man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her it once.

He read the other title: *Sweets of Sin*. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

— *All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!*

Yes. This. Here. Try.

— *Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabillé.*

Yes. Take this. The end.

— *You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eyeing her with a suspicious glare. The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.*

Mr Bloom read again: *The beautiful woman.*

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh yielded amid rumpled clothes. Whites of eyes swooning up. His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments *(for him! For Raoul!)*. Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime *(her heaving embonpoint!)*. Feel! Press! Crushed! Sulphur dung of lions!

Young! Young!

An elderly female, no more young, left the building of the courts of chancery, king's bench, exchequer and common pleas having heard in the lord chancellor's court the case in lunacy of Potterton, in the admiralty division the summons, exparte motion, of the owners of the Lady Cairns versus the owners of the barque Mona, in the court of appeal reservation of judgment in the case of Harvey versus the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out the dingy curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat rudely, spat phlegm on the floor. He put his boot on what he had spat, wiping his sole along it and bent, showing a rawskinned crown, scantily haired.

Mr Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

— I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

— *Sweets of Sin*, he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

*

The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his handbell twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, listening by the curbstone, heard the beats of the bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those lovely curtains. Five shillings.

Cosy curtains. Selling new at two guineas. Any advance on five shillings? Going for five shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

— Barang!

1 Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their sprint. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan, their stretched necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College Library.

2 Mr Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from Williams's row. He halted near his daughter.

— It's time for you, she said.

— Stand up straight for the love of the Lord Jesus, Mr Dedalus said. Are you trying

3 to imitate your uncle John the cornetplayer, head upon shoulders? Melancholy God!

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr Dedalus placed his hands on them and held them back.

— Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like?

He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw.

— Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

— Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

— Where would I get money? Mr Dedalus said. There is no-one in Dublin would lend me fourpence.

— You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

— How do you know that? Mr Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

4 Mr Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's street.

5 — I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

— I was not then, Mr Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns taught you to be so saucy? Here.

He handed her a shilling.

— See if you can do anything with that, he said.

— I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

— Wait awhile, Mr Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. But wait awhile. You'll all get a short shrift and a long day from me. Low blackguardism! I'm going to get rid of you. Wouldn't care if I was stretched out stiff. He's dead. The man upstairs is dead.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

— Well, what is it? he said, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

— Barang!

6 — Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell but feebly:

— Bang!

Mr Dedalus stared at him.

— Watch him, he said. It's instructive. I wonder will he allow us to talk.

— You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

— I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr Dedalus said. I'll leave you all where Jesus left the jews. Look, that's all I have. I got two shillings from Jack Power and I spent twopence for a shave for the funeral. 1 2

He drew forth a handful of copper coins nervously.

— Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr Dedalus thought and nodded.

— I will, he said gravely. I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell street. I'll try this one now. 3

— You're very funny, Dilly said, grinning.

— Here, Mr Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of Parkgate. 4

— I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing mincing mouth:

— The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica! 5

*

From the sundial towards James's Gate walked Mr Kernan pleased with the order 6 he had booked for Pulbrook Robertson boldly along James's street, past Shackleton's 7-8 offices. Got round him all right. How do you do, Mr Crimmins? First rate, sir. I was 9 afraid you might be up in your other establishment in Pimlico. How are things going? Just keeping alive. Lovely weather we are having. Yes, indeed. Good for the country. Those farmers are always grumbling. I'll just take a thimbleful of your best gin, Mr Crimmins. A small gin, sir. Yes, sir. Terrible affair that General Slocum 10 explosion. Terrible, terrible! A thousand casualties. And heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal thing. What do they say was the cause? Spontaneous combustion: most scandalous revelation. Not a single lifeboat would float and the firehose all burst. What I can't understand is how the inspectors ever allowed a boat like that... Now you are talking straight, Mr Crimmins. You know why? Palmoil. Is that a fact? Without a doubt. Well now, look at that. And 11 America they say is the land of the free. I thought we were bad here.

I smiled at him. *America*, I said, quietly, just like that. *What is it? The sweepings of every country including our own. Isn't that true?* That's a fact.

Graft, my dear sir. Well, of course, where there's money going there's always someone to pick it up.

Saw him looking at my frockcoat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appear- 12 ance. Bowls them over.

— Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said. How are things?

— Hello, Bob, old man, Mr Dedalus answered stopping.

Mr Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter 13 Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, beyond a doubt. Scott of Dawson street. Well 14

worth the half sovereign I gave Neary for it. Never built under three guineas. Fits me down to the ground. Some Kildare street club toff had it probably. John Mulligan, the manager of the Hibernian bank, gave me a very sharp eye yesterday on Carlisle bridge as if he remembered me.

Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Knight of the road. Gentleman. And now, Mr Crimmins, may we have the honour of your custom again, sir. The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying has it.

North wall and sir John Rogerson's quay, with hulls and anchorchains, sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the ferry-wash, Elijah is coming.

Mr Kernan glanced in farewell at his image. High colour, of course. Grizzled moustache. Returned Indian officer. Bravely he bore his stumpy body forward on spatted feet, squaring his shoulders. Is that Lambert's brother over the way, Sam? What? Yes. He's as like it as damn it. No. The windscreen of that motorcar in the sun there. Just a flash like that. Damn like him.

Aham! Hot spirit of juniper juice warmed his vitals and his breath. Good drop of gin, that was. His frocktails winked in bright sunshine to his fat strut.

Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered. Greasy black rope. Dogs licking the blood off the street when the lord lieutenant's wife drove by in her noddy.

Let me see. Is he buried in saint Michan's? Or no, there was a midnight burial in Glasnevin. Corpse brought in through a secret door in the wall. Dignam is there now. Went out in a puff. Well, well. Better turn down here. Make a detour.

Mr Kernan turned and walked down the slope of Watling street by the corner of Guinness's visitors' waitingroom. Outside the Dublin Distillers Company's stores an outside car without fare or jarvey stood, the reins knotted to the wheel. Damn dangerous thing. Some Tipperary bosthoon endangering the lives of the citizens. Runaway horse.

Denis Breen with his tomes, weary of having waited an hour in John Henry Menton's office, led his wife over O'Connell bridge, bound for the office of Messrs Collis and Ward.

Mr Kernan approached Island street.

Times of the troubles. Must ask Ned Lambert to lend me those reminiscences of sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all now in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's. No cardsharping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table by a dagger. Somewhere here Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major Sirr. Stables behind Moira house.

Damn good gin that was.

Fine dashing young nobleman. Good stock, of course. That ruffian, that sham squire, with his violet gloves, gave him away. Course they were on the wrong side. They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that is: Ingram. They were gentlemen. Ben Dollard does sing that ballad touchingly. Masterly rendition.

At the siege of Ross did my father fall.

A cavalcade in easy trot along Pembroke quay passed, outriders leaping, leaping in their, in their saddles. Frockcoats. Cream sunshades.

Mr Kernan hurried forward, blowing pursily.

His Excellency! Too bad! Just missed that by a hair. Damn it! What a pity!

*

Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window and the showtrays. Dust darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones. 1 2

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil lights shining in the darkness. Where fallen archangels flung the stars of their brows. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them. 3

She dances in a foul gloom where gum burns with garlic. A sailorman, rust-bearded, sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag burnished again his gem, turned it and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard. 4 5

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth! The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting. 6 7

Two old women fresh from their whiff of the briny trudged through Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded umbrella, one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled. 8

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher, were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around. 9 10 11

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say right, sir. A Monday morning, 'twas so, indeed. 12-13

Stephen went down Bedford row, the handle of the ash clacking against his shoulderblade. In Clohissey's window a faded 1860 print of Heenan boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood round the roped prizering. The heavyweights in light loincloths proposed gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heroes' hearts. 14 15-16

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

— Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. *The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.* 17-19

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. *Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.* 20

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers. 21

Binding too good probably, what is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses. Secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read. Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded: 22 23

— *Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.* 24

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynoddle, or we'll wool your wool.

— What are you doing here, Stephen.

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

— What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats, fingering a pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. *Nebrakada femininum.*

— What have you there? Stephen asked.

— I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring. Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Chardenal's French primer.

— What did you buy that for? he asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

— Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggy doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

— Some, Dilly said. We had to.

She is drowning. Agenbite. Save her. Agenbite. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.

Agenbite of inwit. Inwit's agenbite.

Misery! Misery!

*

— Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said. How are things?

— Hello, Bob, old man, Mr Dedalus answered, stopping.

They clasped hands loudly outside Reddy and Daughter's. Father Cowley brushed his moustache often downward with a scooping hand.

— What's the best news? Mr Dedalus said.

— Why then not much, Father Cowley said. I'm barricaded up, Simon, with two men prowling around the house trying to effect an entrance.

— Jolly, Mr Dedalus said. Who is it?

— O, Father Cowley said. A certain gombeen man of our acquaintance.

— With a broken back, is it? Mr Dedalus asked.

— The same, Simon, Father Cowley answered. Reuben of that ilk. I'm just waiting for Ben Dollard. He's going to say a word to Long John to get him to take those two men off. All I want is a little time.

He looked with vague hope up and down the quay, a big apple bulging in his neck.

— I know, Mr Dedalus said, nodding. Poor old bockedy Ben! He's always doing a good turn for someone. Hold hard!

He put on his glasses and gazed towards the metal bridge an instant 1

— There he is, by God, he said, arse and pockets.

Ben Dollard's loose blue cutaway and square hat above large slops crossed 2-3
the quay in full gait from the metal bridge. He came towards them at an amble, scratching actively behind his coattails.

As he came near Mr Dedalus greeted:

— Hold that fellow with the bad trousers.

— Hold him now, Ben Dollard said.

Mr Dedalus eyed with cold wandering scorn various points of Ben Dollard's figure. Then, turning to Father Cowley with a nod, he muttered sneeringly:

— That's a pretty garment, isn't it, for a summer's day?

— Why, God eternally curse your soul, Ben Dollard growled furiously, I threw out more clothes in my time than you ever saw.

He stood beside them beaming on them first and on his roomy clothes from points of which Mr Dedalus flicked fluff, saying:

— They were made for a man in his health, Ben, anyhow.

— Bad luck to the jewman that made them, Ben Dollard said. Thanks be to 4
God he's not paid yet.

— And how is that *basso profondo*, Benjamin? Father Cowley asked. 5

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring, glassyeyed, 6
strode past the Kildare street club. 7

Ben Dollard frowned and, making suddenly a chanter's mouth, gave forth a deep note.

— Aw! he said.

— That's the style, Mr Dedalus said, nodding to its drone.

— What about that? Ben Dollard said. Not too dusty? What?

He turned to both.

— That'll do, Father Cowley said, nodding also.

The reverend Hugh C. Love walked from the old Chapterhouse of saint Mary's 8-9
abbey past James and Charles Kennedy's, rectifiers, attended by Geraldines tall and 10
personable, towards the Tholsel beyond the Ford of Hurdles.

Ben Dollard with a heavy list towards the shopfronts led them forward, his joyful fingers in the air.

— Come along with me to the subsheriff's office, he said. I want to show you the 11
new beauty Rock has for a bailiff. He's a cross between Lobengula and Lynchehaun. 12-14
He's well worth seeing, mind you. Come along. I saw John Henry Menton casually 15
in the Bodega just now and it will cost me a fall if I don't... wait awhile... We're 16
on the right lay, Bob, believe you me.

— For a few days tell him, Father Cowley said anxiously.

Ben Dollard halted and stared, his loud orifice open, a dangling button of his 17
coat wagging brightbacked from its thread as he wiped away the heavy shraums that clogged his eyes to hear aright.

— What few days? he boomed. Hasn't your landlord distrained for rent? 18

— He has, Father Cowley said.

— Then our friend's writ is not worth the paper it's printed on, Ben Dollard 19
said. The landlord has the prior claim. I gave him all the particulars. 29 Windsor avenue. Love is the name?

— That's right, Father Cowley said. The reverend Mr Love. He's a minister in the country somewhere. But are you sure of that?

1-2 — You can tell Barabbas from me, Ben Dollard said, that he can put that writ where Jacko put the nuts.

He led Father Cowley boldly forward linked to his bulk.

— Filberts I believe they were, Mr Dedalus said, as he dropped his glasses on his coatfront, following them.

*

3 — The youngster will be all right, Martin Cunningham said, as they passed out
4 of the Castleyard gate.

The policeman touched his forehead.

— God bless you, Martin Cunningham said, cheerily.

5-6 He signed to the waiting jarvey who chucked at the reins and set on towards Lord Edward street.

7 Bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head, appeared above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel.

— Yes, Martin Cunningham said, fingering his beard. I wrote to Father Conmee and laid the whole case before him.

8 — You could try our friend, Mr Power suggested backward.

9-10 — Boyd? Martin Cunningham said shortly. Touch me not.

11 John Wyse Nolan, lagging behind, reading the list, came after them quickly
12 down Cork hill.

13-14 On the steps of the City hall Councillor Nannetti, descending, hailed Alderman
15 Cowley and Councillor Abraham Lyon ascending.

16 The castle car wheeled empty into upper Exchange street.

17 — Look here Martin, John Wyse Nolan said, overtaking them at the *Mail* office. I see Bloom put his name down for five shillings.

— Quite right, Martin Cunningham said, taking the list. And put down the five shillings too.

— Without a second word either, Mr Power said.

— Strange but true, Martin Cunningham added.

John Wyse Nolan opened wide eyes.

18 — I'll say there is much kindness in the jew, he quoted elegantly.

They went down Parliament street.

19-20 — There's Jimmy Henry, Mr Power said, just heading for Kavanagh's.

— Righto, Martin Cunningham said. Here goes.

21-22 Outside *la Maison Claire* Blazes Boylan waylaid Jack Mooney's brother-in-law,
23 humpy, tight, making for the liberties.

John Wyse Nolan fell back with Mr Power, while Martin Cunningham took the elbow of a dapper little man in a shower of hail suit who walked uncertainly with
24 hasty steps past Micky Anderson's watches.

— The assistant town clerk's corns are giving him some trouble, John Wyse Nolan told Mr Power.

They followed round the corner towards James Kavanagh's winerooms. The empty castle car fronted them at rest in Essex gate. Martin Cunningham, speaking always, showed often the list at which Jimmy Henry did not glance.

— And Long John Fanning is here too, John Wyse Nolan said, as large as life.

The tall form of Long John Fanning filled the doorway where he stood.

— Good day, Mr Subsheriff, Martin Cunningham said, as all halted and greeted.

Long John Fanning made no way for them. He removed his large Henry Clay 1
decisively and his large fierce eyes scowled intelligently over all their faces.

— Are the conscript fathers pursuing their peaceful deliberations? he said, with 2
rich acrid utterance to the assistant town clerk.

Hell open to christians they were having, Jimmy Henry said pettishly, about their 3
damned Irish language. Where was the marshal, he wanted to know, to keep order 4
in the council chamber. And old Barlow the macebearer laid up with asthma, no 5
mace on the table, nothing in order, no quorum even and Hutchinson, the lord 6
mayor, in Llandudno and little Lorcan Sherlock doing *locum tenens* for him. Damned 7-9
Irish language, of our forefathers.

Long John Fanning blew a plume of smoke from his lips.

Martin Cunningham spoke by turns, twirling the peak of his beard, to the assistant town clerk and the subsheriff, while John Wyse Nolan held his peace.

— What Dignam was that? Long John Fanning asked.

Jimmy Henry made a grimace and lifted his left foot.

— O, my corns! he said plaintively. Come upstairs for goodness' sake till I sit down somewhere. Uff! Ooo! Mind!

Testily he made room for himself beside Long John Fanning's flank and passed in and up the stairs.

— Come on up, Martin Cunningham said to the subsheriff. I don't think you knew him or perhaps you did, though.

With John Wyse Nolan Mr Power followed them in.

— Decent little soul he was, Mr Power said to the stalwart back of Long John Fanning ascending towards Long John Fanning in the mirror.

— Rather lowsized, Dignam of Menton's office that was, Martin Cunningham said.

Long John Fanning could not remember him.

Clatter of horsehoofs sounded from the air.

— What's that? Martin Cunningham said.

All turned where they stood; John Wyse Nolan came down again. From the cool shadow of the doorway he saw the horses pass Parliament street, harness and glossy pasterns in sunlight shimmering. Gaily they went past before his cool unfriendly eyes, not quickly. In saddles of the leaders, leaping leaders, rode outriders.

— What was it? Martin Cunningham asked, as they went on up the staircase

— The lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland, John Wyse Nolan answered from the stairfoot.

*

As they trod across the thick carpet Buck Mulligan whispered behind his panama to Haines.

— Parnell's brother. There in the corner.

They chose a small table near the window opposite a longfaced man whose 10
beard and gaze hung intently down on a chessboard.

— Is that he? Haines asked, twisting round in his seat.

— Yes, Mulligan said. That's John Howard, his brother, our city marshal.

1 John Howard Parnell translated a white bishop quietly and his grey claw went up again to his forehead whereat it rested.

An instant after, under its screen, his eyes looked quickly, ghostbright, at his foe and fell once more upon a working corner.

2 — I'll take a *mélange*, Haines said to the waitress.

— Two *mélanges*, Buck Mulligan said. And bring us some scones and butter and some cakes as well.

When she had gone he said, laughing:

3 — We call it D. B. C. because they have damn bad cakes. O, but you missed Dedalus on *Hamlet*.

4 Haines opened his newbought book.

— I'm sorry, he said. Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.

5 The onelegged sailor growled at the area of 14 Nelson street:

6 — *England expects…*

Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily to his laughter.

7 — You should see him, he said, when his body loses its balance. Wandering Ængus I call him.

8 — I am sure he has an *idée fixe*, Haines said, pinching his chin thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. Now I am speculating what it would be likely to be. Such persons always have.

Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.

9-10 — They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell. He will never capture
11-12 the Attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy
13 birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet. The joy of creation…

— Eternal punishment, Haines said, nodding curtly. I see. I tackled him this morning on belief. There was something on his mind, I saw. It's rather interesting
14 because Professor Pokorny of Vienna makes an interesting point out of that.

Buck Mulligan's watchful eyes saw the waitress come. He helped her to unload her tray.

15 — He can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth, Haines said, amid the cheerful cups. The moral idea seems lacking, the sense of destiny, of retribution. Rather strange he should have just that fixed idea. Does he write anything for your movement?

He sank two lumps of sugar deftly longwise through the whipped cream. Buck Mulligan slit a steaming scone in two and plastered butter over its smoking pith. He bit off a soft piece hungrily.

16 — Ten years, he said, chewing and laughing. He is going to write something in ten years.

— Seems a long way off, Haines said, thoughtfully lifting his spoon. Still, I shouldn't wonder if he did after all.

He tasted a spoonful from the creamy cone of his cup.

— This is real Irish cream I take it, he said with forbearance. I don't want to be imposed on.

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of ships
17 and trawlers, amid an archipelago of corks, beyond new Wapping street past

Benson's ferry, and by the threemasted schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgwater with bricks.

*

Almidano Artifoni walked past Holles street, past Sewell's yard. Behind him Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell with stickumbrelladustcoat dangling, shunned the lamp before Mr Law Smith's house and, crossing, walked along Merrion square. Distantly behind him a blind stripling tapped his way by the wall of College Park.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell walked as far as Mr Lewis Werner's cheerful windows, then turned and strode back along Merrion square, his stickumbrelladustcoat dangling.

At the corner of Wilde's he halted, frowned at Elijah's name announced on the Metropolitan Hall, frowned at the distant pleasance of duke's lawn. His eyeglass flashed frowning in the sun. With ratsteeth bared he muttered:

— *Coactus volui.*

He strode on for Clare street, grinding his fierce word.

As he strode past Mr Bloom's dental windows the sway of his dustcoat brushed rudely from its angle a slender tapping cane and swept onwards, having buffeted a thewless body. The blind stripling turned his sickly face after the striding form.

— God's curse on you, he said sourly, whoever you are! You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard!

*

Opposite Ruggy O'Donohoe's Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, pawing the pound and half of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, porksteaks he had been sent for, went along warm Wicklow street dawdling. It was too blooming dull sitting in the parlour with Mrs Stoer and Mrs Quigley and Mrs MacDowell and the blind down and they all at their sniffles and sipping sups of the superior tawny sherry uncle Barney brought from Tunney's. And they eating crumbs of the cottage fruit cake jawing the whole blooming time and sighing.

After Wicklow lane the window of Madame Doyle, court dress milliner, stopped him. He stood looking in at the two puckers stripped to their pelts and putting up their props. From the sidemirrors two mourning Masters Dignam gaped silently. Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will meet sergeantmajor Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, for a purse of fifty sovereigns, God, that'd be a good pucking match to see. Myler Keogh, that's the chap sparring out to him with the green sash. Two bar entrance, soldiers half price. I could easy do a bunk on ma. Master Dignam on his left turned as he turned. That's me in mourning. When is it? May the twentysecond. Sure, the blooming thing is all over. He turned to the right and on his right Master Dignam turned, his cap awry, his collar sticking up. Buttoning it down, his chin lifted, he saw the image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, beside the two puckers. One of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old fellow welted hell out of him for one time he found out.

Master Dignam got his collar down and dawdled on. The best pucker going for strength was Fitzsimons. One puck in the wind from that fellow would knock you

into the middle of next week, man. But the best pucker for science was Jem Corbet before Fitzsimons knocked the stuffings out of him, dodging and all.

In Grafton street Master Dignam saw a red flower in a toff's mouth and a swell pair of kicks on him and he listening to what the drunk was telling him and grinning all the time.

No Sandymount tram.

Master Dignam walked along Nassau street, shifted the porksteaks to his other hand. His collar sprang up again and he tugged it down. The blooming stud was too small for the buttonhole of the shirt, blooming end to it. He met schoolboys with satchels. I'm not going tomorrow either, stay away till Monday. He met other schoolboys. Do they notice I'm in mourning? Uncle Barney said he'd get it into the paper tonight. Then they'll all see it in the paper and read my name printed and pa's name.

His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a fly walking over it up to his eye. The scrunch that was when they were screwing the screws into the coffin: and the bumps when they were bringing it downstairs.

Pa was inside it and ma crying in the parlour and uncle Barney telling the men how to get it round the bend. A big coffin it was, and high and heavylooking. How was that? The last night pa was boosed he was standing on the landing there bawling out for his boots to go out to Tunney's for to boose more and he looked butty and short in his shirt. Never see him again. Death, that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead. He told me to be a good son to ma. I couldn't hear the other things he said but I saw his tongue and his teeth trying to say it better. Poor pa. That was Mr Dignam, my father. I hope he is in purgatory now because he went to confession to father Conroy on Saturday night.

*

William Humble, earl of Dudley, and Lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenantcolonel Hesseltine, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honourable Gerald Ward, A. D. C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phœnix Park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded past Kingsbridge along the northern quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through the metropolis. At Bloody bridge Mr Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar. Between Queen's and Whitworth bridges Lord Dudley's viceregal carriages passed and were unsaluted by Mr Dudley White, B. L., M. A., who stood on Arran Quay outside Mrs M. E. White's, the pawnbroker's, at the corner of Arran street west stroking his nose with his forefinger, undecided whether he should arrive at Phibsborough more quickly by a triple change of tram or by hailing a car or on foot through Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus. In the porch of Four Courts Richie Goulding with the costsbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward saw him with surprise. Past Richmond bridge at the doorstep of the office of Reuben J. Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company, an elderly female about to enter changed her plan and retracing her steps by King's windows smiled credulously on the representative of His Majesty. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devan's office Poddle river hung out in

fealty a tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond Hotel, gold by bronze, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr Simon Dedalus, steering his way from the greenhouse for the subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love, M. A., made obeisance unperceived, mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and M'Coy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriages go by. Passing by Roger Greene's office and Dollard's big red printinghouse Gerty MacDowell, carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters for her father who was laid up, knew by the style it was the lord and lady lieutenant but she couldn't see what Her Excellency had on because the tram and Spring's big yellow furniture van had to stop in front of her on account of its being the lord lieutenant. Beyond Lundy Foot's from the shaded door of Kavanagh's winerooms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenantgeneral and general governor of Ireland. The Right Honourable William Humble, earl of Dudley, G. C. V. O., passed Micky Anderson's all times ticking watches and Henry and James's wax smartsuited freshcheeked models, the gentleman Henry, *dernier cri* James. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and doffed his cap to her. A charming *soubrette*, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt, smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenantcolonel H. G. Hesseltine and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal equipage over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes's street, Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Chardenal's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes, holding a fat gold hunter watch not looked at in his fat left hand not feeling it. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsonby's corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E. L. Y.' S., while outriders pranced past and carriages. Opposite Pigott's music warerooms Mr Denis J. Maginni professor of dancing &c, gaily apparelled, gravely walked, outpassed by a viceroy and unobserved. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tan shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of *My girl's a Yorkshire girl.*

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street His Excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the

programme of music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland laddies blared and drumthumped after the *cortège:*

But though she's a factory lass
And wears no fancy clothes.
Baraabum.
Yet I've a sort of a
Yorkshire relish for
My little Yorkshire rose.
Baraabum.

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H. Thrift, T. M. Patey, C. Scaife, J. B. Jeffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson, C. Adderly, and W. C. Huggard started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's hotel, Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell stared through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr E. M. Solomons in the window of the Austro-Hungarian viceconsulate. Deep in Leinster street, by Trinity's postern, a loyal king's man, Hornblower, touched his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown macintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding, Mr Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sanded women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland and Landsdowne roads His Excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers, the salute of two small schoolboys at the garden gate of the house said to have been admired by the late queen when visiting the Irish capital with her husband, the prince consort, in 1849, and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing
Imperthnthn thnthnthn.
Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.
Horrid! And gold flushed more.
A husky fifenote blew.
Blew. Blue bloom is on the
Gold pinnacled hair.
A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castille.
Trilling, trilling: Idolores.
Peep! Who's in the… peepofgold?
Tink cried to bronze in pity.
And a call, pure, long and throbbing. Longindying call.
Decoy. Soft word. But look! The bright stars fade. O rose! Notes chirruping answer. Castille. The morn is breaking.
Jingle jingle jaunted jingling.
Coin rang. Clock clacked.
Avowal. *Sonnez*. I could. Rebound of garter. Not leave thee. Smack. *La cloche!* Thigh smack. Avowal. Warm. Sweetheart, goodbye!
Jingle. Bloo.
Boomed crashing chords. When love absorbs. War! War! The tympanum.
A sail! A veil awave upon the waves.
Lost. Throstle fluted. All is lost now.
Horn. Hawhorn.
When first he saw. Alas!
Full tup. Full throb.
Warbling. Ah, lure! Alluring.
Martha! Come!
Clapclop. Clipclap. Clappyclap.
Goodgod heneverheard inall.
Deaf bald Pat brought pad knife took up.
A moonlit nightcall: far: far.
I feel so sad. P. S. So lonely blooming.
Listen!
The spiked and winding cold seahorn. Have you the? Each and for other plash and silent roar.
Pearls: when she. Liszt's rhapsodies. Hissss.
You don't?

Did not: no, no: believe: Lidlyd. With a cock with a carra.

Black.

Deepsounding. Do, Ben, do.

Wait while you wait. Hee hee. Wait while you hee.

But wait!

Low in dark middle earth. Embedded ore.

Naminedamine. All gone. All fallen.

Tiny, her tremulous fernfoils of maidenhair.

Amen! He gnashed in fury.

Fro. To, fro. A baton cool protruding.

Bronzelydia by Minagold.

By bronze, by gold, in oceangreen of shadow. Bloom. Old Bloom.

One rapped, one tapped with a carra, with a cock.

Pray for him! Pray, good people!

His gouty fingers nakkering.

Big Benaben. Big Benben.

Last rose Castille of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.

Pwee! Little wind piped wee.

True men. Lid Ker Cow De and Doll. Ay, ay. Like you men. Will lift your tschink with tschunk.

Fff! Oo!

Where bronze from anear? Where gold from afar? Where hoofs?

Rrrpr. Kraa. Kraandl.

Then, not till then. My eppripfftaph. Be pfrwritt.

Done.

Begin!

1 Bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head, over the crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs go by, ringing steel.

— Is that her? asked Miss Kennedy.

2-3 Miss Douce said yes, sitting with his ex, pearl grey and *eau de Nil*.

— Exquisite contrast, Miss Kennedy said.

When all agog Miss Douce said eagerly:

4 — Look at the fellow in the tall silk.

— Who? Where? gold asked more eagerly.

— In the second carriage, Miss Douce's wet lips said, laughing in the sun. He's looking. Mind till I see.

She darted, bronze, to the backmost corner, flattening her face against the pane in a halo of hurried breath.

Her wet lips tittered:

— He's killed looking back.

She laughed:

— O wept! Aren't men frightful idiots?

With sadness.

Miss Kennedy sauntered sadly from bright light, twining a loose hair behind an ear. Sauntering sadly, gold no more, she twisted twined a hair. Sadly she twined in sauntering gold hair behind a curving ear.

— It's them has the fine times, sadly then she said.

A man.

Bloowho went by by Moulang's pipes, bearing in his breast the sweets of sin, 1-2
by Wine's antiques in memory bearing sweet sinful words, by Carroll's dusky 3-4
battered plate, for Raoul.

The boots to them, them in the bar, them barmaids came. For them unheeding 5
him he banged on the counter his tray of chattering china. And

— There's your teas, he said.

Miss Kennedy with manners transposed the teatray down to an upturned lithia crate, safe from eyes, low.

— What is it? loud boots unmannerly asked.

— Find out, Miss Douce retorted, leaving her spyingpoint.

— Your *beau*, is it?

A haughty bronze replied:

— I'll complain to Mrs de Massey on you if I hear any more of your impertinent 6
insolence.

— Imperthnthn thnthnthn, bootsnout sniffed rudely, as he retreated as she threatened as he had come.

Bloom.

On her flower frowning Miss Douce said:

— Most aggravating that young brat is. If he doesn't conduct himself I'll wring his ear for him a yard long.

Ladylike in exquisite contrast.

— Take no notice, Miss Kennedy rejoined.

She poured in a teacup tea, then back in the teapot tea. They cowered under their reef of counter, waiting on footstools, crates upturned, waiting for their teas to draw. They pawed their blouses, both of black satin, two and nine a yard, waiting for their teas to draw, and two and seven.

Yes, bronze from anear, by gold from afar, heard steel from anear, hoofs ring from afar, and heard steelhoofs ringhoof ringsteel.

— Am I awfully sunburnt?

Miss bronze unbloused her neck.

— No, said Miss Kennedy. It gets brown after. Did you try the borax with the 7
cherry laurel water?

Miss Douce halfstood to see her skin askance in the barmirror gildedlettered where hock and claret glasses shimmered and in their midst a shell.

— And leave it to my hands, she said.

— Try it with the glycerine, Miss Kennedy advised.

Bidding her neck and hands adieu Miss Douce

— Those things only bring out a rash, replied, reseated. I asked that old fogey in Boyd's for something for my skin. 8

Miss Kennedy, pouring now fulldrawn tea, grimaced and prayed:

— O, don't remind me of him for mercy'sake!

— But wait till I tell you, Miss Douce entreated.

Sweet tea Miss Kennedy having poured with milk plugged both two ears with 9
little fingers.

— No, don't, she cried. 10

— I won't listen, she cried.

But Bloom?

Miss Douce grunted in snuffy fogey's tone:

— For your what? says he.

Miss Kennedy unplugged her ears to hear, to speak: but said, but prayed again:

— Don't let me think of him or I'll expire. The hideous old wretch! That night
1 in the Antient Concert Rooms.

She sipped distastefully her brew, hot tea, a sip, sipped sweet tea.

— Here he was, Miss Douce said, cocking her bronze head three quarters, ruffling her nosewings. Hufa! Hufa!

Shrill shriek of laughter sprang from Miss Kennedy's throat. Miss Douce huffed
2 and snorted down her nostrils that quivered imperthnthn like a shout in quest.

— O! shrieking, Miss Kennedy cried. Will you ever forget his goggle eye?

Miss Douce chimed in in deep bronze laughter, shouting:

3 — And your other eye!

4 Bloowhose dark eye read Aaron Figatner's name. Why do I always think Figather?
5-6 Gathering figs I think. And Prosper Loré's huguenot name. By Bassi's blessed virgins
7-8 Bloom's dark eyes went by. Bluerobed, white under, come to me. God they believe she is: or goddess. Those today. I could not see. That fellow spoke. A student. After with Dedalus' son. He might be Mulligan. All comely virgins. That brings those rakes of fellows in: her white.

By went his eyes. The sweets of sin. Sweet are the sweets.

Of sin.

In a giggling peal young goldbronze voices blended, Douce with Kennedy your other eye. They threw young heads back, bronze gigglegold, to let freefly their laughter, screaming, your other, signals to each other, high piercing notes.

Ah, panting, sighing. Sighing, ah, fordone their mirth died down.

Miss Kennedy lipped her cup again, raised, drank a sip and gigglegiggled. Miss Douce, bending again over the teatray, ruffled again her nose and rolled droll fattened eyes. Again Kennygiggles, stooping her fair pinnacles of hair, stooping, her tortoise napecomb showed, spluttered out of her mouth her tea, choking in tea and laughter, coughing with choking, crying:

— O greasy eyes! Imagine being married to a man like that, she cried. With his bit of beard!

Douce gave full vent to a splendid yell, a full yell of full woman, delight, joy, indignation.

— Married to the greasy nose! she yelled.

Shrill, with deep laughter, after bronze in gold, they urged each each to peal
9 after peal, ringing in changes, bronzegold goldbronze, shrilldeep, to laughter after laughter. And then laughed more. Greasy I knows. Exhausted, breathless their shaken heads they laid, braided and pinnacled by glossycombed, against the counterledge. All flushed (O!), panting, sweating (O!), all breathless.

Married to Bloom, to greaseaseabloom.

— O saints above! Miss Douce said, sighed above her jumping rose. I wished I hadn't laughed so much. I feel all wet.

— O, Miss Douce! Miss Kennedy protested. You horrid thing!

And flushed yet more (you horrid!), more goldenly.

By Cantwell's offices roved Greaseabloom, by Ceppi's virgins, bright of their oils. Nannetti's father hawked those things about, wheedling at doors as I. Religion pays. Must see him about Keyes's par. Eat first. I want. Not yet. At four, she said. Time ever passing. Clockhands turning. On. Where eat? The Clarence, Dolphin. On. For Raoul. Eat. If I net five guineas with those ads. The violet silk petticoats. Not yet. The sweets of sin. 1-2 3 4-5

Flushed less, still less, goldenly paled.

Into their bar strolled Mr Dedalus. Chips, picking chips off one of his rocky thumbnails. Chips. He strolled.

— O welcome back, Miss Douce.

He held her hand. Enjoyed her holidays?

— Tiptop.

He hoped she had nice weather in Rostrevor. 6

— Gorgeous, she said. Look at the holy show I am. Lying out on the strand all day. 7

Bronze whiteness.

— That was exceedingly naughty of you, Mr Dedalus told her and pressed her hand indulgently. Tempting poor simple males.

Miss Douce of satin douced her arm away.

— O go away, she said. You're very simple, I don't think.

He was.

— Well now, I am, he mused. I looked so simple in the cradle they christened me simple Simon. 8

— You must have been a doaty, Miss Douce made answer. And what did the doctor order today? 9

— Well now, he mused, whatever you say yourself. I think I'll trouble you for some fresh water and a half glass of whisky.

Jingle. 10

— With the greatest alacrity, Miss Douce agreed.

With grace of alacrity towards the mirror gilt Cantrell and Cochrane's she turned herself. With grace she tapped a measure of gold whisky from her crystal keg. Forth from the skirt of his coat Mr Dedalus brought pouch and pipe. Alacrity she served. He blew through the flue two husky fifenotes. 11 12

— By Jove, he mused. I often wanted to see the Mourne mountains. Must be a great tonic in the air down there. But a long threatening comes at last, they say. Yes, yes. 13

Yes. He fingered shreds of hair, her maidenhair, her mermaid's, into the bowl. Chips. Shreds. Musing. Mute. 14

None not said nothing. Yes.

Gaily Miss Douce polished a tumbler, trilling:

— *O, Idolores, queen of the eastern seas!* 15

— Was Mr Lidwell in today? 16

In came Lenehan. Round him peered Lenehan. Mr Bloom reached Essex bridge. Yes, Mr Bloom crossed bridge of Yessex. To Martha I must write. Buy paper. Daly's. Girl there civil. Bloom. Old Bloom. Blue Bloom is on the rye. 17 18 19

— He was in at lunchtime, Miss Douce said.

Lenehan came forward.

— Was Mr Boylan looking for me?

He asked. She answered:

— Miss Kennedy, was Mr Boylan in while I was upstairs?

She asked. Miss voice of Kennedy answered, a second teacup poised, her gaze upon a page.

— No. He was not.

Miss gaze of Kennedy, heard not seen, read on. Lenehan round the sandwichbell wound his round body round.

— Peep! Who's in the corner?

No glance of Kennedy rewarding him he yet made overtures. To mind her stops. To read only the black ones: round o and crooked ess.

Jingle jaunty jingle.

Girlgold she read and did not glance. Take no notice. She took no notice while he read by rote a solfa fable for her, plappering flatly:

— Ah fox met ah stork. Said thee fox too thee stork: Will you put your bill down inn my troath and pull upp ah bone?

He droned in vain. Miss Douce turned to her tea aside.

He sighed, aside:

— Ah me! O my!

He greeted Mr Dedalus and got a nod.

— Greetings from the famous son of a famous father.

— Who may he be? Mr Dedalus asked.

Lenehan opened most genial arms. Who?

— Who may he be? he asked. Can you ask? Stephen, the youthful bard.

Dry.

Mr Dedalus, famous father, laid by his dry filled pipe.

— I see, he said. I didn't recognize him for the moment. I hear he is keeping very select company. Have you seen him lately?

He had.

— I quaffed the nectarbowl with him this very day, said Lenehan. In Mooney's *en ville* and in Mooney's *sur mer.* He had received the rhino for the labour of his muse.

He smiled at bronze's teabathed lips, at listening lips and eyes.

— The *élite* of Erin hung upon his lips. The ponderous pundit, Hugh MacHugh, Dublin's most brilliant scribe and editor and that minstrel boy of the wild wet west who is known by the euphonious appellation of the O'Madden Burke.

After an interval Mr Dedalus raised his grog and

— That must have been highly diverting, said he. I see.

He see. He drank. With faraway mourning mountain eye. Set down his glass.

He looked towards the saloon door.

— I see you have moved the piano.

— The tuner was in today, Miss Douce replied, tuning it for the smoking concert and I never heard such an exquisite player.

— Is that a fact?

— Didn't he, Miss Kennedy? The real classical, you know. And blind too, poor fellow. Not twenty I'm sure he was.

— Is that a fact? Mr Dedalus said.

He drank and strayed away.

— So sad to look at his face, Miss Douce condoled.

God's curse on bitch's bastard.

Tink to her pity cried a diner's bell. To the door of the diningroom came bald Pat, came bothered Pat, came Pat, waiter of Ormond. Lager for diner. Lager 1
without alacrity she served.

With patience Lenehan waited for Boylan with impatience, for jingle jaunty blazes boy.

Upholding the lid he (who?) gazed in the coffin (coffin?) at the oblique triple (piano!) wires. He pressed (the same who pressed indulgently her hand), soft pedalling a triple of keys to see the thicknesses of felt advancing, to hear the muffled hammerfall in action.

Two sheets cream vellum paper one reserve two envelopes when I was in Wisdom 2
Hely's wise Bloom in Daly's Henry Flower bought. Are you not happy in your 3
home? Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means something, language of flow. 4-5
Was it a daisy? Innocence that is. Respectable girl meet after mass. Tanks awfully muchly. Wise Bloom eyed on the door a poster, a swaying mermaid smoking mid nice waves. Smoke mermaids, coolest whiff of all. Hair streaming: lovelorn. For 6
some man. For Raoul. He eyed and saw afar on Essex bridge a gay hat riding on a jauntingcar. It is. Third time. Coincidence. 7

Jingling on supple rubbers it jaunted from the bridge to Ormond quay. Follow. Risk it. Go quick. At four. Near now. Out.

— Twopence, sir, the shopgirl dared to say.

— Aha... I was forgetting... Excuse...

— And four.

At four she. Winsomely she on Bloohimwhom smiled. Bloo smi qui go. Ternoon. Think you're the only pebble on the beach? Does that to all. For men. 8

In drowsy silence gold bent on her page.

From the saloon a call came, long in dying. That was a tuningfork the tuner had that he forgot that he now struck. A call again. That he now poised that it now throbbed. You hear? It throbbed, pure, purer, softly and softlier, its buzzing prongs. Longer in dying call.

Pat paid for diner's popcorked bottle: and over tumbler tray and popcorked bottle ere he went he whispered, bald and bothered, with Miss Douce.

— *The bright stars fade...* 9

A voiceless song sang from within, singing:

—*...the morn is breaking.* 10

A duodene of birdnotes chirruped bright treble answer under sensitive hands. 11
Brightly the keys, all twinkling, linked, all harpsichording, called to a voice to sing the strain of dewy morn, of youth, of love's leavetaking, life's, love's morn.

— *The dewdrops pearl...* 12

Lenehan's lips over the counter lisped a low whistle of decoy.

— But look this way, he said, rose of Castille. 13

Jingle jaunted by the curb and stopped.

She rose and closed her reading, rose of Castille. Fretted forlorn, dreamily rose.

— Did she fall or was she pushed? he asked her.

She answered, slighting:

— Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies.

Like lady, ladylike.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor where he strode. Yes, gold from anear by bronze from afar. Lenehan heard and knew and hailed him:

1 — See the conquering hero comes.

Between the car and window, warily walking, went Bloom, unconquered hero. See me he might. The seat he sat on: warm. Black wary hecat walked towards

2 Richie Goulding's legal bag, lifted aloft saluting.

3 — *And I from thee...*

— I heard you were round, said Blazes Boylan.

He touched to fair Miss Kennedy a rim of his slanted straw. She smiled on him. But sister bronze outsmiled her, preening for him her richer hair, a bosom and a rose.

Boylan bespoke potions.

— What's your cry? Glass of bitter? Glass of bitter, please, and a sloegin for

4 me. Wire in yet?

Not yet. At four he. All said four.

5-6 Cowley's red lugs and Adam's apple in the door of the sheriff's office. Avoid. Goulding a chance. What is he doing in the Ormond? Car waiting. Wait.

Hello. Where off to? Something to eat? I too was just. In here. What, Ormond? Best value in Dublin. Is that so? Diningroom. Sit tight there. See, not be seen. I think I'll join you. Come on. Richie led on. Bloom followed bag. Dinner fit for a prince.

Miss Douce reached high to take a flagon, stretching her satin arm, her bust, that all but burst, so high.

— O! O! jerked Lenehan, gasping at each stretch. O!

But easily she seized her prey and led it low in triumph.

— Why don't you grow? asked Blazes Boylan.

Shebronze, dealing from her jar thick syrupy liquor for his lips, looked as it flowed (flower in his coat: who gave him?), and syrupped with her voice:

7 — Fine goods in small parcels.

That is to say she. Neatly she poured slowsyrupy sloe.

— Here's fortune, Blazes said.

He pitched a broad coin down. Coin rang.

— Hold on, said Lenehan, till I...

— Fortune, he wished, lifting his bubbled ale.

8 — Sceptre will win in a canter, he said.

— I plunged a bit, said Boylan winking and drinking. Not on my own, you know. Fancy of a friend of mine.

Lenehan still drank and grinned at his tilted ale and at Miss Douce's lips that all

9 but hummed, not shut, the oceansong her lips had trilled. Idolores. The eastern seas.

Clock whirred. Miss Kennedy passed their way (flower, wonder who gave), bearing away teatray. Clock clacked.

Miss Douce took Boylan's coin, struck boldly the cashregister. It clanged. Clock

10 clacked. Fair one of Egypt teased and sorted in the till and hummed and handed coins in change. Look to the west. A clack. For me.

— What time is that? asked Blazes Boylan. Four?

O'clock.

Lenehan, small eyes ahunger on her humming, bust ahumming, tugged Blazes Boylan's elbowsleeve.

— Let's hear the time, he said.

The bag of Goulding, Collis, Ward led Bloom by ryebloom flowered tables. 1-2
Aimless he chose with agitated aim, bald Pat attending, a table near the door. Be near. At four. Has he forgotten? Perhaps a trick. Not come: whet appetite. I couldn't do. Wait, wait. Pat, waiter, waited.

Sparkling bronze azure eyed Blazure's skyblue bow and eyes.

— Go on, pressed Lenehan. There's no-one. He never heard.

—*...to Flora's lips did hie.* 3

High, a high note, pealed in the treble, clear.

Bronzedouce, communing with her rose that sank and rose, sought Blazes Boylan's flower and eyes.

— Please, please.

He pleaded over returning phrases of avowal.

— *I could not leave thee...* 4

— Afterwits, Miss Douce promised coyly.

— No, now, urged Lenehan. *Sonnez la cloche!* O do! There's no-one. 5

She looked. Quick. Miss Kenn out of earshot. Sudden bent. Two kindling faces watched her bend.

Quavering the chords strayed from the air, found it again, lost chord, and lost 6
and found it faltering.

— Go on! Do! *Sonnez!*

Bending, she nipped a peak of skirt above her knee. Delayed. Taunted them still, bending, suspending, with wilful eyes.

— *Sonnez!*

Smack. She let free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smackwarm against her smackable woman's warmhosed thigh.

— *La cloche!* cried gleeful Lenehan. Trained by owner. No sawdust there.

She smilesmirked supercilious (wept! aren't men?), but, lightward gliding, mild she smiled on Boylan.

— You're the essence of vulgarity, she in gliding said.

Boylan, eyed, eyed. Tossed to fat lips his chalice, drank off his tiny chalice, sucking the last fat violet syrupy drops. His spellbound eyes went after her gliding head as it went down the bar by mirrors, gilded arch for ginger ale, hock and claret glasses shimmering, a spiky shell, where it concerted, mirrored, bronze with sunnier bronze.

Yes, bronze from anearby.

—*...Sweetheart, goodbye!* 7

— I'm off, said Boylan with impatience.

He slid his chalice brisk away, grasped his change.

— Wait a shake, begged Lenehan, drinking quickly. I wanted to tell you. Tom 8
Rochford...

— Come on to blazes, said Blazes Boylan, going.

Lenehan gulped to go.

— Got the horn or what? he said. Wait. I'm coming. 9

He followed the hasty creaking shoes but stood by nimbly by the threshold, saluting forms, a bulky with a slender.

— How do you do, Mr Dollard? 10

— Eh? How do? How do? Ben Dollard's vague bass answered, turning an instant from Father Cowley's woe. He won't give you any trouble, Bob. Alf Bergan
1-3 will speak to the long fellow. We'll put a barleystraw in that Judas Iscariot's ear this time.

Sighing, Mr Dedalus came through the saloon, a finger soothing an eyelid.

— Hoho, we will, Ben Dollard yodled jollily. Come on, Simon, give us a ditty. We heard the piano.

4 Bald Pat, bothered waiter, waited for drink orders, Power for Richie. And Bloom? Let me see. Not make him walk twice. His corns. Four now. How warm this black
5 is. Course nerves a bit. Refracts (is it?) heat. Let me see. Cider. Yes, bottle of cider.

— What's that? Mr Dedalus said. I was only vamping, man.

6 — Come on, come on, Ben Dollard called. Begone, dull care. Come, Bob.

He ambled Dollard, bulky slops, before them (hold that fellow with the: hold him now) into the saloon. He plumped him Dollard on the stool. His gouty paws plumped chords. Plumped stopped abrupt.

Bald Pat in the doorway met tealess gold returning. Bothered he wanted Power and cider. Bronze by the window watched, bronze from afar.

Jingle a tinkle jaunted.

Bloom heard a jing, a little sound. He's off. Light sob of breath Bloom sighed on the silent bluehued flowers. Jingling. He's gone. Jingle. Hear.

7 — Love and war, Ben, Mr Dedalus said. God be with old times.

Miss Douce's brave eyes, unregarded, turned from the crossblind, smitten by sunlight. Gone. Pensive (who knows?), smitten (the smiting light), she lowered the dropblind with a sliding cord. She drew down pensive (why did he go so quick when I?) about her bronze, over the bar where bald stood by sister gold, inexquisite contrast, contrast inexquisite nonexquisite, slow cool dim seagreen sliding depth
8 of shadow, *eau de Nil*.

— Poor old Goodwin was the pianist that night, Father Cowley reminded them.
9 There was a slight difference of opinion between himself and the Collard grand.

There was.

— A symposium all his own, Mr Dedalus said. The devil wouldn't stop him. He was a crotchety old fellow in the primary stage of drink.

— God, do you remember? Ben bulky Dollard said, turning from the punished keyboard. And by Japers I had no wedding garment.

They laughed all three. He had no wed. All trio laughed. No wedding garment.

— Our friend Bloom turned in handy that night, Mr Dedalus said. Where's my pipe by the way?

10 He wandered back to the bar to the lost chord pipe. Bald Pat carried two diners' drinks, Richie and Poldy. And Father Cowley laughed again.

— I saved the situation, Ben, I think.

— You did, averred Ben Dollard. I remember those tight trousers too. That was a brilliant idea, Bob.

Father Cowley blushed to his brilliant purply lobes. He saved the situa. Tight trou. Brilliant ide.

11 — I knew he was on the rocks, he said. The wife was playing the piano in the
12 coffee palace on Saturdays for a very trifling consideration and who was it gave
13 me the wheeze she was doing the other business? Do you remember? We had to

search all Holles street to find them till the chap in Keogh's gave us the number. 1-2
Remember?

Ben remembered, his broad visage wondering.

— By God she had some luxurious opera cloaks and things there.

Mr Dedalus wandered back, pipe in hand.

— Merrion square style. Balldresses, by God, and court dresses. He wouldn't 3
take any money either. What? Any God's quantity of cocked hats and boleros and trunkhose. What?

Ay, ay, Mr Dedalus nodded. Mrs Marion Bloom has left off clothes of all 4
descriptions.

Jingle jaunted down the quays. Blazes sprawled on bounding tyres.

Liver and bacon. Steak and kidney pie. Right, sir. Right, Pat.

Mrs Marion met him pike hoses. Smell of burn of Paul de Kock. Nice name he. 5-6

— What's this her name was? A buxom lassy. Marion…

— Tweedy.

— Yes. Is she alive?

— And kicking.

— She was a daughter of…

— Daughter of the regiment. 7

— Yes, begad. I remember the old drummajor. 8

Mr Dedalus struck, whizzed, lit, puffed savoury puff after.

— Irish? I don't know, faith. Is she, Simon?

Puff after stiff, a puff, strong, savoury, crackling.

— Buccinator muscle is… What?… Bit rusty… O, she is… My Irish Molly, O. 9-10

He puffed a pungent plumy blast.

— From the rock of Gibraltar… all the way.

They pined in depth of ocean shadow, gold by the beerpull, bronze by mara- 11
schino, thoughtful all two, Mina Kennedy, 4 Lismore terrace, Drumcondra with 12
Idolores, a queen, Dolores, silent.

Pat served uncovered dishes. Leopold cut liverslices. As said before he ate with relish the inner organs, nutty gizzards, fried cods'roes while Richie Goulding, Collis, Ward ate steak and kidney, steak then kidney, bite by bite of pie he ate Bloom ate they ate.

Bloom with Goulding, married in silence, ate. Dinners fit for princes.

By Bachelor's walk jogjaunty jingled Blazes Boylan, bachelor, in sun, in heat, 13
mare's glossy rump atrot, with flick of whip, on bounding tyres: sprawled, warm-seated, Boylan impatience, ardentbold. Horn. Have you the? Horn. Have you the? Haw haw horn.

Over their voices Dollard bassooned attack, booming over bombarding chords:

— *When love absorbs my ardent soul…* 14

Roll of Bensoulbenjamin rolled to the quivery loveshivery roofpanes.

— War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior. 15

— So I am, Ben Warrior laughed. I was thinking of your landlord. Love or money. 16-17

He stopped. He wagged huge beard, huge face over his blunder huge.

— Sure, you'd burst the tympanum of her ear, man, Mr Dedalus said through 18
smoke aroma, with an organ like yours.

In bearded abundant laughter Dollard shook upon the keyboard. He would.

— Not to mention another membrane, Father Cowley added. Half time, Ben.

1 *Amoroso ma non troppo.* Let me there.

Miss Kennedy served two gentlemen with tankards of cool stout. She passed a remark. It was indeed, first gentleman said, beautiful weather. They drank cool stout. Did she know where the lord lieutenant was going? And heard steelhoofs ringhoof ring. No, she couldn't say. But it would be in the paper. O, she needn't

2 trouble. No trouble. She waved about her outspread *Independent*, searching, the lord lieutenant, her pinnacles of hair slowmoving, lord lieuten. Too much trouble, first gentleman said. O, not in the least. Way he looked that. Lord lieutenant. Gold by bronze heard iron steel.

3 —..... *my ardent soul*

I care not foror the morrow.

In liver gravy Bloom mashed mashed potatoes. Love and war someone is. Ben Dollard's famous. Night he ran round to us to borrow a dress suit for that concert. Trousers tight as a drum on him. Musical porkers. Molly did laugh when he went out. Threw herself back across the bed, screaming, kicking. With all his belongings on show. O, saints above, I'm drenched! O, the women in the front row! O, I never laughed so many! Well, of course, that's what gives him the base barreltone. For instance eunuchs. Wonder who's playing. Nice touch. Must be Cowley. Musical. Knows whatever note you play. Bad breath he has, poor chap. Stopped.

Miss Douce, engaging, Lydia Douce, bowed to suave solicitor, George Lidwell, gentleman, entering. Good afternoon. She gave her moist, a lady's, hand to his firm clasp. Afternoon. Yes, she was back. To the old dingdong again.

— Your friends are inside, Mr Lidwell.

George Lidwell, suave, solicited, held a lydiahand.

4 Bloom ate liv as said before. Clean here at least. That chap in the Burton, gummy with gristle. No-one here: Goulding and I. Clean tables, flowers, mitres of napkins. Pat to and fro, bald Pat. Nothing to do. Best value in Dub.

Piano again. Cowley it is. Way he sits in to it, like one together, mutual understanding. Tiresome shapers scraping fiddles, eye on the bowend, sawing the

5 'cello, remind you of toothache. Her high long snore. Night we were in the box.

6 Trombone under blowing like a grampus, between the acts, other brass chap unscrewing, emptying spittle. Conductor's legs too, bagstrousers, jiggedy jiggedy. Do right to hide them.

Jiggedy jingle jaunty jaunty.

7 Only the harp. Lovely gold glowering light. Girl touched it. Poop of a lovely.

8-9 Gravy's rather good fit for a. Golden ship. Erin. The harp that once or twice. Cool

10 hands. Ben Howth, the rhododendrons. We are their harps. I. He. Old. Young.

— Ah, I couldn't, man, Mr Dedalus said, shy, listless.

Strongly.

— Go on, blast you, Ben Dollard growled. Get it out in bits.

11 — *M'appari*, Simon, Father Cowley said.

Down stage he strode some paces, grave, tall in affliction, his long arms outheld. Hoarsely the apple of his throat hoarsed softly. Softly he sang to a dusty seascape

12 there: *A Last Farewell*. A headland, a ship, a sail upon the billows. Farewell. A lovely girl, her veil awave upon the wind upon the headland, wind around her.

Cowley sang:

— *M'appari tutt'amor:* 1

Il mio sguardo l'incontr...

She waved, unhearing Cowley, her veil to one departing, dear one, to wind, love, speeding sail, return.

— Go on, Simon.

— Ah, sure my dancing days are done, Ben... Well... 2

Mr Dedalus laid his pipe to rest beside the tuningfork and, sitting touched the obedient keys.

— No, Simon, Father Cowley turned. Play it in the original. One flat. 3

The keys, obedient, rose higher, told, faltered, confessed, confused.

Up stage strode Father Cowley.

— Here, Simon. I'll accompany you, he said. Get up.

By Graham Lemon's pineapple rock, by Elvery's elephant jingle jogged. Steak, 4-5
kidney, liver, mashed at meat fit for princes sat princes Bloom and Goulding. Princes at meat they raised and drank Power and cider.

Most beautiful tenor air ever written, Richie said: *Sonnambula*. He heard Joe Maas 6-7
sing that one night. Ah, what M'Guckin! Yes. In his way. Choirboy style. Maas was 8
the boy. Massboy. A lyrical tenor if you like. Never forget it. Never.

Tenderly Bloom over liverless bacon saw the tightened features strain. Backache 9
he. Bright's bright eye. Next item on the programme. Paying the piper. Pills, pounded bread, worth a guinea a box. Stave it off awhile. Sings too: *Down among* 10
the dead men. Appropriate. Kidney pie. Sweets to the. Not making much hand of it. 11-12
Best value in. Characteristic of him. Power. Particular about his drink. Flaw in the glass, fresh Vartry water. Fecking matches from counters to save. Then squander 13-14
a sovereign in dribs and drabs. And when he's wanted not a farthing. Screwed 15
refusing to pay his fare. Curious types.

Never would Richie forget that night. As long as he lived, never. In the gods of 16
the old Royal with little Peake. And when the first note. 17

Speech paused on Richie's lips.

Coming out with a whopper now. Rhapsodies about damn all. Believes his own lies. Does really. Wonderful liar. But want a good memory. 18

— Which air is that? asked Leopold Bloom.

— *All is lost now.* 19

Richie cocked his lips apout. A low incipient note sweet banshee murmured 20
all. A thrush. A throstle. His breath, birdsweet, good teeth he's proud of, fluted with plaintive woe. Is lost. Rich sound. Two notes in one there. Blackbird I heard 21
in the hawthorn valley. Taking my motives he twined and turned them. All most 22-23
too new call is lost in all. Echo. How sweet the answer. How is that done? All lost 24
now. Mournful he whistled. Fall, surrender, lost.

Bloom bent leopold ear, turning a fringe of doyley down under the vase. Order. Yes, I remember. Lovely air. In sleep she went to him. Innocence in the moon. Still 25
hold her back. Brave, don't know their danger. Call name. Touch water. Jingle jaunty. 26
Too late. She longed to go. That's why. Woman. As easy stop the sea. Yes: all is lost.

— A beautiful air, said Bloom lost Leopold. I know it well.

Never in all his life had Richie Goulding.

He knows it well too. Or he feels. Still harping on his daughter. Wise child that 27-28
knows her father, Dedalus said. Me?

Bloom askance over liverless saw. Face of the all is lost. Rollicking Richie once. Jokes old stale now. Wagging his ear. Napkinring in his eye. Now begging letters he sends his son with. Crosseyed Walter sir I did sir. Wouldn't trouble only I was expecting some money. Apologise.

Piano again. Sounds better than last time I heard. Tuned probably. Stopped again.

Dollard and Cowley still urged the lingering singer out with it.

— With it, Simon.

— It, Simon.

— Ladies and gentlemen, I am most deeply obliged by your kind solicitations.

— It, Simon.

— I have no money but if you will lend me your attention I shall endeavour to
1 sing to you of a heart bowed down.

By the sandwichbell in screening shadow, Lydia her bronze and rose, a lady's
2 grace, gave and withheld: as in cool glaucous *eau de Nil* Mina to tankards two her pinnacles of gold.

The harping chords of prelude closed. A chord longdrawn, expectant drew a voice away.

3 — *When first I saw that form endearing.*

Richie turned.

— Si Dedalus' voice, he said.

Braintipped, cheek touched with flame, they listened feeling that flow endearing flow over skin limbs human heart soul spine. Bloom signed to Pat, bald Pat is a waiter hard of hearing, to set ajar the door of the bar. The door of the bar. So. That will do. Pat, waiter, waited, waiting to hear, for he was hard of hear by the door.

4 — *Sorrow from me seemed to depart.*

Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves in murmur, like no voice of strings of reeds or whatdoyoucallthem dulcimers, touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their each his remembered lives. Good, good to hear: sorrow from them each seemed to from both depart when first they heard. When first they saw, lost Richie, Poldy, mercy of beauty, heard from a person wouldn't expect it in the least, her first merciful lovesoft oftloved word.

5 Love that is singing: love's old sweet song. Bloom unwound slowly the elastic band of his packet. Love's old sweet *sonnez la* gold. Bloom wound a skein round four forkfingers, stretched it, relaxed, and wound it round his troubled double,
6 fourfold, in octave, gyved them fast.

7 — *Full of hope and all delighted...*

Tenors get women by the score. Increase their flow. Throw flower at his feet
8-9 when will we meet? My head it simply. Jingle all delighted. He can't sing for tall hats. Your head it simply swurls. Perfumed for him. What perfume does your wife? I want to know. Jing. Stop. Knock. Last look at mirror always before she answers the
10 door. The hall. There? How do you? I do well. There? What? Or? Phila of cachous,
11 kissing comfits, in her satchel. Yes? Hands felt for the opulent.

Alas! The voice rose, sighing, changed: loud, full, shining, proud.

12 — *But alas, 'twas idle dreaming...*

13 Glorious tone he has still. Cork air softer also their brogue. Silly man! Could
14 have made oceans of money. Singing wrong words. Wore out his wife: now sings. But hard to tell. Only the two themselves. If he doesn't break down. Keep a trot

for the avenue. His hands and feet sing too. Drink. Nerves overstrung. Must be abstemious to sing. Jenny Lind soup: stock, sage, raw eggs, half pint of cream. For creamy dreamy. 1

Tenderness it welled: slow, swelling. Full it throbbed. That's the chat. Ha, give! Take! Throb, a throb, a pulsing proud erect.

Words? Music? No: it's what's behind.

Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded.

Bloom. Flood of warm jimjam lickitup secretness flowed to flow in music out, in desire, dark to lick flow, invading. Tipping her tepping her tapping her topping her. Tup. Pores to dilate dilating. Tup. The joy the feel the warm the. Tup. To pour o'er sluices pouring gushes. Flood, gush, flow, joygush, tupthrop. Now! Language of love. 2

—*...ray of hope...* 3

Beaming. Lydia for Lidwell squeak scarcely hear so ladylike the muse unsqueaked a ray of hope.

Martha it is. Coincidence. Just going to write. Lionel's song. Lovely name you have. Can't write. Accept my little pres. Play on her heartstrings pursestrings too. She's a. I called you naughty boy. Still the name: Martha. How strange! Today.

The voice of Lionel returned, weaker but unwearied. It sang again to Richie Poldy Lydia Lidwell also sang to Pat open mouth ear waiting, to wait. How first he saw that form endearing, how sorrow seemed to part, how look, form, word charmed him Gould Lidwell, won Pat Bloom's heart.

Wish I could see his face, though. Explain better. Why the barber in Drago's always looked my face when I spoke his face in the glass. Still hear it better here than in the bar though farther. 4

— *Each graceful look...* 5

First night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Terenure. Yellow, black lace she wore. Musical chairs. We two the last. Fate. After her. Fate. Round and round slow. Quick round. We two. All looked. Halt. Down she sat. All ousted looked. Lips laughing. Yellow knees. 6

— *Charmed my eye...* 7

Singing. *Waiting* she sang. I turned her music. Full voice of perfume of what perfume does your lilactrees. Bosom I saw, both full, throat warbling. First I saw. She thanked me. Why did she me? Fate. Spanishy eyes. Under a peartree alone patio this hour in old Madrid one side in shadow Dolores shedolores. At me. Luring. Ah, alluring. 8 9-11

— *Martha! Ah, Martha!* 12

Quitting all languor Lionel cried in grief, in cry of passion dominant to love to return with deepening yet with rising chords of harmony. In cry of lionel loneliness that she should know, must Martha feel. For only her he waited. Where? Here there try there here all try where. Somewhere.

— *Co-me, thou lost one!* 13
Co-me thou dear one!

Alone. One love. One hope. One comfort me. Martha, chestnote, return.

— *Come!* 14

1 It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the etherial bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, the endlessnessnessness…

2 — *To me!*

Siopold!

Consumed.

Come. Well sung. All clapped. She ought to. Come. To me, to him, to her, you too, me, us.

— Bravo! Clapclap. Goodman, Simon. Clappyclapclap. Encore! Clapclipclap. Sound as a bell. Bravo, Simon! Clapclopclap. Encore, enclap, said, cried, clapped all, Ben Dollard, Lydia Douce, George Lidwell, Pat, Mina, two gentlemen with two tankards, Cowley, first gent with tank and bronze Miss Douce and gold Miss Mina.

Blazes Boylan's smart tan shoes creaked on the barfloor, said before. Jingle by
3-4 monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio onehandled Nelson, reverend father Theobald
5 Matthew, jaunted as said before just now. Atrot, in heat, heatseated. *Cloche. Sonnez*
6 *la. Cloche. Sonnez la.* Slower the mare went up the hill by the Rotunda, Rutland square. Too slow for Boylan, blazes Boylan, impatience Boylan, joggled the mare.

An afterclang of Cowley's chords closed, died on the air made richer.

And Richie Goulding drank his Power and Leopold Bloom his cider drank, Lidwell his Guinness, second gentleman said they would partake of two tankards
7 if she did not mind. Miss Kennedy smirked, disserving, coral lips, at first, at second. She did not mind.

— Seven days in jail, Ben Dollard said, on bread and water. Then you'd sing, Simon, like a garden thrush.

Lionel Simon, singer, laughed. Father Bob Cowley played. Mina Kennedy served. Second gentleman paid. Tom Kernan strutted in; Lydia, admired, admired. But Bloom sang dumb.

Admiring.

Richie, admiring, descanted on that man's glorious voice. He remembered
8 one night long ago. Never forget that night. Si sang *'Twas rank and fame:* in Ned Lambert's 'twas. Good God he never heard in all his life a note like that he never did *then false one we had better part* so clear so God he never heard *since love lives not* a clinking voice ask Lambert he can tell you too.

Goulding, a flush struggling in his pale, told Mr Bloom, face of the night, Si in Ned Lambert's, Dedalus' house, sang *'Twas rank and fame.*

He, Mr Bloom, listened while he, Richie Goulding, told him, Mr Bloom of the night he, Richie, heard him, Si Dedalus, sing *'Twas rank and fame* in his, Ned Lambert's house.

9-10 Brothers-in-law: relations. We never speak as we pass by. Rift in the lute I think. Treats him with scorn. See. He admires him all the more. The night Si sang. The human voice, two tiny silky cords. Wonderful, more than all the others.

That voice was a lamentation. Calmer now. It's in the silence you feel you hear. Vibrations. Now silent air.

11 Bloom ungyved his crisscrossed hands and with slack fingers plucked the slender catgut thong. He drew and plucked. It buzzed, it twanged. While Goulding

talked of Barraclough's voice production, while Tom Kernan, harking back in a retrospective sort of arrangement, talked to listening Father Cowley who played a voluntary, who nodded as he played. While big Ben Dollard talked with Simon Dedalus lighting, who nodded as he smoked, who smoked. 1

Thou lost one. All songs on that theme. Yet more Bloom stretched his string. Cruel it seems. Let people get fond of each other: lure them on. Then tear asunder. Death. Explos. Knock on the head. Outtohelloutofthat. Humanlife. Dignam. Ugh, that rat's tail wriggling! Five bob I gave. *Corpus paradisum.* Corncrake croaker: belly like a poisoned pup. Gone. They sing. Forgotten. I too. And one day she with. Leave her: get tired. Suffer then. Snivel. Big Spanishy eyes goggling at nothing. Her wavyavyeavyheavyeavyevyevy hair un comb: 'd. 2-3

Yet too much happy bores. He stretched more, more. Are you not happy in your? Twang. It snapped.

Jingle into Dorset street. 4

Miss Douce withdrew her satiny arm, reproachful, pleased.

— Don't make half so free, said she, till we are better acquainted.

George Lidwell told her really and truly: but she did not believe.

First gentleman told Mina that was so. She asked him was that so. And second tankard told her so. That that was so.

Miss Douce, Miss Lydia, did not believe: Miss Kennedy, Mina, did not believe: George Lidwell, no: Miss Dou did not: the first, the first: gent with the tank: believe, no, no: did not, Miss Kenn: Lidlydiawell: the tank.

Better write it here. Quills in the postoffice chewed and twisted.

Bald Pat at a sign drew nigh. A pen and ink. He went. A pad. He went. A pad to blot. He heard, deaf Pat.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said, teasing the curling catgut fine. It certainly is. Few lines will do. My present. All that Italian florid music is. Who is this wrote? Know the name you know better. Take out sheet notepaper, envelope: unconcerned. It's so characteristic.

— Grandest number in the whole opera, Goulding said.

— It is, Bloom said.

Numbers it is. All music when you come to think. Two multiplied by two divided by half is twice one. Vibrations: chords those are. One plus two plus six is seven. Do anything you like with figures juggling. Always find out this equal to that, symmetry under a cemetery wall. He doesn't see my mourning. Callous: all for his own gut. Musemathematics. And you think you're listening to the etherial. But suppose you said it like: Martha, seven times nine minus x is thirtyfive thousand. Fall quite flat. It's on account of the sounds it is. 5

Instance he's playing now. Improvising. Might be what you like till you hear the words. Want to listen sharp. Hard. Begin all right: then hear chords a bit off: feel lost a bit. In and out of sacks over barrels, through wirefences, obstacle race. Time makes the tune. Question of mood you're in. Still always nice to hear. Except scales up and down, girls learning. Two together nextdoor neighbours. Ought to invent dummy pianos for that. *Blumenlied* I bought for her. The name. Playing it slow, a 6
girl, night I came home, the girl. Door of the stables near Cecilia street. Milly no 7
taste. Queer because we both I mean.

Bald deaf Pat brought quite flat pad ink. Pat set with ink pen quite flat pad. Pat took plate dish knife fork. Pat went.

It was the only language Mr Dedalus said to Ben. He heard them as a boy in
1-3 Ringabella, Crosshaven, Ringabella, singing their barcaroles. Queenstown harbour
4 full of Italian ships. Walking, you know, Ben, in the moonlight with those earthquake hats. Blending their voices. God, such music, Ben. Heard as a boy. Cross Ringabella haven mooncarole.

Sour pipe removed he held a shield of hand beside his lips that cooed a moonlight nightcall, clear from anear, a call from afar, replying.

5-6 Down the edge of his *Freeman* baton ranged Bloom's your other eye, scanning for
7-8 where did I see that. Callan, Coleman, Dignam Patrick. Heigho! Heigho! Fawcett. Aha! Just I was looking…

Hope he's not looking, cute as a rat. He held unfurled his *Freeman*. Can't see
9 now. Remember write Greek ees. Bloom dipped, Bloo mur: dear sir. Dear Henry wrote: dear Mady. Got your lett and flow. Hell did I put? Some pock or oth. It is utterl imposs. Underline *imposs*. To write today.

Bore this. Bored Bloom tambourined gently with I am just reflecting fingers on flat pad Pat brought.

On. Know what I mean. No, change that ee. Accept my poor little pres enclos.
10-11 Ask her no answ. Hold on. Five Dig. Two about here. Penny the gulls. Elijah is com. Seven Davy Byrne's. Is eight about. Say half a crown. My poor little pres:
12 p. o. two and six. Write me a long. Do you despise? Jingle, have you the? So excited.
13 Why do you call me naught? You naughty too? O, Mairy lost the pin of her. Bye for today. Yes, yes, will tell you. Want to. To keep it up. Call me that other. Other world she wrote. My patience are exhaust. To keep it up. You must believe. Believe. The tank. It. Is. True.

Folly am I writing? Husbands don't. That's marriage does, their wives. Because I'm away from. Suppose. But how? She must. Keep young. If she found out. Card
14 in my high grade ha. No, not tell all. Useless pain. If they don't see. Woman. Sauce for the gander.

15 A hackney car, number three hundred and twentyfour, driver Barton James of number one Harmony avenue, Donnybrook, on which sat a fare, a young
16 gentleman, stylishly dressed in an indigoblue serge suit made by George Robert Mesias, tailor and cutter, of number five Eden quay, and wearing a straw hat very
17 dressy, bought of John Plasto of number one Great Brunswick street, hatter. Eh?
18 This is the jingle that joggled and jingled. By Dlugacz' porkshop bright tubes of
19 Agendath trotted a gallantbuttocked mare.

— Answering an ad? keen Richie's eyes asked Bloom.

20 — Yes, Mr Bloom said. Town traveller. Nothing doing, I expect.

Bloom mur: best references. But Henry wrote: it will excite me. You know now. In haste. Henry. Greek ee. Better add postscript. What is he playing now? Improvising intermezzo. P. S. The rum tum tum. How will you pun? You punish me? Crooked skirt swinging, whack by. Tell me I want to. Know. O. Course if I didn't I wouldn't ask. La la la ree. Trails off there sad in minor. Why minor sad? Sign H. They like sad tail at end. P. P. S. La la la ree. I feel so sad today. La ree. So lonely. Dee.

He blotted quick on pad of Pat. Envel. Address. Just copy out of paper. Murmured:
21 Messrs Callan, Coleman and Co, limited. Henry wrote:

Miss Martha Clifford
c/o P. O. 1
Dolphin's barn lane
Dublin.

Blot over the other so he can't read. Right. Idea prize titbit. Something detective 2
read off blottingpad. Payment at the rate of guinea per col. Matcham often thinks
the laughing witch. Poor Mrs Purefoy. U. p.: up.

Too poetical that about the sad. Music did that. Music hath charms Shakespeare 3
said. Quotations every day in the year. To be or not to be. Wisdom while you 4-5
wait.

In Gerard's rosery of Fetter lane he walks, greyedauburn. One life is all. One 6
body. Do. But do.

Done anyhow. Postal order stamp. Postoffice lower down. Walk now. Enough. 7
Barney Kiernan's I promised to meet them. Dislike that job. House of mourning. 8-9
Walk. Pat! Doesn't hear. Deaf beetle he is. 10

Car near there now. Talk. Talk. Pat! Doesn't. Settling those napkins. Lot of ground he must cover in the day. Paint face behind on him then he'd be two. Wish they'd sing more. Keep my mind off.

Bald Pat who is bothered mitred the napkins. Pat is a waiter hard of his hearing. Pat is a waiter who waits while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. Hee hee. A waiter is he. Hee hee hee hee. He waits while you wait. While you wait if you wait he will wait while you wait. Hee hee hee hee. Hoh. Wait while you wait.

Douce now. Douce Lydia. Bronze and rose.

She had a gorgeous, simply gorgeous, time. And look at the lovely shell she brought.

To the end of the bar to him she bore lightly the spiked and winding seahorn that he, George Lidwell, solicitor, might hear.

— Listen! she bade him.

Under Tom Kernan's ginhot words the accompanist wove music slow. Authentic 11
fact. How Walter Bapty lost his voice. Well, sir, the husband took him by the throat.
Scoundrel, said he. *You'll sing no more lovesongs*. He did, sir Tom. Bob Cowley wove.
Tenors get wom. Cowley lay back.

Ah, now he heard, she holding it to his ear. Hear! He heard. Wonderful. She held it to her own and through the sifted light pale gold in contrast glided. To hear.

Tap.

Bloom through the bardoor saw a shell held at their ears. He heard more faintly that that they heard, each for herself alone, then each for other, hearing the plash of waves, loudly, a silent roar.

Bronze by a weary gold, anear, afar, they listened.

Her ear too is a shell, the peeping lobe there. Been to the seaside. Lovely seaside 12
girls. Skin tanned raw. Should have put on coldcream first make it brown. Buttered
toast. O and that lotion mustn't forget. Fever near her mouth. Your head it simply.
Hair braided over: shell with seaweed. Why do they hide their ears with seaweed
hair? And Turks their mouth, why? Her eyes over the sheet, a yashmak. Find the 13
way in. A cave. No admittance except on business.

The sea they think they hear. Singing. A roar. The blood is it. Souse in the ear sometimes. Well, it's a sea. Corpuscle islands.

Wonderful really. So distinct. Again. George Lidwell held its murmur, hearing: then laid it by, gently.

— What are the wild waves saying? he asked her, smiled.

Charming, seasmiling and unanswering Lydia on Lidwell smiled.

Tap.

By Larry O'Rourke's, by Larry, bold Larry O', Boylan swayed and Boylan turned.

From the forsaken shell Miss Mina glided to her tankard waiting. No, she was not so lonely archly Miss Douce's head let Mr Lidwell know. Walks in the moonlight by the sea. No, not alone. With whom? She nobly answered: with a gentleman friend.

Bob Cowley's twinkling fingers in the treble played again. The landlord has the prior. A little time. Long John. Big Ben. Lightly he played a light bright tinkling measure for tripping ladies, arch and smiling, and for their gallants, gentlemen friends. One: one, one, one: two, one, three, four.

Sea, wind, leaves, thunder, waters, cows lowing, the cattle market, cocks, hens don't crow, snakes hissss. There's music everywhere. Ruttledge's door: ee creaking. No, that's noise. Minuet of *Don Giovanni* he's playing now. Court dresses of all descriptions in castle chambers dancing. Misery. Peasants outside. Green starving faces eating dockleaves. Nice that is. Look: look, look, look, look, look: you look at us.

That's joyful I can feel. Never have written it. Why? My joy is other joy. But both are joys. Yes, joy it must be. Mere fact of music shows you are. Often thought she was in the dumps till she began to lilt. Then know.

M'Coy valise. My wife and your wife. Squealing cat. Like tearing silk. When she talks like the clapper of a bellows. They can't manage men's intervals. Gap in their voices too. Fill me. I'm warm, dark, open. Molly in *quis est homo:* Mercadante. My ear against the wall to hear. Want a woman who can deliver the goods.

Jog jig jogged stopped. Dandy tan shoe of dandy Boylan socks skyblue clocks came light to earth.

O, look we are so! Chamber music. Could make a kind of pun on that. It is a kind of music I often thought when she. Acoustics that is. Tinkling. Empty vessels make most noise. Because the acoustics, the resonance changes according as the weight of the water is equal to the law of falling water. Like those rhapsodies of Liszt's, Hungarian, gipsyeyed. Pearls. Drops. Rain. Diddle iddle addle addle oodle oodle. Hiss. Now. Maybe now. Before.

One rapped on a door, one tapped with a knock, did he knock Paul de Kock, with a loud proud knocker, with a cock carracarracarra cock. Cockcock.

Tap.

— *Qui sdegno*, Ben, said Father Cowley.

— No, Ben, Tom Kernan interfered, *The Croppy Boy.* Our native Doric.

— Ay do, Ben, Mr Dedalus said. Good men and true.

— Do, do, they begged in one.

I'll go. Here, Pat, return. Come. He came, he came, he did not stay. To me. How much?

— What key? Six sharps?

— F sharp major, Ben Dollard said.

Bob Cowley's outstretched talons gripped the black deepsounding chords.

Must go prince Bloom told Richie prince. No, Richie said. Yes, must. Got money somewhere. He's on for a razzle backache spree. Much? He seehears lipspeech. 1
One and nine. Penny for yourself. Here. Give him twopence tip. Deaf, bothered. But perhaps he has wife and family waiting, waiting Patty come home. Hee hee hee hee. Deaf wait while they wait.

But wait. But hear. Chords dark. Lugugugubrious. Low. In a cave of the dark 2
middle earth. Embedded ore. Lumpmusic.

The voice of dark age, of unlove, earth's fatigue made grave approach, and painful, come from afar, from hoary mountains, called on good men and true. The priest he sought, with him would he speak a word. 3

Tap.

Ben Dollard's voice barreltone. Doing his level best to say it. Croak of vast manless moonless womoonless marsh. Other comedown. Big ships' chandler's 4
business he did once. Remember: rosiny ropes, ships' lanterns. Failed to the tune 5
of ten thousand pounds. Now in the Iveagh home. Cubicle number so and so. 6
Number one Bass did that for him.

The priest's at home. A false priest's servant bade him welcome. Step in. The 7
holy father. Curlycues of chords.

Ruin them. Wreck their lives. Then build them cubicles to end their days in. Hushaby. Lullaby. Die, dog. Little dog, die.

The voice of warning, solemn warning, told them the youth had entered a lonely 8
hall, told them how solemn fell his footstep there, told them the gloomy chamber, 9
the vested priest sitting to shrive.

Decent soul. Bit addled now. Thinks he'll win in *Answers* poets' picture puzzle. 10
We hand you crisp five pound note. Bird sitting hatching in a nest. Lay of the last 11
minstrel he thought it was. See blank tee what domestic animal? Tee dash ar most courageous mariner. Good voice he has still. No eunuch yet with all his belongings.

Listen. Bloom listened. Richie Goulding listened. And by the door deaf Pat, bald Pat, tipped Pat, listened.

The chords harped slower.

The voice of penance and of grief came slow, embellished tremulous. Ben's 12
contrite beard confessed: *in nomine Domini*, in God's name. He knelt. He beat his 13
hand upon his breast, confessing: *mea culpa*.

Latin again. That holds them like birdlime. Priest with the communion corpus 14-15
for those women. Chap in the mortuary, coffin or coffey, *corpusnomine*. Wonder where that rat is by now. Scrape.

Tap.

They listened: tankards and Miss Kennedy, George Lidwell eyelid well expressive, fullbusted satin, Kernan, Si.

The sighing voice of sorrow sang. His sins. Since easter he had cursed three times. 16
You bitch's bast. And once at masstime he had gone to play. Once by the churchyard he had passed and for his mother's rest he had not prayed. A boy. A croppy boy.

Bronze, listening by the beerpull, gazed far away. Soulfully. Doesn't half know 17
I'm. Molly great dab at seeing anyone looking.

Bronze gazed far sideways. Mirror there. Is that best side of her face? They always 18
know. Knock at the door. Last tip to titivate.

Cockcarracarra.

1 What do they think when they hear music? Way to catch rattlesnakes. Night
2 Michael Gunn gave us the box. Tuning up. Shah of Persia liked that best. Remind
3 him of home sweet home. Wiped his nose in curtain too. Custom his country perhaps. That's music too. Not as bad as it sounds. Tootling. Brasses braying asses through uptrunks. Doublebasses, helpless, gashes in their sides. Woodwinds
4 mooing cows. Semigrand open crocodile music hath jaws. Woodwind like
5 Goodwin's name.

She looked fine. Her crocus dress she wore, lowcut, belongings on show.
6 Clove her breath was always in theatre when she bent to ask a question. Told her what Spinoza says in that book of poor papa's. Hypnotised, listening. Eyes like that. She bent. Chap in dresscircle, staring down into her with his operaglass for all he was worth. Beauty of music you must hear twice. Nature
7 woman half a look. God made the country man the tune. Met him pike hoses. Philosophy. O rocks!

8 All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his brothers fell. To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of his name and race.

I too, last my race. Milly young student. Well, my fault perhaps. No son. Rudy. Too late now. Or if not? If not? If still?

9 He bore no hate.

Hate. Love. Those are names. Rudy. Soon I am old.

10 Big Ben his voice unfolded. Great voice, Richie Goulding said, a flush struggling in his pale, to Bloom, soon old but when was young.

11-12 Ireland comes now. My country above the king. She listens. Who fears to speak of nineteen four? Time to be shoving. Looked enough.

13 — *Bless me, father,* Dollard the croppy cried. *Bless me and let me go.*

Tap.

14 Bloom looked, unblessed to go. Got up to kill: on eighteen bob a week. Fellows
15-18 shell out the dibs. Want to keep your weathereye open. Those girls, those lovely. By the sad sea waves. Chorusgirl's romance. Letters read out for breach of promise. From Chickabiddy's own Mumpsypum. Laughter in court. Henry. I never signed it. The lovely name you.

19 Low sank the music, air and words. Then hastened. The false priest rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain. They know it all by heart. The thrill they itch for. Yeoman cap.

Tap. Tap.

Thrilled, she listened, bending in sympathy to hear.

Blank face. Virgin should say: or fingered only. Write something on it: page. If not what becomes of them? Decline, despair. Keeps them young. Even admire themselves. See. Play on her. Lip blow. Body of white woman, a flute alive. Blow gentle. Loud. Three holes all women. Goddess I didn't see. They want it: not too much polite. That's why he gets them. Gold in your pocket, brass in your face.
20 With look to look: songs without words. Molly that hurdygurdy boy. She knew he
21 meant the monkey was sick. Or because so like the Spanish. Understand animals too that way. Solomon did. Gift of nature.

Ventriloquise. My lips closed. Think in my stom. What?

Will? You? I. Want. You. To.

With hoarse rude fury the yeoman cursed. Swelling in apoplectic bitch's bastard. 1
A good thought, boy, to come. One hour's your time to live, your last.

Tap. Tap.

Thrill now. Pity they feel. To wipe away a tear for martyrs. For all things dying, want to, dying to, die. For that all things born. Poor Mrs Purefoy. Hope she's over. Because their wombs.

A liquid of womb of woman eyeball gazed under a fence of lashes, calmly, hearing. See real beauty of the eye when she not speaks. On yonder river. At each 2
slow satiny heaving bosom's wave (her heaving embon) red rose rose slowly, sank 3
red rose. Heartbeats her breath: breath that is life. And all the tiny tiny fernfoils 4
trembled of maidenhair.

But look. The bright stars fade. O rose! Castille. The morn. Ha. Lidwell. For 5-6
him then not for. Infatuated. I like that? See her from here though. Popped corks, splashes of beerfroth, stacks of empties.

On the smooth jutting beerpull laid Lydia hand lightly, plumply, leave it to my hands. All lost in pity for croppy. Fro, to: to, fro: over the polished knob (she knows his eyes, my eyes, her eyes) her thumb and finger passed in pity: passed, repassed and, gently touching, then slid so smoothly, slowly down, a cool firm white enamel baton protruding through their sliding ring.

With a cock with a carra.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

I hold this house. Amen. He gnashed in fury. Traitors swing. 7

The chords consented. Very sad thing. But had to be.

Get out before the end. Thanks, that was heavenly. Where's my hat. Pass by her. Can leave that *Freeman*. Letter I have. Suppose she were the? No. Walk, walk, walk. Like Cashel Boylo Connoro Coylo Tisdall Maurice Tisntdall Farrell. Waaaaaaalk.

Well, I must be. Are you off? Yrfmstbyes. Blmstup. O'er ryehigh blue. Bloom 8
stood up. Ow. Soap feeling rather sticky behind. Must have sweated: music. That lotion, remember. Well, so long. High grade. Card inside, yes.

By deaf Pat in the doorway, straining ear, Bloom passed.

At Geneva barrack that young man died. At Passage was his body laid. Dolor! O, 9-10
he dolores! The voice of the mournful chanter called to dolorous prayer.

By rose, by satiny bosom, by the fondling hand, by slops, by empties, by popped corks, greeting in going, past eyes and maidenhair, bronze and faint gold in deepseashadow, went Bloom, soft Bloom, I feel so lonely Bloom.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Pray for him, prayed the bass of Dollard. You who hear in peace. Breathe a prayer, 11
drop a tear, good men, good people. He was the croppy boy.

Scaring eavesdropping boots croppy bootsboy Bloom in the Ormond hallway heard growls and roars of bravo, fat backslapping, their boots all treading, boots not the boots the boy. General chorus off for a swill to wash it down. Glad I avoided.

— Come on, Ben, Simon Dedalus said. By God, you're as good as ever you were.

— Better, said Tomgin Kernan, Most trenchant rendition of that ballad, upon my soul and honour it is.

— Lablache, said Father Cowley. 12

Ben Dollard bulkily cachuchad towards the bar, mightily praisefed and all big roseate, on heavyfooted feet, his gouty fingers nakkering castagnettes in the air. 13

Big Benaben Dollard. Big Benben. Big Benben.

Rrr.

And deepmoved all, Simon trumping compassion from foghorn nose, all laughing, they brought him forth, Ben Dollard, in right good cheer.

— You're looking rubicund, George Lidwell said.

Miss Douce composed her rose to wait.

— Ben machree, said Mr Dedalus, clapping Ben's fat back shoulderblade. Fit as a fiddle, only he has a lot of adipose tissue concealed about his person.

Rrrrrrsss.

— Fat of death, Simon, Ben Dollard growled.

Richie rift in the lute alone sat: Goulding, Collis, Ward. Uncertainly he waited. Unpaid Pat too.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Miss Mina Kennedy brought near her lips to ear of tankard one.

— Mr Dollard, they murmured low.

— Dollard, murmured tankard.

Tank one believed: Miss Kenn when she: that doll he was: she doll: the tank.

He murmured that he knew the name. The name was familiar to him, that is to say. That was to say he had heard the name of Dollard, was it? Dollard, yes.

Yes, her lips said more loudly, Mr Dollard. He sang that song lovely, murmured Mina. And *The last rose of summer* was a lovely song. Mina loved that song. Tankard loved the song that Mina.

'Tis the last rose of summer dollard left Bloom felt wind wound round inside.

Gassy thing that cider: binding too. Wait. Postoffice near Reuben J's one and eightpence too. Get shut of it. Dodge round by Greek street. Wish I hadn't promised to meet. Freer in air. Music. Gets on your nerves. Beerpull. Her hand that rocks the cradle rules the. Ben Howth. That rules the world.

Far. Far. Far. Far.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Up the quay went Lionelleopold, naughty Henry with letter for Mady, with sweets of sin with frillies for Raoul with met him pike hoses went Poldy on.

Tap blind walked tapping by the tap the curbstone tapping, tap by tap.

Cowley, he stuns himself with it; kind of drunkenness. Better give way only half way the way of a man with a maid. Instance enthusiasts. All ears. Not lose a demisemiquaver. Eyes shut. Head nodding in time. Dotty. You daren't budge. Thinking strictly prohibited. Always talking shop. Fiddlefaddle about notes.

All a kind of attempt to talk. Unpleasant when it stops because you never know exac. Organ in Gardiner street. Old Glynn fifty quid a year. Queer up there in the cockloft alone with stops and locks and keys. Seated all day at the organ. Maunder on for hours, talking to himself or the other fellow blowing the bellows. Growl angry, then shriek cursing (want to have wadding or something in his no don't she cried), then all of a soft sudden wee little wee little pippy wind.

Pwee! A wee little wind piped eeee. In Bloom's little wee.

— Was he? Mr Dedalus said, returning, with fetched pipe. I was with him this morning at poor little Paddy Dignam's…

— Ay, the Lord have mercy on him.

— By the by there's a tuningfork in there on the…

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

— The wife has a fine voice. Or had. What? Lidwell asked.

— O, that must be the tuner, Lydia said to Simonlionel first I saw, forgot it when he was here.

Blind he was she told George Lidwell second I saw. And played so exquisitely, treat to hear. Exquisite contrast: bronzelid minagold.

— Shout! Ben Dollard shouted, pouring. Sing out!

— 'lldo! cried Father Cowley.

Rrrrrr.

I feel I want…

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

— Very, Mr Dedalus said, staring hard at a headless sardine.

Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone. 1

— Very, he stared. The lower register, for choice.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Bloom went by Barry's. Wish I could. Wait. That wonderworker if I had. Twentyfour solicitors in that one house. Litigation. Love one another. Piles of parchment. Messrs Pick and Pocket have power of attorney. Goulding, Collis, Ward. 2-3 4

But for example the chap that wallops the big drum. His vocation: Micky Rooney's band. Wonder how it first struck him. Sitting at home after pig's cheek and cabbage nursing it in the armchair. Rehearsing his band part. Pom. Pompedy. Jolly for the wife. Asses' skins. Welt them through life, then wallop after death. Pom. Wallop. Seems to be what you call yashmak or I mean kismet. Fate. 5 6

Tap. Tap. A stripling, blind, with a tapping cane, came taptaptapping by Daly's window where a mermaid, hair all streaming (but he couldn't see), blew whiffs of a mermaid (blind couldn't), mermaid coolest whiff of all. 7 8

Instruments. A blade of grass, shell of her hands, then blow. Even comb and tissuepaper you can knock a tune out of. Molly in her shift in Lombard street west, hair down. I suppose each kind of trade made its own, don't you see? Hunter with a horn. Haw. Have you the? *Cloche. Sonnez la!* Shepherd his pipe. Policeman a whistle. Locks and keys! Sweep! Four o'clock's all's well! Sleep! All is lost now. Drum? Pompedy. Wait, I know. Towncrier, bumbailiff. Long John. Waken the dead. Pom. Dignam. Poor little *nominedomine*. Pom. It is music, I mean of course it's all pom pom pom very much what they call *da capo*. Still you can hear. As we march we march along, march along. Pom. 9 10 11-12 13-14 15 16

I must really. Fff. Now if I did that at a banquet. Just a question of custom shah of Persia. Breathe a prayer, drop a tear. All the same he must have been a bit of a natural not to see it was a yeoman cap. Muffled up. Wonder who was that chap at the grave in the brown mackin. O, the whore of the lane! 17 18 19

A frowsy whore with black straw sailor hat askew came glazily in the day along the quay towards Mr Bloom. When first he saw that form endearing. Yes, it is. I feel so lonely. Wet night in the lane. Horn. Who had the? Heehaw. Shesaw. Off her beat here. What is she? Hope she. Psst! Any chance of your wash. Knew Molly. Had me decked. Stout lady does be with you in the brown costume. Put you off your stroke. That appointment we made. Knowing we'd never, well hardly ever. Too dear too near to home sweet home. Sees me, does 20 21 22 23 24-25 26

she? Looks a fright in the day. Face like dip. Damn her! O, well, she has to live like the rest. Look in here.

In Lionel Marks's antique saleshop window haughty Henry Lionel Leopold dear Henry Flower earnestly Mr Leopold Bloom envisaged candlestick melodeon oozing maggoty blowbags. Bargain: six bob. Might learn to play. Cheap. Let her pass. Course everything is dear if you don't want it. That's what good salesman is. Make you buy what he wants to sell. Chap sold me the Swedish razor he shaved me with. Wanted to charge me for the edge he gave it. She's passing now. Six bob.

Must be the cider or perhaps the burgund.

Near bronze from anear near gold from afar they chinked their clinking glasses all, brighteyed and gallant, before bronze Lydia's tempting last rose of summer, rose of Castille. First Lid, De, Cow, Ker, Doll, a fifth: Lidwell, Si Dedalus, Bob Cowley, Kernan and Big Ben Dollard.

Tap. A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall.

Bloom viewed a gallant pictured hero in Lionel Marks's window. Robert Emmet's last words. Seven last words. Of Meyerbeer that is.

— True men like you men.

— Ay, ay, Ben.

— Will lift your glass with us.

They lifted.

Tschink. Tschunk.

Tip. An unseeing stripling stood in the door. He saw not bronze. He saw not gold. Nor Ben nor Bob nor Tom nor Si nor George nor tanks nor Richie nor Pat. Hee hee hee hee. He did not see.

Seabloom, greaseabloom viewed last words. Softly. *When my country takes her place among.*

Prrprr.

Must be the bur.

Fff. Oo. Rrpr.

Nations of the earth. No-one behind. She's passed. *Then and not till then.* Tram. Kran, kran, kran. Good oppor. Coming. Krandlkrankran. I'm sure it's the burgund. Yes. One, two. *Let my epitaph be.* Karaaaaaaa. *Written. I have.*

Pprrpffrrppfff.

Done.

I was just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D. M. P. at the corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter only Joe Hynes.

— Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?

— Soot's luck, says Joe. Who's the old ballocks you were talking to?

— Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfare with his brooms and ladders.

— What are you doing round those parts? says Joe.

— Devil a much, says I. There is a bloody big foxy thief beyond by the garrison church at the corner of Chicken Lane—old Troy was just giving me a wrinkle about him—lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar to pay three bob a week said he had a farm in the county Down off a hop of my thumb by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heytesbury street.

— Circumcised! says Joe.

— Ay, says I. A bit off the top. An old plumber named Geraghty. I'm hanging on to his taw now for the past fortnight and I can't get a penny out of him.

— That the lay you're on now? says Joe.

— Ay, says I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain. *Tell him,* says he, *I dare him,* says he, *and I doubledare him to send you round here again or if he does,* says he, *I'll have him summonsed up before the court, so will I, for trading without a licence.* And he after stuffing himself till he's fit to burst! Jesus, I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Because he no pay me my moneys?*

For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraghty, Esquire, of 29 Arbour Hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser, videlicet, five pounds avoirdupois of first choice tea at three shillings per pound avoirdupois and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal, at three pence per pound avoirdupois, the said purchaser debtor to the said vendor of one pound five shillings and six pence sterling for value received which amount shall be paid by said purchaser to said vendor in weekly instalments every seven calendar days of three shillings and

no pence sterling: and the said nonperishable goods shall not be pawned or pledged or sold or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser but shall be and remain and be held to be the sole and exclusive property of the said vendor to be disposed of at his good will and pleasure until the said amount shall have been duly paid by the said purchaser to the said vendor in the manner herein set forth as this day hereby agreed between the said vendor his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the one part and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the other part.

— Are you a strict t. t.? says Joe.

— Not taking anything between drinks, says I.

— What about paying our respects to our friend? says Joe.

— Who? says I. Sure, he's in John of God's off his head, poor man.

— Drinking his own stuff? says Joe.

— Ay, says I. Whisky and water on the brain.

— Come around to Barney Kiernan's, says Joe. I want to see the citizen.

— Barney mavourneen's be it, says I. Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?

— Not a word, says Joe. I was up at that meeting in the City Arms.

— What was that, Joe? says I.

— Cattle traders, says Joe, about the foot and mouth disease. I want to give the citizen the hard word about it.

So we went around by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the courthouse talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe when he has it but sure like that he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over that bloody foxy Geraghty, the daylight robber. For trading without a licence, says he.

In Inisfail the fair there lies a land, the land of holy Michan. There rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept, warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the gunnard, the plaice, the roach, the halibut, the gibbed haddock, the grilse, the dab, the brill, the flounder, the mixed coarse fish generally and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom too numerous to be enumerated. In the mild breezes of the west and of the east the lofty trees wave in different directions their first class foliage, the wafty sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar, the exalted planetree, the eugenic eucalyptus and other ornaments of the arboreal world with which that region is thoroughly well supplied. Lovely maidens sit in close proximity to the roots of the lovely trees singing the most lovely songs while they play with all kinds of lovely objects as for example golden ingots, silvery fishes, crans of herrings, drafts of eels, codlings, creels of fingerlings, purple seagems and playful insects. And heroes voyage from afar to woo them, from Elbana to Slievemargy, the peerless princes of unfettered Munster and of Connacht the just and of smooth sleek Leinster and of Cruachan's land and of Armagh the splendid and of the noble district of Boyle, princes, the sons of kings.

And there rises a shining palace whose crystal glittering roof is seen by mariners who traverse the extensive sea in barks built expressly for that purpose and thither come all herds and fatlings and first fruits of that land for O'Connell Fitzsimon takes toll of them, a chieftain descended from chieftains. Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, flaskets of cauliflowers, floats of spinach, pineapple chunks, Rangoon beans, strikes of tomatoes, drums of figs, drills of

Swedes, spherical potatoes and tallies of iridescent kale, York and Savoy, and trays of onions, pearls of the earth, and punnets of mushrooms and custard marrows and fat vetches and bere and rape and red green yellow brown russet sweet big bitter ripe pomellated apples and chips of strawberries and sieves of gooseberries, pulpy and pelurious, and strawberries fit for princes and raspberries from their canes. 1 2

I dare him, says he, and I doubledare him. Come out here, Geraghty, you notorious bloody hill and dale robber! 3

And by that way wend the herds innumerable of bellwethers and flushed ewes and shearling rams and lambs and stubble geese and medium steers and roaring mares and polled calves and longwools and storesheep and Cuffe's prime springers and culls and sowpigs and baconhogs and the various different varieties of highly distinguished swine and Angus heifers and polly bullocks of immaculate pedigree together with prime premiated milchcows and beeves: and there is ever heard a trampling, cackling, roaring, lowing, bleating, bellowing, rumbling, grunting, champing, chewing, of sheep and pigs and heavyhooved kine from pasturelands of Lush and Rush and Carrickmines and from the streamy vales of Thomond, from M'Gillicuddy's reeks the inaccessible and lordly Shannon the unfathomable, and from the gentle declivities of the place of the race of Kiar, their udders distended with superabundance of milk and butts of butter and rennets of cheese and farmer's firkins and targets of lamb and crannocks of corn and oblong eggs, in great hundreds, various in size, the agate with the dun. 4-5 6-10 11-12 13 14-15 16-17 18-19 20 21-23

So we turned into Barney Kiernan's and there sure enough was the citizen up in the corner having a great confab with himself and that bloody mangy mongrel, Garryowen, and he waiting for what the sky would drop in the way of drink. 24

— There he is, says I, in his gloryhole, with his cruiskeen lawn and his load of papers, working for the cause. 25-26

The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him would give you the creeps. Be a corporal work of mercy if someone would take the life of that bloody dog. I'm told for a fact he ate a good part of the breeches off a constabulary man in Santry that came round one time with a blue paper about a licence. 27 28 29-30 31

— Stand and deliver, says he.

— That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.

— Pass, friends, says he.

Then he rubs his hand in his eye and says he:

— What's your opinion of the times?

Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion. 32

— I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his fork.

So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:

— Foreign wars is the cause of it.

And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

— It's the Russians wish to tyrannise. 33

— Arrah, give over your bloody codding Joe, says I, I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown. 34-35

— Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.

— Wine of the country, says he.

— What's yours? says Joe.

— Ditto MacAnaspey, says I.

— Three pints, Terry, says Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says he.

— Never better, *a chara*, says he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

And with that he took the bloody old towser by the scruff of the neck and, by Jesus, he near throttled him.

The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggybearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced, sinewyarmed hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike mountainous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse *(Ulex Europeus)*. The widewinged nostrils, from which bristles of the same tawny hue projected, were of such capaciousness that within their cavernous obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the dimensions of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm breath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his formidable heart thundered rumblingly causing the ground, the summit of the lofty tower and the still loftier walls of the cave to vibrate and tremble.

He wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide reaching to the knees in a loose kilt and this was bound about his middle by a girdle of plaited straw and rushes. Beneath this he wore trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His nether extremities were encased in high Balbriggan buskins dyed in lichen purple, the feet being shod with brogues of salted cowhide laced with the windpipe of the same beast. From his girdle hung a row of seastones which dangled at every movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude yet striking art the tribal images of many Irish heroes and heroines of antiquity, Cuchulin, Conn of hundred battles, Niall of nine hostages, Brian of Kincora, the Ardri Malachi, Art MacMurragh, Shane O'Neill, Father John Murphy, Owen Roe, Patrick Sarsfield, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Red Jim MacDermott, Soggarth Eoghan O'Growney, Michael Dwyer, Francy Higgins, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Goliath, Horace Wheatley, Thomas Conneff, Peg Woffington, the Village Blacksmith, Captain Moonlight, Captain Boycott, Dante Alighieri, Christopher Columbus, S. Fursa, S. Brendan, Marshal MacMahon, Charlemagne, Theobald Wolfe Tone, the Mother of the Maccabees, the Last of the Mohicans, the Rose of Castille, the Man for Galway, The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, The Man in the Gap, The Woman Who Didn't, Benjamin Franklin, Napoleon Bonaparte, John L. Sullivan, Cleopatra, Savourneen Deelish, Julius Caesar, Paracelsus, sir Thomas Lipton, William Tell, Michelangelo, Hayes, Muhammad, the Bride of Lammermoor, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Packer, Dark Rosaleen, Patrick W. Shakespeare, Brian Confucius, Murtagh Gutenberg, Patricio Velasquez, Captain Nemo, Tristan and Isolde, the first Prince of Wales, Thomas Cook and Son, the Bold Soldier Boy, Arrah na Pogue, Dick Turpin, Ludwig Beethoven, the Colleen Bawn, Waddler Healy, Angus the Culdee, Dolly Mount, Sidney Parade, Ben Howth, Valentine Greatrakes, Adam and Eve, Arthur Wellesley, Boss Croker, Herodotus, Jack the Giantkiller, Gautama Buddha, Lady Godiva, The Lily of Killarney, Balor of the Evil Eye, the Queen of Sheba, Acky Nagle, Joe

Nagle, Alessandro Volta, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. 1-3
A couched spear of acuminated granite rested by him while at his feet reposed a 4
savage animal of the canine tribe whose stertorous gasps announced that he was sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed by hoarse growls and spasmodic movements which his master repressed from time to time by tranquillising blows of a mighty cudgel rudely fashioned out of paleolithic stone.

So anyhow Terry brought the three pints Joe was standing and begob the sight nearly left my eyes when I saw him land out a quid. O, as true as I'm telling you. A goodlooking sovereign.

— And there's more where that came from, says he.

— Were you robbing the poorbox, Joe? says I.

— Sweat of my brow, says Joe. 'Twas the prudent member gave me the wheeze. 5

— I saw him before I met you, says I, sloping around by Pill lane and Greek street 6
with his cod's eye counting up all the guts of the fish. 7

Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom, the son 8-10
of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory's son: he of the prudent soul.

— For the old woman of Prince's street, says the citizen, the subsidised organ. 11
The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, says 12
he. Look at this, says he. *The Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell 13
to be the workingman's friend. Listen to the births and deaths in the *Irish all for Ireland Independent* and I'll thank you and the marriages.

And he starts reading them out:

— Gordon, Barnfield Crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's on 14
Sea, the wife of William T. Redmayne, of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and Flint, 15
Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion daughter of Rosa and the late George Alfred Gillett, 179 Clapham Road, Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's Kensington by the very reverend Dr Forrest, Dean of Worcester, eh? Deaths. 16
Bristow, at Whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington, of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat house, Chepstow...

— I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

— Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: Miller, Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning Street, Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that for a national press, eh, my brown son? How's that for Martin 17
Murphy, the Bantry jobber?

— Ah, well, says Joe, handing round the boose. Thanks be to God they had the 18
start of us. Drink that, citizen.

— I will, says he, honourable person.

— Health, Joe, says I. And all down the form.

Ah! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click.

And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came swiftly in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth and behind him there passed an elder of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred scrolls of law and with him his lady wife, a dame of peerless lineage, fairest of her race.

Little Alf Bergan popped in round the door and hid behind Barney's snug, 19
squeezed up with the laughing, and who was sitting up there in the corner that I hadn't seen snoring drunk, blind to the world, only Bob Doran. I didn't know what 20

was up and Alf kept making signs out of the door. And begob what was it only
1 that bloody old pantaloon Denis Breen in his bath slippers with two bloody big books tucked under his oxter and the wife hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman trotting like a poodle. I thought Alf would split.

— Look at him, says he. Breen. He's traipsing all round Dublin with a postcard
2 someone sent him with u. p.: up on it to take a li…

And he doubled up.

— Take a what? says I.

— Libel action, says he, for ten thousand pounds.

— O, hell! says I.

The bloody mongrel began to growl that'd put the fear of God in you seeing something was up but the citizen gave him a kick in the ribs.

3 — *Bi i dho husht*, says he.

— Who? says Joe.

— Breen, says Alf. He was in John Henry Menton's and then he went round to
4 Collis and Ward's and then Tom Rochford met him and sent him round to the subsheriff's for a lark. O God, I've a pain laughing. U. p.: up. The long fellow gave him an eye as good as a process and now the bloody old lunatic is gone round to
5 Green Street to look for a G. man.

6 — When is long John going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy? says Joe.

— Bergan, says Bob Doran, waking up. Is that Alf Bergan?

7 — Yes, says Alf. Hanging? Wait till I show you. Here, Terry, give us a pony. That bloody old fool! Ten thousand pounds. You should have seen long John's eye. U. p…

And he started laughing.

— Who are you laughing at? says Bob Doran. Is that Bergan?

— Hurry up, Terry boy, says Alf.

8 Terence O'Ryan heard him and straightway brought him a crystal cup full of the
9 foaming ebon ale which the noble twin brothers Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun
10 brew ever in their divine alevats, cunning as the sons of deathless Leda. For they garner the succulent berries of the hop and mass and sift and bruise and brew them and they mix therewith sour juices and bring the must to the sacred fire and cease not night or day from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat.

11 Then did you, chivalrous Terence, hand forth, as to the manner born, that nectarous beverage and you offered the crystal cup to him that thirsted, the soul of chivalry, in beauty akin to the immortals.

But he the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook to be outdone in gener-
12 ous deeds but gave therefor with gracious gesture a testoon of costliest bronze. Thereon embossed in excellent smithwork was seen the image of a queen of regal
13 port, scion of the house of Brunswick, Victoria her name, Her Most Excellent Majesty, by grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the sea, queen, defender of the faith, Empress of India, even she, who bore rule, a victress over many peoples, the wellbeloved,
14 for they knew and loved her from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the pale, the dark, the ruddy and the ethiop.

— What's that bloody freemason doing, says the citizen, prowling up and down outside?

— What's that? says Joe,

— Here you are, says Alf, chucking out the rhino. Talking about hanging. I'll show you something you never saw. Hangmen's letters. Look at here.

So he took a bundle of wisps of letters and envelopes out of his pocket.

— Are you codding? say I.

— Honest injun, says Alf. Read them.

So Joe took up the letters.

— Who are you laughing at? says Bob Doran.

So I saw there was going to be bit of a dust. Bob's a queer chap when the porter's up in him so says I just to make talk:

— How's Willy Murray those times, Alf?

— I don't know, says Alf. I saw him just now in Capel Street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that...

— You what? says Joe, throwing down the letters. With who?

— With Dignam, says Alf.

— Is it Paddy? says Joe.

— Yes, says Alf. Why?

— Don't you know he's dead? says Joe.

— Paddy Dignam dead? says Alf.

— Ay, says Joe.

— Sure I'm after seeing him not five minutes ago, says Alf, as plain as a pikestaff.

— Who's dead? says Bob Doran.

— You saw his ghost then, says Joe, God between us and harm.

— What? says Alf. Good Christ, only five... What?... and Willy Murray with him, the two of them there near whatdoyoucallhim's... What? Dignam dead?

— What about Dignam? says Bob Doran. Who's talking about...?

— Dead! says Alf. He is no more dead than you are.

— Maybe so, says Joe. They took the liberty of burying him this morning anyhow.

— Paddy? says Alf.

— Ay, says Joe. He paid the debt of nature, God be merciful to him.

— Good Christ! says Alf.

Begob he was what you might call flabbergasted.

In the darkness spirit hands were felt to flutter and when prayer by tantras had been directed to the proper quarter a faint but increasing luminosity of ruby light became gradually visible, the apparition of the etheric double being particularly lifelike owing to the discharge of jivic rays from the crown of the head and face. Communication was effected through the pituitary body and also by means of the orangefiery and scarlet rays emanating from the sacral region and solar plexus. Questioned by his earthname as to his whereabouts in the heavenworld he stated that he was now on the path of pralaya or return but was still submitted to trial at the hands of certain bloodthirsty entities on the lower astral levels. In reply to a question as to his first sensations in the great divide beyond he stated that previously he had seen as in a glass darkly but that those who had passed over had summit possibilities of atmic development opened up to them. Interrogated as to whether life there resembled our experience in the flesh he stated that he had heard from more favoured beings now in the spirit that their abodes were equipped with every modern home comfort such as talafana, alavatar, hatakalda, wataklasat and that the highest adepts were steeped in waves of volupcy of the

very purest nature. Having requested a quart of buttermilk this was brought and evidently afforded relief. Asked if he had any message for the living he exhorted
1 all who were still at the wrong side of Maya to acknowledge the true path for it
2-3 was reported in devanic circles that Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the eastern angle where the ram has power. It was then queried whether there were any special desires on the part of the defunct and the reply was: *We greet you, friends*
4 *of earth, who are still in the body. Mind C. K. doesn't pile it on.* It was ascertained that the reference was to Mr Cornelius Kelleher, manager of Messrs H. J. O'Neill's popular funeral establishment, a personal friend of the defunct, who had been responsible for the carrying out of the interment arrangements. Before departing he requested that it should be told to his dear son Patsy that the other boot which
5 he had been looking for was at present under the commode in the return room
6 and that the pair should be sent to Cullen's to be soled only as the heels were still good. He stated that this had greatly perturbed his peace of mind in the other region and earnestly requested that his desire should be made known.

Assurances were given that the matter would be attended to and it was intimated that this had given satisfaction.

He is gone from mortal haunts: O'Dignam, sun of our morning. Fleet was his
7 foot on the bracken: Patrick of the beamy brow. Wail, Banba, with your wind: and wail, O ocean, with your whirlwind.

— There he is again, says the citizen, staring out.

— Who? says I.

8 — Bloom, says he. He's on point duty up and down there for the last ten minutes.
9-10 And, begob, I saw his physog do a peep in and then slidder off again.
11 Little Alf was knocked bawways. Faith, he was.

— Good Christ! says he. I could have sworn it was him.

And says Bob Doran, with the hat on the back of his poll, lowest blackguard in Dublin when he's under the influence:

— Who said Christ is good?

— I beg your parsnips, says Alf.

— Is that a good Christ, says Bob Doran, to take away poor little Willy Dignam?

— Ah, well, says Alf, trying to pass it off. He's over all his troubles.

But Bob Doran shouts out of him.

— He's a bloody ruffian I say, to take away poor little Willy Dignam.

Terry came down and tipped him the wink to keep quiet, that they didn't want that kind of talk in a respectable licensed premises. And Bob Doran starts doing the weeps about Paddy Dignam, true as you're there.

— The finest man, says he, snivelling, the finest purest character.

12 The tear is bloody near your eye. Talking through his bloody hat. Fitter for him to go home to the little sleepwalking bitch he married, Mooney, the bumbailiff's
13 daughter. Mother kept a kip in Hardwicke street that used to be stravaging about the landings Bantam Lyons told me that was stopping there at two in the morning without a stitch on her, exposing her person, open to all comers, fair field and no favour.

— The noblest, the truest, says he. And he's gone, poor little Willy, poor little Paddy Dignam.

And mournful and with a heavy heart he bewept the extinction of that beam of heaven.

Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom that was skeezing round the door.

— Come in, come on, he won't eat you, says the citizen.

So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog and he asks Terry was Martin Cunningham there.

— O, Christ M'Keown, says Joe, reading one of the letters. Listen to this, will you?

And he starts reading out one.

7, Hunter Street, Liverpool.

To the High Sheriff of Dublin, Dublin.

Honoured sir i beg to offer my services in the abovementioned painful case i hanged Joe Gann in Bootle jail on the 12 of February 1900 and i hanged...

— Show us, Joe, says I.

—*...private Arthur Chace for fowl murder of Jessie Tilsit in Pentonville prison and i was assistant when...*

— Jesus, says I.

—*...Billington executed the awful murderer Toad Smith...*

The citizen made a grab at the letter.

— Hold hard, says Joe, *i have a special nack of putting the noose once in he can't get out hoping to be favoured i remain, honoured sir, my terms is five ginnese.*

H. Rumbold,
Master Barber.

— And a barbarous bloody barbarian he is too, says the citizen.

— And the dirty scrawl of the wretch, says Joe. Here, says he, take them to hell out of my sight, Alf. Hello, Bloom, says he, what will you have?

So they started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't and couldn't and excuse him no offence and all to that and then he said well he'd just take a cigar. Gob, he's a prudent member and no mistake.

— Give us one of your prime stinkers, Terry, says Joe.

And Alf was telling us there was one chap sent in a mourning card with a black border round it.

— They're all barbers, says he, from the black country that would hang their own fathers for five quid down and travelling expenses.

And he was telling us there's two fellows waiting below to pull his heels down when he gets the drop and choke him properly and then they chop up the rope after and sell the bits for a few bob a skull.

In the dark land they bide, the vengeful knights of the razor. Their deadly coil they grasp: yea, and therein they lead to Erebus whatsoever wight hath done a deed of blood for I will on nowise suffer it even so saith the Lord.

So they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business and the old dog smelling him all the time I'm told those Jewies does have a sort of a queer odour coming off them for dogs about I don't know what all deterrent effect and so forth and so on.

— There's one thing it hasn't a deterrent effect on, says Alf.

— What's that? says Joe.

— The poor bugger's tool that's being hanged, says Alf.

— That so? says Joe.

— God's truth, says Alf. I heard that from the head warder that was in Kilmainham when they hanged Joe Brady, the invincible. He told me when they cut him down after the drop it was standing up in their faces like a poker.

— Ruling passion strong in death, says Joe, as someone said.

— That can be explained by science, says Bloom. It's only a natural phenomenon, don't you see, because on account of the...

And then he starts with his jawbreakers about phenomenon and science and this phenomenon and the other phenomenon.

The distinguished scientist Herr Professor Luitpold Blumenduft tendered medical evidence to the effect that the instantaneous fracture of the cervical vertebrae and consequent scission of the spinal cord would, according to the best approved traditions of medical science, be calculated to inevitably produce in the human subject a violent ganglionic stimulus of the nerve centres, causing the pores of the *corpora cavernosa* to rapidly dilate in such a way as to instantaneously facilitate the flow of blood to that part of the human anatomy known as the penis or male organ resulting in the phenomenon which has been denominated by the faculty a morbid upwards and outwards philoprogenitive erection *in articulo mortis per diminutionem capitis*.

So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and the old guard and the men of sixtyseven and who fears to speak of ninetyeight and Joe with him about all the fellows that were hanged, drawn and transported for the cause by drumhead courtmartial and a new Ireland and new this, that and the other. Talking about new Ireland he ought to go and get a new dog so he ought. Mangy ravenous brute sniffling and sneezing all round the place and scratching his scabs and round he goes to Bob Doran that was standing Alf a half one sucking up for what he could get. So of couse Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him:

— Give us the paw! Give the paw, doggy! Good old doggy. Give us the paw here! Give us the paw!

Arrah! bloody end to the paw he'd paw and Alf trying to keep him from tumbling off the bloody stool atop of the bloody old dog and he talking all kinds of drivel about training by kindness and thoroughbred dog and intelligent dog: give you the bloody pip. Then he starts scraping a few bits of old biscuit out of the bottom of a Jacob's tin he told Terry to bring. Gob, he golloped it down like old boots and his tongue hanging out of him a yard long for more. Near ate the tin and all, hungry bloody mongrel.

And the citizen and Bloom having an argument about the point, the brothers Sheares and Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill and Robert Emmet and die for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran and she's far from the land. And Bloom, of course, with his knockmedown cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon with a back on her like a ballalley. Time they were stopping up in the *City Arms* Pisser Burke told me there was an old one there with a cracked loodheramaun

of a nephew and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her doing the mollycoddle playing bézique to come in for a bit of the wampum in her will and not eating 1-2
meat of a Friday because the old one was always thumping her craw and taking 3
the lout out for a walk. And one time he led him the rounds of Dublin and, by the 4
holy farmer, he never cried crack till he brought him home as drunk as a boiled owl 5
and he said he did it to teach him the evils of alcohol and by herrings if the three 6
women didn't near roast him it's a queer story, the old one, Bloom's wife and Mrs 7
O'Dowd that kept the hotel. Jesus, I had to laugh at Pisser Burke taking them off chewing the fat and Bloom with his *but don't you see?* and *but on the other hand.* And
sure, more be token, the lout I'm told was in Power's after, the blender's, round in 8
Cope street going home footless in a cab five times in the week after drinking his way through all the samples in the bloody establishment. Phenomenon!

— The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pintglass and glaring 9
at Bloom.

— Ay, ay, says Joe.

— You don't grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is...

— *Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our 10-11
side and the foes we hate before us.

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the belfries far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming of pieces of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain poured down from the floodgates of the angry heavens upon the bared heads of the assembled multitude which numbered at the lowest computation five hundred 12
thousand persons. A posse of Dublin Metropolitan police superintended by the Chief Commissioner in person maintained order in the vast throng for whom the 13
York Street brass and reed band whiled away the intervening time by admirably rendering on their blackdraped instruments the matchless melody endeared to us from the cradle by Speranza's plaintive muse. Special quick excursion trains and 14
upholstered charabancs had been provided for the comfort of our country cousins of whom there were large contingents. Considerable amusement was caused by the favourite Dublin streetsingers L-n-h-n and M-ll-g-n who sang *The Night before Larry* 15
was stretched in their usual mirthprovoking fashion. Our two inimitable drolls did a roaring trade with their broadsheets among lovers of the comedy element and nobody who has a corner in his heart for real Irish fun without vulgarity will grudge them their hardearned pennies. The children of the Male and Female Foundling 16
Hospital who thronged the windows overlooking the scene were delighted with this unexpected addition to the day's entertainment and a word of praise is due to the Little Sisters of the Poor for their excellent idea of affording the poor fatherless and 17
motherless children a genuinely instructive treat. The viceregal houseparty which included many wellknown ladies was chaperoned by Their Excellencies to the most favourable positions on the grand stand while the picturesque foreign delegation known as the Friends of the Emerald Isle was accommodated on a tribune directly 18
opposite. The delegation, present in full force, consisted of Commendatore Bacibaci 19
Beninobenone (the semiparalysed *doyen* of the party who had to be assisted to

his seat by the aid of a powerful steam crane), Monsieur Pierrepaul Petitépatant, the Grandjoker Vladinmire Pokethankertscheff, the Archjoker Leopold Rudolph von Schwanzenbad-Hodenthaler, Countess Marha Virága Kisászony Putrápesthi, Hiram Y. Bomboost, Count Athanatos Karamelopulos, Ali Baba Backsheesh Rahat Lokum Effendi, Señor Hidalgo Caballero Don Pecadillo y Palabras y Paternoster de la Malora de la Malaria, Hokopoko Harakiri, Hi Hung Chang, Olaf Kobberkeddelsen, Mynheer Trik van Trumps, Pan Poleaxe Paddyrisky, Goosepond Prhklstr Kratchinabritchisitch, Herr Hurhausdirektorpräsident Hans Chuechli-Steuerli, Nationalgymnasiummuseumsanatoriumandsuspensoriumsordinaryprivatdocentgeneralhistoryspecialprofessordoctor Kriegfried Ueberallgemein. All the delegates without exception expressed themselves in the strongest possible heterogeneous terms concerning the nameless barbarity which they had been called upon to witness. An animated altercation (in which all took part) ensued among the F. O. T. E. I. as to whether the eighth or the ninth of March was the correct date of the birth of Ireland's patron saint. In the course of the argument cannonballs, scimitars, boomerangs, blunderbusses, stinkpots, meatchoppers, umbrellas, catapults, knuckledusters, sandbags, lumps of pig iron were resorted to and blows were freely exchanged. The baby policeman, Constable MacFadden, summoned by special courier from Booterstown, quickly restored order and with lightning promptitude proposed the seventeenth of the month as a solution equally honourable for both contending parties. The readywitted ninefooter's suggestion at once appealed to all and was unanimously accepted. Constable MacFadden was heartily congratulated by all the F.O.T.E.I., several of whom were bleeding profusely. Commendatore Beninobenone having been extricated from underneath the presidential armchair, it was explained by his legal adviser Avvocato Pagamimi that the various articles secreted in his thirtytwo pockets had been abstracted by him during the affray from the pockets of his junior colleagues in the hope of bringing them to their senses. The objects (which included several hundred ladies' and gentlemen's gold and silver watches) were promptly restored to their rightful owners and general harmony reigned supreme.

Quietly, unassumingly, Rumbold stepped on to the scaffold in faultless morning dress and wearing his favourite flower the *Gladiolus Cruentus*. He announced his presence by that gentle Rumboldian cough which so many have tried (unsuccessfully) to imitate—short, painstaking yet withal so characteristic of the man. The arrival of the worldrenowned headsman was greeted by a roar of acclamation from the huge concourse, the viceregal ladies waving their handkerchiefs in their excitement while the even more excitable foreign delegates cheered vociferously in a medley of cries, *hoch*, *banzai*, *eljen*, *zivio*, *chinchin*, *polla kronia*, *hiphip*, *vive*, *Allah*, amid which the ringing *evviva* of the delegate of the land of song (a high double F recalling those piercingly lovely notes with which the eunuch Catalani beglamoured our greatgreatgrandmothers) was easily distinguishable. It was exactly seventeen o'clock. The signal for prayer was then promptly given by megaphone and in an instant all heads were bared, the commendatore's patriarchal sombrero, which has been in the possession of his family since the revolution of Rienzi, being removed by his medical adviser in attendance, Dr Pippi. The learned prelate who administered the last comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr when about to pay the death penalty knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rainwater, his cassock above

his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace fervent prayers of supplication. Hard by the block stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage being concealed in a tengallon pot with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowered furiously. As he awaited the fatal signal he tested the edge of his horrible weapon by honing it upon his brawny forearm or decapitated in rapid succession a flock of sheep which had been provided by the admirers of his fell but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances 1
(specially supplied by the worldfamous firm of cutlers, Messrs John Round and 2
Sons, Sheffield), a terracotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon, blind intestine and appendix etc when successfully extracted and two commodious 3
milkjugs destined to receive the most precious blood of the most precious victim. The housesteward of the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home was in attendance 4
to convey these vessels when replenished to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast consisting of rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, done to a nicety, delicious hot breakfast rolls and invigorating tea had been considerately provided by the authorities for the consumption of the central figure of the tragedy who was in capital spirits when prepared for death and evinced the keenest interest in the proceedings from beginning to end but he, with an abnegation rare in these our times, rose nobly to the occasion and expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal should be divided in aliquot parts among the members of the sick and indigent roomkeepers' association as a token of his regard and esteem. 5
The *nec* and *non plus ultra* of emotion were reached when the blushing bride elect 6
burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to be launched into eternity for her 7
sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own.* Encouraged by this use of her christian name she kissed passionately 8
all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her ardour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy who went to his death with a song on his lips as if he were but going to a hurling match in Clonturk park. She brought back to his recollection the happy 9-10
days of blissful childhood together on the banks of Anna Liffey when they had 11
indulged in the innocent pastimes of the young and, oblivious of the dreadful present, they both laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable pastor, joining in the general merriment. That monster audience simply rocked 12
with delight. But anon they were overcome with grief and clasped their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears burst from their lachrymal ducts and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost core, broke into heartrending sobs, not the least affected being the aged prebendary himself. Big strong men, officers of the peace and genial giants of the royal Irish constabulary, were making frank 13
use of their handkerchiefs and it is safe to say that there was not a dry eye in that record assemblage. A most romantic incident occurred when a handsome young 14
Oxford graduate, noted for his chivalry towards the fair sex, stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook and genealogical tree solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the

occasion in the shape of skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a fourleaved shamrock excitement knew no
1 bounds. Nay, even the stern provostmarshal, lieutenant-colonel Tomkin-Maxwell
2 ffrenchmullan Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away
3 a furtive tear and was overheard by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage* to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

4 — God blimey if she aint a clinker, that there bleeding tart. Blimey it makes me kind of bleeding cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old
5-6 mashtub what's waiting for me down Limehouse way.

7 So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the corporation
8 meeting and all to that and the shoneens that can't speak their own language and Joe chipping in because he stuck someone for a quid and Bloom putting in his old
9 goo with his twopenny stump that he cadged off of Joe and talking about the Gaelic
10-11 league and the antitreating league and drink, the curse of Ireland. Antitreating is about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink down his throat till the Lord would call him before you'd ever see the froth of his pint. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their musical evenings, song and dance
12-13 about she could get up on a truss of hay she could my Maureen Lay and there was
14 a fellow with a Ballyhooly blue ribbon badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot
15 of colleen bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals and
16 oranges and lemonade and a few old dry buns, gob, flahoolagh entertainment,
17 don't be talking. Ireland sober is Ireland free. And then an old fellow starts blowing
18 into his bagpipes and all the gougers shuffling their feet to the tune the old cow
19 died of. And one or two sky pilots having an eye around that there was no goings on with the females, hitting below the belt.

20 So howandever, as I was saying, the old dog seeing the tin was empty starts mousing around by Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick now and again where it wouldn't blind him.

— Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen, sneering.

— No, says I. But he might take my leg for a lamppost.

So he calls the old dog over.

21 — What's on you, Garry? says he.

Then he starts hauling and mauling and talking to him in Irish and the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera. Such growling you never heard as they let off between them. Someone that has nothing better to do ought
22 to write a letter *pro bono publico* to the papers about the muzzling order for a dog the like of that. Growling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot from the drouth is in it and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point of not missing the really
23 marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the famous old Irish red wolfdog setter formerly known by the *sobriquet* of Garryowen and recently rechristened

by his large circle of friends and acquaintances Owen Garry. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness and a carefully thoughtout dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our greatest living phonetic expert (wild horses shall not drag it from us!) has left no stone unturned in his efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and has found it bears a *striking* resemblance (the italics are ours) to the ranns of ancient Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much of those delightful 1-2
lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the graceful pseudonym of the Little Sweet Branch has familiarised the bookloving world 3
but rather (as a contributor D. O. C. points out in an interesting communication 4
published by an evening contemporary) of the harsher and more personal note which is found in the satirical effusions of the famous Raftery and of Donald 5-6
MacConsidine to say nothing of a more modern lyrist at present very much in the public eye. We subjoin a specimen which has been rendered into English by an eminent scholar whose name for the moment we are not at liberty to disclose though we believe that our readers will find the topical allusion rather more than an indication. The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely 7
more complicated but we believe our readers will agree that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly increased if Owen's verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

The curse of my curses
Seven days every day
And seven dry Thursdays
On you, Barney Kiernan,
Has no sup of water
To cool my courage,
And my guts red roaring
After Lowry's lights. 8

So he told Terry to bring some water for the dog and, gob, you could hear him lapping it up a mile off. And Joe asked him would he have another.

— I will, says he, *a chara*, to show there's no ill feeling. 9

Gob, he's not as green as he's cabbagelooking. Arsing around from one pub to 10
another, leaving it to your own honour, with old Giltrap's dog and getting fed up 11
by the ratepayers and corporators. Entertainment for man and beast. And says Joe:

— Could you make a hole in another pint?

— Could a swim duck? says I. 12

— Same again, Terry, says Joe. Are you sure you won't have anything in the way of liquid refreshment? says he.

— Thank you, no, says Bloom. As a matter of fact I just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of poor Dignam's. Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he, Dignam, I mean, didn't serve any notice of the assignment on the company at the time and nominally under the act the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

— Holy Wars, says Joe laughing, that's a good one if old Shylock is landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

— Well, that's a point, says Bloom, for the wife's admirers.

— Whose admirers? says Joe.

— The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom.

Then he starts all confused mucking it up about the mortgagor under the act like the lord chancellor giving it out on the bench and for the benefit of the wife and that a trust is created but on the other hand that Dignam owed Bridgeman the money and if now the wife or the widow contested the mortgagee's right till he near had the head of me addled with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe he wasn't run in himself under the act that time as a rogue and vagabond only he had a friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets or what do you call it royal Hungarian privileged lottery. True as you're there. O, commend me to an israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

So Bob Doran comes lurching around asking Bloom to tell Mrs Dignam he was sorry for her trouble and he was very sorry about the funeral and to tell her that he said and everyone who knew him said that there was never a truer, a finer than poor little Willy that's dead to tell her. Choking with bloody foolery. And shaking Bloom's hand doing the tragic to tell her that. Shake hands, brother. You're a rogue and I'm another.

— Let me, said he, so far presume upon our acquaintance which, however slight it may appear if judged by the standard of mere time, is founded, as I hope and believe, on a sentiment of mutual esteem, as to request of you this favour. But, should I have overstepped the limits of reserve let the sincerity of my feelings be the excuse for my boldness.

— No, rejoined the other, I appreciate to the full the motives which actuate your conduct and I shall discharge the office you entrust to me consoled by the reflection that, though the errand be one of sorrow, this proof of your confidence sweetens in some measure the bitterness of the cup.

— Then suffer me to take your hand, said he. The goodness of your heart, I feel sure, will dictate to you better than my inadequate words the expressions which are most suitable to convey an emotion whose poignancy, were I to give vent to my feelings, would deprive me even of speech.

And off with him and out trying to walk straight. Boosed at five o'clock. Night he was near being lagged only Paddy Leonard knew the bobby, 14 A. Blind to the world up in a shebeen in Bride street after closing time, fornicating with two shawls and a bully on guard, drinking porter out of teacups. And calling himself a Frenchy for the shawls, Joseph Manuo, and talking against the catholic religion and he serving mass in Adam and Eve's when he was young with his eyes shut who wrote the new testament and the old testament and hugging and smugging. And the two shawls killed with the laughing, picking his pockets the bloody fool and he spilling the porter all over the bed and the two shawls screeching laughing at one another. *How is your testament? Have you got an old testament?* Only Paddy was passing there, I tell you what. Then see him of a Sunday with his little concubine of a wife, and she wagging her tail up the aisle of the chapel, with her patent boots on her, no less, and her violets, nice as pie, doing the little lady. Jack Mooney's sister. And the old prostitute of a mother procuring rooms to street couples. Gob, Jack

made him toe the line. Told him if he didn't patch up the pot, Jesus, he'd kick the shite out of him.

So Terry brought the three pints.

— Here, says Joe, doing the honours. Here, citizen.

— *Slan leat*, says he. 1

— Fortune, Joe, says I. Good health, citizen.

Gob, he had his mouth half way down the tumbler already. Want a small fortune to keep him in drinks.

— Who is the long fellow running for the mayoralty, Alf? says Joe. 2

— Friend of yours, says Alf.

— Nannan? says Joe. The mimber? 3-4

— I won't mention any names, says Alf.

— I thought so, says Joe. I saw him up at that meeting now with William Field, 5
M. P., the cattle traders.

— Hairy Iopas, says the citizen, that exploded volcano, the darling of all countries 6
and the idol of his own.

So Joe starts telling the citizen about the foot and mouth disease and the cattle traders and taking action in the matter and the citizen sending them all to the 7
rightabout and Bloom coming out with his sheepdip for the scab and a hoose 8-9
drench for coughing calves and the guaranteed remedy for timber tongue. Because 10
he was up one time in a knacker's yard. Walking about with his book and pencil here's my head and my heels are coming till Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the 11-12
boot for giving lip to a grazier. Mister Knowall. Teach your grandmother how to 13
milk ducks. Pisser Burke was telling me in the hotel the wife used to be in rivers of tears sometimes with Mrs O'Dowd crying her eyes out with her eight inches of fat all over her. Couldn't loosen her farting strings but old cod's eye was waltzing around her showing her how to do it. What's your programme today? Ay. Humane methods. Because the poor animals suffer and experts say and the best known remedy that doesn't cause pain to the animal and on the sore spot administer gently. Gob, he'd have a soft hand under a hen.

Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen. She lays eggs for us. When 14
she lays her egg she is so glad. Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Then comes good uncle Leo. He puts his hand under black Liz and takes her fresh egg. Ga ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook.

— Anyhow, says Joe. Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London to 15
ask about it on the floor of the House of Commons.

— Are you sure, says Bloom, the councillor is going. I wanted to see him, as it happens.

— Well, he's going off by the mailboat, says Joe, tonight.

— That's too bad, says Bloom. I wanted particularly. Perhaps only Mr Field is going. I couldn't phone. No. You're sure?

— Nannan's going too, says Joe. The league told him to ask a question tomorrow about the commissioner of police forbidding Irish games in the park. What do you think of that, citizen? *The Sluagh na h-Eireann.* 16

Mr Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat): Arising out of the question of my 17
honourable friend, the member for Shillelagh, may I ask the right honourable 18
gentleman whether the Government has issued orders that these animals shall be

slaughtered though no medical evidence is forthcoming as to their pathological condition?

Mr Allfours (Tamoshant. Con): Honourable members are already in possession of the evidence produced before a committee of the whole house. I feel I cannot usefully add anything to that. The answer to the honourable member's question is in the affirmative.

Mr Orelli (Montenotte. Nat): Have similar orders been issued for the slaughter of human animals who dare to play Irish games in the Phœnix park?

Mr Allfours: The answer is in the negative.

Mr Cowe Conacre: Has the right honourable gentleman's famous Mitchelstown telegram inspired the policy of gentlemen on the treasury bench? (O! O!)

Mr Allfours: I must have notice of that question.

Mr Staylewit (Buncombe. Ind.): Don't hesitate to shoot.

(Ironical opposition cheers.)

The speaker: Order! Order!

(The house rises. Cheers.)

— There's the man, says Joe, that made the Gaelic sports revival. There he is sitting there. The man that got away James Stephens. The champion of all Ireland at putting the sixteen pound shot. What was your best throw, citizen?

— *Na bacleis*, says the citizen, letting on to be modest. There was a time I was as good as the next fellow anyhow.

— Put it there, citizen, says Joe. You were and a bloody sight better.

— Is that really a fact? says Alf.

— Yes, says Bloom. That's well known. Do you not know that?

So off they started about Irish sport and shoneen games the like of the lawn tennis and about hurley and putting the stone and racy of the soil and building up a nation once again and all of that. And of course Bloom had to have his say too about if a fellow had a rower's heart violent exercise was bad. I declare to my antimacassar if you took up a straw from the bloody floor and if you said to Bloom: *Look at, Bloom. Do you see that straw? That's a straw.* Declare to my aunt he'd talk about it for an hour so he would and talk steady.

A most interesting discussion took place in the ancient hall of *Brian O'Ciarnain's* in *Sraid na Bretaine Bheag*, under the auspices of *Sluagh na h-Eireann*, on the revival of ancient Gaelic sports and the importance of physical culture, as understood in ancient Greece and ancient Rome and ancient Ireland, for the development of the race. The venerable president of this noble order was in the chair and the attendance was of large dimensions. After an instructive discourse by the chairman, a magnificent oration eloquently and forcibly expressed, a most interesting and instructive discussion of the usual high standard of excellence ensued as to the desirability of the revivability of the ancient games and sports of our ancient panceltic forefathers. The wellknown and highly respected worker in the cause of our old tongue, Mr Joseph M'Carthy Hynes, made an eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes, practised morning and evening by Finn MacCool, as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly strength and power handed down to us from ancient ages. L. Bloom, who met with a mixed reception of applause and hisses, having espoused the negative the vocalist chairman brought the discussion to a close, in response to repeated

requests and hearty plaudits from all parts of a bumper house, by a remarkably noteworthy rendering of the immortal Thomas Osborne Davis' evergreen verses (happily too familiar to need recalling here) *A nation once again* in the execution of which the veteran patriot champion may be said without fear of contradiction to have fairly excelled himself. The Irish Caruso-Garibaldi was in superlative form and his stentorian notes were heard to the greatest advantage in the timehonoured anthem sung as only our citizen can sing it. His superb highclass vocalism, which by its superquality greatly enhanced his already international reputation, was vociferously applauded by the large audience amongst which were to be noticed many prominent members of the clergy as well as representatives of the press and the bar and the other learned professions. The proceedings then terminated. 1 2

Amongst the clergy present were the very rev. William Delany, S. J., L. L. D.; the rt rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D.; the rev. P. J. Kavanagh, C. S. Sp.; the rev. T. Waters, C. C.; the rev. John M. Ivers, P. P.; the rev. P. J. Cleary, O. S. F.; the rev. L. J. Hickey, O. P.; the very rev. Fr. Nicholas, O. S. F. C.; the very rev. B. Gorman, O. D. C.; the rev. T. Maher, S. J.; the very rev. James Murphy, S. J.; the rev. John Lavery, V. F.; the very rev. William Doherty, D. D.; the rev. Peter Fagan, O. M.; the rev. T. Brangan, O. S. A.; the rev. J. Flavin, C. C.; the rev. M. A. Hackett, C. C.; the rev. W. Hurley, C. C.; the rt rev. Mgr M'Manus, V. G.; the rev. B. R. Slattery, O. M. I.; the very rev. M. D. Scally, P. P.; the rev. F. T. Purcell, O. P.; the very rev. Timothy canon Gorman, P. P.; the rev. J. Flanagan, C. C. The laity included P. Fay, T. Quirke, etc., etc. 3-4 5-6 7-9 10-12 13-15 16-17 18-20 21-23 24-25 26-28

— Talking about violent exercise, says Alf, were you at that Keogh-Bennett match? 29

— No, says Joe.

— I heard So and So made a cool hundred quid over it, says Alf.

— Who? Blazes? says Joe.

And says Bloom:

— What I meant about tennis, for example, is the agility and training of the eye.

— Ay, Blazes, says Alf. He let out that Myler was on the beer to run the odds and he swatting all the time. 30

— We know him, says the citizen. The traitor's son. We know what put English gold in his pocket. 31

— True for you, says Joe. 32

And Bloom cuts in again about lawn tennis and the circulation of the blood, asking Alf:

— Now don't you think, Bergan?

— Myler dusted the floor with him, says Alf. Heenan and Sayers was only a bloody fool to it. Handed him the father and mother of a beating. See the little kipper not up to his navel and the big fellow swiping. God, he gave him one last puck in the wind. Queensberry rules and all, made him puke what he never ate. 33 34 35-36 37

It was a historic and a hefty battle when Myler and Percy were scheduled to don the gloves for the purse of fifty sovereigns. Handicapped as he was by lack of poundage, Dublin's pet lamb made up for it by superlative skill in ringcraft. The final bout of fireworks was a gruelling for both champions. The welterweight sergeantmajor had tapped some lively claret in the previous mixup during which Keogh had been receivergeneral of rights and lefts, the artilleryman putting in some neat work on the pet's nose, and Myler came on looking groggy. The soldier 38

got to business leading off with a powerful left jab to which the Irish gladiator retaliated by shooting out a stiff one flush to the point of Bennett's jaw. The redcoat ducked but the Dubliner lifted him with a left hook, the body punch being a fine one. The men came to handigrips. Myler quickly became busy and got his man under, the bout ending with the bulkier man on the ropes, Myler punishing him. The Englishman, whose right eye was nearly closed, took his corner where he was liberally drenched with water and, when the bell went, came on gamey and
1 brimful of pluck, confident of knocking out the fistic Eblanite in jigtime. It was a fight to a finish and the best man for it. The two fought like tigers and excitement
2 ran fever high. The referee twice cautioned Pucking Percy for holding but the pet was tricky and his footwork a treat to watch. After a brisk exchange of courtesies during which a smart upper cut of the military man brought blood freely from his opponent's mouth the lamb suddenly waded in all over his man and landed a terrific left to Battling Bennett's stomach, flooring him flat. It was a knockout
3 clean and clever. Amid tense expectation the Portobello bruiser was being counted
4-5 out when Bennett's second Ole Pfotts Wettstein threw in the towel and the Santry boy was declared victor to the frenzied cheers of the public who broke through the ringropes and fairly mobbed him with delight.

— He knows which side his bread is buttered, says Alf. I hear he's running a concert tour now up in the north.

— He is, says Joe. Isn't he?

— Who? says Bloom. Ah, yes. That's quite true. Yes, a kind of summer tour, you see. Just a holiday.

6 — Mrs B. is the bright particular star, isn't she? says Joe.

— My wife? says Bloom. She's singing, yes. I think it will be a success too. He's an excellent man to organise. Excellent.

7-8 Hoho begob, says I to myself, says I. That explains the milk in the cocoanut and
9 absence of hair on the animal's chest. Blazes doing the tootle on the flute. Concert
10 tour. Dirty Dan the dodger's son off Island bridge that sold the same horses twice
11 over to the government to fight the Boers. Old Whatwhat. I called about the poor and water rate, Mr Boylan. You what? The water rate, Mr Boylan. You whatwhat?
12 That's the bucko that'll organise her, take my tip. 'Twixt me and you Caddereesh.
13 Pride of Calpe's rocky mount, the ravenhaired daughter of Tweedy. There grew
14-15 she to peerless beauty where loquat and almond scent the air. The gardens of
16 Alameda knew her step: the garths of olives knew and bowed. The chaste spouse of Leopold is she: Marion of the bountiful bosoms.
17 And lo, there entered one of the clan of the O'Molloys, a comely hero of white face yet withal somewhat ruddy, his majesty's counsel learned in the law, and with
18 him the prince and heir of the noble line of Lambert.

— Hello, Ned.

— Hello, Alf.

— Hello, Jack.

— Hello, Joe.

— God save you, says the citizen.

— Save you kindly, says J. J. What'll it be, Ned?

— Half one, says Ned.

So J. J. ordered the drinks.

— Were you round at the court? says Joe.

— Yes, says J. J. He'll square that, Ned, says he.

— Hope so, says Ned.

Now what were those two at? J. J. getting him off the grand jury list and the other give him a leg over the stile. With his name in Stubbs's. Playing cards, hobnobbing 1
with flash toffs with a swank glass in their eye, drinking fizz and he half smothered in writs and garnishee orders. Pawning his gold watch in Cummins of Francis street 2
where no-one would know him in the private office when I was there with Pisser releasing his boots out of the pop. What's your name, sir? Dunne, says he. Ay, and 3
done, says I. Gob, he'll come home by weeping cross one of these days, I'm thinking. 4

— Did you see that bloody lunatic Breen round there, says Alf. U. p. up. 5

— Yes, says J. J. Looking for a private detective.

— Ay, says Ned, and he wanted right go wrong to address the court only Corny Kelleher got round him telling him to get the handwriting examined first.

— Ten thousand pounds, says Alf, laughing. God I'd give anything to hear him before a judge and jury.

— Was it you did it, Alf? says Joe. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jimmy Johnson. 6

— Me? says Alf. Don't cast your nasturtiums on my character. 7

— Whatever statement you make, says Joe, will be taken down in evidence against you.

— Of course an action would lie, says J. J. It implies that he is not *compos mentis*. 8
U. p. up.

— *Compos* your eye! says Alf, laughing. Do you know that he's balmy? Look at his 9
head. Do you know that some mornings he has to get his hat on with a shoehorn?

— Yes, says J. J., but the truth of a libel is no defence to an indictment for publishing it in the eyes of the law.

— Ha, ha, Alf, says Joe.

— Still, says Bloom, on account of the poor woman, I mean his wife.

— Pity about her, says the citizen. Or any other woman marries a half and half.

— How half and half? says Bloom. Do you mean he…

— Half and half I mean, says the citizen. A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh. 10

— Nor good red herring, says Joe.

— That what's I mean, says the citizen. A pishogue, if you know what that is. 11

Begob I saw there was trouble coming. And Bloom explained he meant, on account of it being cruel for the wife having to go round after the old stuttering fool. Cruelty to animals so it is to let that bloody povertystricken Breen out on grass with his beard out tripping him, bringing down the rain. And she with her nose cockahoop after she married him because a cousin of his old fellow's was 12
pew opener to the pope. Picture of him on the wall with his smashall sweeney's 13-14
moustaches. The signor Brini from Summerhill, the eyetallyano, papal zouave to 15-17
the Holy Father, has left the quay and gone to Moss street. And who was he, tell 18
us? A nobody, two pair back and passages, at seven shillings a week, and he covered 19
with all kinds of breastplates bidding defiance to the world.

— And moreover, says J. J., a postcard is publication. It was held to be sufficient evidence of malice in the testcase Sadgrove *v.* Hole. In my opinion an action 20
might lie.

Six and eightpence, please. Who wants your opinion? Let us drink our pints in peace. Gob, we won't be let even do that much itself.

— Well, good health, Jack, says Ned.

— Good health, Ned, says J. J.

— There he is again, says Joe.

— Where? says Alf.

And begob there he was passing the door with his books under his oxter and the wife beside him and Corny Kelleher with his wall eye looking in as they went past, talking to him like a father, trying to sell him a secondhand coffin.

— How did that Canada swindle case go off? says Joe.

— Remanded, says J. J.

One of the bottlenosed fraternity it was went by the name of James Wought alias Saphiro alias Spark and Spiro, put an ad in the papers saying he'd give a passage to Canada for twenty bob. What? Do you see any green in the white of my eye? Course it was a bloody barney. What? Swindled them all, skivvies and badhachs from the county Meath, ay, and his own kidney too. J. J. was telling us there was an ancient Hebrew Zaretsky or something weeping in the witnessbox with his hat on him, swearing by the holy Moses he was stuck for two quid.

— Who tried the case? says Joe.

— Recorder, says Ned.

— Poor old sir Frederick, says Alf, you can cod him up to the two eyes.

— Heart as big as a lion, says Ned. Tell him a tale of woe about arrears of rent and a sick wife and a squad of kids and, faith, he'll dissolve in tears on the bench.

— Ay, says Alf. Reuben J. was bloody lucky he didn't clap him in the dock the other day for suing poor little Gumley that's minding stones for the corporation there near Butt bridge.

And he starts taking off the old recorder letting on to cry:

— A most scandalous thing! This poor hardworking man! How many children? Ten, did you say?

— Yes, your worship. And my wife has the typhoid!

— And a wife with typhoid fever! Scandalous! Leave the court immediately, sir. No, sir, I'll make no order for payment. How dare you, sir, come up before me and ask me to make an order! A poor hardworking industrious man! I dismiss the case.

And whereas on the sixteenth day of the month of the oxeyed goddess and in the third week after the feastday of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, the daughter of the skies, the virgin moon being then in her first quarter, it came to pass that those learned judges repaired them to the halls of law. There master Courtenay, sitting in his own chamber, gave his rede and master Justice Andrews sitting without a jury in the probate court, weighed well and pondered the claims of the first chargeant upon the property in the matter of the will propounded and final testamentary disposition *in re* the real and personal estate of the late lamented Jacob Halliday, vintner, deceased versus Livingstone, an infant, of unsound mind, and another. And to the solemn court of Green street there came sir Frederick the Falconer. And he sat him there about the hour of five o'clock to administer the law of the brehons at the commission for all that and those parts to be holden in and for the county of the city of Dublin. And there sat with him the high sinhedrim of the twelve tribes of Iar, for every tribe one man, of the tribe of Patrick and of

the tribe of Hugh and of the tribe of Owen and of the tribe of Conn and of the 1-3
tribe of Oscar and of the tribe of Fergus and of the tribe of Finn and of the tribe 4-6
of Dermot and of the tribe of Cormac and of the tribe of Kevin and of the tribe 7-9
of Caolte and of the tribe of Ossian, there being in all twelve good men and true. 10-12
And he conjured them by Him who died on rood that they should well and truly 13
try and true delivrance make in the issue joined between their sovereign lord the
king and the prisoner at the bar and true verdict give according to the evidence
so help them God and kiss the books. And they rose in their seats, those twelve
of Iar, and they swore by the name of Him who is from everlasting that they
would do His rightwiseness. And straightway the minions of the law led forth
from their donjon keep one whom the sleuthhounds of justice had apprehended 14
in consequence of information received. And they shackled him hand and foot
and would take of him ne bail ne mainprise but preferred a charge against him 15-16
for he was a malefactor.

— Those are nice things, says the citizen, coming over here to Ireland filling the country with bugs.

So Bloom lets on he heard nothing and he starts talking with Joe telling him he needn't trouble about that little matter till the first but if he would just say a word to Mr Crawford. And so Joe swore high and holy by this and by that he'd do the devil and all. 17

— Because you see, says Bloom, for an advertisement you must have repetition. That's the whole secret.

— Rely on me, says Joe.

— Swindling the peasants, says the citizen, and the poor of Ireland. We want no more strangers in our house. 18

— O I'm sure that will be all right, Hynes, says Bloom. It's just that Keyes you see.

— Consider that done, says Joe.

— Very kind of you, says Bloom.

— The strangers, says the citizen. Our own fault. We let them come in. We brought them. The adulteress and her paramour brought the Saxon robbers here. 19

— Decree *nisi*, says J. J. 20

And Bloom letting on to be awfully deeply interested in nothing, a spider's web in the corner behind the barrel, and the citizen scowling after him and the old dog at his feet looking up to know who to bite and when.

— A dishonoured wife, says the citizen, that's what's the cause of all our misfortunes.

— And here she is, says Alf, that was giggling over the *Police Gazette* with Terry 21
on the counter, in all her warpaint.

— Give us a squint at her, says I.

And what was it only one of the smutty yankee pictures Terry borrows off of Corny Kelleher. Secrets for enlarging your private parts. Misconduct of society belle. Norman W. Tupper, wealthy Chicago contractor, finds pretty but faithless 22
wife in lap of officer Taylor. Belle in her bloomers misconducting herself and her
fancy man feeling for her tickles and Norman W. Tupper bouncing in with his 23
peashooter just in time to be late after she doing the trick of the loop with officer 24
Taylor.

— O jakers, Jenny, says Joe, how short your shirt is!

— There's hair, Joe, says I. Get a queer old tailend of corned beef off of that one, what?

So anyhow in came John Wyse Nolan and Lenehan with him with a face on him as long as a late breakfast.

— Well, says the citizen, what's the latest from the scene of action? What did those tinkers in the cityhall at their caucus meeting decide about the Irish language?

O'Nolan, clad in shining armour, low bending made obeisance to the puissant and high and mighty chief of all Erin and did him to wit of that which had befallen, how that the grave elders of the most obedient city, second of the realm, had met them in the tholsel, and there, after due prayers to the gods who dwell in ether supernal, had taken solemn counsel whereby they might, if so be it might be, bring once more into honour among mortal men the winged speech of the seadivided Gael.

— It's on the march, says the citizen. To hell with the bloody brutal Sassenachs and their *patois*.

So J. J. puts in a word doing the toff about one story was good till you heard another and blinking facts and the Nelson policy putting your blind eye to the telescope and drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a nation and Bloom trying to back him up moderation and botheration and their colonies and their civilisation.

— Their syphilisation, you mean, says the citizen. To hell with them! The curse of a goodfornothing God light sideways on the bloody thicklugged sons of whores' gets! No music and no art and no literature worthy of the name. Any civilisation they have they stole from us. Tonguetied sons of bastards' ghosts.

— The European family, says J. J...

— They're not European, says the citizen. I was in Europe with Kevin Egan of Paris. You wouldn't see a trace of them or their language anywhere in Europe except in a *cabinet d'aisance*.

And says John Wyse:

— Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

And says Lenehan that knows a bit of the lingo:

— *Conspuez les Anglais! Perfide Albion!*

He said and then lifted he in his rude great brawny strengthy hands the medher of dark strong foamy ale and, uttering his tribal slogan *Lamh Dearg Abu*, he drank to the undoing of his foes, a race of mighty valorous heroes, rulers of the waves, who sit on thrones of alabaster silent as the deathless gods.

— What's up with you, says I to Lenehan. You look like a fellow that had lost a bob and found a tanner.

— Gold cup, says he.

— Who won, Mr Lenehan? says Terry.

— *Throwaway*, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider. And the rest nowhere.

— And Bass's mare? says Terry.

— Still running, says he. We're all in a cart. Boylan plunged two quid on my tip *Sceptre* for himself and a lady friend.

— I had half a crown myself, says Terry, on *Zinfandel* that Mr Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden's.

— Twenty to one, says Lenehan. Such is life in an outhouse. *Throwaway*, says he. Takes the biscuit and talking about bunions. Frailty, thy name is *Sceptre*.

So he went over to the biscuit tin Bob Doran left to see if there was anything he could lift on the nod, the old cur after him backing his luck with his mangy snout up. Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard. 1

— Not there, my child, says he.

— Keep your pecker up, says Joe. She'd have won the money only for the other dog. 2

And J. J. and the citizen arguing about law and history with Bloom sticking in an odd word.

— Some people, says Bloom, can see the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own. 3

— *Raimeis*, says the citizen. There's no-one as blind as the fellow that won't see, if you know what that means. Where are our missing twenty millions of Irish should be here today instead of four, our lost tribes? And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world! And our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal and our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim and our Limerick lace, our tanneries and our white flint glass down there by Ballybough and our Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon and our woven silk and our Foxford tweeds and ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent in New Ross, nothing like it in the whole wide world! Where are the Greek merchants that came through the pillars of Hercules, the Gibraltar now grabbed by the foe of mankind, with gold and Tyrian purple to sell in Wexford at the fair of Carmen? Read Tacitus and Ptolemy, even Giraldus Cambrensis. Wine, peltries, Connemara marble, silver from Tipperary, second to none, our farfamed horses even today, the Irish hobbies, with king Philip of Spain offering to pay customs duties for the right to fish in our waters. What do the yellowjohns of Anglia owe us for our ruined trade and our ruined hearths? And the beds of the Barrow and Shannon they won't deepen with millions of acres of marsh and bog to make us all die of consumption. 4 5 6-7 8 9-10 11-12 13 14 15 16 17-20 21 22 23 24

— As treeless as Portugal we'll be soon, says John Wyse, or Heligoland with its one tree if something is not done to reafforest the land. Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report of lord Castletown's… 25-26

— Save them, says the citizen, the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage. Save the trees of Ireland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire, O. 27-28 29

— Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

The fashionable international world attended *en masse* this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. Lady Sylvester Elmshade, Mrs Barbara Lovebirch, Mrs Poll Ash, Mrs Holly Hazeleyes, Miss Daphne Bays, Miss Dorothy Canebrake, Mrs Clyde Twelvetrees, Mrs Rowan Greene, Mrs Helen Vinegadding, Miss Virginia Creeper, Miss Gladys Beech, Miss Olive Garth, Miss Blanche Maple, Mrs Maud Mahogany, Miss Myra Myrtle, Miss Priscilla Elderflower, Miss Bee Honeysuckle, Miss Grace Poplar, Miss O Mimosa San, Miss Rachel Cedarfrond, the Misses Lilian and Viola Lilac, Miss Timidity Aspenall, Mrs Kitty Dewey-Mosse, Miss May Hawthorne, Mrs Gloriana Palme, Mrs Liana Forrest, Mrs Arabella Blackwood and Mrs Norma Holyoake of Oakholme Regis graced the ceremony by their presence. The bride who was given away by her father, the M'Conifer of the Glands, looked exquisitely charming in a creation carried out in 30 31 32-34 35-38 39-40 41-42 43 44 45

green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with a triple flounce of darkerhued fringe, the scheme being relieved by bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze. The maids of honour, Miss Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of the bride, wore very becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty *motif* of plume rose being worked into the pleats in a pinstripe and repeated capriciously in the jadegreen toques in the form of heron feathers of paletinted coral. Senhor Enrique Flor presided at the organ with his well-known ability and, in addition to the prescribed numbers of the nuptial mass, played a new and striking arrangement of *Woodman, spare that tree* at the conclusion of the service. On leaving the church of Saint Fiacre *in Horto* after the papal blessing the happy pair were subjected to a playful crossfire of hazelnuts, beechmast, bayleaves, catkins of willow, ivytod, hollyberries, mistletoe sprigs and quicken shoots. Mr and Mrs Wyse Conifer Neaulan will spend a quiet honeymoon in the Black Forest.

— And our eyes are on Europe, says the citizen. We had our trade with Spain and the French and with the Flemings before those mongrels were pupped, Spanish ale in Galway, the winebark on the winedark waterway.

— And will again, says Joe.

— And with the help of the holy mother of God we will again, says the citizen, clapping his thigh. Our harbours that are empty will be full again, Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Blacksod Bay, Ventry in the kingdom of Kerry, Killybegs, the third largest harbour in the wide world with a fleet of masts of the Galway Lynches and the Cavan O'Reillys and the O'Kennedys of Dublin when the earl of Desmond could make a treaty with the emperor Charles the Fifth himself. And will again, says he, when the first Irish battleship is seen breasting the waves with our own flag to the fore, none of your Henry Tudor's harps, no, the oldest flag afloat, the flag of the province of Desmond and Thomond, three crowns on a blue field, the three sons of Milesius.

And he took the last swig out of the pint, Moya. All wind and piss like a tanyard cat. Cows in Connacht have long horns. As much as his bloody life is worth to go down and address his tall talk to the assembled multitude in Shanagolden where he daren't show his nose with the Molly Maguires looking for him to let daylight through him for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant.

— Hear, hear to that, says John Wyse. What will you have?

— An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion.

— Half one, Terry, says John Wyse, and a hands up. Terry! Are you asleep?

— Yes, sir, says Terry. Small whisky and bottle of Allsop. Right, sir.

Hanging over the bloody paper with Alf looking for spicy bits instead of attending to the general public. Picture of a butting match, trying to crack their bloody skulls, one chap going for the other with his head down like a bull at a gate. And another one: *Black Beast Burned in Omaha, Ga.* A lot of Deadwood Dicks in slouch hats and they firing at a sambo strung up on a tree with his tongue out and a bonfire under him. Gob, they ought to drown him in the sea after and electrocute and crucify him to make sure of their job.

— But what about the fighting navy, says Ned, that keeps our foes at bay?

— I'll tell you what about it, says the citizen. Hell upon earth it is. Read the revelations that's going on in the papers about flogging on the training ships at Portsmouth. A fellow writes that calls himself *Disgusted One.*

So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crew of tars and officers and rearadmirals drawn up in cocked hats and the parson with his protestant bible to witness punishment and a young lad brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the buttend of a gun.

— A rump and dozen, says the citizen, was what that old ruffian sir John Beresford called it but the modern God's Englishman calls it caning on the breech. 1-2

And says John Wyse:

— 'Tis a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. 3

Then he was telling us the master at arms comes along with a long cane and he draws out and he flogs the bloody backside off of the poor lad till he yells meila murder. 4

— That's your glorious British navy, says the citizen, that bosses the earth. The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber on the face of God's earth and their land in the hands of a dozen gamehogs and cottonball barons. That's the great empire they boast about of drudges and whipped serfs. 5-6

— On which the sun never rises, says Joe. 7

— And the tragedy of it is, says the citizen, they believe it. The unfortunate yahoos believe it. 8

They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid. 9 10

— But, says Bloom, isn't discipline the same everywhere? I mean wouldn't it be the same here if you put force against force? 11

Didn't I tell you? As true as I'm drinking this porter if he was at his last gasp he'd try to downface you that dying was living. 12

— We'll put force against force, says the citizen. We have our greater Ireland beyond the sea. They were driven out of house and home in the black 47. Their mudcabins and their shielings by the roadside were laid low by the batteringram and the *Times* rubbed its hands and told the whitelivered Saxons there would soon be as few Irish in Ireland as redskins in America. Even the grand Turk sent us his piastres. But the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home while the land was full of crops that the British hyenas bought and sold in Rio de Janeiro. Ay, they drove out the peasants in hordes. Twenty thousand of them died in the coffinships. But those that came to the land of the free remember the land of bondage. And they will come again and with a vengeance, no cravens, the sons of Granuaile, the champions of Kathleen ni Houlihan. 13 14 15-16 17 18 19 20 21-22 23 24

— Perfectly true, says Bloom. But my point was…

— We are a long time waiting for that day, citizen, says Ned. Since the poor old woman told us that the French were on the sea and landed at Killala. 25 26

— Ay, says John Wyse. We fought for the royal Stuarts that reneged us against the Williamites and they betrayed us. Remember Limerick and the broken treatystone. We gave our best blood to France and Spain, the wild geese. Fontenoy, eh? And Sarsfield and O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain, and Ulysses Browne of Camus that was fieldmarshal to Maria Teresa. But what did we ever get for it? 27 28 29-30 31-33

— The French! says the citizen. Set of dancing masters! Do you know what it is? They were never worth a roasted fart to Ireland. Aren't they trying to make an
1-2 *Entente cordiale* now at Tay Pay's dinnerparty with perfidious Albion? Firebrands of Europe and they always were?

3 — *Conspuez les Français*, says Lenehan, nobbling his beer.

4 — And as for the Prooshians and the Hanoverians, says Joe, haven't we had enough of those sausageeating bastards on the throne from George the elector down to the German lad and the flatulent old bitch that's dead?

Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that about the old one
5 with the winkers on her blind drunk in her royal palace every night of God,
6 old Vic, with her jorum of mountain dew and her coachman carting her up body and bones to roll into bed and she pulling him by the whiskers and
7-8 singing him old bits of songs about *Ehren on the Rhine* and come where the boose is cheaper.

9 — Well! says J. J. We have Edward the peacemaker now.

10 — Tell that to a fool, says the citizen. There's a bloody sight more pox than pax
11 about that boyo. Edward Guelph-Wettin!

12 — And what do you think, says Joe, of the holy boys, the priests and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth in his Satanic Majesty's racing colours and
13 sticking up pictures of all the horses his jockeys rode. The earl of Dublin, no less.

— They ought to have stuck up all the women he rode himself, says little Alf.

And says J. J.:

— Considerations of space influenced their lordships' decision.

— Will you try another, citizen? says Joe.

— Yes, sir, says he, I will.

— You? says Joe.

— Beholden to you, Joe, says I. May your shadow never grow less.

— Repeat that dose, says Joe.

Bloom was talking and talking with John Wyse and he quite excited with his dunducketymudcoloured mug on him and his old plumeyes rolling about.

— Persecution, says he, all the history of the world is full of it. Perpetuating national hatred among nations.

— But do you know what a nation means? says John Wyse.

— Yes, says Bloom.

— What is it? says John Wyse.

— A nation? says Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place.

— By God, then, says Ned, laughing, if that's so I'm a nation for I'm living in the same place for the past five years.

So of course everyone had a laugh at Bloom and says he, trying to muck out of it:

— Or also living in different places.

— That covers my case, says Joe.

— What is your nation if I may ask, says the citizen.

— Ireland, says Bloom. I was born here. Ireland.

The citizen said nothing only cleared the spit out of his gullet and, gob, he spat
14 a Red bank oyster out of him right in the corner.

— After you with the push, Joe, says he, taking out his handkerchief to swab himself dry.

— Here you are, citizen, says Joe. Take that in your right hand and repeat after me the following words.

The muchtreasured and intricately embroidered ancient Irish facecloth attributed to Solomon of Droma and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh, authors of the Book of Ballymote, was then carefully produced and called forth prolonged admiration. No need to dwell on the legendary beauty of the cornerpieces, the acme of art, wherein one can distinctly discern each of the four evangelists in turn presenting to each of the four masters his evangelical symbol a bogoak sceptre, a North American puma (a far nobler king of beasts than the British article, be it said in passing), a Kerry calf and a golden eagle from Carrantuohill. The scenes depicted on the emunctory field, showing our ancient duns and raths and cromlechs and grianauns and seats of learning and maledictive stones, are as wonderfully beautiful and the pigments as delicate as when the Sligo illuminators gave free rein to their artistic fantasy long long ago in the time of the Barmecides. Glendalough, the lovely lakes of Killarney, the ruins of Clonmacnois, Cong Abbey, Glen Inagh and the Twelve Pins, Ireland's Eye, the Green Hills of Tallaght, Croagh Patrick, the brewery of Messrs Arthur Guinness, Son and Company (Limited), Lough Neagh's banks, the vale of Ovoca, Isolde's tower, the Mapas obelisk, Sir Patrick Dun's hospital, Cape Clear, the glen of Aherlow, Lynch's castle, the Scotch house, Rathdown Union Workhouse at Loughlinstown, Tullamore jail, Castleconnel rapids, Kilballymacshonakill, the cross at Monasterboice, Jury's Hotel, S. Patrick's Purgatory, the Salmon Leap, Maynooth college refectory, Curley's hole, the three birthplaces of the first duke of Wellington, the rock of Cashel, the bog of Allen, the Henry Street Warehouse, Fingal's Cave—all these moving scenes are still there for us today rendered more beautiful still by the waters of sorrow which have passed over them and by the rich incrustations of time. 1 2 3 4-7 8-9 10 11-12 13-16 17-19 20 21-24 25-28 29-31 32-35 36-38 39-41 42-44

— Shove us over the drink, says I. Which is which? 45

— That's mine, says Joe, as the devil said to the dead policeman.

— And I belong to a race too, says Bloom, that is hated and persecuted. Also now. This very moment. This very instant.

Gob, he near burnt his fingers with the butt of his old cigar.

— Robbed, says he. Plundered. Insulted. Persecuted. Taking what belongs to us by right. At this very moment, says he, putting up his fist, sold by auction off in Morocco like slaves or cattles. 46

— Are you talking about the new Jerusalem? says the citizen. 47

— I'm talking about injustice, says Bloom.

— Right, says John Wyse. Stand up to it then with force like men.

That's an almanac picture for you. Mark for a softnosed bullet. Old lardyface standing up to the business end of a gun. Gob, he'd adorn a sweepingbrush, so he would, if he only had a nurse's apron on him. And then he collapses all of a sudden, twisting around all the opposite, as limp as a wet rag. 48

— But it's no use, says he. Force, hatred, history, all that. That's not life for men and women, insult and hatred. And everybody knows that it's the very opposite of that that is really life.

— What? says Alf.

— Love, says Bloom. I mean the opposite of hatred. I must go now, says he to John Wyse. Just round to the court a moment to see if Martin is there. If he comes just say I'll be back in a second. Just a moment.

Who's hindering you? And off he pops like greased lightning.

— A new apostle to the gentiles, says the citizen. Universal love.

— Well, says John Wyse, isn't that what we're told? Love your neighbours.

— That chap? says the citizen. Beggar my neighbour is his motto. Love, Moya! He's a nice pattern of a Romeo and Juliet.

Love loves to love love. Nurse loves the new chemist. Constable 14 A loves Mary Kelly. Gerty MacDowell loves the boy that has the bicycle. M. B. loves a fair gentleman. Li Chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow. Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant. Old Mr Verschoyle with the ear trumpet loves old Mrs Verschoyle with the turnedin eye. The man in the brown macintosh loves a lady who is dead. His Majesty the King loves Her Majesty the Queen. Mrs Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor. You love a certain person. And this person loves that other person because everybody loves somebody but God loves everybody.

— Well, Joe, says I, your very good health and song. More power, citizen.

— Hurrah, there, says Joe.

— The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on you, says the citizen.

And he ups with his pint to wet his whistle.

— We know those canters, says he, preaching and picking your pocket. What about sanctimonious Cromwell and his ironsides that put the women and children of Drogheda to the sword with the bible text *God is love* pasted round the mouth of his cannon? The bible! Did you read that skit in the *United Irishman* today about that Zulu chief that's visiting England?

— What's that? says Joe.

So the citizen takes up one of his paraphernalia papers and he starts reading out:

— A delegation of the chief cotton magnates of Manchester was presented yesterday to His Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta by Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup on Eggs, to tender to His Majesty the heartfelt thanks of British traders for the facilities afforded them in his dominions. The delegation partook of luncheon at the conclusion of which the dusky potentate, in the course of a happy speech, freely translated by the British chaplain, the reverend Ananias Praisegod Barebones, tendered his best thanks to Massa Walkup and emphasised the cordial relations existing between Abeakuta and the British Empire, stating that he treasured as one of his dearest possessions an illuminated bible, the volume of the word of God and the secret of England's greatness, graciously presented to him by the white chief woman, the great squaw Victoria, with a personal dedication from the august hand of the Royal Donor. The Alaki then drank a lovingcup of firstshot usquebaugh to the toast *Black and White* from the skull of his immediate predecessor in the dynasty Kakachakachak, surnamed Forty Warts, after which he visited the chief factory of Cottonopolis and signed his mark in the visitors' book, subsequently executing an old Abeakutic wardance, in the course of which he swallowed several knives and forks, amid hilarious applause from the girl hands.

— Widow woman, says Ned, I wouldn't doubt her. Wonder did he put that bible to the same use as I would.

— Same only more so, says Lenehan. And thereafter in that fruitful land the broadleaved mango flourished exceedingly.

— Is that by Griffith? says John Wyse.

— No, says the citizen. It's not signed Shanganagh. It's only initialled: P. 1

— And a very good initial too, says Joe.

— That's how it's worked, says the citizen. Trade follows the flag.

— Well, says J. J., if they're any worse than those Belgians in the Congo Free State they must be bad. Did you read that report by a man what's this his name is?

— Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman. 2

— Yes, that's the man, says J. J. Raping the women and girls and flogging the natives on the belly to squeeze all the red rubber they can out of them.

— I know where he's gone, says Lenehan, cracking his fingers.

— Who? says I.

— Bloom, says he, the courthouse is a blind. He had a few bob on *Throwaway* 3-4 and he's gone to gather in the shekels. 5

— Is it that whiteeyed kaffir? says the citizen, that never backed a horse in anger 6 in his life.

That's where he's gone, says Lenehan. I met Bantam Lyons going to back that horse only I put him off it and he told me Bloom gave him the tip. Bet you what you like he has a hundred shillings to five on. He's the only man in Dublin has it. A dark horse.

— He's a bloody dark horse himself, says Joe.

— Mind, Joe, says I. Show us the entrance out.

— There you are, says Terry.

Goodbye Ireland I'm going to Gort. So I just went round to the back of the 7 yard to pumpship and begob (hundred shillings to five) while I was letting off my 8 (*Throwaway* twenty to) letting off my load gob says I to myself I knew he was uneasy in his (two pints off of Joe and one in Slattery's off) in his mind to get 9 off the mark to (hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) Pisser Burke was telling me card party and letting on the child was sick (gob, must have done about a gallon) flabbyarse of a wife speaking down the tube *she's better* or *she's* (ow!) all a plan so he could vamoose with the pool if he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a licence (ow!) Ireland my nation says he (hoik! phthook!) never be up to those bloody (there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

So anyhow when I got back they were at it dingdong, John Wyse saying it was Bloom gave the idea for Sinn Fein to Griffith to put in his paper all kinds of 10 jerrymandering, packed juries and swindling the taxes off of the Government and appointing consuls all over the world to walk about selling Irish industries. Robbing Peter to pay Paul. Gob, that puts the bloody kybosh on it if old sloppy eyes is mucking up the show. Give us a bloody chance. God save Ireland from the likes 11 of that bloody mouseabout. Mr Bloom with his argol bargol. And his old fellow 12 before him perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bagman, 13-14 that poisoned himself with the prussic acid after he swamping the country with 15 his baubles and his penny diamonds. Loans by post on easy terms. Any amount of money advanced on note of hand. Distance no object. No security. Gob he's like 16 Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the road with every one. 17

— Well, it's a fact, says John Wyse. And there's the man now that'll tell you about it, Martin Cunningham.

Sure enough the castle car drove up with Martin on it and Jack Power with him
1 and a fellow named Crofter or Crofton, pensioner out of the collector general's,
2 an orangeman Blackburn does have on the registration and he drawing his pay or Crawford gallivanting around the country at the king's expense.

Our travellers reached the rustic hostelry and alighted from their palfreys.

— Ho, varlet! cried he, who by his mien seemed the leader of the party. Saucy knave! To us!

So saying he knocked loudly with his swordhilt upon the open lattice.

3 Mine host came forth at the summons girding him with his tabard.

4 — Give you good den, my masters, said he with an obsequious bow.

— Bestir thyself, sirrah! cried he who had knocked. Look to our steeds. And for ourselves give us of your best for ifaith we need it.

5 — Lackaday, good masters, said the host, my poor house has but a bare larder. I know not what to offer your lordships.

— How now, fellow? cried the second of the party, a man of pleasant countenance, so servest thou the king's messengers, Master Taptun?

An instantaneous change overspread the landlord's visage.

6 — Cry you mercy, gentlemen, he said humbly. An you be the king's messengers (God shield His Majesty!) you shall not want for aught. The king's friends (God bless His Majesty!) shall not go afasting in my house I warrant me.

7 — Then about! cried the traveller who had not spoken, a lusty trencherman by his aspect. Hast aught to give us?

Mine host bowed again as he made answer:

8 — What say you, good masters, to a squab pigeon pasty, some collops of venison,
9 a saddle of veal, widgeon with crisp hog's bacon, a boar's head with pistachios, a
10-12 bason of jolly custard, a medlar tansy and a flagon of old Rhenish?

— Gadzooks! cried the last speaker. That likes me well. Pistachios!

— Aha! cried he of the pleasant countenance. A poor house and a bare larder,
13 quotha! 'Tis a merry rogue.

So in comes Martin asking where was Bloom.

— Where is he? says Lenehan. Defrauding widows and orphans.

14 — Isn't that a fact, says John Wyse, what I was telling the citizen about Bloom and the Sinn Fein?

— That's so, says Martin. Or so they allege.

— Who made those allegations? says Alf.

— I, says Joe. I'm the alligator.

— And after all, says John Wyse, why can't a jew love his country like the next fellow?

— Why not? says J. J., when he's quite sure which country it is.

15 — Is he a jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he? says Ned. Or who is he? No offence, Crofton.

— We don't want him, says Crofter the Orangeman or presbyterian.

16 — Who is Junius? says J. J.

17 — He's a perverted jew, says Martin, from a place in Hungary and it was he drew
18 up all the plans according to the Hungarian system. We know that in the castle.

— Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist? says Jack Power. 1

— Not at all, says Martin. Only namesakes. His name was Virag. The father's 2
name that poisoned himself. He changed it by deedpoll, the father did.

— That's the new Messiah for Ireland! says the citizen. Island of saints and sages! 3

— Well, they're still waiting for their redeemer, says Martin. For that matter 4
so are we.

— Yes, says J. J., and every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah. 5
And every jew is in a tall state of excitement, I believe, till he knows if he's a father or a mother.

— Expecting every moment will be his next, says Lenehan.

— O, by God, says Ned, you should have seen Bloom before that son of his that died was born. I met him one day in the south city markets buying a tin of Neave's 6-7
food six weeks before the wife was delivered.

— *En ventre sa mère*, says J. J. 8

— Do you call that a man? says the citizen.

— I wonder did he ever put it out of sight, says Joe.

— Well, there were two children born anyhow, says Jack Power.

— And who does he suspect? says the citizen. 9

Gob, there's many a true word spoken in jest. One of those mixed middlings he 10
is. Lying up in the hotel Pisser was telling me once a month with headache like a 11
totty with her courses. Do you know what I'm telling you? It'd be an act of God to 12
take a hold of a fellow the like of that and throw him in the bloody sea. Justifiable homicide, so it would. Then sloping off with his five quid without putting up a pint 13
of stuff like a man. Give us your blessing. Not as much as would blind your eye.

— Charity to the neighbour, says Martin. But where is he? We can't wait.

— A wolf in sheep's clothing, says the citizen. That's what he is. Virag from Hungary! Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God. 14

— Have you time for a brief libation, Martin? says Ned.

— Only one, says Martin. We must be quick. J. J. and S. 15

— You, Jack? Crofton? Three half ones, Terry.

— Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar and convert us, says the 16
citizen, after allowing things like that to contaminate our shores.

— Well, says Martin, rapping for his glass. God bless all here is my prayer.

— Amen, says the citizen.

— And I'm sure he will, says Joe.

And at the sound of the sacring bell, headed by a crucifer with acolytes, thurifers, 17-19
boatbearers, readers, ostiarii, deacons and subdeacons, the blessed company 20-22
drew nigh of mitred abbots and priors and guardians and monks and friars: the 23
monks of Benedict of Spoleto, Carthusians and Camaldolesi, Cistercians and 24-27
Olivetans, Oratorians and Vallombrosans, and the friars of Augustine, Brigittines, 28-32
Premonstratesians, Servi, Trinitarians, and the children of Peter Nolasco: and there- 33-36
with from Carmel mount the children of Elijah prophet led by Albert bishop and by 37
Teresa of Avila, calced and other: and friars brown and grey, sons of poor Francis, 38-39
capuchins, cordeliers, minimes and observants and the daughters of Clara: and the 40-44
sons of Dominic, the friars preachers, and the sons of Vincent: and the monks of 45-47
S. Wolstan: and Ignatius his children: and the confraternity of the christian broth- 48-49
ers led by the reverend brother Edmund Ignatius Rice. And after came all saints

and martyrs, virgins and confessors: S. Cyr and S. Isidore Arator and S. James the Less and S. Phocas of Sinope and S. Julian Hospitator and S. Felix de Cantalice and S. Simon Stylites and S. Stephen Protomartyr and S. John of God and S. Ferreol and S. Leugarde and S. Theodotus and S. Vulmar and S. Richard and S. Vincent de Paul and S. Martin of Todi and S. Martin of Tours and S. Alfred and S. Joseph and S. Denis and S. Cornelius and S. Leopold and S. Bernard and S. Terence and S. Edward and S. Owen Caniculus and S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous and S. Paronymous and S. Synonymous and S. Laurence O' Toole and S. James of Dingle and Compostella and S. Columcille and S. Columba and S. Celestine and S. Colman and S. Kevin and S. Brendan and S. Frigidian and S. Senan and S. Fachtna and S. Columbanous and S. Gall and S. Fursey and S. Fintan and S. Fiacre and S. John Nepomuc and S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Ives of Brittany and S. Michan and S. Herman-Joseph and the three patrons of holy youth S. Aloysius Gonzaga and S. Stanislaus Kostka and S. John Berchmans and the saints Gervasius, Servasius and Bonifacius and S. Bride and S. Kieran and S. Canice of Kilkenny and S. Jarlath of Tuam and S. Finbarr and S. Pappin of Ballymun and Brother Aloysius Pacificus and Brother Louis Bellicosus and the saints Rose of Lima and of Viterbo and S. Martha of Bethany and S. Mary of Egypt and S. Lucy and S. Brigid and S. Attracta and S. Dympna and S. Ita and S. Marion Calpensis and the Blessed Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and S. Barbara and S. Scholastica and S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins. And all came with nimbi and aureoles and gloriae, bearing palms and harps and swords and olive crowns, in robes whereon were woven the blessed symbols of their efficacies, inkhorns, arrows, loaves, cruses, fetters, axes, trees, bridges, babes in a bathtub, shells, wallets, shears, keys, dragons, lilies, buckshot, beards, hogs, lamps, bellows, beehives, soupladles, stars, snakes, anvils, boxes of vaseline, bells, crutches, forceps, stags' horns, watertight boots, hawks, millstones, eyes on a dish, wax candles, aspergills, unicorns. And as they wended their way by Nelson's Pillar, Henry Street, Mary Street, Capel Street, Little Britain Street, chanting the introit in *Epiphania Domini* which beginneth *Surge, illuminare* and thereafter most sweetly the gradual *Omnes* which saith *de Saba venient* they did divers wonders such as casting out devils, raising the dead to life, multiplying fishes, healing the halt and the blind, discovering various articles which had been mislaid, interpreting and fulfilling the scriptures, blessing and prophesying. And last, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold came the reverend Father O'Flynn attended by Malachi and Patrick. And when the good fathers had reached the appointed place, the house of Bernard Kiernan and Co, limited, 8, 9 and 10 little Britain street, wholesale grocers, wine and brandy shippers, licensed for the sale of beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises, the celebrant blessed the house and censed the mullioned windows and the groynes and the vaults and the arrises and the capitals and the pediments and the cornices and the engrailed arches and the spires and the cupolas and sprinkled the lintels thereof with blessed water and prayed that God might bless that house as he had blessed the house of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and make the angels of His light to inhabit therein. And entering he blessed the viands and the beverages and the company of all the blessed answered his prayers.

— *Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*

— *Qui fecit cœlum et terram.*

— *Dominus vobiscum.*

— *Et cum spiritu tuo.*

And he laid his hands upon the blessed and gave thanks and he prayed and they all with him prayed:

— *Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur omnia, benedictionem tuam effunde super creaturas* 1
istas: et præsta ut quisquis eis secundum legem et voluntatem Tuam cum gratiarum actione usus fuerit per invocationem sanctissimi nominis Tui corporis sanitatem et animæ tutelam Te auctore percipiat per Christum Dominum nostrum.

— And so say all of us, says Jack.

— Thousand a year, Lambert, says Crofton or Crawford.

— Right, says Ned, taking up his John Jameson. And butter for fish. 2-3

I was just looking round to see who the happy thought would strike when be damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.

— I was just round at the courthouse, says he, looking for you. I hope I'm not…

— No, says Martin, we're ready.

Courthouse my eye and your pockets hanging down with gold and silver. Mean bloody scut. Stand us a drink itself. Devil a sweet fear! There's a jew for you! All 4-5
for number one. Cute as a shithouse rat. Hundred to five.

— Don't tell anyone, says the citizen.

— Beg your pardon, says he.

— Come on boys, says Martin, seeing it was looking blue. Come along now. 6

— Don't tell anyone, says the citizen, letting a bawl out of him. It's a secret.

And the bloody dog woke up and let a growl.

— Bye bye all, says Martin.

And he got them out as quick as he could, Jack Power and Crofton or whatever you call him and him in the middle of them letting on to be all at sea up with them on the bloody jaunting car. 7

— Off with you, says Martin to the jarvey.

The milkwhite dolphin tossed his mane and, rising in the golden poop, the 8
helmsman spread the bellying sail upon the wind and stood off forward with all sail set, the spinnaker to larboard. A many comely nymphs drew nigh to starboard and to larboard and, clinging to the sides of the noble bark, they linked their shining forms as doth the cunning wheelwright when he fashions about the heart of his wheel the equidistant rays whereof each one is sister to another and he binds them all with an outer ring and giveth speed to the feet of men whenas they ride to a hosting or contend for the smile of ladies fair. Even so did they come and set 9
them, those willing nymphs, the undying sisters. And they laughed, sporting in a circle of their foam: and the bark clave the waves.

But begob I was just lowering the heel of the pint when I saw the citizen getting up to waddle to the door, puffing and blowing with the dropsy and he cursing the curse of Cromwell on him, bell, book and candle in Irish, spitting and spatting out 10-11
of him and Joe and little Alf round him like a leprechaun trying to peacify him.

— Let me alone, says he.

And begob he got as far as the door and they holding him and he bawls out of him:

— Three cheers for Israel!

Arrah, sit down on the parliamentary side of your arse for Christ' sake and 12
don't be making a public exhibition of yourself. Jesus, there's always some bloody

clown or other kicking up a bloody murder about bloody nothing. Gob, it'd turn the porter sour in your guts, so it would.

And all the ragamuffins and sluts of the nation round the door and Martin telling
1 the jarvey to drive ahead and the citizen bawling and Alf and Joe at him to whisht and he on his high horse about the jews and the loafers calling for a speech and Jack Power trying to get him to sit down on the car and hold his bloody jaw and a
2 loafer with a patch over his eye starts singing *If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew* and a slut shouts out of her:

— Eh, mister! Your fly is open, mister!

And says he:

3-6 — Mendelssohn was a jew and Karl Marx and Mercadante and Spinoza. And the Saviour was a jew and his father was a jew. Your God.

— He had no father, says Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead.

— Whose God? says the citizen.

— Well, his uncle was a jew, says he. Your God was a jew. Christ was a jew like me.

Gob, the citizen made a plunge back into the shop.

— By Jesus, says he, I'll brain that bloody jewman for using the holy name. By Jesus, I'll crucify him so I will. Give us that biscuitbox here.

— Stop! Stop! says Joe.

A large and appreciative gathering of friends and acquaintances from the metrop-
7 olis and greater Dublin assembled in their thousands to bid farewell to Nagyaságos
8 uram Lipóti Virag, late of Messrs Alexander Thom's, printers to His Majesty, on the
9 occasion of his departure for the distant clime of Százharminczbrojúgulyás-Dugulás
10 (Meadow of Murmuring Waters). The ceremony which went off with great *éclat* was characterised by the most affecting cordiality. An illuminated scroll of ancient Irish vellum, the work of Irish artists, was presented to the distinguished phenomenologist on behalf of a large section of the community and was accompanied by the gift of a silver casket, tastefully executed in the style of ancient Celtic ornament,
11 a work which reflects every credit on the makers, Messrs Jacob *agus* Jacob. The departing guest was the recipient of a hearty ovation, many of those who were present being visibly moved when the select orchestra of Irish pipes struck up the
12-13 wellknown strains of *Come Back to Erin*, followed immediately by *Rakóczy's March*.
14 Tarbarrels and bonfires were lighted along the coastline of the four seas on the
15-18 summits of the Hill of Howth, Three Rock Mountain, Sugarloaf, Bray Head, the
19-24 mountains of Mourne, the Galtees, the Ox and Donegal and Sperrin peaks, the
25-27 Nagles and the Bograghs, the Connemara hills, the reeks of M'Gillicuddy, Slieve
28-29 Aughty, Slieve Bernagh and Slieve Bloom. Amid cheers that rent the welkin, responded to by answering cheers from a big muster of henchmen on the distant
30 Cambrian and Caledonian hills, the mastodontic pleasureship slowly moved away saluted by a final floral tribute from the representatives of the fair sex who were present in large numbers while, as it proceeded down the river, escorted by a flotilla
31-32 of barges, the flags of the Ballast office and Custom House were dipped in salute as
33-34 were also those of the electrical power station at the Pigeonhouse. *Visszontlátásra, kedvés barátom! Visszontlátásra!* Gone but not forgotten.

Gob, the devil wouldn't stop him till he got hold of the bloody tin anyhow and out with him and little Alf hanging on to his elbow and he shouting like a stuck
35 pig, as good as any bloody play in the Queen's royal theatre.

— Where is he till I murder him?

And Ned and J. G. paralysed with the laughing.

— Bloody wars, says I, I'll be in for the last gospel.

But as luck would have it the jarvey got the nag's head round the other way and off with him.

— Hold on, citizen, says Joe. Stop.

Begob he drew his hand and made a swipe and let fly. Mercy of God the sun was in his eyes or he'd have left him for dead. Gob, he near sent it into the county Longford. 1
The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street.

The catastrophe was terrific and instantaneous in its effect. The observatory 2
of Dunsink registered in all eleven shocks, all of the fifth grade of Mercalli's 3
scale, and there is no record extant of a similar seismic disturbance in our island since the earthquake of 1534, the year of the rebellion of Silken Thomas. The 4-5
epicentre appears to have been that part of the metropolis which constitutes the Inn's Quay ward and parish of Saint Michan covering a surface of fortyone acres, 6
two roods and one square pole or perch. All the lordly residences in the vicinity of the palace of justice were demolished and that noble edifice itself, in which at 7-8
the time of the catastrophe important legal debates were in progress, is literally a mass of ruins beneath which it is to be feared all the occupants have been buried alive. From the reports of eyewitnesses it transpires that the seismic waves were accompanied by a violent atmospheric perturbation of cyclonic character. An article of headgear since ascertained to belong to the much respected clerk of the crown and peace Mr George Fottrell and a silk umbrella with gold handle with the 9
engraved initials, coat of arms and house number of the erudite and worshipful chairman of quarter sessions sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, have been 10
discovered by search parties in remote parts of the island, respectively, the former on the third basaltic ridge of the giant's causeway, the latter embedded to the 11
extent of one foot three inches in the sandy beach of Holeopen bay near the old 12
head of Kinsale. Other eyewitnesses depose that they observed an incandescent objet of enormous proportions hurtling through the atmosphere at a terrifying velocity in a trajectory directed south west by west. Messages of condolence and sympathy are being hourly received from all parts of the different continents and the sovereign pontiff has been graciously pleased to decree that a special *missa pro* 13
defunctis shall be celebrated simultaneously by the ordinaries of each and every cathedral church of all the episcopal dioceses subject to the spiritual authority of the Holy See in suffrage of the souls of those faithful departed who have been so unexpectedly called away from our midst. The work of salvage, removal of *débris*, human remains etc has been entrusted to Messrs Michael Meade and Son, 14
159, Great Brunswick Street, and Messrs T. C. Martin, 77, 78, 79 and 80, North Wall, 15
assisted by the men and officers of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry under the 16
general supervision of H. R. H., rear admiral the right honourable sir Hercules 17-18
Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K. C. B., M. P., J. P., M. B., D. S. O., S. O. D., M. F. H., M. R. I. A., B. L., Mus. Doc., P. L. G., F. T. C. D., F. R. U. I., F. R. C. P. I. and F. R. C. S. I.

You never saw the like of it in all your born puff. Gob, if he got that lottery ticket on the side of his poll he'd remember the gold cup, he would so, but begob

the citizen would have been lagged for assault and battery and Joe for aiding and abetting. The jarvey saved his life by furious driving as sure as God made Moses. What? O, Jesus, he did. And he let a volley of oaths after him.

— Did I kill him, says he, or what?

And he shouting to the bloody dog:

— After him, Garry! After him, boy!

And the last we saw was the bloody car rounding the corner and old sheepsface
1 on it gesticulating and the bloody mongrel after it with his lugs back for all he was bloody well worth to tear him limb from limb. Hundred to five! Jesus, he took the value of it out of him, I promise you.

2 When, lo, there came about them all a great brightness and they beheld the chariot wherein He stood ascend to heaven. And they beheld Him in the chariot,
3-4 clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun, fair as
5 the moon and terrible that for awe they durst not look upon Him. And there came
6 a voice out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!* And he answered with a main cry:
7 *Abba! Adonai!* And they beheld Him even Him, ben Bloom Elijah, amid clouds of angels ascend to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees over
8 Donohoe's in Little Green Street like a shot off a shovel.

The summer evening had begun to fold the world in its mysterious embrace. Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day lingered 1
lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth guarding 2
as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore 3
and, last but not least, on the quiet church whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the stormtossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea. 4

The three girl friends were seated on the rocks, enjoying the evening scene and the air which was fresh but not too chilly. Many a time and oft were they wont to 5
come there to that favourite nook to have a cosy chat beside the sparkling waves 6
and discuss matters feminine, Cissy Caffrey and Edy Boardman with the baby in 7-8
the pushcar and Tommy and Jacky Caffrey, two little curlyheaded boys, dressed in sailor suits with caps to match and the name H. M. S. Belleisle printed on both. For Tommy and Jacky Caffrey were twins, scarce four years old and very noisy and spoiled twins sometimes but for all that darling little fellows with bright merry faces and endearing ways about them. They were dabbling in the sand with their spades and buckets, building castles as children do, or playing with their big coloured ball, happy as the day was long. And Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby to and fro in the pushcar while that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight. He was but eleven months and nine days old and, though still a tiny toddler, was just beginning to lisp his first babyish words. Cissy Caffrey bent over him to tease his fat little plucks and the dainty dimple in his chin. 9

— Now, baby, Cissy Caffrey said. Say out big, big. I want a drink of water.

And baby prattled after her:

— A jink a jink a jawbo.

Cissy Caffrey cuddled the wee chap for she was awfully fond of children, so patient with little sufferers and Tommy Caffrey could never be got to take his castor oil unless it was Cissy Caffrey that held his nose and promised him the scatty heel 10
of the loaf of brown bread with golden syrup on. What a persuasive power that girl had! But to be sure baby was as good as gold, a perfect little dote in his new fancy bib. None of your spoilt beauties, Flora MacFlimsy sort, was Cissy Caffrey. A 11
truerhearted lass never drew the breath of life, always with a laugh in her gipsylike eyes and a frolicsome word on her cherryripe red lips, a girl lovable in the extreme. And Edy Boardman laughed too at the quaint language of little brother.

But just then there was a slight altercation between Master Tommy and Master Jacky. Boys will be boys and our two twins were no exception to this golden rule.

The apple of discord was a certain castle of sand which Master Jacky had built and Master Tommy would have it right go wrong that it was to be architecturally improved by a frontdoor like the Martello tower had. But if Master Tommy was headstrong Master Jacky was selfwilled too and, true to the maxim that every little Irishman's house is his castle, he fell upon his hated rival and to such purpose that the wouldbe assailant came to grief and (alas to relate!) the coveted castle too. Needless to say the cries of discomfited Master Tommy drew the attention of the girl friends.

— Come here, Tommy, his sister called imperatively, at once! And you, Jacky, for shame to throw poor Tommy in the dirty sand. Wait till I catch you for that.

His eyes misty with unshed tears Master Tommy came at her call for their big sister's word was law with the twins. And in a sad plight he was after his misadventure. His little man-o'-war top and unmentionables were full of sand but Cissy was a past mistress in the art of smoothing over life's tiny troubles and very quickly not one speck of sand was to be seen on his smart little suit. Still the blue eyes were glistening with hot tears that would well up so she kissed away the hurtness and shook her hand at Master Jacky the culprit and said if she was near him she wouldn't be far from him, her eyes dancing in admonition.

— Nasty bold Jacky! she cried.

She put an arm round the little mariner and coaxed winningly:

— What's your name? Butter and cream?

— Tell us who is your sweetheart, spoke Edy Boardman. Is Cissy your sweetheart?

— Nao, tearful Tommy said.

— Is Edy Boardman your sweetheart? Cissy queried.

— Nao, Tommy said.

— I know, Edy Boardman said none too amiably with an arch glance from her shortsighted eyes. I know who is Tommy's sweetheart, Gerty is Tommy's sweetheart.

— Nao, Tommy said on the verge of tears.

Cissy's quick motherwit guessed what was amiss and she whispered to Edy Boardman to take him there behind the pushcar where the gentlemen couldn't see and to mind he didn't wet his new tan shoes.

But who was Gerty?

Gerty MacDowell who was seated near her companions, lost in thought, gazing far away into the distance was in very truth as fair a specimen of winsome Irish girlhood as one could wish to see. She was pronounced beautiful by all who knew her though, as folks often said, she was more a Giltrap than a MacDowell. Her figure was slight and graceful, inclining even to fragility but those iron jelloids she had been taking of late had done her a world of good much better than the Widow Welch's female pills and she was much better of those discharges she used to get and that tired feeling. The waxen pallor of her face was almost spiritual in its ivorylike purity though her rosebud mouth was a genuine Cupid's bow, Greekly perfect. Her hands were of finely veined alabaster with tapering fingers and as white as lemon juice and queen of ointments could make them though it was not true that she used to wear kid gloves in bed or take a milk footbath either. Bertha Supple told that once to Edy Boardman, a deliberate lie, when she was black out at daggers drawn with Gerty (the girl chums had of course their little tiffs from

time to time like the rest of mortals) and she told her not let on whatever she did that it was her that told her or she'd never speak to her again. No. Honour where honour is due. There was an innate refinement, a languid queenly *hauteur* about 1
Gerty which was unmistakably evidenced in her delicate hands and higharched instep. Had kind fate but willed her to be born a gentlewoman of high degree in her own right and had she only received the benefit of a good education Gerty MacDowell might easily have held her own beside any lady in the land and have seen herself exquisitely gowned with jewels on her brow and patrician suitors at her feet vying with one another to pay their devoirs to her. Mayhap it was this, 2
the love that might have been, that lent to her softlyfeatured face at whiles a look, tense with suppressed meaning, that imparted a strange yearning tendency to the beautiful eyes, a charm few could resist. Why have women such eyes of witchery? Gerty's were of the bluest Irish blue, set off by lustrous lashes and dark expressive brows. Time was when those brows were not so silkily seductive. It was Madame 3
Vera Verity, directress of the Woman Beautiful page of the Princess novelette, who had first advised her to try eyebrowleine which gave that haunting expression to 4
the eyes, so becoming in leaders of fashion, and she had never regretted it. Then there was blushing scientifically cured and how to be tall increase your height and you have a beautiful face but your nose? That would suit Mrs Dignam because 5
she had a button one. But Gerty's crowning glory was her wealth of wonderful hair. It was dark brown with a natural wave in it. She had cut it that very morning 6
on account of the new moon and it nestled about her pretty head in a profusion of luxuriant clusters and pared her nails too, Thursday for wealth. And just now 7
at Edy's words as a telltale flush, delicate as the faintest rosebloom, crept into her cheeks she looked so lovely in her sweet girlish shyness that of a surety God's fair land of Ireland did not hold her equal.

For an instant she was silent with rather sad downcast eyes. She was about to retort but something checked the words on her tongue. Inclination prompted her to speak out: dignity told her to be silent. The pretty lips pouted a while but then she glanced up and broke out into a joyous little laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May morning. She knew right well, no-one better, what made squinty Edy say that because of him cooling in his attentions when it was simply a lovers' quarrel. As per usual somebody's nose was out of joint about the boy that had the bicycle always riding up and down in front of her window. Only now his father kept him in the evenings studying hard to get an 8
exhibition in the intermediate that was on and he was going to Trinity college to study for a doctor when he left the high school like his brother W. E. Wylie 9
who was racing in the bicycle races in Trinity college university. Little recked he 10
perhaps for what she felt, that dull aching void in her heart sometimes, piercing to the core. Yet he was young and perchance he might learn to love her in time. They were protestants in his family and of course Gerty knew Who came first 11
and after Him the blessed Virgin and then Saint Joseph. But he was undeniably handsome with an exquisite nose and he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman, the shape of his head too at the back without his cap on that she would know anywhere something off the common and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp with his hands off the bars and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes and besides they were both of a size and that was why

Edy Boardman thought she was so frightfully clever because he didn't go and ride up and down in front of her bit of a garden.

Gerty was dressed simply but with the instinctive taste of a votary of Dame Fashion for she felt that there was just a might that he might be out. A neat blouse
1-2 of electric blue, selftinted by dolly dyes (because it was expected in the *Lady's Pictorial* that electric blue would be worn), with a smart vee opening down to the division and kerchief pocket (in which she always kept a piece of cottonwool scented with her favourite perfume because the handkerchief spoiled the sit) and a navy threequarter skirt cut to the stride showed off her slim graceful figure to perfection. She wore a coquettish little love of a hat of wideleaved nigger straw contrast trimmed with an underbrim of eggblue chenille and at the side a butterfly
3 bow to tone. All Tuesday week afternoon she was hunting to match that chenille
4 but at last she found what she wanted at Clery's summer sales, the very it, slightly shopsoiled but you would never notice, seven fingers two and a penny. She did it up all by herself and what joy was hers when she tried it on then, smiling at the lovely reflection which the mirror gave back to her! And when she put it on the waterjug to keep the shape she knew that that would take the shine out of some people she knew. Her shoes were the newest thing in footwear (Edy Boardman prided herself that she was very *petite* but she never had a foot like Gerty MacDowell, a five,
5 and never would ash, oak or elm) with patent toecaps and just one smart buckle at her higharched instep. Her wellturned ankle displayed its perfect proportions beneath her skirt and just the proper amount and no more of her shapely limbs encased in finespun hose with highspliced heels and wide garter tops. As for undies they were Gerty's chief care and who that knows the fluttering hopes and fears of sweet seventeen (though Gerty would never see seventeen again) can find it in his heart to blame her? She had four dinky sets, with awfully pretty stitchery, three garments and nighties extra, and each set slotted with different coloured ribbons, rosepink, pale blue, mauve and peagreen and she aired them herself and blued them when they came home from the wash and ironed them and she had a brickbat to keep the iron on because she wouldn't trust those washerwomen
6 as far as she'd see them scorching the things. She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour and the lucky colour too for a bride to
7 have a bit of blue somewhere on her because the green she wore that day week
8 brought grief because his father brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because she thought perhaps he might be out because when she
9 was dressing that morning she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and lovers' meetings if you put those things on inside out so long as it wasn't of a Friday.

And yet and yet! That strained look on her face! A gnawing sorrow is there all the time. Her very soul is in her eyes and she would give worlds to be in the privacy of her own familiar chamber where, giving way to tears, she could have a good cry and relieve her pentup feelings. Though not too much because she knew how to
10 cry nicely before the mirror. You are lovely, Gerty, it said. The paly light of evening falls upon a face infinitely sad and wistful. Gerty MacDowell yearns in vain. Yes, she had known from the first that her daydream of a marriage has been arranged
11 and the weddingbells ringing for Mrs Reggy Wylie T. C. D. (because the one who
12 married the elder brother would be Mrs Wylie) and in the fashionable intelligence

Mrs Gertrude Wylie was wearing a sumptuous confection of grey trimmed with expensive blue fox was not to be. He was too young to understand. He would not believe in love, a woman's birthright. The night of the party long ago in Stoers' (he 1
was still in short trousers) when they were alone and he stole an arm round her waist she went white to the very lips. He called her little one in a strangely husky voice and snatched a half kiss (the first!) but it was only the end of her nose and then he hastened from the room with a remark about refreshments. Impetuous fellow! Strength of character had never been Reggy Wylie's strong point and he who would woo and win Gerty MacDowell must be a man among men. But 2
waiting, always waiting to be asked and it was leap year too and would soon be 3-4
over. No prince charming is her beau ideal to lay a rare and wondrous love at her feet but rather a manly man with a strong quiet face who had not found his ideal, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with grey, and who would understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him in all the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long long kiss. It would be like heaven. For such a one she yearns this balmy summer eve. With all the heart of her she longs to be his only, his affianced bride for riches for poor, in sickness in health, till death us 5
two part, from this to this day forward.

And while Edy Boardman was with little Tommy behind the pushcar she was just thinking would the day ever come when she could call herself his little wife to be. Then they could talk about her till they went blue in the face, Bertha Supple too, and Edy, the spitfire, because she would be twentytwo in November. She would care for him with creature comforts too for Gerty was womanly wise and knew that a mere man liked that feeling of hominess. Her griddlecakes done to a goldenbrown hue and queen Ann's pudding of delightful creaminess had 6
won golden opinions from all because she had a lucky hand also for lighting a 7
fire, dredge in the fine selfraising flour and always stir in the same direction then cream the milk and sugar and whisk well the white of eggs though she didn't like the eating part when there were any people that made her shy and often she wondered why you couldn't eat something poetical like violets or roses and they would have a beautifully appointed drawingroom with pictures and engravings and the photograph of grandpapa Giltrap's lovely dog Garryowen that almost 8
talked, it was so human, and chintz covers for the chairs and that silver toastrack in Clery's summer jumble sales like they have in rich houses. He would be tall with 9
broad shoulders (she had always admired tall men for a husband) with glistening white teeth under his carefully trimmed sweeping moustache and they would go on the continent for their honeymoon (three wonderful weeks!) and then, when they settled down in a nice snug and cosy little homely house, every morning they would both have brekky, simple but perfectly served, for their own two selves and before he went out to business he would give his dear little wifey a good hearty hug and gaze for a moment deep down into her eyes.

Edy Boardman asked Tommy Caffrey was he done and he said yes, so then she buttoned up his little knickerbockers for him and told him to run off and play with Jacky and to be good now and not to fight. But Tommy said he wanted the ball and Edy told him no that baby was playing with the ball and if he took it there'd be wigs on the green but Tommy said it was his ball and he wanted his ball and 10
he pranced on the ground, if you please. The temper of him! O, he was a man

already was little Tommy Caffrey since he was out of pinnies. Edy told him no, no and to be off now with him and she told Cissy Caffrey not to give in to him.

— You're not my sister, naughty Tommy said. It's my ball.

But Cissy Caffrey told baby Boardman to look up, look up high at her finger and she snatched the ball quickly and threw it along the sand and Tommy after it in full career, having won the day.

— Anything for a quiet life, laughed Ciss.

And she tickled tiny tot's two cheeks to make him forget and played here's the lord mayor, here's his two horses, here's his gingerbread carriage and here, he walks in, chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper chin. But Edy got as cross as two sticks about him getting his own way like that from everyone always petting him.

— I'd like to give him something, she said, so I would, where I won't say.

— On the beetoteetom, laughed Cissy merrily.

Gerty MacDowell bent down her head and crimsoned at the idea of Cissy saying an unladylike thing like that out loud she'd be ashamed of her life to say, flushing a deep rosy red, and Edy Boardman said she was sure the gentleman opposite heard what she said. But not a pin cared Ciss.

— Let him! she said with a pert toss of her head and a piquant tilt of her nose. Give it to him too on the same place as quick as I'd look at him.

Madcap Ciss with her golliwog curls. You had to laugh at her sometimes. For instance when she asked you would you have some more Chinese tea and jaspberry ram and when she drew the jugs too and the men's faces on her nails with red ink make you split your sides or when she wanted to go where you know she said she wanted to run and pay a visit to the Miss White. That was just like Cissycums. O, and will you ever forget the evening she dressed up in her father's suit and hat and the burned cork moustache and walked down Tritonville road, smoking a cigarette? There was none to come up to her for fun. But she was sincerity itself, one of the bravest and truest hearts heaven ever made, not one of your twofaced things, too sweet to be wholesome.

And then there came out upon the air the sound of voices and the pealing anthem of the organ. It was the men's temperance retreat conducted by the missioner, the reverend John Hughes S. J., rosary, sermon and benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. They were there gathered together without distinction of social class (and a most edifying spectacle it was to see) in that simple fane beside the waves, after the storms of this weary world, kneeling before the feet of the immaculate, reciting the litany of Our Lady of Loreto, beseeching her to intercede for them, the old familiar words, holy Mary, holy virgin of virgins. How sad to poor Gerty's ears! Had her father only avoided the clutches of the demon drink, by taking the pledge or those powders the drink habit cured in Pearson's Weekly, she might now be rolling in her carriage, second to none. Over and over had she told herself that as she mused by the dying embers in a brown study without the lamp because she hated two lights or oftentimes gazing out of the window dreamily by the hour at the rain falling on the rusty bucket, thinking. But that vile decoction which has ruined so many hearths and homes had cast its shadow over her childhood days. Nay, she had even witnessed in the home circle deeds of violence caused by intemperance and had seen her own father, a prey to the fumes of intoxication, forget himself completely for if there was one thing of all things that Gerty knew

it was the man who lifts his hand to a woman save in the way of kindness deserves to be branded as the lowest of the low. 1

And still the voices sang in supplication to the Virgin most powerful, Virgin most merciful. And Gerty, wrapt in thought, scarce saw or heard her companions or the twins at their boyish gambols or the gentleman off Sandymount green that Cissy Caffrey called the man that was so like himself passing along the strand taking a short walk. You never saw him anyway screwed but still and for all that she would not like him for a father because he was too old or something or on account of his face (it was a palpable case of doctor Fell) or his carbuncly nose with the pimples on it and his sandy moustache a bit white under his nose. Poor father! With all his faults she loved him still when he sang *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee* or *My love and cottage near Rochelle* and they had stewed cockles and lettuce with Lazenby's salad dressing for supper and when he sang *The moon hath raised* with Mr Dignam that died suddenly and was buried, God have mercy on him, from a stroke. Her mother's birthday that was and Charley was home on his holidays and Tom and Mr Dignam and Mrs and Patsy and Freddy Dignam and they were to have had a group taken. No-one would have thought the end was so near. Now he was laid to rest. And her mother said to him to let that be a warning to him for the rest of his days and he couldn't even go to the funeral on account of the gout and she had to go into town to bring him the letters and samples from his office about Catesby's cork lino, artistic standard designs, fit for a palace, gives tiptop wear and always bright and cheery in the home. 2 3 4 5 6-7 8 9 10 11

A sterling good daughter was Gerty just like a second mother in the house, a ministering angel too with a little heart worth its weight in gold. And when her mother had those raging splitting headaches who was it rubbed on the menthol cone on her forehead but Gerty though she didn't like her mother taking pinches of snuff and that was the only single thing they ever had words about, taking snuff. Everyone thought the world of her for her gentle ways. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that place where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac the picture of halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. You could see there was a story behind it. The colours were done something lovely. She was in a soft clinging white in a studied attitude and the gentleman was in chocolate and he looked a thorough aristocrat. She often looked at them dreamily when there for a certain purpose and felt her own arms that were white and soft just like hers with the sleeves back and thought about those times because she had found out in Walker's pronouncing dictionary that belonged to grandpapa Giltrap about the halcyon days what they meant. 12 13 14 15 16 17

The twins were now playing in the most approved brotherly fashion, till at last Master Jacky who was really as bold as brass there was no getting behind that deliberately kicked the ball as hard as ever he could down towards the seaweedy rocks. Needless to say poor Tommy was not slow to voice his dismay but luckily the gentleman in black who was sitting there by himself came gallantly to the rescue and intercepted the ball. Our two champions claimed their plaything with lusty cries and to avoid trouble Cissy Caffrey called to the gentleman to throw it

to her please. The gentleman aimed the ball once or twice and then threw it up the strand towards Cissy Caffrey but it rolled down the slope and stopped right under Gerty's skirt near the little pool by the rock. The twins clamoured again for it and Cissy told her to kick it away and let them fight for it so Gerty drew back her foot but she wished their stupid ball hadn't come rolling down to her and she gave a kick but she missed and Edy and Cissy laughed.

— If you fail try again, Edy Boardman said.

Gerty smiled assent and bit her lip. A delicate pink crept into her pretty cheek but she was determined to let them see so she just lifted her skirt a little but just enough and took good aim and gave the ball a jolly good kick and it went ever so far and the two twins after it down towards the shingle. Pure jealousy of course it was nothing else to draw attention on account of the gentleman opposite looking. She felt the warm flush, a danger signal always with Gerty MacDowell, surging and flaming into her cheeks. Till then they had only exchanged glances of the most casual but now under the brim of her new hat she ventured a look at him and the face that met her gaze there in the twilight, wan and strangely drawn, seemed to her the saddest she had ever seen.

Through the open window of the church the fragrant incense was wafted and with it the fragrant names of her who was conceived without stain of original sin, spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray for us, vessel of singular devotion, pray for us, mystical rose. And careworn hearts were there and toilers for their daily bread and many who had erred and wandered, their eyes wet with contrition but for all that bright with hope for the reverend father Hughes had told them what the great saint Bernard said in his famous prayer of Mary, the most pious Virgin's intercessory power that it was not recorded in any age that those who implored her powerful protection were ever abandoned by her.

The twins were now playing again right merrily for the troubles of childhood are but as fleeting summer showers. Cissy played with baby Boardman till he crowed with glee, clapping baby hands in air. Peep she cried behind the hood of the pushcar and Edy asked where was Cissy gone and then Cissy popped up her head and cried ah! and, my word, didn't the little chap enjoy that! And then she told him to say papa.

— Say papa, baby. Say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa.

And baby did his level best to say it for he was very intelligent for eleven months everyone said and big for his age and the picture of health, a perfect little bunch of love, and he would certainly turn out to be something great, they said.

— Haja ja ja haja.

Cissy wiped his little mouth with the dribbling bib and wanted him to sit up properly, and say pa pa pa but when she undid the strap she cried out, holy saint Denis, that he was possing wet and to double the half blanket the other way under him. Of course his infant majesty was most obstreperous at such toilet formalities and he let everyone know it:

— Habaa baaaahabaaa baaaa.

And two great big lovely big tears coursing down his cheeks. It was all no use soothering him with no, nono, baby, no and telling him about the geegee and where was the puffpuff but Ciss, always readywitted, gave him in his mouth the teat of the suckingbottle and the young heathen was quickly appeased.

Gerty wished to goodness they would take their squalling baby home out of that and not get on her nerves no hour to be out and the little brats of twins. She gazed out towards the distant sea. It was like the paintings that man used to do on the pavement with all the coloured chalks and such a pity too leaving them there to be all blotted out, the evening and the clouds coming out and the Bailey 1
light on Howth and to hear the music like that and the perfume of those incense they burned in the church like a kind of waft. And while she gazed her heart went pitapat. Yes, it was her he was looking at and there was meaning in his look. His eyes burned into her as though they would search her through and through, read her very soul. Wonderful eyes they were, superbly expressive, but could you trust them? People were so queer. She could see at once by his dark eyes and his pale intellectual face that he was a foreigner, the image of the photo she had of Martin 2
Harvey, the matinée idol, only for the moustache which she preferred because she wasn't stagestruck like Winny Rippingham that wanted they two to always dress 3
the same on account of a play but she could not see whether he had an aquiline nose or a slightly *retroussé* from where he was sitting. He was in deep mourning, 4
she could see that, and the story of a haunting sorrow was written on his face. She would have given worlds to know what it was. He was looking up so intently, so still and he saw her kick the ball and perhaps he could see the bright steel buckles of her shoes if she swung them like that thoughtfully with the toes down. She was glad that something told her to put on the transparent stockings thinking Reggy Wylie might be out but that was far away. Here was that of which she had so often dreamed. It was he who mattered and there was joy on her face because she wanted him because she felt instinctively that he was like no-one else. The very heart of the girlwoman went out to him, her dreamhusband, because she knew on the instant it was him. If he had suffered, more sinned against than sinning, or even, 5
even, if he had been himself a sinner, a wicked man, she cared not. Even if he was a protestant or methodist she could convert him easily if he truly loved her. There were wounds that wanted healing with heartbalm. She was a womanly woman not like other flighty girls, unfeminine, he had known, those cyclists showing off 6
what they hadn't got and she just yearned to know all, to forgive all if she could make him fall in love with her, make him forget the memory of the past. Then 7
mayhap he would embrace her gently, like a real man, crushing her soft body to him, and love her, his ownest girlie, for herself alone.

Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. *Ora pro nobis.* Well has it been 8-9
said that whosoever prays to her with faith and constancy can never be lost or cast away: and fitly is she too a haven of refuge for the afflicted because of the seven 10
dolours which transpierced her own heart. Gerty could picture the whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the blue banners of the blessed Virgin's sodality and Father Conroy was helping 11
Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out with his eyes cast down. 12
He looked almost a saint and his confessionbox was so quiet and clean and dark and his hands were just like white wax and if ever she became a Dominican nun 13
in their white habit perhaps he might come to the convent for the novena of 14
Saint Dominic. He told her that time when she told him about that in confession crimsoning up to the roots of her hair for fear he could see, not to be troubled because that was only the voice of nature and we were all subject to nature's laws,

he said, in this life and that that was no sin because that came from the nature of
1 woman instituted by God, he said, and that Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel be it done unto me according to Thy Word. He was so kind and holy and often and often she thought and thought could she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral design for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece white and gold with a canary bird that came out
2 of a little house to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours' adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place.

The exasperating little brats of twins began to quarrel again and Jacky threw the ball out towards the sea and they both ran after it. Little monkeys common as ditchwater. Someone ought to take them and give them a good hiding for themselves to keep them in their places, the both of them. And Cissy and Edy
3 shouted after them to come back because they were afraid the tide might come in on them and be drowned.

— Jacky! Tommy!

Not they! What a great notion they had! So Cissy said it was the very last time she'd ever bring them out. She jumped up and called them and she ran down the slope past him, tossing her hair behind her which had a good enough colour if there
4 had been more of it but with all the thingamerry she was always rubbing into it she couldn't get it to grow long because it wasn't natural so she could just go and throw her hat at it. She ran with long gandery strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up her skirt at the side that was too tight on her because there was a lot of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey and she was a forward piece whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to show off and just because she was a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the end of her petticoat running and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. It would have served her just right if she had
5 tripped up over something accidentally on purpose with her high crooked French
6 heels on her to make her look tall and got a fine tumble. *Tableau!* That would have been a very charming exposé for a gentleman like that to witness.

7 Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints, they
8 prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the Blessed Sacrament and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins and she was itching to give then a ringing good clip on the ear but she didn't because she thought he might be watching but she never made a bigger mistake in all her life because Gerty could see without looking that he never took his eyes off of her and then Canon O'Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking up at the Blessed
9 Sacrament and the choir began to sing *Tantum ergo* and she just swung her foot in
10 and out in time as the music rose and fell to the *Tantumer gosa cramen tum*. Three
11 and eleven she paid for those stockings in Sparrow's of George's street on the
12-13 Tuesday, no the Monday before Easter and there wasn't a brack on them and that was what he was looking at, transparent, and not at her insignificant ones that had neither shape nor form (the cheek of her!) because he had eyes in his head to see the difference for himself.

Cissy came up along the strand with the two twins and their ball with her hat
14 anyhow on her to one side after her run and she did look a streel tugging the two

kids along with the flimsy blouse she bought only a fortnight before like a rag on her back and a bit of her petticoat hanging like a caricature. Gerty just took off her hat for a moment to settle her hair and a prettier, a daintier head of nutbrown tresses was never seen on a girl's shoulders, a radiant little vision, in sooth, almost maddening in its sweetness. You would have to travel many a long mile before you found a head of hair the like of that. She could almost see the swift answering flush of admiration in his eyes that set her tingling in every nerve. She put on her hat so that she could see from underneath the brim and swung her buckled shoe faster for her breath caught as she caught the expression in his eyes. He was eying her as a snake eyes its prey. Her woman's instinct told her that she had raised the devil in him and at the thought a burning scarlet swept from throat to brow till the lovely colour of her face became a glorious rose. 1

Edy Boardman was noticing it too because she was squinting at Gerty, half smiling, with her specs, like an old maid, pretending to nurse the baby. Irritable little gnat she was and always would be and that was why no-one could get on with her, poking her nose into what was no concern of hers. And she said to Gerty:

— A penny for your thoughts.

— What? replied Gerty with a smile reinforced by the whitest of teeth. I was only wondering was it late.

Because she wished to goodness they'd take the snottynosed twins and their baby home to the mischief out of that so that was why she just gave a gentle hint about its being late. And when Cissy came up Edy asked her the time and Miss Cissy, as glib as you like, said it was half past kissing time, time to kiss again. But 2
Edy wanted to know because they were told to be in early.

— Wait, said Cissy, I'll ask my uncle Peter over there what's the time by his conundrum.

So over she went and when he saw her coming she could see him take his hand out of his pocket, getting nervous, and beginning to play with his watchchain, looking at the church. Passionate nature though he was Gerty could see that he had enormous control over himself. One moment he had been there, fascinated by a loveliness that made him gaze and the next moment it was the quiet gravefaced gentleman, selfcontrol expressed in every line of his distinguishedlooking figure.

Cissy said to excuse her would he mind telling her what was the right time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch, listening to it and looking up and clearing his throat and he said he was very sorry his watch was stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the sun was set. His voice had a cultured ring in it 3
and though he spoke in measured accents there was a suspicion of a quiver in the mellow tones. Cissy said thanks and came back with her tongue out and said uncle said his waterworks were out of order. 4

Then they sang the second verse of the *Tantum ergo* and Canon O'Hanlon got 5
up again and censed the Blessed Sacrament and knelt down and he told Father Conroy that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the flowers and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right and she could see the gentleman winding his watch and listening to the works and she swung her leg more in and out in time. It was getting darker but he could see and he was looking all the time that he was winding the watch or whatever he was doing to it and then he put it back and put his hands back into his pockets. She felt a kind of a sensation rushing all over her

and she knew by the feel of her scalp and that irritation against her stays that that thing must be coming on because the last time too was when she clipped her hair on account of the moon. His dark eyes fixed themselves on her again drinking in her every contour, literally worshipping at her shrine. If ever there was undisguised admiration in a man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face. It is for you, Gertrude MacDowell, and you know it.

Edy began to get ready to go and it was high time for her and Gerty noticed that that little hint she gave had the desired effect because it was a long way along the strand to where there was the place to push up the pushcar and Cissy took off the twins' caps and tidied their hair to make herself attractive of course and Canon
1 O'Hanlon stood up with his cope poking up at his neck and Father Conroy handed
2 him the card to read off and he read out *Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis* and Edy and Cissy were talking about the time all the time and asking her but Gerty could pay them back in their own coin and she just answered with scathing politeness when Edy asked her was she heartbroken about her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced sharply. A brief cold blaze shone from her eyes that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable. It hurt. O yes, it cut deep because Edy had her own quiet way of saying things like that she knew would wound like the confounded little cat she was. Gerty's lips parted swiftly to frame the word but she fought back the sob that rose to her throat, so slim, so flawless, so beautifully moulded it seemed one an artist might have dreamed of. She had loved him better than he knew. Lighthearted deceiver and fickle like all his sex he would never understand what he had meant to her and for an instant there was in the blue eyes a quick stinging of tears. Their eyes were probing her mercilessly but with a brave effort she sparkled back in sympathy as she glanced at her new conquest for them to see.

— O, responded Gerty, quick as lightning, laughing, and the proud head flashed
3 up, I can throw my cap at who I like because it's leap year.

Her words rang out crystalclear, more musical than the cooing of the ringdove but they cut the silence icily. There was that in her young voice that told that she was not a one to be lightly trifled with. As for Mr Reggy with his swank and his bit of money she could just chuck him aside as if he was so much filth and never again would she cast as much as a second thought on him and tear his silly postcard into a dozen pieces. And if ever after he dared to presume she could give him one look of measured scorn that would make him shrivel up on the spot. Miss puny little Edy's countenance fell to no slight extent and Gerty could see by her looking as black as thunder that she was simply in a towering rage though she hid it, the little
4 kinnatt, because that shaft had struck home for her petty jealousy and they both knew that she was something aloof, apart in another sphere, that she was not of them and there was somebody else too that knew it and saw it so they could put that in their pipe and smoke it.

Edy straightened up baby Boardman to get ready to go and Cissy tucked in the ball and the spades and buckets and it was high time too because the sandman was
5 on his way for Master Boardman junior and Cissy told him too that Billy Winks was coming and that baby was to go deedaw and baby looked just too ducky, laughing up out of his gleeful eyes, and Cissy poked him like that out of fun in his wee fat tummy and baby, without as much as by your leave, sent up his compliments on to his brandnew dribbling bib.

— O my! Puddeny pie! protested Ciss. He has his bib destroyed. 1

The slight *contretemps* claimed her attention but in two twos she set that little matter to rights.

Gerty stifled a smothered exclamation and gave a nervous cough and Edy asked what and she was just going to tell her to catch it while it was flying but she was ever ladylike in her deportment so she simply passed it off with consummate tact by saying that that was the benediction because just then the bell rang out from the steeple over the quiet seashore because Canon O'Hanlon was up on the altar with the veil that Father Conroy put round him round his shoulders giving the 2 benediction with the blessed Sacrament in his hands.

How moving the scene there in the gathering twilight, the last glimpse of Erin, 3 the touching chime of those evening bells and at the same time a bat flew forth 4 from the ivied belfry through the dusk, hither, thither, with a tiny lost cry. And she could see far away the lights of the lighthouses so picturesque she would have loved to do with a box of paints because it was easier than to make a man and soon the lamplighter would be going his rounds past the presbyterian church grounds and 5 along by shady Tritonville avenue where the couples walked and lighting the lamp 6 near her window where Reggy Wylie used to turn his freewheel like she read in 7 that book *The Lamplighter* by Miss Cummins, author of *Mabel Vaughan* and other 8 tales. For Gerty had her dreams that no-one knew of. She loved to read poetry and when she got a keepsake from Bertha Supple of that lovely confession album with the coralpink cover to write her thoughts in she laid it in the drawer of her toilettable which, though it did not err on the side of luxury, was scrupulously neat and clean. It was there she kept her girlish treasures trove, the tortoiseshell combs, her child of Mary badge, the whiterose scent, the eyebrowleine, her alabaster 9-10 pouncetbox and the ribbons to change when her things came home from the 11 wash and there were some beautiful thoughts written in it in violet ink that she bought in Hely's of Dame Street for she felt that she too could write poetry if she 12 could only express herself like that poem that appealed to her so deeply that she had copied out of the newspaper she found one evening round the potherbs. *Art* 13 *thou real, my ideal?* it was called by Louis J. Walsh, Magherafelt, and after there was something about *twilight, wilt thou ever?* and ofttimes the beauty of poetry, so sad in its transient loveliness, had misted her eyes with silent tears that the years were slipping by for her, one by one, and but for that one shortcoming she knew she need fear no competition and that was an accident coming down Dalkey hill and 14 she always tried to conceal it. But it must end she felt. If she saw that magic lure in his eyes there would be no holding back for her. Love laughs at locksmiths. She 15 would make the great sacrifice. Her every effort would be to share his thoughts. Dearer than the whole world would she be to him and gild his days with happiness. There was the allimportant question and she was dying to know was he a married man or a widower who had lost his wife or some tragedy like the nobleman with the foreign name from the land of song had to have her put into a madhouse, cruel 16 only to be kind. But even if—what then? Would it make a very great difference? From everything in the least indelicate her finebred nature instinctively recoiled. She loathed that sort of person, the fallen women off the accommodation walk 17 beside the Dodder that went with the soldiers and coarse men, with no respect for a girl's honour, degrading the sex and being taken up to the police station. No,

no: not that. They would be just good friends like a big brother and sister without all that other in spite of the conventions of Society with a big ess. Perhaps it was
1 an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond recall. She thought she understood. She would try to understand him because men were so different.
2 The old love was waiting, waiting with little white hands stretched out, with blue
3 appealing eyes. Heart of mine! She would follow her dream of love, the dictates of her heart that told her he was her all in all, the only man in all the world for her for love was the master guide. Nothing else mattered. Come what might she would be wild, untrammelled, free.

Canon O'Hanlon put the Blessed Sacrament back into the tabernacle and the
4 choir sang *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes* and then he locked the tabernacle door because the benediction was over and Father Conroy handed him his hat to put on and crosscat Edy asked wasn't she coming but Jacky Caffrey called out:

— O, look, Cissy!

And they all looked was it sheet lightning but Tommy saw it too over the trees beside the church, blue and then green and purple.

— It's fireworks, Cissy Caffrey said.

And they all ran down the strand to see over the houses and the church, helterskelter, Edy with the pushcar with baby Boardman in it and Cissy holding Tommy and Jacky by the hand so they wouldn't fall running.

5 — Come on, Gerty, Cissy called. It's the bazaar fireworks.

But Gerty was adamant. She had no intention of being at their beck and call.
6 If they could run like rossies she could sit so she said she could see from where she was. The eyes that were fastened upon her set her pulses tingling. She looked at him a moment, meeting his glance, and a light broke in upon her. Whitehot passion was in that face, passion silent as the grave and it had made her his. At last they were left alone without the others to pry and pass remarks and she knew he could be trusted to the death, steadfast, a sterling man, a man of inflexible honour to his fingertips. His hands and face were working and a tremor went over her. She leaned back far to look up where the fireworks were and she caught her knee in her hands so as not to fall back looking up and there was no-one to see only him and her when she revealed all her graceful beautifully shaped legs like that, supply soft and delicately rounded, and she seemed to hear the panting of his heart, his hoarse breathing, because she knew about the passion of men like that, hotblooded, because Bertha Supple told her once in dead secret and made her swear she'd never about the gentleman lodger that was staying with
7 them out of the Congested Districts Board that had pictures cut out of papers of those skirtdancers and highkickers and she said he used to do something not very nice that you could imagine sometimes in the bed. But this was altogether different from a thing like that because there was all the difference because she could almost feel him draw her face to his and the first quick hot touch of his
8 handsome lips. Besides there was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing before being married and there ought to be women priests that would understand without your telling out and Cissy Caffrey too sometimes had that dreamy kind of dreamy look in her eyes so that she too, my dear, and Winny Rippingham so mad about actors' photographs and besides it was on account of that other thing coming on the way it did.

And Jacky Caffrey shouted to look, there was another and she leaned back and the garters were blue to match on account of the transparent and they all saw it and shouted to look, look there it was and she leaned back ever so far to see the fireworks and something queer was flying about through the air, a soft thing to and fro, dark. And she saw a long Roman candle going up over the trees up, up, and, in the tense hush, they were all breathless with excitement as it went higher and higher and she had to lean back more and more to look up after it, high, high, almost out of sight, and her face was suffused with a divine, an entrancing blush from straining back and he could see her other things too, nainsook knickers, the 1
fabric that caresses the skin, better than those other pettiwidth, the green, four and eleven, on account of being white and she let him and she saw that he saw and then it went so high it went out of sight a moment and she was trembling in every limb from being bent so far back he had a full view high up above her knee where no-one ever not even on the swing or wading and she wasn't ashamed and he wasn't either to look in that immodest way like that because he couldn't resist the sight of the wondrous revealment half offered like those skirtdancers behaving so immodest before gentlemen looking and he kept on looking, looking. She would fain have cried to him chokingly, held out her snowy slender arms to him to come, to feel his lips laid on her white brow the cry of a young girl's love, a little strangled cry, wrung from her, that cry that has rung through the ages. And then a rocket sprang and bang shot blind and O! then the Roman candle burst and it was like a sigh of O! and everyone cried O! O! in raptures and it gushed out of it a stream of rain gold hair threads and they shed and ah! they were all greeny dewy stars falling with golden, O so lovely! O so soft, sweet, soft!

Then all melted away dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Ah! She glanced at him as she bent forward quickly, a pathetic little glance of piteous protest, of shy reproach under which he coloured like a girl. He was leaning back against the rock behind. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with bowed head before those young guileless eyes. What a brute he had been! At it again? A fair unsullied soul had called to him and, wretch that he was, how had he answered? An utter cad he had been. He of all men! But there was an infinite store of mercy in those eyes, 2
for him too a word of pardon even though he had erred and sinned and wandered. Should a girl tell? No, a thousand times no. That was their secret, only theirs, alone in the hiding twilight and there was none to know or tell save the little bat that flew so softly through the evening to and fro and little bats don't tell. 3

Cissy Caffrey whistled, imitating the boys in the football field to show what a great person she was: and then she cried:

— Gerty! Gerty! We're going. Come on. We can see from farther up.

Gerty had an idea, one of love's little ruses. She slipped a hand into her kerchief pocket and took out the wadding and waved in reply of course without letting him and then slipped it back. Wonder if he's too far to. She rose. Was it goodbye? No. She had to go but they would meet again, there, and she would dream of that till then, tomorrow, of her dream of yester eve. She drew herself up to her full height. Their souls met in a last lingering glance and the eyes that reached her heart, full of a strange shining, hung enraptured on her sweet flowerlike face. She half smiled at him wanly, a sweet forgiving smile, a smile that verged on tears, and then they parted.

Slowly without looking back she went down the uneven strand to Cissy, to Edy, to Jacky and Tommy Caffrey, to little baby Boardman. It was darker now and there were stones and bits of wood on the strand and slippy seaweed. She walked with a certain quiet dignity characteristic of her but with care and very slowly because Gerty MacDowell was…

Tight boots? No. She's lame! O!

Mr Bloom watched her as she limped away. Poor girl! That's why she's left on the shelf and the others did a sprint. Thought something was wrong by the cut of her jib. Jilted beauty. A defect is ten times worse in a woman. But makes them polite. Glad I didn't know it when she was on show. Hot little devil all the same. Wouldn't mind. Curiosity like a nun or a negress or a girl with glasses. That squinty one is delicate. Near her monthlies, I expect, makes them feel ticklish. I have such a bad headache today. Where did I put the letter? Yes, all right. All kinds of crazy
1 longings. Licking pennies. Girl in Tranquilla convent that nun told me liked to
2 smell rock oil. Virgins go mad in the end I suppose. Sister? How many women in Dublin have it today? Martha, she. Something in the air. That's the moon. But then why don't all women menstruate at the same time with same moon, I mean? Depends on the time they were born, I suppose. Or all start scratch then get out of step. Sometimes Molly and Milly together. Anyhow I got the best of that. Damned glad I didn't do it in the bath this morning over her silly I will punish you letter.
3 Made up for that tramdriver this morning. That gouger M'Coy stopping me to
4 say nothing. And his wife engagement in the country valise, voice like a pickaxe. Thankful for small mercies. Cheap too. Yours for the asking. Because they want it themselves. Their natural craving. Shoals of them every evening poured out of
5 offices. Reserve better. Don't want it they throw it at you. Catch em alive, O. Pity they can't see themselves. A dream of wellfilled hose. Where was that? Ah, yes.
6-7 Mutoscope pictures in Capel street: for men only. Peeping Tom. Willy's hat and what the girls did with it. Do they snapshot those girls or is it all a fake? *Lingerie*
8 does it. Felt for the curves inside her *deshabillé*. Excites them also when they're. I'm all clean come and dirty me. And they like dressing one another for the sacrifice. Milly delighted with Molly's new blouse. At first. Put them all on to take them all off. Molly. Why I bought her the violet garters. Us too: the tie he wore, his lovely
9 socks and turnedup trousers. He wore a pair of gaiters the night that first we met. His lovely shirt was shining beneath his what? of jet. Say a woman loses a charm
10 with every pin she takes out. Pinned together. O Mairy lost the pin of her. Dressed up to the nines for somebody. Fashion part of their charm. Just changes when
11-12 you're on the track of the secret. Except the east: Mary, Martha: now as then. No reasonable offer refused. She wasn't in a hurry either. Always off to a fellow when they are. They never forget an appointment. Out on spec probably. They believe in chance because like themselves. And the others inclined to give her an odd dig. Girl friends at school, arms round each other's necks or with ten fingers locked, kissing and whispering secrets about nothing in the convent garden. Nuns with whitewashed faces, cool coif and their rosaries going up and down, vindictive too
13 for what they can't get. Barbed wire. Be sure now and write to me. And I'll write to you. Now won't you? Molly and Josie Powell. Till Mr Right comes along then
14 meet once in a blue moon. *Tableau!* O, look who it is for the love of God! How are you at all? What have you been doing with yourself? Kiss and delighted to, kiss, to

see you. Picking holes in each other's appearance. You're looking splendid. Sister souls showing their teeth at one another. How many have you left? Wouldn't lend each other a pinch of salt.

Ah!

Devils they are when that's coming on them. Dark devilish appearance. Molly often told me feel things a ton weight. Scratch the sole of my foot. O that way! O, that's exquisite! Feel it myself too. Good to rest once in a way. Wonder if it's 1
bad to go with them then. Safe in one way. Turns milk, makes fiddlestrings snap. 2
Something about withering plants I read in a garden. Besides they say if the flower 3
withers she wears she's a flirt. All are. Daresay she felt I. When you feel like that you often meet what you feel. Liked me or what? Dress they look at. Always know a fellow courting: collars and cuffs. Well cocks and lions do the same and stags. Same time might prefer a tie undone or something. Trousers? Suppose I when I was? No. Gently does it. Dislike rough and tumble. Kiss in the dark and never tell. 4
Saw something in me. Wonder what. Sooner have me as I am than some poet chap with bearsgrease, plastery hair lovelock over his dexter optic. To aid gentleman 5
in literary. Ought to attend to my appearance my age. Didn't let her see me in profile. Still, you never know. Pretty girls and ugly men marrying. Beauty and the beast. Besides I can't be so if Molly. Took off her hat to show her hair. Wide brim bought to hide her face, meeting someone might know her, bend down or carry a bunch of flowers to smell. Hair strong in rut. Ten bob I got for Molly's combings when we were on the rocks in Holles street. Why not? Suppose he gave her money. 6
Why not? All a prejudice. She's worth ten, fifteen, more a pound. What? I think so. All that for nothing. Bold hand. Mrs Marion. Did I forget to write address on that letter like the postcard I sent to Flynn. And the day I went to Drimmie's without a 7
necktie. Wrangle with Molly it was put me off. No, I remember. Richie Goulding. He's another. Weighs on his mind. Funny my watch stopped at half past four. Dust. Shark liver oil they use to clean could do it myself. Save. Was that just when he, she? 8

O, he did. Into her. She did. Done.

Ah!

Mr Bloom with careful hand recomposed his wet shirt. O Lord, that little limping devil. Begins to feel cold and clammy. Aftereffect not pleasant. Still you have to get rid of it someway. They don't care. Complimented perhaps. Go home to nicey bread and milky and say night prayers with the kiddies. Well, aren't they. See her as she is spoil all. Must have the stage setting, the rouge, costume, position, music. The name too. *Amours* of actresses. Nell Gwynn, Mrs Bracegirdle, Maud Branscombe. 9-11
Curtain up. Moonlight silver effulgence. Maiden discovered with pensive bosom. Little sweetheart come and kiss me. Still I feel. The strength it gives a man. That's the secret of it. Good job I let off there behind coming out of Dignam's. Cider that was. Otherwise I couldn't have. Makes you want to sing after. *Lacaus esant taratara.* 12
Suppose I spoke to her. What about? Bad plan however if you don't know how to end the conversation. Ask them a question they ask you another. Good idea if you're in a cart. Wonderful of course if you say: good evening, and you see she's 13
on for it: good evening. O but the dark evening in the Appian way I nearly spoke 14
to Mrs Clinch O thinking she was. Whew! Girl in Meath street that night. All the 15-16
dirty things I made her say all wrong of course. My arks she called it. It's so hard to find one who. Aho! If you don't answer when they solicit must be horrible for

them till they harden. And kissed my hand when I gave her the extra two shillings. Parrots. Press the button and the bird will squeak. Wish she hadn't called me sir. O, her mouth in the dark! And you a married man with a single girl! That's what they enjoy. Taking a man from another woman. Or even hear of it. Different with me. Glad to get away from other chap's wife. Eating off his cold plate. Chap in the
1-2 Burton today spitting back gumchewed gristle. French letter still in my pocketbook. Cause of half the trouble. But might happen sometime, I don't think. Come in. All is prepared. I dreamt. What? Worst is beginning. How they change the venue when it's not what they like. Ask you do you like mushrooms because she once knew a gentleman who. Or ask you what someone was going to say when he changed his mind and stopped. Yet if I went the whole hog, say: I want to, something like that. Because I did. She too. Offend her. Then make it up. Pretend to want something awfully, then cry off for her sake. Flatters them. She must have been thinking of someone else all the time. What harm? Must since she came to the use of reason, he, he and he. First kiss does the trick. The propitious moment. Something inside them goes pop. Mushy like, tell by their eye, on the sly. First thoughts are best.
3 Remember that till their dying day. Molly, lieutenant Mulvey that kissed her under
4 the Moorish wall beside the gardens. Fifteen she told me. But her breasts were
5 developed. Fell asleep then. After Glencree dinner that was when we drove home the featherbed mountain. Gnashing her teeth in sleep. Lord mayor had his eye on
6 her too. Val Dillon. Apoplectic.
7 There she is with them down there for the fireworks. My fireworks. Up like a rocket, down like a stick. And the children, twins they must be, waiting for something to happen. Want to be grownups. Dressing in mother's clothes. Time
8 enough, understand all the ways of the world. And the dark one with the mop head and the nigger mouth. I knew she could whistle. Mouth made for that. Like Molly.
9 Why that high class whore in Jammet's wore her veil only to her nose. Would you mind, please, telling me the right time? I'll tell you the right time up a dark lane.
10 Say prunes and prisms forty times every morning, cure for fat lips. Caressing the little boy too. Onlookers see most of the game. Of course they understand birds, animals, babies. In their line.

Didn't look back when she was going down the strand. Wouldn't give that
11 satisfaction. Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls. Fine eyes she had, clear. It's the white of the eye brings that out not so much the pupil. Did she know what I? Course. Like a cat sitting beyond a dog's jump. Women never meet
12 one like that Wilkins in the high school drawing a picture of Venus with all his belongings on show. Call that innocence? Poor idiot! His wife has her work cut out for her. Never see them sit on a bench marked *Wet Paint*. Eyes all over them. Look under the bed for what's not there. Longing to get the fright of their lives.
13 Sharp as needles they are. When I said to Molly the man at the corner of Cuffe street was goodlooking, thought she might like, twigged at once he had a false
14 arm. Had too. Where do they get that? Typist going up Roger Greene's stairs two
15 at a time to show her understandings. Handed down from father to mother to daughter, I mean. Bred in the bone. Milly for example drying her handkerchief on the mirror to save the ironing. Best place for an ad to catch a woman's eye on
16 a mirror. And when I sent her for Molly's Paisley shawl to Presscott's, by the way that ad I must, carrying home the change in her stocking. Clever little minx! I

never told her. Neat way she carries parcels too. Attract men, small thing like that. Holding up her hand, shaking it, to let the blood flow back when it was red. Who did you learn that from? Nobody. Something the nurse taught me. O, don't they know? Three years old she was in front of Molly's dressingtable just before we left Lombard street west. Me have a nice face. Mullingar. Who knows? Ways of the world. Young student. Straight on her pins anyway not like the other. Still she was game. Lord, I am wet. Devil you are. Swell of her calf. Transparent stockings, stretched to breaking point. Not like that frump today. A. E. Rumpled stockings. Or the one in Grafton street. White. Wow! Beef to the heel. 1 2 3 4

A monkey puzzle rocket burst, spluttering in darting crackles. Zrads and zrads, zrads, zrads. And Cissy and Tommy ran out to see and Edy after with the pushcar and then Gerty beyond the curve of the rocks. Will she? Watch! Watch! See! Looked round. She smelt an onion. Darling, I saw your. I saw all. 5

Lord!

Did me good all the same. Off colour after Kiernan's, Dignam's. For this relief much thanks. In *Hamlet*, that is. Lord! It was all things combined. Excitement. When she leaned back felt an ache at the butt of my tongue. Your head it simply swirls. He's right. Might have made a worse fool of myself however. Instead of talking about nothing. Then I will tell you all. Still it was a kind of language between us. It couldn't be? No, Gerty they called her. Might be false name however like my and the address Dolphin's barn a blind. 6 7 8

Her maiden name was Jemima Brown 9
And she lived with her mother in Irishtown.

Place made me think of that I suppose. All tarred with the same brush. Wiping pens in their stockings. But the ball rolled down to her as if it understood. Every bullet has its billet. Course I never could throw anything straight at school. Crooked as a ram's horn. Sad however because it lasts only a few years till they settle down to potwalloping and papa's pants will soon fit Willy and fullers' earth for the baby when they hold him out to do ah ah. No soft job. Saves them. Keeps them out of harm's way. Nature. Washing child, washing corpse. Dignam. Children's hands always round them. Cocoanut skulls, monkeys, not even closed at first, sour milk in their swaddles and tainted curds. Oughtn't to have given that child an empty teat to suck. Fill it up with wind. Mrs Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital. Wonder is nurse Callan there still. She used to look over some nights when Molly was in the Coffee Palace. That young doctor O'Hare I noticed her brushing his coat. And Mrs Breen and Mrs Dignam once like that too, marriageable. Worst of all at night Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms. Husband rolling in drunk, stink of pub off him like a polecat. Have that in your nose in the dark, whiff of stale boose. Then ask in the morning: was I drunk last night? Bad policy however to fault the husband. Chickens come home to roost. They stick by one another like glue. Maybe the women's fault also. That's where Molly can knock spots off them. It is the blood of the south. Moorish. Also the form, the figure. Hands felt for the opulent. Just compare for instance those others. Wife locked up at home, skeleton in the cupboard. Allow me to introduce my. Then they trot you out some kind of a nondescript, wouldn't know what to call her. Always see a fellow's weak point in 10 11-13 14 15 16 17-18 19 20

his wife. Still there's destiny in it, falling in love. Have their own secrets between them. Chaps that would go to the dogs if some woman didn't take them in hand.
1 Then little chits of girls, height of a shilling in coppers, with little hubbies. As God made them He matched them. Sometimes children turn out well enough. Twice
2 nought makes one. Or old rich chap of seventy and blushing bride. Marry in May
3 and repent in December. This wet is very unpleasant. Stuck. Well the foreskin is not back. Better detach.

Ow!

Other hand a sixfooter with a wifey up to his watchpocket. Long and the short
4 of it. Big he and little she. Very strange about my watch. Wristwatches are always going wrong. Wonder is there any magnetic influence between the person because that was about the time he. Yes, I suppose at once. Cat's away the mice will play.
5 I remember looking in Pill lane. Also that now is magnetism. Back of everything magnetism. Earth for instance pulling this and being pulled. That causes movement. And time? Well that's the time the movement takes. Then if one thing stopped the
6-7 whole ghesabo would stop bit by bit. Because it's arranged. Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars. Little piece of steel iron. When you hold out the fork. Come. Come. Tip. Woman and man that is. Fork and steel. Molly, he. Dress up and look and suggest and let you see and see more and defy you if you're a man to see that and, like a sneeze coming, legs, look, look and if you have any guts in you. Tip. Have to let fly.

Wonder how is she feeling in that region. Shame all put on before third person. More put out about a hole in her stocking. Molly, her underjaw stuck out head
8-9 back, about the farmer in the ridingboots and spurs at the horse show. And when
10 the painters were in Lombard street west. Fine voice that fellow had. How Giuglini began. Smell that I did, like flowers. It was too. Violets. Came from the turpentine probably in the paint. Make their own use of everything. Same time doing it scraped her slipper on the floor so they wouldn't hear. But lots of them can't kick the beam, I think. Keep that thing up for hours. Kind of a general all round over me and half down my back.

Wait. Hm. Hm. Yes. That's her perfume. Why she waved her hand. I leave you this to think of me when I'm far away on the pillow. What is it? Heliotrope? No, Hyacinth? Hm. Roses, I think. She'd like scent of that kind. Sweet and cheap: soon
11 sour. Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her with a little jessamine mixed. Her high
12 notes and her low notes. At the dance night she met him, dance of the hours. Heat brought it out. She was wearing her black and it had the perfume of the time before.
13 Good conductor, is it? Or bad? Light too. Suppose there's some connection. For instance if you go into a cellar where it's dark. Mysterious thing too. Why did I smell it only now? Took its time in coming like herself, slow but sure. Suppose it's ever so many millions of tiny grains blown across. Yes, it is. Because those spice islands,
14 Cinghalese this morning, smell them leagues off. Tell you what it is. It's like a fine veil or web they have all over the skin, fine like what do you call it gossamer and they're always spinning it out of them, fine as anything, rainbow colours without knowing it. Clings to everything she takes off. Vamp of her stockings. Warm shoe. Stays. Drawers: little kick, taking them off. Byby till next time. Also the cat likes to sniff in her shift on the bed. Know her smell in a thousand. Bathwater too. Reminds me of strawberries and cream. Wonder where it is really. There or the armpits or

under the neck. Because you get it out of all holes and corners. Hyacinth perfume 1
made of oil or ether or something. Muskrat. Bag under their tails one grain pour 2
off odour for years. Dogs at each other behind. Good evening. Evening. How do you sniff? Hm. Hm. Very well, thank you. Animals go by that. Yes now, look at it that way. We're the same. Some women for instance warn you off when they have their period. Come near. Then get a hogo you could hang your hat on. Like what? 3
Potted herrings gone stale or. Boof! Please keep off the grass.

Perhaps they get a man smell off us. What though? Cigary gloves Long John had 4
on his desk the other. Breath? What you eat and drink gives that. No. Mansmell, I mean. Must be connected with that because priests that are supposed to be are different. Women buzz round it like flies round treacle. Railed off the altar get on to it at any cost. The tree of forbidden priest. O father, will you? Let me be the 5
first to. That diffuses itself all through the body, permeates. Source of life and it's extremely curious the smell. Celery sauce. Let me.

Mr Bloom inserted his nose. Hm. Into the. Hm. Opening of his waistcoat. Almonds or. No. Lemons it is. Ah no, that's the soap.

O by the by that lotion. I knew there was something on my mind. Never went back and the soap not paid. Dislike carrying bottles like that hag this morning. Hynes might have paid me that three shillings. I could mention Meagher's just to 6
remind him. Still if he works that paragraph. Two and nine. Bad opinion of me he'll have. Call tomorrow. How much do I owe you? Three and nine? Two and nine, sir. Ah. Might stop him giving credit another time. Lose your customers that way. Pubs do. Fellow run up a bill on the slate and then slinking around the back streets into somewhere else.

Here's this nobleman passed before. Blown in from the bay. Just went as far as 7
turn back. Always at home at dinnertime. Looks mangled out: had a good tuck in. Enjoying nature now. Grace after meals. After supper walk a mile. Sure he has a small bank balance somewhere, government sit. Walk after him now make him 8
awkward like those newsboys me today. Still you learn something. See ourselves 9
as others see us. So long as women don't mock what matter? That's the way to find out. Ask yourself who is he now. *The Mystery Man on the Beach*, prize titbit 10
story by Mr Leopold Bloom. Payment at the rate of one guinea per column. And that fellow today at the graveside in the brown macintosh. Corns on his kismet 11
however. Healthy perhaps absorb all the. Whistle brings rain they say. Must be 12
some somewhere. Salt in the Ormond damp. The body feels the atmosphere. Old Betty's joints are on the rack. Mother Shipton's prophecy that is about ships around 13-14
they fly in the twinkling. No. Signs of rain it is. The royal reader. And distant hills 15
seem coming nigh.

Howth. Bailey light. Two, four, six, eight, nine. See. Has to change or they 16
might think it a house. Wreckers. Grace Darling. People afraid of the dark. Also 17-18
glowworms, cyclists: lightingup time. Jewels diamonds flash better. Light is a kind 19
of reassuring. Not going to hurt you. Better now of course than long ago. Country roads. Run you through the small guts for nothing. Still two types there are you bob against. Scowl or smile. Pardon! Not at all. Best time to spray plants too in the 20
shade after the sun. Some light still. Red rays are longest. Roygbiv Vance taught us: 21-22
red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. A star I see. Venus? Can't tell yet. 23
Two, when three it's night. Were those nightclouds there all the time? Looks like 24-25

a phantom ship. No. Wait. Trees are they? An optical illusion. Mirage. Land of the setting sun this. Homerule sun setting in the southeast. My native land, goodnight.

Dew falling. Bad for you, dear, to sit on that stone. Brings on white fluxions. Never have little baby then less he was big strong fight his way up through. Might get piles myself. Sticks too like a summer cold, sore on the mouth. Cut with grass or paper worst. Friction of the position. Like to be that rock she sat on. O sweet little, you don't know how nice you looked. I begin to like them at that age. Green apples. Grab at all that offer. Suppose it's the only time we cross legs, seated. Also the library today: those girl graduates. Happy chairs under them. But it's the evening influence. They feel all that. Open like flowers, know their hours, sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes, in ballrooms, chandeliers, avenues under the lamps. Nightstock in Mat Dillon's garden where I kissed her shoulder. Wish I had a full length oilpainting of her then. June that was too I wooed. The year returns. History repeats itself. Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again. Life, love, voyage round your own little world. And now? Sad about her lame of course but must be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They take advantage.

All quiet on Howth now. The distant hills seem. Where we. The rhododendrons. I am a fool perhaps. He gets the plums and I the plumstones. Where I come in. All that old hill has seen. Names change: that's all. Lovers: yum yum.

Tired I feel now. Will I get up? O wait. Drained all the manhood out of me, little wretch. She kissed me. My youth. Never again. Only once it comes. Or hers. Take the train there tomorrow. No. Returning not the same. Like kids your second visit to a house. The new I want. Nothing new under the sun. Care of P. O. Dolphin's barn. Are you not happy in your? Naughty darling. At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house. Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters: Tiny, Atty, Floey, Maimy, Louy, Hetty. Molly too. Eightyseven that was. Year before we. And the old major partial to his drop of spirits. Curious she an only child, I an only child. So it returns. Think you're escaping and run into yourself. Longest way round is the shortest way home. And just when he and she. Circus horse walking in a ring. Rip van Winkle we played. Rip: tear in Henny Doyle's overcoat. Van: breadvan delivering. Winkle: cockles and periwinkles. Then I did Rip van Winkle coming back. She leaned on the sideboard watching. Moorish eyes. Twenty years asleep in Sleepy Hollow. All changed. Forgotten. The young are old. His gun rusty from the dew.

Ba. What is that flying about? Swallow? Bat probably. Thinks I'm a tree, so blind. Have birds no smell? Metempsychosis. They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow. Ba. There he goes. Funny little beggar. Wonder where he lives. Belfry up there. Very likely. Hanging by his heels in the odour of sanctity. Bell scared him out, I suppose. Mass seems to be over. Could hear them all at it. Pray for us. And pray for us. And pray for us. Good idea the repetition. Same thing with ads. Buy from us. And buy from us. Yes, there's the light in the priest's house. Their frugal meal. Remember about the mistake in the valuation when I was in Thom's. Twentyeight it is. Two houses they have. Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate. Ba. Again. Wonder why they come out at night like mice. They're a mixed breed. Birds are like hopping mice. What frightens them, light or noise? Better sit still. All instinct like the bird in drouth got water out of the end of a jar by throwing in pebbles. Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands. Weeny bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white. Colours depend on

the light you see. Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look at a shoe see a blotch blob yellowish. Wants to stamp his trademark on everything. Instance, that cat this morning on the staircase. Colour of brown turf. Say you never see them with three colours. Not true. That half tabbywhite tortoiseshell in the *City Arms* with the letter em on her forehead. Body fifty different colours. Howth a while ago amethyst. Glass flashing. That's how that wise man what's his name with the burning glass. Then the heather goes on fire. It can't be tourists' matches. What? Perhaps the sticks dry rub together in the wind and light. Or broken bottles in the furze act as a burning glass in the sun. Archimedes. I have it! My memory's not so bad.

Ba. Who knows what they're always flying for. Insects? That bee last week got into the room playing with his shadow on the ceiling. Might be the one bit me, come back to see. Birds too never find out what they say. Like our small talk. And says she and says he. Nerve they have to fly over the ocean and back. Lot must be killed in storms, telegraph wires. Dreadful life sailors have too. Big brutes of oceangoing steamers floundering along in the dark, lowing out like seacows. *Faugh a ballagh*. Out of that, bloody curse to you. Others in vessels, bit of a handkerchief sail, pitched about like snuff at a wake when the stormy winds do blow. Married too. Sometimes away for years at the ends of the earth somewhere. No ends really because it's round. Wife in every port they say. She has a good job if she minds it till Johnny comes marching home again. If ever he does. Smelling the tail end of ports. How can they like the sea? Yet they do. The anchor's weighed. Off he sails with a scapular or a medal on him for luck. Well? And the tephilim no what's this they call it poor papa's father had on his door to touch. That brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage. Something in all those superstitions because when you go out never know what dangers. Hanging on to a plank or astride of a beam for grim life, lifebelt round round him, gulping salt water, and that's the last of his nibs till the sharks catch hold of him. Do fish ever get seasick?

Then you have a beautiful calm without a cloud, smooth sea, placid, crew and cargo in smithereens, Davy Jones' locker. Moon looking down. Not my fault, old cockalorum.

A lost long candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in search of funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet but one white stars. They floated, fell: they faded. The shepherd's hour: the hour of holding: hour of tryst. From house to house, giving his everwelcome double knock, went the nine o'clock postman, the glowworm's lamp at his belt gleaming here and there through the laurel hedges. And among the five young trees a hoisted lintstock lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. By screens of lighted windows, by equal gardens a shrill voice went crying, wailing: *Evening Telegraph, stop press edition! Result of the Gold Cup race!* and from the door of Dignam's house a boy ran out and called. Twittering the bat flew here, flew there. Far out over the sands the coming surf crept, grey. Howth settled for slumber tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. He lay but opened a red eye unsleeping, deep and slowly breathing, slumberous but awake. And far on Kish bank the anchored lightship twinkled, winked at Mr Bloom.

Life those chaps out there must have, stuck in the same spot. Irish Lights board. Penance for their sins. Coastguards too. Rocket and breeches buoy and lifeboat.

Day we went out for the pleasure cruise in the Erin's King, throwing them the sack of old papers. Bears in the zoo. Filthy trip. Drunkards out to shake up their livers. Puking overboard to feed the herrings. Nausea. And the women, fear of God in their faces. Milly, no sign of funk. Her blue scarf loose, laughing. Don't know what death is at that age. And then their stomachs clean. But being lost they fear. When we hid behind the tree at Crumlin. I didn't want to. Mamma! Mamma! Babes in the wood. Frightening them with masks too. Throwing them up in the air to catch them. I'll murder you. Is it only half fun? Or children playing battle. Whole earnest. How can people aim guns at each other? Sometimes they go off. Poor kids. Only troubles wildfire and nettlerash. Calomel purge I got her for that. After getting better asleep with Molly. Very same teeth she has. What do they love? Another themselves? But the morning she chased her with the umbrella. Perhaps so as not to hurt. I felt her pulse. Ticking. Little hand it was: now big. Dearest Papli. All that the hand says when you touch. Loved to count my waistcoat buttons. Her first stays I remember. Made me laugh to see. Little paps to begin with. Left one is more sensitive, I think. Mine too. Nearer the heart. Padding themselves out if fat is in fashion. Her growing pains at night, calling, wakening me. Frightened she was when her nature came on her first. Poor child! Strange moment for the mother too. Brings back her girlhood. Gibraltar. Looking from Buena Vista. O'Hara's tower. The seabirds screaming. Old Barbary ape that gobbled all his family. Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the lines. Looking out over the sea she told me. Evening like this, but clear, no clouds. I always thought I'd marry a lord or a gentleman with a private yacht. *Buenas noches, señorita. El hombre ama la muchacha hermosa.* Why me? Because you were so foreign from the others.

Better not stick here all night like a limpet. This weather makes you dull. Must be getting on for nine by the light. Go home. Too late for *Leah, Lily of Killarney*. No. Might be still up. Call to the hospital to see. Hope she's over. Long day I've had. Martha, the bath, funeral, house of keys, museum with those goddesses, Dedalus' song. Then that bawler in Barney Kiernan's. Got my own back there. Drunken ranters. What I said about his God made him wince. Mistake to hit back. Or? No. Ought to go home and laugh at themselves. Always want to be swilling in company. Afraid to be alone like a child of two. Suppose he hit me. Look at it other way round. Not so bad then. Perhaps not to hurt he meant. Three cheers for Israel. Three cheers for the sister-in-law he hawked about, three fangs in her mouth. Same style of beauty. Particularly nice old party for a cup of tea. The sister of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town. Imagine that in the early morning at close range. Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow. But Dignam's put the boots on it. Houses of mourning so depressing because you never know. Anyhow she wants the money. Must call to those Scottish widows as I promised. Strange name. Takes it for granted we're going to pop off first. That widow on Monday was it outside Cramer's that looked at me. Buried the poor husband but progressing favourably on the premium. Her widow's mite. Well? What do you expect her to do? Must wheedle her way along. Widower I hate to see. Looks so forlorn. Poor man O'Connor wife and five children poisoned by mussels here. The sewage. Hopeless. Some good matronly woman in a porkpie hat to mother him. Take him in tow, platter face and a large apron. Ladies' grey flannelette bloomers, three shillings a pair, astonishing bargain. Plain and loved,

loved for ever, they say. Ugly: no woman thinks she is. Love, lie and be handsome for tomorrow we die. See him sometimes walking about trying to find out who played the trick. U. p.: up. Fate that is. He, not me. Also a shop often noticed. Curse seems to dog it. Dreamt last night? Wait. Something confused. She had red slippers on. Turkish. Wore the breeches. Suppose she does. Would I like her in pyjamas? Damned hard to answer. Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now. Must nail that ad of Keyes's. Work Hynes and Crawford. Petticoats for Molly. She has something to put in them. What's that? Might be money. 1 2 3 4 5

Mr Bloom stooped and turned over a piece of paper on the strand. He brought it near his eyes and peered. Letter? No. Can't read. Better go. Better. I'm tired to move. Page of an old copybook. All those holes and pebbles. Who could count them? Never know what you find. Bottle with story of a treasure in it thrown from a wreck. Parcels post. Children always want to throw things in the sea. Trust? Bread cast on the waters. What's this? Bit of stick. 6

O! Exhausted that female has me. Not so young now. Will she come here tomorrow? Wait for her somewhere for ever. Must come back. Murderers do. Will I? 7

Mr Bloom with his stick gently vexed the thick sand at his foot. Write a message for her. Might remain. What?

I.

Some flatfoot tramp on it in the morning. Useless. Washed away. Tide comes here a pool near her foot. Bend, see my face there, dark mirror, breathe on it, stirs. All these rocks with lines and scars and letters. O, those transparent! Beside, they don't know. What is the meaning of that other worlds I called you naughty boy because I do not like.

AM. A.

No room. Let it go.

Mr Bloom effaced the letters with his slow boot. Hopeless thing sand. Nothing grows in it. All fades. No fear of big vessels coming up here. Except Guinness's barges. Round the Kish in eighty days. Done half by design. 8 9

He flung his wooden pen away. The stick fell in silted sand, stuck. Now if you were trying to do that for a week on end you couldn't. Chance. We'll never meet again. But it was lovely. Goodbye, dear. Thanks. Made me feel so young.

Short snooze now if I had. Must be near nine. Liverpool boat long gone. Not even the smoke. And she can do the other. Did too. And Belfast. I won't go. Race there, race back to Ennis. Let him. Just close my eyes a moment. Won't sleep though. Half dream. It never comes the same. Bat again. No harm in him. Just a few. 10 11-12

O sweety all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul to perfume your wife black hair heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next. 13 14-15 16 17-18 19

A bat flew. Here. There. Here. Far in the grey a bell chimed. Mr Bloom with open mouth, his left boot sanded sideways, leaned, breathed. Just for a few.

Cuckoo. 20
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.

The clock on the mantelpiece in the priest's house cooed where Canon O'Hanlon and Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S. J. were taking tea and soda-bread and butter and fried mutton chops with catsup and talking about

Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.

Because it was a little canarybird bird that came out of its little house to tell the time that Gerty MacDowell noticed the time she was there because she was as quick anything about a thing like that, was Gerty MacDowell, and she noticed at once that that foreign gentleman that was sitting on the rocks looking was

Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.

Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. Deshil Holles Eamus. 1

Send us, bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us, bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit. Send us bright one, 2
light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit.

Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa! Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa. 3

Universally that person's acumen is esteemed very little perceptive concerning whatsoever matters are being held as most profitably by mortals with sapience endowed to be studied who is ignorant of that which the most in doctrine erudite and certainly by reason of that in them high mind's ornament deserving of veneration constantly maintain when by general consent they affirm that other circumstances being equal by no exterior splendour is the prosperity of a nation more efficaciously asserted than by the measure of how far forward may have progressed the tribute of its solicitude for that proliferent continuance which of evils the original if it be absent when fortunately present constitutes the certain sign of omnipollent nature's incorrupted benefaction. For who is there who 4
anything of some significance has apprehended but is conscious that that exterior splendour may be the surface of a downwardtending lutulent reality or on the 5
contrary anyone so is there inilluminated as not to perceive that as no nature's 6
boon can contend against the bounty of increase so it behoves every most just citizen to become the exhortator and admonisher of his semblables and to tremble 7
lest what had in the past been by the nation excellently commenced might be in the future not with similar excellence accomplished if an inverecund habit shall 8
have gradually traduced the honourable by ancestors transmitted customs to that thither of profundity that that one was audacious excessively who would have the hardihood to rise affirming that no more odious offence can for anyone be than to oblivious neglect to consign that evangel simultaneously command and promise 9
which on all mortals with prophecy of abundance or with diminution's menace that exalted of reiteratedly procreating function ever irrevocably enjoined?

It is not why therefore we shall wonder if, as the best historians relate, among the Celts, who nothing that was not in its nature admirable admired, the art of medicine 10
shall have been highly honoured. Not to speak of hostels, leperyards, sweating 11-13
chambers, plaguegraves, their greatest doctors, the O'Shiels, the O'Hickeys, the 14-15
O'Lees, have sedulously set down the divers methods by which the sick and the 16-17
relapsed found again health whether the malady had been the trembling wither- 18
ing or loose boyconnell flux. Certainly in every public work which in it anything 19
of gravity contains preparation should be with importance commensurate and

1 therefore a plan was by them adopted (whether by having preconsidered or as the maturation of experience it is difficult in being said which the discrepant opinions of subsequent inquirers are not up to the present congrued to render manifest) whereby maternity was so far from all accident possibility removed that whatever care the patient in that allhardest of woman hour chiefly required and not solely for the copiously opulent but also for her who not being sufficiently moneyed scarcely and often not even scarcely could subsist valiantly and for an inconsiderable emolument was provided.

To her nothing already then and thenceforward was anyway able to be molestful for this chiefly felt all citizens except with proliferent mothers prosperity at all not to can be and as they had received eternity gods mortals generation to befit them her beholding, when the case was so having itself, parturient in vehicle thereward carrying desire immense among all one another was impelling on of her to be received into that domicile. O thing of prudent nation not merely in being seen but also even in being related worthy of being praised that they her by anticipation went seeing mother, that she by them suddenly to be about to be cherished had been begun she felt!

Before born babe bliss had. Within womb won he worship. Whatever in that one case done commodiously done was. A couch by midwives attended with wholesome food reposeful cleanest swaddles as though forthbringing were now done and by wise foresight set: but to this no less of what drugs there is need and surgical implements which are pertaining to her case not omitting aspect of all very distracting spectacles in various latitudes by our terrestrial orb offered together
2 with images, divine and human, the cogitation of which by sejunct females is to tumescence conducive or eases issue in the high sunbright wellbuilt fair home of mothers when, ostensibly far gone and reproductitive, it is come by her thereto to lie in, her term up.

Some man that wayfaring was stood by housedoor at night's oncoming. Of
3 Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared. Stark ruth of man his errand that him lone led till that house.

4-5 Of that house A. Horne is lord. Seventy beds keeps he there teeming mothers
6-7 are wont that they lie for to thole and bring forth bairns hale so God's angel to
8 Mary quoth. Watchers twey there walk, white sisters in ward sleepless. Smarts
9 they still sickness soothing: in twelve moons thrice an hundred. Truest bedthanes they twain are, for Horne holding wariest ward.

10 In ward wary the watcher hearing come that man mildhearted eft rising with
11-12 swire ywimpled to him her gate wide undid. Lo, levin leaping lightens in eyeblink
13 Ireland's westward welkin! Full she dread that God the Wreaker all mankind would
14 fordo with water for his evil sins. Christ's rood made she on breastbone and him
15-17 drew that he would rathe infare under her thatch. That man her will wotting worthful went in Horne's house.

18 Loth to irk in Horne's hall hat holding the seeker stood. On her stow he ere was
19 living with dear wife and lovesome daughter that then over land and seafloor nine
20 years had long outwandered. Once her in townhithe meeting he to her bow had not doffed. Her to forgive now he craved with good ground of her allowed that that of him swiftseen face, hers, so young then had looked. Light swift her eyes kindled, bloom of blushes his word winning.

As her eyes then ongot his weeds swart therefor sorrow she feared. Glad after she was that ere adread was. Her he asked if O'Hare Doctor tidings sent from far coast and she with grameful sigh him answered that O'Hare Doctor in heaven was. Sad was the man that word to hear that him so heavied in bowels ruthful. All she there told him, ruing death for friend so young, algate sore unwilling God's rightwiseness to withsay. She said that he had a fair sweet death through God His goodness with masspriest to be shriven, holy housel and sick men's oil to his limbs. The man then right earnest asked the nun of which death the dead man was died and the nun answered him and said that he was died in Mona island through bellycrab three year agone come Childermas and she prayed to God the Allruthful to have his dear soul in his undeathliness. He heard her sad words, in held hat sad staring. So stood they there both awhile in wanhope, sorrowing one with other.

Therefore, everyman, look to that last end that is thy death and the dust that gripeth on every man that is born of woman for as he came naked forth from his mother's womb so naked shall he wend him at the last for to go as he came.

The man that was come into the house then spoke to the nursingwoman and he asked her how it fared with the woman that lay there in childbed. The nursingwoman answered him and said that that woman was in throes now full three days and that it would be a hard birth unneth to bear but that now in a little it would be. She said thereto that she had seen many births of women but never was none so hard as was that woman's birth. Then she set it forth all to him that time was had lived nigh that house. The man hearkened to her words for he felt with wonder women's woe in the travail that they have of motherhood and he wondered to look on her face that was a young face for any man to see but yet was she left after long years a handmaid. Nine twelve bloodflows chiding her childless.

And whiles they spake the door of the castle was opened and there nighed them a mickle noise as of many that sat there at meat. And there came against the place as they stood a young learning knight yclept Dixon. And the traveller Leopold was couth to him sithen it had happed that they had had ado each with other in the house of misericord where this learning knight lay by cause the traveller Leopold came there to be healed for he was sore wounded in his breast by a spear wherewith a horrible and dreadful dragon was smitten him for which he did do make a salve of volatile salt and chrism as much as he might suffice. And he said now that he should go into that castle for to make merry with them that were there. And the traveller Leopold said that he should go otherwhither for he was a man of cautels and a subtle. Also the lady was of his avis and reproved the learning knight though she trowed well that the traveller had said thing that was false for his subtility. But the learning knight would not hear say nay nor do her mandement ne have him in aught contrarious to his list and he said how it was a marvellous castle. And the traveller Leopold went into the castle for to rest him for a space being sore of limb after many marches environing in divers lands and sometimes venery.

And in the castle was set a board that was of the birchwood of Finlandy and it was upheld by four dwarfmen of that country but they durst not move more for enchantment. And on this board were frightful swords and knives that are made in a great cavern by swinking demons out of white flames that they fix in the horns of buffalos and stags that there abound marvellously. And there were vessels that are wrought by magic of Mahound out of seasand and the air by a warlock with

his breath that he blares into them like to bubbles. And full fair cheer and rich was on the board that no wight could devise a fuller ne richer. And there was a vat of
1 silver that was moved by craft to open in the which lay strange fishes withouten heads though misbelieving men nie that this be possible thing without they see it natheless they are so. And these fishes lie in an oily water brought there from Portugal land because of the fatness that therein is like to the juices of the olive press. And also it was marvel to see in that castle how by magic they make a
2 compost out of fecund wheat kidneys out of Chaldee that by aid of certain angry spirits that they do into it swells up wondrously like to a vast mountain. And they
3 teach the serpents there to entwine themselves up on long sticks out of the ground and of the scales of these serpents they brew out a brewage like to mead.

4-5 And the learning knight let pour for childe Leopold a draught and halp thereto
6 the while all they that were there drank every each. And childe Leopold did up his
7 beaver for to pleasure him and took apertly somewhat in amity for he never drank no manner of mead which he then put by and anon full privily he voided the more
8 part in his neighbour glass and his neighbour nist not of his wile. And he sat down in that castle with them for to rest him there awhile. Thanked be Almighty God.

This meanwhile this good sister stood by the door and begged them at the
9-10 reverence of Jesu our alther liege lord to leave their wassailing for there was above
11 one quick with child a gentle dame, whose time hied fast. Sir Leopold heard on the upfloor cry on high and he wondered what cry that it was whether of child or woman and I marvel, said he, that it be not come or now. Meseems it dureth
12 overlong. And he was ware and saw a franklin that hight Lenehan on that side the table that was older than any of the tother and for that they both were knights
13-14 virtuous in the one emprise and eke by cause that he was elder he spoke to him full gently. But, said he, or it be long too she will bring forth by God His bounty and have joy of her childing for she hath waited marvellous long. And the franklin that had drunken said, Expecting each moment to be her next. Also he took the cup that stood tofore him for him needed never none asking nor desiring of him to drink and, Now drink, said he, fully delectably, and he quaffed as far as he might to their both's health for he was a passing good man of his lustiness. And sir Leopold that was the goodliest guest that ever sat in scholars' hall and that was the meekest man and the kindest that ever laid husbandly hand under hen and that was the very truest knight of the world one that ever did minion service to lady gentle pledged him courtly in the cup. Woman's woe with wonder pondering.

Now let us speak of that fellowship that was there to the intent to be drunken an they might. There was a sort of scholars along either side the board, that is to
15-16 wit, Dixon yclept junior of saint Mary Merciable's with other his fellows Lynch
17 and Madden, scholars of medicine, and the franklin that hight Lenehan and one
18-20 from Alba Longa, one Crotthers, and young Stephen that had mien of a frere that
21-22 was at head of the board and Costello that men clepen Punch Costello all long of
23 a mastery of him erewhile gested (and of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek sir Leopold. But on young Malachi they waited for that he promised to have come and such as intended to no goodness said how he had broke his avow. And sir Leopold sat with them for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon and to this his son young Stephen and for that his languor becalmed him there after longest wanderings

insomuch as they feasted him for that time in the honourablest manner. Ruth red him, love led on with will to wander, loth to leave. 1

For they were right witty scholars. And he heard their aresouns each gen other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that put such case it were hard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a matter of some year agone with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was trespassed out of this world and the self night next before her death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). And they said farther she should live because in the beginning they said the woman should bring forth in pain and wherefore they that were of this imagination affirmed how young Madden had said truth for he had conscience to let her die. And not few and of these was young Lynch were in doubt that the world was now right evil governed as it was never other howbeit the mean people believed it otherwise but the law nor his judges did provide no remedy. A redress God grant. This was scant said but all cried with one acclaim nay, by our Virgin Mother, the wife should live and the babe to die. In colour whereof they waxed hot upon that head what with argument and what for their drinking but the franklin Lenehan was prompt each when to pour them ale so that at the least way mirth might not lack. Then young Madden showed all the whole affair and when he said how that she was dead and how for holy religion sake by rede of palmer and bedesman and for a vow he had made to Saint Ultan of Arbraccan her goodman husband would not let her death whereby they were all wondrous grieved. To whom young Stephen had these words following, Murmur, sirs, is eke oft among lay folk. Both babe and parent now glorify their Maker, the one in limbo gloom, the other in purge fire. But, gramercy, what of those Godpossibled souls that we nightly impossibilise, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost, Very God, Lord and Giver of Life? For, sirs, he said, our lust is brief. We are means to those small creatures within us and nature has other ends than we. Then said Dixon junior to Punch Costello wist he what ends. But he had overmuch drunken and the best word he could have of him was that he would ever dishonest a woman whoso she were or wife or maid or leman if it so fortuned him to be delivered of his spleen of lustihead. Whereat Crotthers of Alba Longa sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn the other all this while pricked forward with their jibes wherewith they did malice him, witnessing all and several by saint Foutinus his engines that he was able to do any manner of thing that lay in man to do. Thereat laughed they all right jocundly only young Stephen and sir Leopold which never durst laugh too open by reason of a strange humour which he would not bewray and also for that he rued for her that bare whoso she might be or wheresoever. Then spoke young Stephen orgulous of mother Church that would cast him out of her bosom, of law of canons, of Lilith, patron of abortions, of bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness or by potency of vampires mouth to mouth or, as Virgilius saith, by the influence of the occident or by the reek of moonflower or an she lie with a woman which her man has but lain with, *effectu secuto*, or peradventure in her bath according to the opinions of Averroes and Moses Maimonides. He said also how at the end of the second month a human soul was infused and how in all our holy mother foldeth ever souls for God's greater glory whereas that earthly mother which was but a dam to bring forth beastly should die by canon for so saith 2 3-4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14-15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24-26 27-28 29 30 31 32 33 34

he that holdeth the fisherman's seal, even that blessed Peter on which rock was holy church for all ages founded. All they bachelors then asked of sir Leopold would he in like case so jeopard her person as risk life to save life. A wariness of mind he would answer as fitted all and, laying hand to jaw, he said dissembling, as his wont was, that as it was informed him, who had ever loved the art of physic as might a layman, and agreeing also with his experience of so seldom seen an accident it was good for that Mother Church belike at one blow had birth and death pence and in such sort deliverly he scaped their questions. That is truth, pardy, said Dixon, and, or I err, a pregnant word. Which hearing young Stephen was a marvellous glad man and he averred that he who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord for he was of a wild manner when he was drunken and that he was now in that taking it appeared eftsoons.

But sir Leopold was passing grave maugre his word by cause he still had pity of the terrorcausing shrieking of shrill women in their labour and as he was minded of his good lady Marion that had borne him an only manchild which on his eleventh day on live had died and no man of art could save so dark is destiny. And she was wondrous stricken of heart for that evil hap and for his burial did him on a fair corselet of lamb's wool, the flower of the flock, lest he might perish utterly and lie akeled (for it was then about the midst of the winter) and now sir Leopold that had of his body no manchild for an heir looked upon him his friend's son and was shut up in sorrow for his forepassed happiness and as sad as he was that him failed a son of such gentle courage (for all accounted him of real parts) so grieved he also in no less measure for young Stephen for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and murdered his goods with whores.

About that present time young Stephen filled all cups that stood empty so as there remained but little mo if the prudenter had not shadowed their approach from him that still plied it very busily who, praying for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff, he gave them for a pledge the vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray. Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer and quaff ye this mead which is not indeed parcel of my body but my soul's bodiment. Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone. Be not afeard neither for any want for this will comfort more than the other will dismay. See ye here. And he showed them glistering coins of the tribute and goldsmiths' notes the worth of two pound nineteen shilling that he had, he said, for a song which he writ. They all admired to see the foresaid riches in such dearth of money as was herebefore. His words were then these as followeth: Know all men, he said, time's ruins build eternity's mansions. What means this? Desire's wind blasts the thorntree but after it becomes from a bramblebush to be a rose upon the rood of time. Mark me now. In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away. This is the postcreation. *Omnis caro ad te veniet*. No question but her name is puissant who aventried the dear corse of our Agenbuyer, Healer and Herd, our mighty mother and mother most venerable and Bernardus saith aptly that she hath an *omnipotentiam deiparae supplicem*, that is to wit, an almightiness of petition because she is the second Eve and she won us, saith Augustine too, whereas that other, our grandam, which we are linked up with by successive anastomosis of navelcords sold us all, seed, breed and generation, for a penny pippin. But here is the matter now. Or she knew him,

that second I say, and was but creature of her creature, *vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio* 1-2
or she knew him not and then stands she in the one denial or ignorancy with Peter 3
Piscator who lives in the house that Jack built and with Joseph the Joiner patron 4-5
of the happy demise of all unhappy marriages *parce que M. Léo Taxil nous a dit que* 6
qui l'avait mise dans cette fichue position c'était le sacré pigeon, ventre de Dieu! Entweder 7
transsubstantiality *oder* consubstantiality but in no case subsubstantiality. And all
cried out upon it for a very scurvy word. A pregnancy without joy, he said, a birth 8
without pangs, a body without blemish, a belly without bigness. Let the lewd with 9
faith and fervour worship. With will will we withstand, withsay. 10

Hereupon Punch Costello dinged with his fist upon the board and would
sing a bawdy catch *Staboo Stabella* about a wench that was put in pod of a jolly 11-12
swashbuckler in Almany which he did now attack: *The first three months she was* 13
not well, Staboo, when here nurse Quigley from the door angerly bid them hist ye 14-15
should shame you nor was it not meet as she remembered them being her mind
was to have all orderly against lord Andrew came for because she was jealous that 16-17
no gasteful turmoil might shorten the honour of her guard. It was an ancient 18
and a sad matron of a sedate look and christian walking, in habit dun beseeming
her megrims and wrinkled visage, nor did her hortative want of it effect for 19
incontinently Punch Costello was of them all embraided and they reclaimed the 20
churl with civil rudeness some and with menace of blandishments others whiles all
chode with him, a murrain seize the dolt, what a devil he would be at, thou chuff, 21-23
thou puny, thou got in the peasestraw, thou losel, thou chitterling, thou spawn of 24-26
a rebel, thou dykedropt, thou abortion thou, to shut up his drunken drool out of 27
that like a curse of God ape, the good sir Leopold that had for his cognisance the
flower of quiet, margerain gentle, advising also the time's occasion as most sacred 28
and most worthy to be most sacred. In Horne's house rest should reign.

To be short this passage was scarce by when Master Dixon of Mary in Eccles, 29
goodly grinning, asked young Stephen what was the reason why he had not cided
to take friar's vows and he answered him obedience in the womb, chastity in the 30
tomb but involuntary poverty all his days. Master Lenehan at this made return that
he had heard of those nefarious deeds and how, as he heard hereof counted, he had
besmirched the lily virtue of a confiding female which was corruption of minors 31
and they all intershowed it too, waxing merry and toasting to his fathership. But 32
he said very entirely it was clean contrary to their suppose for he was the eternal
son and ever virgin. Thereat mirth grew in them the more and they rehearsed
to him his curious rite of wedlock for the disrobing and deflowering of spouses, 33
as the priests use in Madagascar island, she to be in guise of white and saffron,
her groom in white and grain, with burning of nard and tapers, on a bridebed 34
while clerks sung kyries and the anthem *Ut novetur sexus omnis corporis mysterium* 35-36
till she was there unmaided. He gave them then a much admirable hymen minim 37
by those delicate poets Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont that 38
is in their *Maid's Tragedy* that was writ for a like twining of lovers: *To bed, to bed,* 39
was the burden of it to be played with accompanable concent upon the virgin- 40-41
als. An exquisite dulcet epithalame of most mollificative suadency for juveniles 42-43
amatory whom the odoriferous flambeaus of the paranymphs have escorted to 44
the quadrupedal proscenium of connubial communion. Well met they were, said 45
Master Dixon, joyed, but, harkee, young sir, better were they named Beau Mount 46

and Lecher for, by my troth, of such a mingling much might come. Young Stephen said indeed to his best remembrance they had but the one doxy between them and she of the stews to make shift with in delights amorous for life ran very high in those days and the custom of the country approved with it. Greater love than this, he said, no man hath that a man lay down his wife for his friend. Go thou and do likewise. Thus, or words to that effect, saith Zarathustra, sometime regius professor of French letters to the university of Oxtail nor breathed there ever that man to whom mankind was more beholden. Bring a stranger within thy tower it will go hard but thou wilt have the secondbest bed. *Orate, fratres, pro memetipso.* And all the people shall say, Amen. Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of old, how thou settedst little by me and by my word and broughtest in a stranger to my gates to commit fornication in my sight and to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum. Therefore hast thou sinned against the light and hast made me, thy lord, to be the slave of servants. Return, return, Clan Milly: forget me not, O Milesian. Why hast thou done this abomination before me that thou didst spurn me for a merchant of jalaps and didst deny me to the Roman and the Indian of dark speech with whom thy daughters did lie luxuriously? Look forth now, my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo and from Pisgah and from the Horns of Hatten unto a land flowing with milk and money. But thou hast suckled me with a bitter milk: my moon and my sun thou hast quenched for ever. And thou hast left me alone for ever in the dark ways of my bitterness: and with a kiss of ashes hast thou kissed my mouth. This tenebrosity of the interior, he proceeded to say, hath not been illumined by the wit of the septuagint nor so much as mentioned for the Orient from on high which brake hell's gates visited a darkness that was foraneous. Assuefaction minorates atrocities (as Tully saith of his darling Stoics) and Hamlet his father showeth the prince no blister of combustion. The adiaphane in the noon of life is an Egypt's plague which in the nights of prenativity and postmortemity is their most proper *ubi* and *quomodo.* And as the ends and ultimates of all things accord in some mean and measure with their inceptions and originals, that same multiplicit concordance which leads forth growth from birth accomplishing by a retrogressive metamorphosis that minishing and ablation towards the final which is agreeable unto nature so is it with our subsolar being. The aged sisters draw us into life: we wail, batten, sport, clip, clasp, sunder, dwindle, die: over us dead they bend. First saved from water of old Nile, among bulrushes, a bed of fasciated wattles: at last the cavity of a mountain, an occulted sepulchre amid the conclamation of the hillcat and the ossifrage. And as no man knows the ubicity of his tumulus nor to what processes we shall thereby be ushered nor whether to Tophet or to Edenville in the like way is all hidden when we would backward see from what region of remoteness the whatness of our whoness hath fetched his whenceness.

Thereto Punch Costello roared out mainly *Étienne chanson* but he loudly bid them lo, wisdom hath built herself a house, this vast majestic longstablished vault, the crystal palace of the Creator all in applepie order, a penny for him who finds the pea.

Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack
See the malt stored in many a refluent sack,
In the proud cirque of Jackjohn's bivouac.

A black crack of noise in the street here, alack, bawled, back. Loud on left Thor 1-2
thundered: in anger awful the hammerhurler. Came now the storm that hist his 3
heart. And Master Lynch bade him have a care to flout and witwanton as the god 4
self was angered for his hellprate and paganry. And he that had erst challenged 5
to be so doughty waxed pale as they might all mark and shrank together and his 6
pitch that was before so haught uplift was now of a sudden quite plucked down 7
and his heart shook within the cage of his breast as he tasted the rumour of that 8-9
storm. Then did some mock and some jeer and Punch Costello fell hard again to
his yale which Master Lenehan vowed he would do after and he was indeed but 10
a word and a blow on any the least colour. But the braggart boaster cried that an 11-13
old Nobodaddy was in his cups it was muchwhat indifferent and he would not lag
behind his lead. But this was only to dye his desperation as cowed he crouched in
Horne's hall. He drank indeed at one draught to pluck up a heart of any grace for
it thundered long rumblingly over all the heavens so that Master Madden, being
godly certain whiles, knocked him on his ribs upon that crack of doom and Master
Bloom, at the braggart' side spoke to him calming words to slumber his great
fear, advertising how it was no other thing but a hubbub noise that he heard, the
discharge of fluid from the thunderhead, look you, having taken place, and all of 14
the order of a natural phenomenon.

But was young Boasthard's fear vanquished by Calmer's words? No, for he had in
his bosom a spike named Bitterness which could not by words be done away. And
was he then neither calm like the one nor godly like the other? He was neither as
much as he would have liked to be either. But could he not have endeavoured to
have found again as in his youth the bottle Holiness that then he lived withal? Indeed
not for Grace was not there to find that bottle. Heard he then in that clap the voice
of the god Bringforth or, what Calmer said, a hubbub of Phenomenon? Heard? 15
Why, he could not but hear unless he had plugged up the tube Understanding
(which he had not done). For through that tube he saw that he was in the land of
Phenomenon where he must for a certain one day die as he was like the rest too
a passing show. And would he not accept to die like the rest and pass away? By no
means would he and make more shows according as men do with wives which
Phenomenon has commanded them to do by the book Law. Then wotted he 16-17
nought of that other land which is called Believe-on-Me, that is the land of promise 18
which behoves to the king Delightful and shall be for ever where there is no death 19
and no birth neither wiving nor mothering at which all shall come as many as
believe on it? Yes, Pious had told him of that land and Chaste had pointed him to
the way but the reason was that in the way he fell in with a certain whore of an
eyepleasing exterior whose name, she said, is Bird-in-the-Hand and she beguiled 20
him wrongways from the true path by her flatteries that she said to him as, Ho,
you pretty man, turn aside hither and I will show you a brave place, and she lay at
him so flatteringly that she had him in her grot which is named Two-in-the-Bush
or, by some learned, Carnal Concupiscence.

This was it what all that company that sat there at commons in Manse of Mothers
the most lusted after and if they met with this whore Bird-in-the-Hand (which
was within all foul plagues, monsters and a wicked devil) they would strain the
last but they would make at her and know her. For regarding Believe-on-Me they
said it was nought else but notion and they could conceive no thought of it for,

first, Two-in-the-Bush whither she ticed them was the very goodliest grot and in it were four pillows on which were four tickets with these words printed on them, Pickaback and Topsyturvy and Shameface and Cheek by Jowl and, second, for that foul plague Allpox and the monsters they cared not for them, for Preservative
1 had given them a stout shield of oxengut and, third, that they might take no hurt neither from Offspring that was that wicked devil by virtue of this same shield which was named Killchild. So were they all in their blind fancy, Mr Cavil and Mr Sometimes Godly, Mr Ape Swillale, Mr False Franklin, Mr Dainty Dixon, Young Boasthard and Mr Cautious Calmer. Wherein, O wretched company, were ye all deceived for that was the voice of the god that was in a very grievous rage that he would presently lift his arm and spill their souls for their abuses and their spillings
2 done by them contrariwise to his word which forth to bring brenningly biddeth.

So Thursday sixteenth June Patk. Dignam laid in clay of an apoplexy and after hard drought, please God, rained, a bargeman coming in by water a fifty mile or thereabout with turf saying the seed won't sprout, fields athirst, very sadcoloured and stunk mightily, the quags and tofts too. Hard to breathe and all the young quicks clean consumed without sprinkle this long while back as no man remembered to be without. The rosy buds all gone brown and spread out blobs and on the hills nought but dry flag and faggots that would catch at first fire. All the world saying,
3 for aught they knew, the big wind of last February a year that did havoc the land so pitifully a small thing beside this barrenness. But by and by, as said, this evening after sundown, the wind sitting in the west, biggish swollen clouds to be seen as the night increased and the weatherwise poring up at them and some sheet lightnings at first and after, past ten of the clock, one great stroke with a long thunder and in a brace of shakes all scamper pellmell within door for the smoking shower, the men making shelter for their straws with a clout or kerchief, womenfolk skipping off
4 with kirtles catched up soon as the pour came. In Ely place, Baggot street, Duke's lawn, thence through Merrion green up to Holles street, a swash of water running that was before bonedry and not one chair or coach or fiacre seen about but no
5 more crack after that first. Over against the Rt. Hon. Mr Justice Fitzgibbon's door
6 (that is to sit with Mr Healy the lawyer upon the college lands) Mal. Mulligan a
7 gentleman's gentleman that had but come from Mr Moore's the writer's (that was a papish but is now, folk say, a good Williamite) chanced against Alec. Bannon in a
8 cut bob (which are now in with dance cloaks of Kendal green) that was new got to town from Mullingar with the stage where his coz and Mal M's brother will stay
9 a month yet till Saint Swithin and asks what in the earth he does there, he bound home and he to Andrew Horne's being stayed for to crush a cup of wine, so he
10 said, but would tell him of a skittish heifer, big of her age and beef to the heel and all this while poured with rain and so both together on to Horne's. There Leop.
11 Bloom of Crawford's journal sitting snug with a covey of wags, likely brangling
12 fellows, Dixon jun., scholar of my lady of Mercy, Vin. Lynch, a Scots fellow, Will. Madden, T. Lenehan, very sad for a racinghorse he fancied and Stephen D. Leop.
13 Bloom there for a languor he had but was now better, he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy of his dame Mrs Moll with red slippers on in pair of Turkey trunks which is thought by those in ken to be for a change and Mistress Purefoy there,
14-15 that got in through pleading her belly, and now on the stools, poor body, two days past her term, the midwives sore put to it and can't deliver, she queasy for a bowl

of riceslop that is a shrewd drier up of the insides and her breath very heavy more than good and should be a bullyboy from the knocks they say, but God give her soon issue. 'Tis her ninth chick to live, I hear, and Lady day bit off her last chick's nails 1-2
that was then a twelvemonth and with other three all breastfed that died written out in a fair hand in the king's bible. Her hub fifty odd and a methodist but takes 3-4
the Sacrament and is to be seen any fair sabbath with a pair of his boys off Bullock 5
harbour dapping on the sound with a heavybraked reel or in a punt he has trailing 6
for flounder and pollock and catches a fine bag, I hear. In sum an infinite great fall of rain and all refreshed and will much increase the harvest yet those in ken say after wind and water fire shall come for a prognostication of Malachi's almanac 7
(and I hear that Mr Russell has done a prophetical charm of the same gist out of 8
the Hindustanish for his farmer's gazette) to have three things in all but this a mere fetch without bottom of reason for old crones and bairns yet sometimes they are 9
found in the right guess with their queerities no telling how.

With this came up Lenehan to the feet of the table to say how the letter was in that night's gazette and he made a show to find it about him (for he swore with an oath that he had been at pains about it) but on Stephen's persuasion he gave over to search and was bidden to sit near by which he did mighty brisk. He was a kind of sport gentleman that went for a merryandrew or honest pickle and what 10-11
belonged of women, horseflesh or hot scandal he had it pat. To tell the truth he was mean in fortunes and for the most part hankered about the coffeehouses and low taverns with crimps, ostlers, bookies, Paul's men, runners, flatcaps, waist- 12-16
coateers, ladies of the bagnio and other rogues of the game or with a chanceable 17-18
catchpole or a tipstaff often at nights till broad day of whom he picked up between his sackpossets much loose gossip. He took his ordinary at a boilingcook's and if 19-21
he had but gotten into him a mess of broken victuals or a platter of tripes with a 22
bare tester in his purse he could always bring himself off with his tongue, some 23-24
randy quip he had from a punk or whatnot that every mother's son of them would 25
burst their sides. The other Costello, that is, hearing this talk asked was it poetry or a tale. Faith, no, he says, Frank (that was his name), 'tis all about Kerry cows that are to be butchered along of the plague. But they can go hang, says he with 26
a wink, for me with their bully beef, a pox on it. There's as good fish in this tin as 27-28
ever came out of it and very friendly he offered to take of some salty sprats that stood by which he had eyed wishly in the meantime and found the place which was indeed the chief design of his embassy as he was sharpset. *Mort aux vaches*, 29
says Frank then in the French language that had been indentured to a brandy shipper that has a winelodge in Bordeaux and he spoke French like a gentleman too. From a child this Frank had been a donought that his father, a headborough, 30
who could ill keep him to school to learn his letters and the use of the globes, matriculated at the university to study the mechanics but he took the bit between his teeth like a raw colt and was more familiar with the justiciary and the parish 31
beadle than with his volumes. One time he would be a playactor, then a sutler or 32
a welsher, then nought would keep him from the bearpit and the cocking main, 33-34
then he was for the ocean sea or to hoof it on the roads with the Romany folk, 35
kidnapping a squire's heir by favour of moonlight or fecking maid's linen or choking 36
chickens behind a hedge. He had been off as many times as a cat has lives and back again with naked pockets as many more to his father the headborough who shed

a pint of tears as often as he saw him. What, says Mr Leopold with his hands across, that was earnest to know the drift of it, will they slaughter all? I protest I saw them but this day morning going to the Liverpool boats, says he. I can scarce believe 'tis so bad, says he. And he had experience of the like brood beasts and of springers, greasy hoggets and wether wools having been some years before actuary for Mr Joseph Cuffe, a worthy salesmaster that drove his trade for live stock and meadow auctions hard by Mr Gavin Low's yard in Prussia street. I question with you there, says he. More like 'tis the hoose or the timber tongue. Mr Stephen, a little moved but very handsomely, told him no such matter and that he had dispatches from the emperor's chief tailtickler thanking him for the hospitality, that was sending over Doctor Rinderpest, the bestquoted cowcatcher in all Muscovy with a bolus or two of physic to take the bull by the horns. Come, come, says Mr Vincent, plain dealing. He'll find himself on the horns of a dilemma if he meddles with a bull that's Irish, says he. Irish by name and Irish by nature, says Mr Stephen, and he sent the ale purling about. An Irish bull in an English chinashop. I conceive you, says Mr Dixon. It is that same bull that was sent to our island by farmer Nicholas, the bravest cattle breeder of them all with an emerald ring in his nose. True for you, says Mr Vincent cross the table, and a bullseye into the bargain, says he, and a plumper and a portlier bull, says he, never shit on shamrock. He had horns galore, a coat of gold and a sweet smoky breath coming out of his nostrils so that the women of our island, leaving doughballs and rollingpins, followed after him hanging his bulliness in daisychains. What for that, says Mr Dixon, but before he came over farmer Nicholas that was a eunuch had him properly gelded by a college of doctors who were no better off than himself. So be off now, says he, and do all my cousin german the Lord Harry tells you and take a farmer's blessing, and with that he slapped his posteriors very soundly. But the slap and the blessing stood him friend, says Mr Vincent, for to make up he taught him a trick worth two of the other so that maid, wife, abbess and widow to this day affirm that they would rather any time of the month whisper in his ear in the dark of a cowhouse or get a lick on the nape from his long holy tongue than lie with the finest strapping young ravisher in the four fields of all Ireland. Another then put in his word: And they dressed him, says he, in a point shift and petticoat with a tippet and girdle and ruffles on his wrists and clipped his forelock and rubbed him all over with spermacetic oil and built stables for him at every turn of the road with a gold manger in each full of the best hay in the market so that he could doss and dung to his heart's content. By this time the father of the faithful (for so they called him) was grown so heavy that he could scarce walk to pasture. To remedy which our cozening dames and damsels brought him his fodder in their apronlaps and as soon as his belly was full he would rear up on his hind quarters to show their ladyships a mystery and roar and bellow out of him in bull's language and they all after him. Ay, says another, and so pampered was he that he would suffer nought to grow in all the land but green grass for himself (for that was the only colour to his mind) and there was a board put up on a hillock in the middle of the island with a printed notice, saying: By the lord Harry green is the grass that grows on the ground. And, says Mr Dixon, if ever he got scent of a cattleraider in Roscommon or the wilds of Connemara or a husbandman in Sligo that was sowing as much as a handful of mustard or a bag of rapeseed out he run amok over half the countryside rooting

up with his horns whatever was planted and all by lord Harry's orders. There was bad blood between them at first, says Mr Vincent, and the lord Harry called farmer 1
Nicholas all the old Nicks in the world and an old whoremaster that kept seven 2
trulls in his house and I'll meddle in his matters, says he. I'll make that animal smell hell, says he, with the help of that good pizzle my father left me. But one 3
evening, says Mr Dixon, when the lord Harry was cleaning his royal pelt to go to dinner after winning a boatrace (he had spade oars for himself but the first rule of the course was that the others were to row with pitchforks) he discovered in himself a wonderful likeness to a bull and on picking up a blackthumbed chapbook that he kept in the pantry he found sure enough that he was a lefthanded descendant 4
of the famous champion bull of the Romans, *Bos Bovum*, which is good bog Latin 5-7
for boss of the show. After that, says Mr Vincent, the lord Harry put his head into a cow's drinking trough in the presence of all his courtiers and pulling it out again told them all his new name. Then, with the water running off him, he got into an old smock and skirt that had belonged to his grandmother and bought a grammar of the bull's language to study but he could never learn a word of it except the 8
first personal pronoun which he copied out big and got off by heart and if ever he 9
went out for a walk he filled his pockets with chalk to write it up on what took his fancy, the side of rock or a teahouse table or a bale of cotton or a corkfloat. In short he and the bull of Ireland were soon as fast friends as an arse and a shirt. They were, says Mr Stephen, and the end was that the men of the island, seeing no help was toward as the ungrate women were all of one mind, made a wherry raft, loaded themselves and their bundles of chattels on shipboard, set all masts erect, manned the yards, sprang their luff, heaved to, spread three sheets in the 10-11
wind, put her head between wind and water, weighed anchor, ported her helm, ran up the jolly Roger, gave three times three, let the bullgine run, pushed off in 12-13
their bumboat and put to sea to recover the main of America. Which was the 14-15
occasion, says Mr Vincent, of the composing by a boatswain of that rollicking chanty:

— *Pope Peter's but a pissabed.* 16
A man's a man for a' that.

Our worthy acquaintance, Mr Malachi Mulligan, now appeared in the doorway as the students were finishing their apologue accompanied with a friend whom he had just rencountered, a young gentleman, his name Alec Bannon, who had late come to town, it being his intention to buy a colour or a cornetcy in the fencibles 17
and list for the wars. Mr Mulligan was civil enough to express some relish of it all the more as it jumped with a project of his own for the cure of the very evil that had been touched on. Whereat he handed round to the company a set of pasteboard cards which he had had printed that day at Mr Quinnell's bearing a legend printed 18
in fair italics: *Mr Malachi Mulligan, Fertiliser and Incubator, Lambay Island.* His project, 19
as he went on to expound, was to withdraw from the round of idle pleasures such as form the chief business of sir Fopling Popinjay and sir Milksop Quidnunc 20
in town and to devote himself to the noblest task for which our bodily organism has been framed. Well, let us hear of it, good my friend, said Mr Dixon. I make no doubt it smacks of wenching. Come, be seated, both. 'Tis as cheap sitting as 21
standing. Mr Mulligan accepted of the invitation and, expatiating on his design, told his hearers that he had been led into this thought by a consideration of the

causes of sterility, both the inhibitory and the prohibitory, whether the inhibition in its turn were due to conjugal vexations or to a parsimony of the balance as well as whether the prohibition proceeded from defects congenital or from proclivities acquired. It grieved him plaguily, he said, to see the nuptial couch defrauded of its dearest pledges: and to reflect upon so many agreeable females with rich
1-2 jointures, a prey for the vilest bonzes, who hide their flambeau under a bushel in an uncongenial cloister or lose their womanly bloom in the embraces of some
3 unaccountable muskin when they might multiply the inlets of happiness, sacrificing the inestimable jewel of their sex when a hundred pretty fellows were at hand to caress, this, he assured them, made his heart weep. To curb this inconvenient (which he concluded due to a suppression of latent heat), having advised with certain counsellors of worth and inspected into this matter, he had resolved to purchase
4 in fee simple for ever the freehold of Lambay island from its holder, lord Talbot
5 de Malahide, a Tory gentleman of not much in favour with our ascendancy party.
6 He proposed to set up there a national fertilising farm to be named *Omphalos* with
7 an obelisk hewn and erected after the fashion of Egypt and to offer his dutiful yeoman services for the fecundation of any female of what grade of life soever who should there direct to him with the desire of fulfilling the functions of her natural. Money was no object, he said, nor would he take a penny for his pains. The poorest kitchenwench no less than the opulent lady of fashion, if so be their constructions and their tempers were warm persuaders for their petitions, would find in him their man. For his nutriment he shewed how he would feed himself
8 exclusively upon a diet of savoury tubercles and fish and coneys there, the flesh of these latter prolific rodents being highly recommended for his purpose, both broiled and stewed with a blade of mace and a pod or two of capsicum chillies. After this homily which he delivered with much warmth of asseveration Mr Mulligan in a trice put off from his hat a kerchief with which he had shielded it. They both, it seems, had been overtaken by the rain and for all their mending their pace had
9 taken water, as might be observed by Mr Mulligan's smallclothes of a hodden grey which was now somewhat piebald. His project meanwhile was very favourably entertained by his auditors and won hearty eulogies from all though Mr Dixon of Mary's excepted to it, asking with a finicking air did he purpose also to carry coals to Newcastle. Mr Mulligan however made court to the scholarly by an apt quotation from the classics which as it dwelt upon his memory seemed to him a
10 sound and tasteful support of his contention: *Talis ac tanta depravatio hujus seculi, O quirites, ut matres familiarum nostræ lascivas cujuslibet semiviri libici titillationes testibus ponderosis atque excelsis erectionibus centurionum Romanorum magnopere anteponunt* while for those of ruder wit he drove home his point by analogies of the animal kingdom more suitable to their stomach, the buck and doe of the forest glade, the farmyard drake and duck.

Valuing himself not a little upon his elegance, being indeed a proper man of his
11 person, this talkative now applied himself to his dress with animadversions of some heat upon the sudden whimsy of the atmospherics while the company lavished their encomiums upon the project he had advanced. The young gentleman, his friend, overjoyed as he was at a passage that had befallen him, could not forbear to tell it his nearest neighbour. Mr Mulligan, now perceiving the table, asked for
12 whom were those loaves and fishes and, seeing the stranger, he made him a civil

bow and said, Pray, sir, was you in need of any professional assistance we could give? Who, upon his offer, thanked him very heartily, though preserving his proper distance, and replied that he was come there about a lady, now an inmate of Horne's house, that was in an interesting condition, poor lady, from woman's woe (and here he fetched a deep sigh) to know if her happiness had yet taken place. Mr Dixon, to turn the table, took on to ask Mr Mulligan himself whether his incipient 1
ventripotence, upon which he rallied him, betokened an ovoblastic gestation in the 2
prostatic utricle or male womb or was due as with the noted physician, Mr Austin 3
Meldon, to a wolf in the stomach. For answer Mr Mulligan, in a gale of laughter 4
at his smalls, smote himself bravely below the diaphragm, exclaiming with an 5
admirable droll mimic of Mother Grogan (the most excellent creature of her sex 6
though 'tis pity she's a trollop): There's a belly that never bore a bastard. This was 7
so happy a conceit that it renewed the storms of mirth and threw the whole room into the most violent agitations of delight. The spry rattle had run on in the same vein of mimicry but for some larum in the antechamber. 8

Here the listener who was none other than the Scotch student, a little fume of a fellow, blond as tow, congratulated in the liveliest fashion with the young gentleman and, interrupting the narrative at a salient point, having desired his visavis with a polite beck to have the obligingness to pass him a flagon of cordial waters at the same time by a questioning poise of the head (a whole century of polite breeding had not achieved so nice a gesture) to which was united an equivalent but contrary balance of the head asked the narrator as plainly as was ever done in words if he might treat him with a cup of it. *Mais bien sûr*, noble stranger, said he 9
cheerily, *et mille compliments*. That you may and very opportunely. There wanted nothing but this cup to crown my felicity. But, gracious heaven, was I left with but a crust in my wallet and a cupful of water from the well, my God, I would accept of them and find it in my heart to kneel down upon the ground and give thanks to the powers above for the happiness vouchsafed me by the Giver of good things. With these words he approached the goblet to his lips, took a complacent draught of the cordial, slicked his hair and, opening his bosom, out popped a locket that hung from a silk riband that very picture which he had cherished ever since her hand had wrote therein. Gazing upon those features with a world of tenderness, Ah, Monsieur, he said, had you but beheld her as I did with these eyes at that affecting instant with her dainty tucker and her new coquette cap (a gift for her feast day as she told me) in such an artless disorder, of so melting a tenderness, 'pon my conscience, even you, Monsieur, had been impelled by generous nature to deliver yourself wholly into the hands of such an enemy or to quit the field for ever. I declare, I was never so touched in all my life. God I thank thee as the Author of my days! Thrice happy will he be whom so amiable a creature will bless with her favours. A sigh of affection gave eloquence to these words and, having replaced the locket in his bosom, he wiped his eye and sighed again. Beneficent Disseminator of blessings to all Thy creatures, how great and universal must be that sweetest of Thy tyrannies which can hold in thrall the free and the bond, the simple swain and the polished coxcomb, the lover in the heyday of reckless passion and the husband of maturer years. But indeed, sir, I wander from the point. How mingled and imperfect are all our sublunary joys! Maledicity! Would to God that foresight had remembered me to take my cloak along! I could weep to think of

it. Then, though it had poured seven showers we were neither of us a penny the worse. But beshrew me, he cried, clapping hand to his forehead, tomorrow will
1-2 be a new day and, thousand thunders, I know of a *marchand de capotes*, Monsieur
3 Poyntz, from whom I can have for a *livre* as snug a cloak of the French fashion
4 as ever kept a lady from wetting. Tut, Tut! cries Le Fécondateur, tripping in, my friend Monsieur Moore, that most accomplished traveller (I have just cracked a
5 half bottle *avec lui* in a circle of the best wits of the town), is my authority that in
6-7 Cape Horn, *ventre biche*, they have a rain that will wet through any, even the stoutest
8 cloak. A drenching of that violence, he tells me, *sans blague*, has sent more than one luckless fellow in good earnest posthaste to another world. Pooh! A *livre!* cries
9-10 Monsieur Lynch. The clumsy things are dear at a sou. One umbrella, were it no
11 bigger than a fairy mushroom, is worth ten such stopgaps. No woman of any wit would wear one. My dear Kitty told me today that she would dance in a deluge
12 before ever she would starve in such an ark of salvation for, as she reminded me (blushing piquantly and whispering in my ear though there was none to snap her words but giddy butterflies), dame Nature, by the divine blessing, has implanted
13 it in our heart and it has become a household word that *il y a deux choses* for which the innocence of our original garb, in other circumstances a breach of the proprieties, is the fittest, nay the only, garment. The first, said she (and here my pretty
14 philosopher, as I handed her to her tilbury, to fix my attention, gently tipped with her tongue the outer chamber of my ear), the first is a bath… but at this point a bell tinkling in the hall cut short a discourse which promised so bravely for the enrichment of our store of knowledge.

Amid the general vacant hilarity of the assembly a bell rang and while all were conjecturing what might be the cause Miss Callan entered and, having spoken a few words in a low tone to young Mr Dixon, retired with a profound bow to the company. The presence even for a moment among a party of debauchees of a woman endued with every quality of modesty and not less severe than beautiful refrained the humourous sallies even of the most licentious but her departure was the signal for an outbreak of ribaldry. Strike me silly, said Costello, a low fellow who was fuddled. A monstrous fine bit of cowflesh! I'll be sworn she has rendezvoused
15 you. What, you dog? Have you a way with them? Gad's bud. Immensely so, said
16 Mr Lynch. The bedside manner it is that they use in the Mater hospice. Demme,
17 does not Doctor O'Gargle chuck the nuns there under the chin. As I look to be saved I had it from my Kitty who has been wardmaid there any time these seven
18 months. Lawksamercy, doctor, cried the young blood in the primrose vest, feigning a womanish simper and immodest squirmings of his body, how you do tease a body! Drat the man! Bless me, I'm all of a wibblywobbly. Why, you're as bad as dear
19-20 little Father Cantekissem that you are! May this pot of four half choke me, cried
21-22 Costello, if she ain't in the family way. I knows a lady what's got a white swelling quick as I claps eyes on her. The young surgeon, however, rose and begged the company to excuse his retreat as the nurse had just then informed him that he was needed in the ward. Merciful providence had been pleased to put a period to
23 the sufferings of the lady who was *enceinte* which she had borne with a laudable fortitude and she had given birth to a bouncing boy. I want patience, said he, with those who without wit to enliven or learning to instruct, revile an ennobling profession which, saving the reverence due to the Deity, is the greatest power

for happiness upon the earth. I am positive when I say that if need were I could produce a cloud of witnesses to the excellence of her noble exercitations which, 1-2
so far from being a byword, should be a glorious incentive in the human breast. 3
I cannot away with them. What? Malign such an one, the amiable Miss Callan, who is the lustre of her own sex and the astonishment of ours and at an instant the most momentous that can befall a puny child of clay? Perish the thought! I shudder to think of the future of a race where the seeds of such malice have been sown and where no right reverence is rendered to mother and maid in house of Horne. Having delivered himself of this rebuke he saluted those present on the by and repaired to the door. A murmur of approval arose from all and some were for ejecting the low soaker without more ado, a design which would have been effected nor would he have received more than his bare deserts had he not abridged his transgression by affirming with a horrid imprecation (for he swore a 4
round hand) that he was as good a son of the true fold as ever drew breath. Stap 5
my vitals, said he, them was always the sentiments of honest Frank Costello which I was bred up most particular to honour thy father and thy mother that had the 6
best hand to a rolypoly or a hasty pudding as you ever see what I always looks back on with a loving heart.

To revert to Mr Bloom who, after his first entry, had been conscious of some impudent mocks which he, however, had borne with being the fruits of that age upon which it is commonly charged that it knows not pity. The young sparks, it 7
is true, were as full of extravagancies as overgrown children: the words of their tumultuary discussions were difficultly understood and not often nice: their testiness and outrageous *mots* were such that his intellects resiled from: nor were they 8-9
scrupulously sensible of the proprieties though their fund of strong animal spirits spoke in their behalf. But the word of Mr Costello was an unwelcome language for him for he nauseated the wretch that seemed to him a cropeared creature of 10
a misshapen gibbosity born out of wedlock and thrust like a crookback teethed and feet first into the world, which the dint of the surgeon's pliers in his skull lent indeed a colour to, so as it put him in thought of that missing link of creation's 11
chain desiderated by the late ingenious Mr Darwin. It was now for more than the middle span of our allotted years that he had passed through the thousand 12
vicissitudes of existence and, being of a wary ascendancy and self a man of a rare forecast, he had enjoined his heart to repress all motions of a rising choler and, 13
by intercepting them with the readiest precaution, foster within his breast that plenitude of sufferance which base minds jeer at, rash judgers scorn and all find tolerable and but tolerable. To those who create themselves wits at the cost of feminine delicacy (a habit of mind which he never did hold with) to them he would concede neither to bear the name nor to herit the tradition of a proper breeding: while for such that, having lost all forbearance, can lose no more, there remained the sharp antidote of experience to cause their insolency to beat a precipitate and inglorious retreat. Not but what he could feel with mettlesome youth which, caring nought for the mows of dotards or the gruntlings of the severe, is ever (as 14
the chaste fancy of the Holy Writer express it) for eating of the tree forbid it yet not so far forth as to pretermit humanity upon any condition soever towards a 15
gentlewoman when she was about her lawful occasions. To conclude, while from the sister's words he had reckoned upon a speedy delivery he was, however, it must

be owned, not a little alleviated by the intelligence that the issue so auspicated after an ordeal of such duress now testified once more to the mercy as well as to the bounty of the Supreme Being.

Accordingly he broke his mind to his neighbour, saying that, to express his notion of the thing, his opinion (who ought not perchance to express one) was that one must have a cold constitution and a frigid genius not to be rejoiced by this freshest news of the fruition of her confinement since she had been in such pain through no fault of hers. The dressy young blade said it was her husband's that put her in that expectation or at least it ought to be unless she were another Ephesian matron. I must acquaint you, said Mr Crotthers, clapping on the table so as to evoke a resonant comment of emphasis, old Glory Allelujerum was round again today, an elderly man with dundrearies, preferring through his nose a request to have word of Wilhelmina, my life, as he calls her. I bade him hold himself in readiness for that the event would burst anon. 'Slife, I'll be round with you. I cannot but extol the virile potency of the old bucko that could still knock another child out of her. All fell to praising of it, each after his own fashion, though the same young blade held with his former view that another than her conjugial had been the man in the gap, a clerk in orders, a linkboy (virtuous) or an itinerant vendor of articles needed in every household. Singular, communed the guest with himself, the wonderfully unequal faculty of metempsychosis possessed by them, that the puerperal dormitory and the dissecting theatre should be the seminaries of such frivolity, that the mere acquisition of academic titles should suffice to transform in a pinch of time these votaries of levity into exemplary practitioners of an art which most men anywise eminent have esteemed the noblest. But, he further added, it is mayhap to relieve the pentup feelings that in common oppress them for I have more than once observed that birds of a feather laugh together.

But with what fitness, let it be asked, of the noble lord, his patron, has this alien, whom the concession of a gracious prince has admitted to civil rights, constituted himself the lord paramount of our internal polity? Where is now that gratitude which loyalty should have counselled? During the recent war whenever the enemy had a temporary advantage with his granados did this traitor to his kind not seize that moment to discharge his piece against the empire of which he is a tenant at will while he trembled for the security of his four per cents? Has he forgotten this as he forgets all benefits received? Or is it that from being a deluder of others he has become at last his own dupe as he is, if report belie him not, his own and his only enjoyer? Far be it from candour to violate the bedchamber of a respectable lady, the daughter of a gallant major, or to cast the most distant reflections upon her virtue but if he challenges attention there (as it was indeed highly his interest not to have done) then be it so. Unhappy woman she has been too long and too persistently denied her legitimate prerogative to listen to his objurgations with any other feeling than the derision of the desperate. He says this, a censor of morals, a very pelican in his piety, who did not scruple, oblivious of the ties of nature, to attempt illicit intercourse with a female domestic drawn from the lowest strata of society. Nay, had the hussy's scouringbrush not been her tutelary angel it had gone with her as hard as with Hagar, the Egyptian! In the question of the grazing lands his peevish asperity is notorious and in Mr Cuffe's hearing brought upon him from an indignant rancher a scathing retort couched in terms as straightforward as they

were bucolic. It ill becomes him to preach that gospel. Has he not nearer home a seedfield that lies fallow for the want of a ploughshare? A habit reprehensible at puberty is second nature and an opprobium in middle life. If he must dispense his balm of Gilead in nostrums and apothegms of dubious taste to restore to health a 1-2
generation of unfledged profligates let his practice consist better with the doctrines that now engross him. His marital breast is the repository of secrets which decorum is reluctant to adduce. The lewd suggestions of some faded beauty may console him for a consort neglected and debauched but this new exponent of morals and healer of ills is at his best an exotic tree which, when rooted in its native orient, throve and flourished and was abundant in balm but, transplanted to a clime more temperate, its roots have lost their quondam vigour while the stuff that comes 3
away from it is stagnant, acid and inoperative.

The news was imparted with a circumspection recalling the ceremonial usages of the Sublime Porte by the second female infirmarian to the junior medical officer 4
in residence, who in his turn announced to the delegation that an heir had been born. When he had betaken himself to the women's apartment to assist at the prescribed ceremony of the afterbirth in the presence of the secretary of state for domestic affairs and the members of the privy council, silent in unanimous exhaustion and approbation, the delegates, chafing under the length and solemnity of their vigil and hoping that the joyful occurrence would palliate a licence which 5
the simultaneous absence of abigail and officer rendered the easier broke out at 6
once into a strife of tongues. In vain the voice of Mr Canvasser Bloom was heard 7
endeavouring to urge, to mollify, to restrain. The moment was too propitious for the display of that discursiveness which seemed the only bond of union among tempers so divergent. Every phase of the situation was successively eviscerated: the prenatal repugnance of uterine brothers, the Caesarean section, posthumity with 8-9
respect to the father and, that rarer form, with respect to the mother, the fratricidal 10
case known as the Childs murder and rendered memorable by the impassioned plea of Mr Advocate Bushe which secured the acquittal of the wrongfully accused, the 11
rights of primogeniture and king's bounty touching twins and triplets, miscarriages 12-13
and infanticides, simulated and dissimulated, acardiac *fœtus in fœtu*, aprosopia due 14-15
to a congestion, the agnatia of certain chinless Chinamen (cited by Mr Candidate 16-17
Mulligan) in consequence of defective reunion of the maxillary knobs along the 18
medial line so that (as he said) one ear could hear what the other spoke, the benefits of anesthesia or twilight sleep, the prolongation of labour pains in advanced 19
gravidancy by reason of pressure on the vein, the premature relentment of the 20
amniotic fluid (as exemplified in the actual case) with consequent peril of sepsis to the matrix, artificial insemination by means of syringes, involution of the womb consequent upon the menopause, the problem of the perpetuation of the species in the case of females impregnated by delinquent rape, that distressing manner of delivery called by the Brandenburghers *Sturzgeburt*, the recorded instances of 21
multigeminal, twikindled and monstruous births conceived during the catamenic 22
period or of consanguineous parents—in a word all the cases of human nativity which Aristotle has classified in his masterpiece with chromolithographic illustra- 23
tion. The gravest problems of obstetrics and forensic medicine were examined with as much animation as the most popular beliefs on the state of pregnancy such as the forbidding to a gravid woman to step over a country stile lest, by her 24

movement, the navelcord should strangle her creature and the injunction upon her in the event of a yearning, ardently and ineffectually entertained, to place her hand against that part of her person which long usage has consecrated as the seat of castigation. The abnormalities of harelip, breastmole, supernumerary digits, negro's inkle, strawberry mark and portwine stain were alleged by one as a *primafacie* and natural hypothetical explanation of swineheaded (the case of Madame Grissel Steevens was not forgotten) or doghaired infants occasionally born. The hypothesis of a plasmic memory, advanced by the Caledonian envoy and worthy of the metaphysical traditions of the land he stood for, envisaged in such cases an arrest of embryonic development at some stage antecedent to the human. An outlandish delegate sustained against both these views with such heat as almost carried conviction the theory of copulation between women and the males of brutes, his authority being his own avouchment in support of fables such as that of the Minotaur which the genius of the elegant Latin poet has handed down to us in the pages of his Metamorphoses. The impression made by his words was immediate but shortlived. It was effaced as easily as it had been evoked by an allocution from Mr Candidate Mulligan in that vein of pleasantry which none better than he knew how to affect, postulating as the supremest object of desire a nice clean old man. Contemporaneously, a heated argument having arisen between Mr Delegate Madden and Mr Candidate Lynch regarding the juridical and theological dilemma in the event of one Siamese twin predeceasing the other, the difficulty by mutual consent was referred to Mr Canvasser Bloom for instant submittal to Mr Coadjutor Deacon Dedalus. Hitherto silent, whether the better to show by preternatural gravity that curious dignity of the garb with which he was invested or in obedience to an inward voice, he delivered briefly, and as some thought perfunctorily, the ecclesiastical ordinance forbidding man to put asunder what God has joined.

But Malachias' tale began to freeze them with horror. He conjured up the scene before them. The secret panel beside the chimney slid back and in the recess appeared... Haines! Which of us did not feel his flesh creep? He had a portfolio full of Celtic literature in one hand, in the other a phial marked *Poison*. Surprise, horror, loathing were depicted on all faces while he eyed them with a ghastly grin. I anticipated some such reception, he began with an eldritch laugh, for which, it seems, history is to blame. Yes, it is true. I am the murderer of Samuel Childs. And how I am punished! The inferno has no terrors for me. This is the appearance is on me. Tare and ages, what way would I be resting at all, he muttered thickly, and I tramping Dublin this while back with my share of songs and himself after me the like of a soulth or a bullawurrus? My hell, and Ireland's, is in this life. It is what I tried to obliterate my crime. Distractions, rookshooting, the Erse language (he recited some), laudanum (he raised the phial to his lips), camping out. In vain! His spectre stalks me. Dope is my only hope... Ah! Destruction! The black panther! With a cry he suddenly vanished and the panel slid back. An instant later his head appeared in the door opposite and said: Meet me at Westland row station at ten past eleven. He was gone! Tears gushed from the eyes of the dissipated host. The seer raised his hand to heaven, murmuring: The vendetta of Mananaan! The sage repeated *Lex talionis*. The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring the immense debtorship for a thing done. Malachias, overcome by emotion, ceased. The mystery

was unveiled. Haines was the third brother. His real name was Childs. The black panther was himself the ghost of his own father. He drank drugs to obliterate. For this relief much thanks. The lonely house by the graveyard is uninhabited. No soul will live there. The spider pitches her web in the solitude. The nocturnal rat peers from his hole. A curse is on it. It is haunted. Murderer's ground. 1 2 3 4

What is the age of the soul of man? As she hath the virtue of the chameleon to change her hue at every new approach, to be gay with the merry and mournful with the downcast, so too is her age changeable as her mood. No longer is Leopold, as he sits there, ruminating, chewing the cud of reminiscence, that staid agent of publicity and holder of a modest substance in the funds. He is young Leopold, as in a retrospective arrangement, a mirror within a mirror (hey, presto!), he beholdeth himself. That young figure of then is seen, precociously manly, walking on a nipping morning from the old house in Clambrassil street to the high school, his booksatchel on him bandolierwise, and in it a goodly hunk of wheaten loaf, a mother's thought. Or it is the same figure, a year or so gone over, in his first hard hat (ah, that was a day!), already on the road, a fullfledged traveller for the family firm, equipped with an orderbook, a scented handkerchief (not for show only), his case of bright trinketware (alas, a thing now of the past!), and a quiverful of compliant smiles for this or that halfwon housewife reckoning it out upon her fingertips or for a budding virgin shyly acknowledging (but the heart? tell me!) his studied baisemoins. The scent, the smile but more than these, the dark eyes and oleaginous address brought home at duskfall many a commission to the head of the firm seated with Jacob's pipe after like labours in the paternal ingle (a meal of noodles, you may be sure, is aheating), reading through round horned spectacles some paper from the Europe of a month before. But hey, presto, the mirror is breathed on and the young knighterrant recedes, shrivels, to a tiny speck within the mist. Now he is himself paternal and these about him might be his sons. Who can say? The wise father knows his own child. He thinks of a drizzling night in Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores there, the first. Together (she is a poor waif, a child of shame, yours and mine and of all for a bare shilling and her luckpenny), together they hear the heavy tread of the watch as two raincaped shadows pass the new royal university. Bridie! Bridie Kelly! He will never forget the name, ever remember the night, first night, the bridenight. They are entwined in nethermost darkness, the willer with the willed, and in an instant *(fiat!)* light shall flood the world. Did heart leap to heart? Nay, fair reader. In a breath 'twas done but—hold! Back! It must not be! In terror the poor girl flees away through the murk. She is the bride of darkness, a daughter of night. She dare not bear the sunnygolden babe of day. No, Leopold! Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee and in vain. No son of thy loins is by thee. There is none now to be for Leopold, what Leopold was for Rudolph. 5 6-7 8 9 10 11-12 13-14 15

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the infinite of space: and swiftly, silently the soul is wafted over regions of cycles of cycles of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dusk, scattering a perennial dew of stars. She follows her mother with ungainly steps, a mare leading her fillyfoal. Twilight phantoms are they yet moulded in prophetic grace of structure, slim shapely haunches, a supple tendonous neck, the meek apprehensive skull. They fade, sad

phantoms: all is gone. Agendath is a waste land, a home of screechowls and the sandblind upupa. Netaim, the golden, is no more. And on the highway of the clouds they come, muttering thunder of rebellion, the ghosts of beasts. Huuh! Hark! Huuh! Parallax stalks behind and goads them, the lancinating lightnings of whose brow are scorpions. Elk and yak, the bulls of Bashan and of Babylon, mammoth and mastodon, they come trooping to the sunken sea, *Lacus Mortis.* Ominous, revengeful zodiacal host! They moan, passing upon the clouds, horned and capricorned, the trumpeted with the tusked, the lionmaned the giantantlered, snouter and crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm, all their moving moaning multitude, murderers of the sun.

Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible gulpings, the salt somnolent inexhaustible flood. And the equine portent grows again, magnified in the deserted heavens, nay to heaven's own magnitude till it looms, vast, over the house of Virgo. And, lo, wonder of metempsychosis, it is she, the everlasting bride, harbinger of the daystar, the bride, ever virgin. It is she, Martha, thou lost one, Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant. How serene does she now arise, a queen among the Pleiades, in the penultimate antelucan hour, shod in sandals of bright gold, coifed with a veil of what do you call it gossamer! It floats, it flows about her starborn flesh and loose it streams emerald, sapphire, mauve and heliotrope, sustained on currents of cold interstellar wind, winding, coiling, simply swirling, writhing in the skies a mysterious writing till after a myriad metamorphoses of symbol, it blazes, Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign upon the forehead of Taurus.

Francis was reminding Stephen of years before when they had been at school together in Conmee's time. He asked about Glaucon, Alcibiades, Pisistratus. Where were they now? Neither knew. You have spoken of the past and its phantoms, Stephen said. Why think of them? If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to my call? Who supposes it? I, Bous Stephanoumenos, bullockbefriending bard, am lord and giver of their life. He encircled his gadding hair with a coronal of vineleaves, smiling at Vincent. That answer and those leaves, Vincent said to him, will adorn you more fitly when something more, and greatly more, than a capful of light odes can call your genius father. All who wish you well hope this for you. All desire to see you bring forth the work you meditate. I heartily wish you may not fail them. O no, Vincent, Lenehan said, laying a hand on the shoulder near him, have no fear. He could not leave his mother an orphan. The young man's face grew dark. All could see how hard it was for him to be reminded of his promise and of his recent loss. He would have withdrawn from the feast had not the noise of voices allayed the smart. Madden had lost five drachmas on Sceptre for a whim of the rider's name: Lenehan as much more. He told them of the race. The flag fell and, huuh, off, scamper, the mare ran out freshly with O. Madden up. She was leading the field: all hearts were beating. Even Phyllis could not contain herself. She waved her scarf and cried: Huzzah! Sceptre wins! But in the straight on the run home when all were in close order the dark horse Throwaway drew level, reached, outstripped her. All was lost now. Phyllis was silent: her eyes were sad anemones. Juno, she cried, I am undone. But her lover consoled her and brought her a bright casket of gold in which lay some oval sugarplums which she partook. A tear fell: one only. A whacking fine whip,

said Lenehan, is W. Lane. Four winners yesterday and three today. What rider is 1
like him? Mount him on the camel or the boisterous buffalo the victory in a hack
canter is still his. But let us bear it as was the ancient wont. Mercy on the luckless!
Poor Sceptre! he said with a light sigh. She is not the filly that she was. Never, by 2
this hand, shall we behold such another. By gad, sir, a queen of them. Do you
remember her, Vincent? I wish you could have seen my queen today, Vincent said,
how young she was and radiant (Lalage were scarce fair beside her) in her yellow 3
shoes and frock of muslin, I do not know the right name of it. The chestnuts that
shaded us were in bloom: the air drooped with their persuasive odour and with
pollen floating by us. In the sunny patches one might easily have cooked on a stone
a batch of those buns with Corinth fruit in them that Periplepomenos sells in his 4-5
booth near the bridge. But she had nought for her teeth but the arm with which
I held her and in that she nibbled mischievously when I pressed too close. A week
ago she lay ill, four days on the couch, but today she was free, blithe, mocked at
peril. She is more taking then. Her posies too! Mad romp that it is, she had pulled
her fill as we reclined together. And in your ear, my friend, you will not think who
met us as we left the field. Conmee himself! He was walking by the hedge, reading, 6
I think a brevier book with, I doubt not, a witty letter in it from Glycera or Chloe 7-8
to keep the page. The sweet creature turned all colours in her confusion, feigning
to reprove a slight disorder in her dress: a slip of underwood clung there for the 9
very trees adore her. When Conmee had passed she glanced at her lovely echo
in the little mirror she carries. But he had been kind. In going by he had blessed
us. The gods too are ever kind, Lenehan said. If I had poor luck with Bass's mare 10
perhaps this draught of his may serve me more propensely. He was laying his hand
upon a winejar: Malachi saw it and withheld his act, pointing to the stranger and
to the scarlet label. Warily, Malachi whispered, preserve a druid silence. His soul is
far away. It is as painful perhaps to be awakened from a vision as to be born. Any
object, intensely regarded, may be a gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the 11
gods. Do you not think it, Stephen? Theosophos told me so, Stephen answered, 12
whom in a previous existence Egyptian priests initiated into the mysteries of karmic 13
law. The lords of the moon, Theosophos told me, an orangefiery shipload from
planet Alpha of the lunar chain, would not assume the etheric doubles and these 14
were therefore incarnated by the rubycoloured egos from the second constellation. 15

However, as a matter of fact though, the preposterous surmise about him being
in some description of a doldrums or other or mesmerised which was entirely
due to a misconception of the shallowest character, was not the case at all. The
individual whose visual organs, while the above was going on, were at this juncture
commencing to exhibit symptoms of animation, was as astute if not astuter than
any man living and anybody that conjectured the contrary would have found
themselves pretty speedily in the wrong shop. During the past four minutes or
thereabouts he had been staring hard at a certain amount of number one Bass 16
bottled by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent which happened to be situated
amongst a lot of others right opposite to where he was and which was certainly
calculated to attract anyone's remark on account of its scarlet appearance. He was
simply and solely, as it subsequently transpired for reasons best known to himself,
which put quite an altogether different complexion on the proceedings, after the
moment before's observations about boyhood days and the turf, recollecting two

or three private transactions of his own which the other two were as mutually innocent of as the babe unborn. Eventually, however, both their eyes met and, as soon as it began to dawn on him that the other was endeavouring to help himself to the thing, he involuntarily determined to help him himself and so he accordingly took hold of the mediumsized glass recipient which contained the fluid sought after and made a capacious hole in it by pouring a lot of it out with, also at the same time however, a considerable degree of attentiveness in order not to upset any of the beer that was in it about the place.

The debate which ensued was in its scope and progress an epitome of the course of life. Neither place nor council was lacking in dignity. The debaters were the keenest in the land, the theme they were engaged on the loftiest and most vital. The high hall of Horne's house had never beheld an assembly so representative and so varied nor had the old rafters of that establishment ever listened to a language so encyclopaedic. A gallant scene in truth it made. Crotthers was there at the foot of the table in his striking Highland garb, his face glowing from the briny airs of
1 the Mull of Galloway. There too, opposite to him was Lynch, whose countenance bore already the stigmata of early depravity and premature wisdom. Next the Scotchman was the place assigned to Costello, the eccentric, while at his side was seated in stolid repose the squat form of Madden. The chair of the resident indeed stood vacant before the hearth but on either flank of it the figure of Bannon in explorer's kit of tweed shorts and salted cowhide brogues contrasted sharply with
2 the primrose elegance and townbred manners of Malachi Roland St John Mulligan. Lastly at the head of the board was the young poet who found a refuge from his labours of pedagogy and metaphysical inquisition in the convivial atmosphere of
3 Socratic discussion, while to right and left of him were accommodated the flippant prognosticator, fresh from the hippodrome, and that vigilant wanderer, soiled by the dust of travel and combat and stained by the mire of an indelible dishonour, but from whose steadfast and constant heart no lure or peril or threat or degradation
4 could ever efface the image of that voluptuous loveliness which the inspired pencil of Lafayette has limned for ages yet to come.

It had better be stated here and now at the outset that the perverted tran-
5 scendentalism to which Mr S. Dedalus' (Div. Scep.) contentions would appear to prove him pretty badly addicted runs directly counter to accepted scientific methods. Science, it cannot be too often repeated, deals with tangible phenomena. The man of science like the man in the street has to face hardheaded facts that cannot be blinked and explain them as best he can. There may be, it is true, some questions which science cannot answer—at present—such as the first problem
6 submitted by Mr L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.) regarding the future determination of
7 sex. Must we accept the view of Empedocles of Trinacria that the right ovary (the postmenstrual period, assert others) is responsible for the birth of males or
8 are the too long neglected spermatozoa or nemasperms the differentiating factors
9-10 or is it, as most embryologists incline to opine, such as Culpepper, Spallanzani,
11-15 Blumenbach, Lusk, Hertwig, Leopold and Valenti, a mixture of both? This would be tantamount to a cooperation (one of nature's favourite devices) between the
16 *nisus formativus* of the nemasperm on the one hand and on the other a happily
17 chosen position, *succubitus felix*, of the passive element. The other problem raised by the same inquirer is scarcely less vital: infant mortality. It is interesting because,

as he pertinently remarks, we are all born in the same way but we all die in different ways. Mr M. Mulligan (Hyg. et Eug. Doc.) blames the sanitary conditions in 1
which our greylunged citizens contract adenoids, pulmonary complaints etc. by inhaling the bacteria which lurk in dust. These factors, he alleges, and the revolting spectacles offered by our streets, hideous publicity posters, religious ministers of all denominations, mutilated soldiers and sailors, exposed scorbutic cardrivers, the suspended carcases of dead animals, paranoic bachelors and unfructified duen- 2
nas—these, he said, were accountable for any and every fallingoff in the calibre of the race. Kalipedia, he prophesied, would soon be generally adopted and all 3
the graces of life, genuinely good music, agreeable literature, light philosophy, instructive pictures, plastercast reproductions of the classical statues such as 4
Venus and Apollo, artistic coloured photographs of prize babies, all these little attentions would enable ladies who were in a particular condition to pass the intervening months in a most enjoyable manner. Mr J. Crotthers (Disc. Bacc.) 5
attributes some of these demises to abdominal trauma in the case of women workers subjected to heavy labours in the workshop and to marital discipline in the home but by far the vast majority to neglect, private or official, culminating in the exposure of newborn infants, the practice of criminal abortion or in the atrocious crime of infanticide. Although the former (we are thinking of neglect) is undoubtedly only too true the case he cites of nurses forgetting to count the sponges in the peritoneal cavity is too rare to be normative. In fact when one comes to look into it the wonder is that so many pregnancies and deliveries go off so well as they do, all things considered and in spite of our human shortcomings which often balk nature in her intentions. An ingenious suggestion is that thrown out by Mr V. Lynch (Bacc. Arith.) that both natality and mortality, as 6
well as all other phenomena of evolution, tidal movements, lunar phases, blood temperatures, diseases in general, everything, in fine, in nature's vast workshop from the extinction of some remote sun to the blossoming of one of the countless flowers which beautify our public parks, is subject to a law of numeration as yet unascertained. Still the plain straightforward question why a child of normally healthy parents and seemingly a healthy child and properly looked after succumbs unaccountably in early childhood (though other children of the same marriage do not) must certainly, in the poet's words, give us pause. Nature, we may rest 7
assured, has her own good and cogent reasons for whatever she does and in all probability such deaths are due to some law of anticipation by which organisms in which morbous germs have taken up their residence (modern science has 8
conclusively shown that only the plasmic substance can be said to be immortal) tend to disappear at an increasingly earlier stage of development, an arrangement, which, though productive of pain to some of our feelings (notably the maternal) is nevertheless, some of us think, in the long run beneficial to the race in general in securing thereby the survival of the fittest. Mr S. Dedalus' (Div. Scep.) remark 9-10
(or should it be called an interruption?) that an omnivorous being which can masticate, deglute, digest and apparently pass through the ordinary channel with 11
pluterperfect imperturbability such multifarious aliments as cancrenous females 12
emaciated by parturition, corpulent professional gentlemen, not to speak of jaundiced politicians and chlorotic nuns might possibly find gastric relief in an innocent collation of staggering bob, reveals as nought else could and in a very 13

unsavoury light the tendency above alluded to. For the enlightenment of those who are not so intimately acquainted with the minutiae of the municipal abattoir as this morbidminded esthete and embryo philosopher who for all his overweening bumptiousness in things scientific can scarcely distinguish an acid from an alkali prides himself on being, it should perhaps be stated that staggering bob in the vile parlance of our lower class licensed victuallers signifies the cookable and eatable flesh of a calf newly dropped from its mother. In a recent public controversy
1 with Mr L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.) which took place in the commons' hall of the National Maternity Hospital, 29, 30 and 31 Holles street, of which, as is well known,
2 Dr A. Horne (Lic. in Midw., F. K. Q. C. P. I.) is the able and popular master, he is reported by eyewitnesses as having stated that once a woman has let the cat into the bag (an esthetic allusion, presumably, to one of the most complicated and marvellous of all nature's processes, the act of sexual congress) she must let it out again or give it life, as he phrased it, to save her own. At the risk of her own was the telling rejoinder of his interlocutor none the less effective for the moderate and measured tone in which it was delivered.

Meanwhile the skill and patience of the physician had brought about a happy
3 *accouchement*. It had been a weary weary while both for patient and doctor. All that surgical skill could do was done and the brave woman had manfully helped.
4 She had. She had fought the good fight and now she was very very happy. Those who have passed on, who have gone before, are happy too as they gaze down and smile upon the touching scene. Reverently look at her as she reclines there with the motherlight in her eyes, that longing hunger for baby fingers (a pretty sight it is to see), in the first bloom of her new motherhood, breathing a silent
5 prayer of thanksgiving to One above, the Universal Husband. And as her loving
6 eyes behold her babe she wishes only one blessing more, to have her dear Doady there with her to share her joy, to lay in his arms that mite of God's clay, the fruit of their lawful embraces. He is older now (you and I may whisper it) and a trifle
7 stooped in the shoulders yet in the whirligig of years a grave dignity has come to
8 the conscientious second accountant of the Ulster bank, College Green branch.
9 O Doady, loved one of old, faithful lifemate now, it may never be again, that faroff time of the roses! With the old shake of her pretty head she recalls those days. God, how beautiful now across the mist of years! But their children are grouped in her imagination about the bedside, hers and his, Charley, Mary Alice, Frederick Albert (if he had lived), Mamy, Budgy (Victoria Frances), Tom, Violet Constance Louisa, darling little Bobsy (called after our famous hero of the South African war,
10 lord Bobs of Waterford and Candahar) and now this last pledge of their union, a Purefoy if ever there was one, with the true Purefoy nose. Young hopeful will be christened Mortimer Edward after the influential third cousin of Mr Purefoy
11 in the Treasury Remembrancer's office, Dublin Castle. And so time wags on: but
12 father Cronion has dealt lightly here. No, let no sigh break from that bosom, dear gentle Mina. And Doady, knock the ashes from your pipe, the seasoned briar you
13 still fancy when the curfew rings for you (may it be the distant day!) and dout the light whereby you read in the Sacred Book for the oil too has run low and so with
14 a tranquil heart to bed, to rest. He knows and will call in His own good time. You too have fought the good fight and played loyally your man's part. Sir, to you my
15 hand. Well done, thou good and faithful servant!

There are sins or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait. He may suffer their memory to grow dim, let them be as though they had not been and all but persuade himself that they were not or at least were otherwise. Yet a chance word will call them forth suddenly and they will rise up to confront him in the most various circumstances, a vision or a dream, or while timbrel and 1
harp soothe his senses or amid the cool silver tranquillity of the evening or at the feast at midnight when he is now filled with wine. Not to insult over him will the 2
vision come as over one that lies under her wrath, not for vengeance to cut him off from the living but shrouded in the piteous vesture of the past, silent, remote, reproachful.

The stranger still regarded on the face before him a slow recession of that false calm there, imposed, as it seemed, by habit or some studied trick, upon words so embittered as to accuse in their speaker an unhealthiness, a *flair*, for the cruder things of life. A scene disengages itself in the observer's memory, evoked, it would seem, by a word of so natural a homeliness as if those days were really present there (as some thought) with their immediate pleasures. A shaven space of lawn one soft May evening, the wellremembered grove of lilacs at Roundtown, purple 3
and white, fragrant slender spectators of the game but with much real interest in the pellets as they run slowly forward over the sward or collide and stop, one by its 4
fellow, with a brief alert shock. And yonder about that grey urn where the water moves at times in thoughtful irrigation you saw another as fragrant sisterhood, Floey, Atty, Tiny and their darker friend with I know not what of arresting in her 5
pose then, Our Lady of the Cherries, a comely brace of them pendent from an 6
ear, bringing out the foreign warmth of the skin so daintily against the cool ardent fruit. A lad of four or five in linseywoolsey (blossomtime but there will be cheer in 7
the kindly hearth when ere long the bowls are gathered and hutched) is standing on the urn secured by that circle of girlish fond hands. He frowns a little just as this young man does now with a perhaps too conscious enjoyment of danger but must needs glance at whiles towards where his mother watches from the *piazzetta* 8
giving upon the flowerclose with a faint shadow of remoteness or of reproach *(alles Vergängliche)* in her glad look. 9

Mark this farther and remember. The end comes suddenly. Enter that antechamber of birth where the studious are assembled and note their faces. Nothing, as it seems, there of rash or violent. Quietude of custody rather, befitting their station in that house, the vigilant watch of shepherds and of angels about a crib in 10
Bethlehem of Juda long ago. But as before the lightning the serried stormclouds, heavy with preponderant excess of moisture, in swollen masses turgidly distended, compass earth and sky in one vast slumber, impending above parched field and drowsy oxen and blighted growth of shrub and verdure till in an instant a flash rives their centres and with the reverberation of the thunder the cloudburst pours its torrent, so and not otherwise was the transformation, violent and instantaneous, upon the utterance of the Word. 11

Burke's! Outflings my lord Stephen, giving the cry, and a tag and bobtail of all 12-13
them after, cockerel, jackanapes, welsher, pilldoctor, punctual Bloom at heels with a universal grabbing at headgear, ashplants, bilbos, Panama hats and scabbards, Zermatt alpenstocks and what not. A dedale of lusty youth, noble every student 14-15

there. Nurse Callan taken aback in the hallway cannot stay them nor smiling surgeon coming downstairs with news of placentation ended, a full pound if a milligramme. They hark him on. The door! It is open? Ha! They are out tumultuously, off for a minute's race, all bravely legging it, Burke's of Denzille and Holles their ulterior goal. Dixon follows, giving them sharp language but raps out an oath, he too, and on. Bloom stays with nurse a thought to send a kind word to happy mother and nurseling up there. Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet. Looks she too not other now? Ward of watching in Horne's house has told its tale in that washedout pallor. Them all being gone, a glance of motherwit helping he whispers close in going: Madam, when comes the storkbird for thee?

The air without is impregnated with raindew moisture, life essence celestial, glistering on Dublin stone there under starshiny *coelum*. God's air, the Allfather's air, scintillant circumambient cessile air. Breathe it deep into thee. By heaven, Theodore Purefoy, thou hast done a doughty deed and no botch! Thou art, I vow, the remarkablest progenitor barring none in this chaffering allincluding most farraginous chronicle. Astounding! In her lay a Godframed Godgiven preformed possibility which thou hast fructified with thy modicum of man's work. Cleave to her! Serve! Toil on, labour like a very bandog and let scholarment and all Malthusiasts go hang. Thou art all their daddies, Theodore. Art drooping under thy load, bemoiled with butcher's bills at home and ingots (not thine!) in the countinghouse? Head up! For every newbegotten thou shalt gather thy homer of ripe wheat. See, thy fleece is drenched. Dost envy Darby Dullman there with his Joan? A canting jay and a rheumeyed curdog is all their progeny. Pshaw, I tell thee! He is a mule, a dead gasteropod, without vim or stamina, not worth a cracked kreutzer. Copulation without population! No, say I! Herod's slaughter of the innocents were the truer name. Vegetables, forsooth, and sterile cohabitation! Give her beefsteaks, red, raw, bleeding! She is a hoary pandemonium of ills, enlarged glands, mumps, quinsy, bunions, hayfever, bedsores, ringworm, floating kidney, Derbyshire neck, warts, bilious attacks, gallstones, cold feet, varicose veins. A truce to threnes and trentals and jeremies and all such congenital defunctive music. Twenty years of it, regret them not. With thee it was not as with many that will and would and wait and never do. Thou sawest thy America, thy lifetask, and didst charge to cover like the transpontine bison. How saith Zarathusthra? *Deine Kuh Trübsal melkest Du. Nun trinkst Du die süsse Milch des Euters.* See! It displodes for thee in abundance. Drink, man, an udderful! Mother's milk, Purefoy, the milk of human kin, milk too of those burgeoning stars overhead, rutilant in thin rainvapour, punch milk, such as those rioters will quaff in their guzzlingden, milk of madness, the honeymilk of Canaan's land. Thy cow's dug was tough, what? Ay, but her milk is hot and sweet and fattening. No dollop this but thick rich bonnyclaber. To her, old patriarch! Pap! *Per deam Partulam et Pertundam nunc est bibendum!*

All off for a buster, armstrong, hollering down the street. Bonafides. Where you slep las nigh? Timothy of the battered naggin. Like ole Billyo. Any brollies or gumboots in the fambly? Where the Henry Nevil's sawbones and ole clo? Sorra one o me knows. Hurrah there, Dix! Forward the ribbon counter. Where's Punch? All serene. Jay, look at the drunken minister coming out of the maternity hospal! *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius.* A make, mister. The Denzille lane boys. Hell, blast ye! Scoot. Righto, Isaacs, shove em out of the bleeding limelight.

Yous join uz, dear sir? No hentrusion in life. Lou heap good man. Allee samee this bunch. *En avant, mes enfants!* Fire away number one on the gun. Burke's! Thence 1
they advanced five parasangs. Slattery's mounted foot where's that bleeding awfur? 2-3
Parson Steve, apostates' creed! No, no. Mulligan! Abaft there! Shove ahead. Keep a 4
watch on the clock. Chuckingout time. Mullee! What's on you? *Ma mère m'a mariée.* 5-6
British Beatitudes! *Ratamplan Digidi Boum Boum.* Ayes have it. To be printed and 7-8
bound at the Druiddrum press by two designing females. Calf covers of pissedon 9
green. Last word in art shades. Most beautiful book come out of Ireland my time. 10
Silentium! Get a spurt on. Tention. Proceed to nearest canteen and there annex 11
liquor stores. March! Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are (attitudes!) parching. Beer, 12-13
beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops. Whether on 14
the scaffold high. Beerbeef trample the bibles. When for Irelandear. Trample the
trampellers. Thunderation! Keep the durned millingtary step. We fall. Bishops' 15
boosebox. Halt! Heave to. Rugger. Scrum in. No touch kicking. Wow, my tootsies!
You hurt? Most amazingly sorry!

Query. Who's astanding this here do? Proud possessor of damnall. Declare 16
misery. Bet to the ropes. Me nantee saltee. Not a red at me this week gone. Yours? 17-18
Mead of our fathers for the *Übermensch.* Dittoh. Five number ones. You, sir? Ginger 19-21
cordial. Chase me, the cabby's caudle. Stimulate the caloric. Winding of his ticker.
Stopped short never to go again when the old. Absinthe for me, savvy? *Caramba!* 22-23
Have an eggnog or a prairie oyster. Enemy? Avuncular's got my timepiece. Ten 24-27
to. Obligated awful. Don't mention it. Got a pectoral trauma, eh, Dix? Pos fact.
Got bet be a boomblebee whenever he was settin sleepin in hes bit garten. Digs up 28
near the Mater. Buckled he is. Know his dona? Yup, sartin, I do. Full of a dure. See 29-31
her in her dishybilly. Peels off a credit. Lovey lovekin. None of your lean kine, not 32-33
much. Pull down the blind, love. Two Ardilauns. Same here. Look slippery. If you 34-35
fall don't wait to get up. Five, seven, nine. Fine! Got a prime pair of mincepies, no 36
kid. And her take me to rests and her anker of rum. Must be seen to be believed. 37
Your starving eyes and allbeplastered neck you stole my heart, O gluepot. Sir? 38
Spud again the rheumatiz? All poppycock, you'll scuse me saying. For the hoi 39
polloi. I vear thee beest a gert vool. Well, doc? Back fro Lapland? Your corporosity 40-42
sagaciating O K? How's the squaws and papooses? Womanbody after going on 43
the straw? Stand and deliver. Password. There's hair. Ours the white death and 44
the ruddy birth. Hi! Spit in your own eye, boss. Mummer's wire. Cribbed out of 45
Meredith. Jesified orchidised polycimical jesuit! Aunty mine's writing Pa Kinch. 46-47
Baddybad Stephen lead astray goodygood Malachi.

Hurroo! Collar the leather, youngun. Roun wi the nappy. Here, Jock braw 48-49
Hielentman's your barleybree. Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil! My 50
tipple. *Merci.* Here's to us. How's that? Leg before wicket. Don't stain my brandnew 51
sitinems. Give's a shake of pepper, you there. Catch aholt. Caraway seed to carry 52-53
away. Twig? Shrieks of silence. Every cove to his gentry mort. Venus Pandemos. *Les* 54-57
petites femmes. Bold bad girl from the town of Mullingar. Tell her I was axing at her. 58
Hauding Sara by the wame. On the road to Malahide. Me? If she who seduced me 59-61
had left but the name. What do you want for ninepence. Machree, Macruiskeen. 62
Smutty Moll for a mattress jig. And a pull alltogether. *Ex!* 63-65

Waiting, guvnor? Most deciduously. Bet your boots on. Stunned like seeing as
how no shiners is acoming, Underconstumble? He've got the chink *ad lib.* Seed 66-68

near free poun on un a spell ago a said war hisn. Us come right in on your invite, see? Up to you, matey. Out with the oof. Two bar and a wing. You larn that go off of they there Frenchy bilks? Won't wash here for nuts nohow. Lil chile velly solly. Ise de cutest colour coon down our side. Gawds teruth, Chawley. We are nae fou. We're nae tha fou. Au reservoir, Mossoo. Tanks you.

'Tis, sure. What say? In the speakeasy. Tight. I shee you, shir. Bantam, two days teetee. Bowsing nowt but claretwine. Garn! Have a glint, do. Gum, I'm jiggered. And been to barber he have. Too full for words. With a railway bloke. How come you so? Opera he'd like? Rose of Castille. Rows of cast. Police! Some H_2O for a gent fainted. Look at Bantam's flowers. Gemini, he's going to holler. The colleen bawn, my colleen bawn. O, cheese it! Shut his blurry Dutch oven with a firm hand. Had the winner today till I tipped him a dead cert. The ruffin cly the nab of Stephen. Hand as give me the jady coppaleen. He strike a telegramboy paddock wire big bug Bass to the depot. Shove him a joey and grahamise. Mare on form hot order. Guinea to a goosegog. Tell a cram, that. Gospeltrue. Criminal diversion? I think that yes. Sure thing. Land him in chokeechokee if the harman beck copped the game. Madden back Madden's a maddening back. O, lust, our refuge and our strength. Decamping. Must you go? Off to mammy. Stand by. Hide my blushes someone. All in if he spots me. Comeahome, our Bantam. Horryvar, mong vioo. Dinna forget the cowslips for hersel. Cornfide. Wha gev ye thon colt? Pal to pal. Jannock. Of John Thomas, her spouse. No fake, old man Leo. S'elp me, honest injun. Shiver my timbers if I had. There's a great big holy friar. Vyfor you no me tell? Vel, I ses, if that aint a sheeny nachez, vel, I vil get misha mishinnah. Through yerd our lord, Amen.

You move a motion? Steve boy, you're going it some. More bluggy drunkables? Will immensely splendiferous stander permit one stooder of most extreme poverty and one largesize grandacious thirst to terminate one expensive inaugurated libation? Give's a breather. Landlord, landlord, have you good wine, staboo? Hoots, mon, wee drap to pree. Cut and come again. Right Boniface! Absinthe the lot. *Nos omnes biberimus viridum toxicum diabolus capiat posteriora nostra.* Closingtime, gents. Eh? Rome boose for the Bloom toff. I hear you say onions? Bloo? Cadges ads? Photo's papli, by all that's gorgeous, Play low, pardner. Slide. *Bonsoir la compagnie.* And snares of the poxfiend. Where's the buck and Namby Amby? Skunked? Leg bail. Aweel, ye maun e'en gang yer gates. Checkmate. King to tower. Kind Kristyann will yu help, yung man hoose frend tuk bungalo kee to find plais whear to lay crown off his hed 2 night. Crickey, I'm about sprung. Tarnally dog gone my shins if this beent the bestest puttiest longbreakyet. Item, curate, couple of cookies for this child. Cot's plood and prandypalls, none! Not a pite of sheeses? Thrust syphilis down to hell and with him those other licensed spirits. Time. Who wander through the world. Health all. *A la vôtre!*

Golly, whatten tunket's yon guy in the mackintosh? Dusty Rhodes. Peep at his wearables. By mighty! What's he got? Jubilee mutton. Bovril, by James. Wants it real bad. D'ye ken bare socks? Seedy cuss in the Richmond? Rawthere! Thought he had a deposit of lead in his penis. Trumpery insanity. Bartle the Bread we calls him. That, sir, was once a prosperous cit. Man all tattered and torn that married a maiden all forlorn. Slung her hook, she did. Here see lost love. Walking Mackintosh of lonely canyon. Tuck and turn in. Schedule time. Nix for the hornies. Pardon?

See him today at a runefal? Chum o yourn passed in his checks? Ludamassy! Pore picanninies! Thou'll no be telling me thot, Pold veg! Did ums blubble bigsplash crytears cos frien Padney was took off in black bag? Of all de darkies Massa Pat was verra best. I never see the like since I was born. *Tiens*, *tiens*, but it is well sad, that, my faith, yes. O get, rev on a gradient one in nine. Live axle drives are souped. Lay you two to one Jenatzy licks him ruddy well hollow. Jappies? High angle fire, inyah! Sunk by war specials. Be worse for him, says he, nor any Rooshian. Time all. There's eleven of them. Get ye gone. Forward, woozy wobblers! Night. Night. May Allah, the Excellent One, your soul this night ever tremendously conserve. 1 2 3-4 5-6 7-8

Your attention! We're nae tha fou. The Leith police dismisseth us. The least tholice. Ware hawks for the chap puking. Unwell in his abominable regions. Yooka. Night. Mona, my thrue love. Yook. Mona, my own love. Ook. 9 10 11

Hark! Shut your obstropolos. Pflaap! Pflaap! Blaze on. There she goes. Brigade! Bout ship. Mount street way. Cut up. Pflaap! Tally ho. You not come? Run, skelter, race. Pflaaaap! 12 13

Lynch! Hey? Sign on long o me. Denzille lane this way. Change here for Bawdyhouse. We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is. Righto, any old time. *Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis.* You coming long? Whisper, who the sooty hell's the johnny in the black duds? Hush! Sinned against the light and even now that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire. Pflaap! *Ut implerentur scripturae.* Strike up a ballad. Then outspake medical Dick to his comrade medical Davy. Christicle, who's this excrement yellow gospeller on the Merrion hall? Elijah is coming. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Come on, you winefizzling ginsizzling booseguzzling existences! Come on, you dog-gone, bullnecked, beetlebrowed, hogjowled, peanutbrained, weaseleyed fourflushers, false alarms and excess baggage! Come on, you triple extract of infamy! Alexander J. Christ Dowie, that's yanked to glory most half this planet from 'Frisco Beach to Vladivostok. The Deity aint no nickel dime bumshow. I put it to you that he's on the square and a corking fine business proposition. He's the grandest thing yet and don't you forget it. Shout salvation in king Jesus. You'll need to rise precious early, you sinner there, if you want to diddle the Almighty God. Pflaaaap! Not half. He's got a coughmixture with a punch in it for you, my friend, in his backpocket. Just you try it on. 14 15 16 17 18 19-20 21 22-24 25 26

1-2 *(The Mabbot street entrance of nighttown, before which stretches an uncobbled*
3 *tramsiding set with skeleton tracks, red and green will-o'-the-wisps and danger signals. Rows of flimsy houses with gaping doors. Rare lamps with faint rainbow*
4 *fans. Round Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola stunted men and women squabble. They grab wafers between which are wedged lumps of coal and copper snow. Sucking, they scatter slowly. Children. The swancomb of the gondola, highreared, forges on through the murk, white and blue under a lighthouse. Whistles call and answer.)*

THE CALLS

Wait, my love, and I'll be with you.

THE ANSWERS

Round behind the stable.

(A deafmute idiot with goggle eyes, his shapeless mouth dribbling, jerks past,
5 *shaken in Saint Vitus' dance. A chain of children's hands imprisons him.)*

THE CHILDREN

6 Kithogue! Salute.

THE IDIOT

(Lifts a palsied left arm and gurgles.) Grhahute!

THE CHILDREN

Where's the great light?

THE IDIOT

(Gobbing.) Ghaghahest.

(They release him. He jerks on. A pigmy woman swings on a rope slung between the railings, counting. A form sprawled against a dustbin and muffled by its arm and hat moves, groans, grinding growling teeth, and snores again. On a step a
7 *gnome totting among a rubbishtip crouches to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone standing by with a smoky oil lamp rams the last bottle in the maw of his sack. He heaves his booty, tugs askew his peaked cap and hobbles off mutely. The crone makes back for her lair swaying her lamp. A bandy child, asquat on*

the doorstep with a papershuttlecock, crawls sidling after her in spurts, clutches her skirt, scrambles up. A drunken navvy grips with both hands the railings of an area, lurching heavily. At a corner two night watch in shoulder capes, their hands upon their staffholsters, loom tall. A plate crashes; a woman screams; a child wails. Oaths of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander, lurk, peer from warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck a slut combs out the tatts from the hair of a scrofulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill from a lane.)

CISSY CAFFREY

I gave it to Molly
Because she was jolly,
The leg of the duck
The leg of the duck.

(Private Carr and Private Compton, swaggersticks tight in their oxters, as they march unsteadily rightaboutface and burst together from their mouths a volleyed fart. Laughter of men from the lane. A hoarse virago retorts.) 1-2

THE VIRAGO

Signs on you, hairy arse. More power the Cavan girl. 3-4

CISSY CAFFREY

More luck to me. Cavan, Cootehill and Belturbet. *(She sings.)* 5

I gave it to Nelly
To stick in her belly
The leg of the duck
The leg of the duck.

(Private Carr and Private Compton turn and counterretort, their tunics blood-bright in a lampglow, black sockets of caps on their blond copper polls. Stephen Dedalus and Lynch pass through the crowd close to the redcoats.)

PRIVATE COMPTON

(Jerks his finger.) Way for the parson. 6

PRIVATE CARR

(Turns and calls.) What ho, parson!

CISSY CAFFREY

(Her voice soaring higher.)

She has it, she got it,
Wherever she put it
The leg of the duck.

(Stephen, flourishing the ashplant in his left hand, chants with joy the introit *for paschal time. Lynch, his jockey cap low on his brow, attends him, a sneer of discontent wrinkling his face.)*

STEPHEN

Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro. Alleluia.

(The famished snaggletusks of an elderly bawd protrude from a doorway.)

THE BAWD

(Her voice whispering huskily.) Sst! Come here till I tell you. Maidenhead inside. Sst.

STEPHEN

(Altius aliquantulum.) Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista.

THE BAWD

(Spits in their trail her jet of venom.) Trinity medicals. Fallopian tube. All prick and no pence.

(Edy Boardman, sniffling, crouched with Bertha Supple, draws her shawl across her nostrils.)

EDY BOARDMAN

(Bickering.) And says the one: I seen you up Faithful place with your squarepusher, the greaser off the railway, in his cometobed hat. Did you, says I. That's not for you to say, says I. You never seen me in the mantrap with a married highlander, says I. The likes of her! Stag that one is. Stubborn as a mule! And her walking with two fellows the one time, Kildbride the enginedriver, and lancecorporal Oliphant.

STEPHEN

(Triumphaliter.) Salvi facti i sunt.

(He flourishes his ashplant shivering the lamp image, shattering light over the world. A liver and white spaniel on the prowl slinks after him, growling. Lynch scares it with a kick.)

LYNCH

So that?

STEPHEN

(Looks behind.) So that gesture, not music, not odours, would be a universal language, the gift of tongues rendering visible not the lay sense but the first entelechy, the structural rhythm.

LYNCH

Pornosophical philotheology. Metaphysics in Mecklenburg street!

STEPHEN

We have shrewridden Shakespeare and henpecked Socrates. Even the allwisest stagyrite was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of love.

LYNCH

Ba!

STEPHEN

Anyway, who wants two gestures to illustrate a loaf and a jug? This movement illustrates the loaf and jug of bread and wine in Omar. Hold my stick. 1

LYNCH

Damn your yellow stick. Where are we going? 2

STEPHEN

Lecherous lynx, to *la belle dame sans merci*, Georgina Johnson, *ad deam qui laetificat juventutem meam.* 3-5

(Stephen thrusts the ashplant on him and slowly holds out his hands, his head going back till both hands are a span from his breast, down turned in planes intersecting, the fingers about to part, the left being higher.) 6

LYNCH

Which is the jug of bread? It skills not. That or the customhouse. Illustrate thou. 7-8
Here take your crutch and walk. 9

(They pass. Tommy Caffrey scrambles to a gaslamp and, clasping, climbs in spasms. From the top spur he slides down. Jacky Caffrey clasps to climb. The navvy lurches against the lamp. The twins scuttle off in the dark. The navvy, swaying, presses a forefinger against a wing of his nose and ejects from the farther nostril a long liquid jet of snot. Shouldering the lamp he staggers away through the crowd with his flaring cresset. 10

Snakes of river fog creep slowly. From drains, clefts, cesspools, middens arise on all sides stagnant fumes. A glow leaps in the south beyond the seaward reaches of the river. The navvy staggering forward cleaves the crowd and lurches towards the tramsiding. On the farther side under the railway bridge Bloom appears 11
flushed, panting, cramming bread and chocolate into a side pocket. From Gillen's 12
hairdresser's window a composite portrait shows him gallant Nelson's image. A 13
concave mirror at the side presents to him lovelorn longlost lugubru Booloohoom.
Grave Gladstone sees him level, Bloom for Bloom. He passes, struck by the stare 14
of truculent Wellington but in the convex mirror grin unstruck the bonham eyes 15-16
and fatchuck cheekchops of Jollypoldy the rixdix doldy.
At Antonio Rabaiotti's door Bloom halts, sweated under the bright arclamps. He 17
disappears. In a moment he reappears and hurries on.)

BLOOM

Fish and taters. N. g. Ah! 18

(He disappears into Olhousen's, the pork butcher's, under the downcoming 19
rollshutter. A few moments later he emerges from under the shutter, puffing Poldy, blowing Bloohoom. In each hand he holds a parcel, one containing a lukewarm pig's crubeen, the other a cold sheep's trotter, sprinkled with wholepepper. He 20
gasps, standing upright. Then bending to one side he presses a parcel against his rib and groans.)

BLOOM

Stitch in my side. Why did I run?

(He takes breath with care and goes forward slowly towards the lampset siding. The glow leaps again.)

BLOOM

What is that? A flasher? Searchlight.

(He stands at Cormack's corner, watching.)

BLOOM

Aurora borealis or a steel foundry? Ah, the brigade, of course. South side anyhow. Big blaze. Might be his house. Beggar's bush. We're safe. *(He hums cheerfully.)* London's burning, London's burning! On fire, on fire! *(He catches sight of the navvy lurching through the crowd at the farther side of Talbot street.)* I'll miss him. Run. Quick. Better cross here.

(He darts to cross the road. Urchins shout.)

THE URCHINS

Mind out, mister!

(Two cyclists, with lighted paper lanterns aswing, swim by him, grazing him, their bells rattling.)

THE BELLS

Haltyaltyaltyall.

BLOOM

(Halts erect stung by a spasm.) Ow.

(He looks round, darts forward suddenly. Through rising fog a dragon sandstrewer, travelling at caution, slews heavily down upon him, its huge red headlight winking, its trolley hissing on the wire. The motorman bangs his footgong.)

THE GONG

Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo.

(The brake cracks violently. Bloom, raising a policeman's whitegloved hand, blunders stifflegged, out of the track. The motorman thrown forward, pugnosed, on the guidewheel, yells as he slides past over chains and keys.)

THE MOTORMAN

Hey, shitbreeches, are you doing the hattrick?

BLOOM

(Bloom trickleaps to the curbstone and halts again. He brushes a mudflake from his cheek with a parcelled hand.)

No thoroughfare. Close shave that but cured the stitch. Must take up Sandow's exerciser again. On the hands down. Insure against street accident too. The Providential. *(He feels his trouser pocket.)* Poor mamma's panacea. Heel easily

catch in tracks or bootlace in a cog. Day the wheel of the black Maria peeled off my shoe at Leonard's corner. Third time is the charm. Shoe trick. Insolent driver. I ought to report him. Tension makes them nervous. Might be the fellow balked me this morning with that horsey woman. Same style of beauty. Quick of him all the same. The stiff walk. True word spoken in jest. That awful cramp in Lad lane. Something poisonous I ate. Emblem of luck. Why? Probably lost cattle. Mark of the beast. *(He closes his eyes an instant.)* Bit light in the head. Monthly or effect of the other. Brainfogfag. That tired feeling. Too much for me now. Ow!

(A sinister figure leans on plaited legs againt O'Beirne's wall, a visage unknown, injected with dark mercury. From under a wideleaved sombrero the figure regards him with evil eye.)

BLOOM

Buenas noches, señorita Blanca, que calle es esta?

THE FIGURE

(Impassive, raises a signal arm.) Password. *Sraid Mabbot.*

BLOOM

Haha. *Merci.* Esperanto. *Slan leath. (He mutters.)* Gaelic league spy, sent by that fireeater.

(He steps forward. A sackshouldered ragman bars his path. He steps left, ragsackman left.)

BLOOM

I beg.

(He swerves, sidles, stepsaside, slips past and on.)

BLOOM

Keep to the right, right, right. If there is a fingerpost planted by the Touring Club at Stepaside who procured that public boon? I who lost my way and contributed to the columns of the *Irish Cyclist* the letter headed, *In darkest Stepaside.* Keep, keep, keep to the right. Rags and bones, at midnight. A fence more likely. First place murderer makes for. Wash off his sins of the world.

(Jacky Caffrey, hunted by Tommy Caffrey, runs full tilt against Bloom.)

BLOOM

O.

(Shocked, on weak hams, he halts. Tommy and Jacky vanish there, there. Bloom pats with parcelled hands watch, fobpocket, bookpocket, pursepocket, sweets of sin, potato soap.)

BLOOM

Beware of pickpockets. Old thieves' dodge. Collide. Then snatch your purse.

(The retriever approaches sniffling, nose to the ground. A sprawled form sneezes. A stooped bearded figure appears garbed in the long caftan of an elder in Zion

and a smoking cap with magenta tassels. Horned spectacles hang down at the wings of the nose. Yellow poison streaks are on the drawn face.)

RUDOLPH

Second halfcrown waste money today. I told you not go with drunken goy ever. So. You catch no money.

BLOOM

(Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen, feels warm and cold feetmeat.) Ja, ich weiss, papachi.

RUDOLPH

What you making down this place? Have you no soul? *(With feeble vulture talons he feels the silent face of Bloom.)* Are you not my son Leopold, the grandson of Leopold? Are you not my dear son Leopold who left the house of his father and left the god of his fathers Abraham and Jacob?

BLOOM

(With precaution.) I suppose so, father. Mosenthal. All that's left of him.

RUDOLPH

(Severely.) One night they bring you home drunk as dog after spend your good money. What you call them running chaps?

BLOOM

(In youth's smart blue Oxford suit with white vestslips, narrowshouldered, in brown Alpine hat, wearing gent's sterling silver waterbury keyless watch and double curb Albert with seal attached, one side of him coated with stiffening mud.) Harriers, father. Only that once.

RUDOLPH

Once! Mud head to foot. Cut your hand open. Lockjaw. They make you kaput, Leopoldleben. You watch them chaps.

BLOOM

(Weakly.) They challenged me to a sprint. It was muddy. I slipped.

RUDOLPH

(With contempt.) Goim nachez. Nice spectacles for your poor mother!

BLOOM

Mamma!

ELLEN BLOOM

(In pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, crinoline and bustle, widow Twankey's blouse with muttonleg sleeves buttoned behind, grey mittens and cameo brooch, her hair plaited in a crispine net, appears over the staircase banisters, a slanted candlestick in her hand

and cries out in shrill alarm.) O blessed Redeemer, what have they done to him! My smelling salts! *(She hauls up a reef of skirt and ransacks the pouch of her striped blay petticoat. A phial, an Agnus Dei, a shrivelled potato and a celluloid doll fall out.)* Sacred Heart of Mary, where were you at all, at all? 1 2-4 5

(Bloom, mumbling, his eyes downcast, begins to bestow his parcels in his filled pockets but desists, muttering.)

A VOICE

(Sharply.) Poldy!

BLOOM

Who? *(He ducks and wards off a blow clumsily.)* At your service.

(He looks up. Beside her mirage of datepalms a handsome woman in Turkish costume stands before him. Opulent curves fill out her scarlet trousers and jacket slashed with gold. A wide yellow cummerbund girdles her. A white yashmak violet in the night, covers her face, leaving free only her large dark eyes and raven hair.) 6 7

BLOOM

Molly!

MARION

Welly? Mrs Marion from this out, my dear man, when you speak to me. *(Satirically.)* Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long?

BLOOM

(Shifts from foot to foot.) No, no. Not the least little bit.

(He breathes in deep agitation, swallowing gulps of air, questions, hopes, crubeens for her supper, things to tell her, excuses, desire, spellbound. A coin gleams on her forehead. On her feet are jewelled toerings. Her ankles are linked by a slender fetterchain. Beside her a camel, hooded with a turreting turban, waits. A silk ladder of innumerable rungs climbs to his bobbing howdah. He ambles near with disgruntled hindquarters. Fiercely she slaps his haunch, her goldcurb wristbangles angriling, scolding him in Moorish.) 8

MARION

Nebrakada! Feminimum. 9

(The camel, lifting a foreleg, plucks from a tree a large mango fruit, offers it to his mistress, blinking, in his cloven hoof, then droops his head and, grunting, with uplifted neck, fumbles to kneel. Bloom stoops his back for leapfrog.)

BLOOM

I can give you… I mean as your business menagerer… Mrs Marion… if you…

MARION

So you notice some change? *(Her hands passing slowly over her trinketed stomacher. A slow friendly mockery in her eyes.)* O Poldy, Poldy, you are a poor old stick in the mud! Go and see life. See the wide world.

BLOOM

I was just going back for that lotion whitewax, orangeflower water. Shop closes early on Thursday. But the first thing in the morning. *(He pats divers pockets.)* This
1 moving kidney. Ah!

(He points to the south, then to the east. A cake of new clean lemon soap arises, diffusing light and perfume.)

THE SOAP

2 We're a capital couple are Bloom and I;
He brightens the earth, I polish the sky.

3 *(The freckled face of Sweny, the druggist, appears in the disc of the soapsun.)*

SWENY

Three and a penny, please.

BLOOM

Yes. For my wife, Mrs Marion. Special recipe.

MARION

(Softly.) Poldy!

BLOOM

Yes, ma'am?

MARION

4 *Ti trema un poco il cuore?*

(In disdain she saunters away, plump as a pampered pouter pigeon, humming the duet from Don Giovanni.)

BLOOM

5 Are you sure about that *Voglio?* I mean the pronunciati…

(He follows, followed by the sniffing terrier. The elderly bawd seizes his sleeve, the bristles of her chinmole glittering.)

THE BAWD

Ten shillings a maidenhead. Fresh thing was never touched. Fifteen. There's no-one in it only her old father that's dead drunk.

6 *(She points. In the gap of her dark den furtive, rainbedraggled, Bridie Kelly stands.)*

BRIDIE

7 Hatch street. Any good in your mind?

(With a squeak she flaps her bat shawl and runs. A burly rough pursues with booted strides. He stumbles on the steps, recovers, plunges into gloom. Weak squeaks of laughter are heard, weaker.)

THE BAWD

(Her wolfeyes shining.) He's getting his pleasure. You won't get a virgin in the flash houses. Ten shillings. Don't be all night before the polis in plain clothes sees us. Sixtyseven is a bitch.

(Leering, Gerty MacDowell limps forward. She draws from behind, ogling, and shows coyly her bloodied clout.)

GERTY

With all my worldly goods I thee and thou. *(She murmurs.)* You did that. I hate you.

BLOOM

I? When? You're dreaming. I never saw you.

THE BAWD

Leave the gentleman alone, you cheat. Writing the gentleman false letters. Streetwalking and soliciting. Better for your mother take the strap to you at the bedpost, hussy like you.

GERTY

(To Bloom.) When you saw all the secrets of my bottom drawer. *(She paws his sleeve, slobbering.)* Dirty married man! I love you for doing that to me.

(She slides away crookedly. Mrs Breen in man's frieze overcoat with loose bellows pockets, stands in the causeway, her roguish eyes wideopen, smiling in all her herbivorous buckteeth.)

MRS BREEN

Mr...

BLOOM

(Coughs gravely.) Madam, when we last had this pleasure by letter dated the sixteenth instant...

MRS BREEN

Mr Bloom! You down here in the haunts of sin! I caught you nicely! Scamp!

BLOOM

(Hurriedly.) Not so loud my name. Whatever do you think me? Don't give me away. Walls have hears. How do you do? It's ages since I. You're looking splendid. Absolutely it. Seasonable weather we are having this time of year. Black refracts heat. Short cut home here. Interesting quarter. Rescue of fallen women Magdalen asylum. I am the secretary...

MRS BREEN

(Holds up a finger.) Now don't tell a big fib! I know somebody won't like that. O just wait till I see Molly! *(Slily.)* Account for yourself this very minute or woe betide you!

BLOOM

(Looks behind.) She often said she'd like to visit. Slumming. The exotic, you see.
1-2 Negro servants too in livery if she had money. Othello black brute. Eugene Stratton.
3-4 Even the bones and cornerman at the Livermore christies. Bohee brothers. Sweep for that matter.

(Tom and Sam Bohee, coloured coons in white duck suits, scarlet socks, upstarched
5 *Sambo chokers and large scarlet asters in their buttonholes leap out. Each has his banjo slung. Their paler smaller negroid hands jingle the twingtwang wires.*
6 *Flashing white Kaffir eyes and tusks they rattle through a breakdown in clumsy clogs, twinging, singing, back to back, toe heel, heel toe, with smackfatclacking nigger lips.)*

7 There's someone in the house with Dina
There's someone in the house, I know,
There's someone in the house with Dina
Playing on the old banjo.

8 *(They whisk black masks from raw babby faces: then, chuckling, chortling, trumming, twanging they diddle diddle cakewalk dance away.)*

BLOOM

(With a sour tenderish smile.) A little frivol, shall we, if you are so inclined? Would you like me perhaps to embrace you just for a fraction of a second?

MRS BREEN

9 *(Screams gaily.)* O, you ruck! You ought to see yourself!

BLOOM

10 For old sake'sake. I only meant a square party, a mixed marriage mingling of our
11 different little conjugials. You know I had a soft corner for you. *(Gloomily.)* 'Twas
12 I sent you that valentine of the dear gazelle.

MRS BREEN

Glory Alice, you do look a holy show! Killing simply. *(She puts out her hand inquisitively.)* What are you hiding behind your back? Tell us, there's a dear.

BLOOM

(Seizes her wrist with his free hand.) Josie Powell that was, prettiest deb in Dublin. How time flies by! Do you remember, harking back in a retrospective arrangement,
13-14 Old Christmas night Georgina Simpson's housewarming while they were playing
15 the Irving Bishop game, finding the pin blindfold and thoughtreading? Subject, what is in this snuffbox?

MRS BREEN

You were the lion of the night with your seriocomic recitation and you looked the part. You were always a favourite with the ladies.

BLOOM

(Squire of dames, in dinner jacket with wateredsilk facings, blue masonic badge in his buttonhole, black bow and mother-of-pearl studs, a prismatic champagne glass tilted in his hand.) Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ireland, home and beauty. 1 2

MRS BREEN

The dear dead days beyond recall. Love's old sweet song. 3

BLOOM

(Meaningfully dropping his voice.) I confess I'm teapot with curiosity to find out whether some person's something is a little teapot at present.

MRS BREEN

(Gushingly.) Tremendously teapot! London's teapot and I'm simply teapot all over me. *(She rubs sides with him.)* After the parlour mystery games and the crackers from the tree we sat on the staircase ottoman. Under the mistletoe. Two is company.

BLOOM

(Wearing a purple Napoleon hat with an amber halfmoon, his fingers and thumbs passing slowly down to her soft moist meaty palm which she surrenders gently.) The witching hour of night. I took the splinter out of this hand, carefully, slowly. *(Tenderly, as he slips on her finger a ruby ring.) Là ci darem la mano.* 4 5

MRS BREEN

(In a onepiece evening frock executed in moonlight blue, a tinsel sylph's diadem on her brow with her dancecard fallen beside her moonblue satin slipper, curves her palm softly, breathing quickly.) Voglio e non. You're hot! You're scalding! The left hand nearest the heart. 6

BLOOM

When you made your present choice they said it was beauty and the beast. I can never forgive you for that. *(His clenched fist at his brow.)* Think what it means. All you meant to me then. *(Hoarsely.)* Woman, it's breaking me!

(Denis Breen, whitetallhatted, with Wisdom Hely's sandwichboard, shuffles past them in carpet slippers, his dull beard thrust out, muttering to right and left. Little Alf Bergan, cloaked in the pall of the ace of spades dogs him to left and right, doubled in laughter.) 7 8-9

ALF BERGAN

(Points jeering at the sandwich boards.) U. p.: Up. 10

MRS BREEN

(To Bloom.) High jinks below stairs. *(She gives him the glad eye.)* Why didn't you kiss the spot to make it well? You wanted to. 11-12

BLOOM

(Shocked.) Molly's best friend! Could you?

MRS BREEN

(Her pulpy tongue between her lips, offers a pigeon kiss.) Hnhn. The answer is a lemon. Have you a little present for me there?

BLOOM

(Offhandedly.) Kosher. A snack for supper. The home without potted meat is incomplete. I was at *Leah*. Mrs Bandman Palmer. Trenchant exponent of Shakespeare. Unfortunately threw away the programme. Rattling good place round there for pig's feet. Feel.

(Richie Goulding, three ladies' hats pinned on his head, appears weighted to one side by the black legal bag of Collis and Ward on which a skull and crossbones are painted in white limewash. He opens it and shows it full of polonies, kippered herrings, Findon haddies and tightpacked pills.)

RICHIE

Best value in Dub.

(Bald Pat, bothered beetle, stands on the curbstone, folding his napkin, waiting to wait.)

PAT

(Advances with a tilted dish of spillspilling gravy.) Steak and kidney. Bottle of lager. Hee hee hee. Wait till I wait.

RICHIE

Goodgod. Inev erate inall…

(With hanging head he marches doggedly forward. The navvy, lurching by, gores him with his flaming pronghorn.)

RICHIE

(With a cry of pain, his hand to his back.) Ah! Bright's! Lights!

BLOOM

(Points to the navvy.) A spy. Don't attract attention. I hate stupid crowds. I am not on pleasure bent. I am in a grave predicament.

MRS BREEN

Humbugging and deluthering as per usual with your cock and bull story.

BLOOM

I want to tell you a little secret about how I came to be here. But you must never tell. Not even Molly. I have a most particular reason.

MRS BREEN

(All agog.) O, not for worlds.

BLOOM

Let's walk on. Shall us?

MRS BREEN

Let's.

(The bawd makes an unheeded sign. Bloom walks on with Mrs Breen. The terrier follows, whining piteously, wagging his tail.)

THE BAWD

Jewman's melt! 1

BLOOM

(In an oatmeal sporting suit, a sprig of woodbine in the lapel, tony buff shirt, shepherd's plaid Saint Andrew's cross scarftie, white spats, fawn dustcoat on his arm, tawny red 2
brogues, fieldglasses in bandolier and a grey billycock hat.) Do you remember a long long 3
time, years and years ago, just after Milly, Marionette we called her, was weaned
when we all went together to Fairyhouse races, was it? 4

MRS BREEN

(In smart Saxe tailormade, white velours hat and spider veil.) Leopardstown. 5-6

BLOOM

I mean, Leopardstown. And Molly won seven shillings on a three year old 7
named Nevertell and coming home along by Foxrock in that old fiveseater 8
shanderadan of a waggonette you were in your heyday then and you had on 9
that new hat of white velours with a surround of molefur that Mrs Hayes
advised you to buy because it was marked down to nineteen and eleven, a
bit of wire and an old rag of velveteen, and I'll lay you what you like she
did it on purpose...

MRS BREEN

She did, of course, the cat! Don't tell me! Nice adviser!

BLOOM

Because it didn't suit you one quarter as well as the other ducky little tammy toque 10
with the bird of paradise wing in it that I admired on you and you honestly looked
just too fetching in it though it was a pity to kill it, you cruel creature, little mite
of a thing with a heart the size of a fullstop.

MRS BREEN

(Squeezes his arm, simpers.) Naughty cruel I was.

BLOOM

(Low, secretly, ever more rapidly.) And Molly was eating a sandwich of spiced beef
out of Mrs Joe Gallaher's lunch basket. Frankly, though she had her advisers or 11
admirers, I never cared much for her style. She was...

MRS BREEN

Too...

BLOOM

Yes. And Molly was laughing because Rogers and Maggot O'Reilly were mimicking a cock as we passed a farmhouse and Marcus Tertius Moses, the tea merchant, drove past us in a gig with his daughter, Dancer Moses was her name, and the poodle in her lap bridled up and you asked me if I ever heard or read or knew or came across…

MRS BREEN

(Eagerly.) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

(She fades from his side. Followed by the whining dog he walks on towards hellsgates. In an archway a standing woman, bent forward, her feet apart, pisses cowily. Outside a shuttered pub a bunch of loiterers listen to a tale which their broken snouted gaffer rasps out with raucous humour. An armless pair of them flop wrestling, growling, in maimed sodden playfight.)

THE GAFFER

(Crouches, his voice twisted in his snout.) And when Cairns came down from the scaffolding in Beaver Street what was he after doing it into only into the bucket of porter that was there waiting on the shavings for Derwan's plasterers.

THE LOITERERS

(Guffaw with cleft palates.) O jays!

(Their paintspeckled hats wag. Spattered with size and lime of their lodges they frisk limblessly about him.)

BLOOM

Coincidence too. They think it funny. Anything but that. Broad daylight. Trying to walk. Lucky no woman.

THE LOITERERS

Jays, that's a good one. Glauber salts. O jays, into the men's porter.

(Bloom passes. Cheap whores, singly, coupled, shawled, dishevelled, call from lanes, doors, corners.)

THE WHORES

Are you going far, queer fellow?
How's your middle leg?
Got a match on you?
Eh, come here till I stiffen it for you.

(He plodges through their sump towards the lighted street beyond. From a bulge of window curtains a gramophone rears a battered brazen trunk. In the shadow a shebeenkeeper haggles with the navvy and the two redcoats.)

THE NAVVY

(Belching.) Where's the bloody house?

THE SHEBEENKEEPER

Purdon street. Shilling a bottle of stout. Respectable woman. 1-2

THE NAVVY

(Gripping the two redcoats, staggers forward with them.) Come on, you British army!

PRIVATE CARR

(Behind his back.) He aint half balmy.

PRIVATE COMPTON

(Laughs.) What ho!

PRIVATE CARR

(To the navvy.) Portobello barracks canteen. You ask for Carr. Just Carr. 3

THE NAVVY

(Shouts.)

We are the boys. Of Wexford. 4

PRIVATE COMPTON

Say! What price the sergeantmajor?

PRIVATE CARR

Bennett? He's my pal. I love old Bennett. 5

THE NAVVY

(Shouts.)

The galling chain. 6
And free our native land.

(He staggers forward, dragging them with him. Bloom stops, at fault. The dog approaches, his tongue outlolling, panting.)

BLOOM

Wildgoose chase this. Disorderly houses. Lord knows where they are gone. Drunks cover distance double quick. Nice mixup. Scene at Westland row. Then jump in 7
first class with third ticket. Then too far. Train with engine behind. Might have taken me to Malahide or a siding for the night or collision. Second drink does it. 8
Once is a dose. What am I following him for? Still, he's the best of that lot. If I hadn't heard about Mrs Beaufoy Purefoy I wouldn't have gone and wouldn't have 9
met. Kismet. He'll lose that cash. Relieving office here. Good biz for cheapjacks, 10-11
organs. What do ye lack? Soon got, soon gone. Might have lost my life too with 12
that mangongwheeltracktrolleyglarejuggernaut only for presence of mind. Can't
always save you, though. If I had passed Truelock's window that day two minutes 13

later would have been shot. Absence of body. Still if bullet only went through my
1 coat get damages for shock, five hundred pounds. What was he? Kildare street club toff. God help his gamekeeper.

(He gazes ahead reading on the wall a scrawled chalk legend Wet Dream *and a phallic design.)*

Odd! Molly drawing on the frosted carriagepane at Kingstown. What's that like?
2 *(Gaudy dollwomen loll in the lighted doorways, in window embrasures, smoking birdseye cigarettes. The odour of the sicksweet weed floats towards him in slow round ovalling wreaths.)*

THE WREATHS

3 Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin.

BLOOM

My spine's a bit limp. Go or turn? And this food? Eat it and get all pigsticky. Absurd I am. Waste of money. One and eight pence too much. *(The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand, wagging his tail.)* Strange how they take to me.
4 Even that brute today. Better speak to him first. Like women they like *rencontres.*
5 Stinks like a polecat. *Chacun son goût.* He might be mad. Fido. Uncertain in his
6 movements. Good fellow! Garryowen! *(The wolfdog sprawls on his back, wriggling obscenely with begging paws, his long black tongue lolling out.)* Influence of his surroundings. Give and have done with it. Provided nobody. *(Calling encouraging words he shambles back with a furtive poacher's tread, dogged by the setter into a dark*
7 *stalestunk corner. He unrolls one parcel and goes to dump the crubeen softly but holds back and feels the trotter.)* Sizeable for threepence. But then I have it in my left hand. Calls for more effort. Why? Smaller from want of use. O, let it slide. Two and six.
8 *(With regret he lets unrolled crubeen and trotter slide. The mastiff mauls the bundle clumsily and gluts himself with growling greed, crunching the bones. Two raincaped watch approach, silent, vigilant. They murmur together.)*

THE WATCH

9 Bloom. Of Bloom. For Bloom. Bloom.

(Each lays hand on Bloom's shoulder.)

FIRST WATCH

Caught in the act. Commit no nuisance.

BLOOM

(Stammers.) I am doing good to others.
10 *(A covey of gulls, storm petrels, rises hungrily from Liffey slime with Banbury cakes in their beaks.)*

THE GULLS

Kaw kave kankury kake.

BLOOM

The friend of man. Trained by kindness.

(He points. Bob Doran, toppling from a high barstool, sways over the munching spaniel.)

BOB DORAN

Towser. Give us the paw. Give the paw.

(The bulldog growls, his scruff standing, a gobbet of pig's knuckle between his molars through which rabid scumspittle dribbles. Bob Doran falls silently into an area.)

SECOND WATCH

Prevention of cruelty to animals. 1

BLOOM

(Enthusiastically.) A noble work! I scolded that tramdriver on Harold's cross bridge 2
for illusing the poor horse with his harness scab. Bad French I got for my pains. 3
Of course it was frosty and the last tram. All tales of circus life are highly 4
demoralising.

(Signor Maffei, passion pale, in liontamer's costume with diamond studs in his 5
shirtfront steps forward, holding a circus paper hoop, a curling carriagewhip and a revolver with which he covers the gorging boarhound.)

SIGNOR MAFFEI

(With a sinister smile.) Ladies and gentlemen, my educated greyhound. It was I
broke in the bucking broncho Ajax with my patent spiked saddle for carnivores. 6
Lash under the belly with a knotted thong. Block tackle and a strangling pully 7
will bring your lion to heel, no matter how fractious, even *Leo ferox* there, the 8
Libyan maneater. A redhot crowbar and some liniment rubbing on the burning
part produced Fritz of Amsterdam, the thinking hyena. *(He glares.)* I possess 9
the Indian sign. The glint of my eye does it with these breastsparklers. *(With* 10
a bewitching smile.) I now introduce Mademoiselle Ruby, the pride of the ring. 11

FIRST WATCH

Come. Name and address.

BLOOM

I have forgotten for the moment. Ah, yes! *(He takes off his high grade hat, saluting.)* Dr 12-13
Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon. You have heard of von Bloom Pasha. Umpteen 14
millions. *Donnerwetter!* Owns half Austria. Egypt. Cousin. 15

FIRST WATCH

Proof.

(A card falls from inside the leather headband of Bloom's hat.)

BLOOM

(In red fez, cadi's dress coat with broad green sash, wearing a false badge of the Legion 16-17
of Honour, picks up the card hastily and offers it.) Allow me. My club is the Junior 18
Army and Navy. Solicitors: Messrs John Henry Menton, 27 Bachelor's Walk. 19

FIRST WATCH

1 *(Reads.)* Henry Flower. No fixed abode. Unlawfully watching and besetting.

SECOND WATCH

An alibi. You are cautioned.

BLOOM

(Produces from his heartpocket a crumpled yellow flower.) This is the flower in question. It was given me by a man I don't know his name. *(Plausibly.)* You
2-3 know that old joke, rose of Castille. Bloom. The change of name Virag. *(He murmurs privately and confidentially.)* We are engaged you see, sergeant. Lady in the case. Love entanglement. *(He shoulders the second watch gently.)* Dash it all. It's a way we gallants have in the navy. Uniform that does it. *(He turns gravely to the first watch.)* Still, of course, you do get your Waterloo sometimes. Drop in some evening and have a glass of old Burgundy. *(To the
4 second watch gaily.)* I'll introduce you, inspector. She's game. Do it in shake of a lamb's tail.

(A dark mercurialised face appears, leading a veiled figure.)

5 THE DARK MERCURY

6 The Castle is looking for him. He was drummed out of the army.

MARTHA

7-8 *(Thickveiled, a crimson halter round her neck, a copy of the* Irish Times *in her hand, in
9 tone of reproach, pointing.)* Henry! Leopold! Leopold! Lionel, thou lost one! Clear my name.

FIRST WATCH

(Sternly.) Come to the station.

BLOOM

*(Scared, hats himself, steps back then, plucking at his heart and lifting his right forearm
10-11 on the square, he gives the sign and dueguard of fellowcraft.)* No, no, worshipful
12-13 master, light of love. Mistaken identity. The Lyons mail. Lesurques and Dubosc.
14 You remember the Childs fratricide case. We medical men. By striking him dead
15 with a hatchet. I am wrongfully accused. Better one guilty escape than ninetynine wrongfully condemned.

MARTHA

(Sobbing behind her veil.) Breach of promise. My real name is Peggy Griffin. He
16 wrote to me that he was miserable. I'll tell my brother, the Bective rugger fullback, on you, heartless flirt.

BLOOM

(Behind his hand.) She's drunk. The woman is inebriated. *(He murmurs vaguely the
17 past of Ephraim.)* Shitbroleeth.

SECOND WATCH

(Tears in his eyes, to Bloom.) You ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of yourself.

BLOOM

Gentlemen of the jury, let me explain. A pure mare's nest. I am a man misunderstood. I am being made a scapegoat of. I am a respectable married man, without a stain on my character. I live in Eccles street. My wife, I am the daughter of a most distinguished commander, a gallant upstanding gentleman, what do you call him, Majorgeneral Brian Tweedy, one of Britain's fighting men who helped to win our battles. Got his majority for the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift.

FIRST WATCH

Regiment.

BLOOM

(Turns to the gallery.) The royal Dublins, boys, the salt of the earth, known the world over. I think I see some old comrades in arms up there among you. The R. D. F. With our own Metropolitan police, guardians of our homes, the pluckiest lads and the finest body of men, as physique, in the service of our sovereign.

A VOICE

Turncoat! Up the Boers! Who booed Joe Chamberlain?

BLOOM

(His hand on the shoulder of the first watch.) My old dad too was a J. P. I'm as staunch a Britisher as you are, sir. I fought with the colours for king and country in the absentminded war under general Gough in the park and was disabled at Spion Kop and Bloemfontein, was mentioned in dispatches. I did all a white man could. *(With quiet feeling.)* Jim Bludso. Hold her nozzle again the bank.

FIRST WATCH

Profession or trade.

BLOOM

Well, I follow a literary occupation. Author-journalist. In fact we are just bringing out a collection of prize stories of which I am the inventor, something that is an entirely new departure. I am connected with the British and Irish press. If you ring up...

(Myles Crawford strides out jerkily, a quill between his teeth. His scarlet beak blazes within the aureole of his straw hat. He dangles a hank of Spanish onions in one hand and holds with the other hand a telephone receiver nozzle to his ear.)

MYLES CRAWFORD

(His cock's wattles wagging.) Hello, seventyseven eightfour. Hello. *Freeman's Urinal* and *Weekly Arsewiper* here. Paralyse Europe. You which? Bluebags? Who writes? Is it Bloom?

(Mr Philip Beaufoy, palefaced, stands in the witnessbox, in accurate morning dress, outbreast pocket with peak of handkerchief showing, creased lavender

trousers and patent boots. He carries a large portfolio labelled Matcham's Masterstrokes.)

BEAUFOY

(Drawls.) No, you aren't, not by a long shot if I know it. I don't see it, that's all. No born gentleman, no one with the most rudimentary promptings of a gentleman would stoop to such particularly loathsome conduct. One, of those, my lord. A plagiarist. A soapy sneak masquerading as a literateur. It's perfectly obvious that with the most inherent baseness he has cribbed some of my bestselling books, really gorgeous stuff, a perfect gem, the love passages in which are beneath suspicion. The Beaufoy books of love and great possessions with which your lordship is doubtless familiar, are a household word throughout the kingdom.

BLOOM

(Murmurs with hangdog meekness.) That bit about the laughing witch hand in hand I take exception to, if I may...

BEAUFOY

(His lip upcurled, smiles superciliously on the court.) You funny ass, you! You're too beastly awfully weird for words! I don't think you need over excessively discommodate yourself in that regard. My literary agent Mr J. B. Pinker is in attendance. I presume, my lord, we shall receive the usual witnesses' fees, shan't we? We are considerably out of pocket over this bally pressman johnny, this jackdaw of Rheims, who has not even been to a university.

BLOOM

(Indistinctly.) University of life. Bad art.

BEAUFOY

(Shouts.) It's a damnably foul lie showing the moral rottenness of the man! *(He extends his portfolio.)* We have here damning evidence, the *corpus delicti*, my lord, a specimen of my maturer work disfigured by the hallmark of the beast.

A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY

Moses, Moses, king of the jews,
Wiped his arse in the Daily News.

BLOOM

(Bravely.) Overdrawn.

BEAUFOY

You low cad! You ought to be ducked in the horsepond, you rotter! *(To the court.)* Why, look at the man's private life! Leading a quadruple existence! Street angel and house devil. Not fit to be mentioned in mixed society. The arch conspirator of the age.

BLOOM

(To the court.) And he, a bachelor, how...

FIRST WATCH

The King versus Bloom. Call the woman Driscoll.

THE CRIER

Mary Driscoll, scullerymaid! 1

(Mary Driscoll, a slipshod servant girl approaches. She has a bucket on the crook of her arm and a scouringbrush in her hand.)

SECOND WATCH

Another! Are you of the unfortunate class? 2

MARY DRISCOLL

(Indignantly.) I'm not a bad one. I bear a respectable character and was four months in my last place. I was in a situation, six pounds a year and my chances with Fridays 3 out, and I had to leave owing to his carryings on.

FIRST WATCH

What do you tax him with?

MARY DRISCOLL

He made a certain suggestion but I thought more of myself as poor as I am.

BLOOM

(In housejacket of ripplecloth, flannel trousers, heelless slippers, unshaven, his hair rumpled softly.) I treated you white. I gave you mementos, smart emerald garters far above your station. Incautiously I took your part when you were accused of pilfering. There's a medium in all things. Play cricket.

MARY DRISCOLL

(Excitedly.) As God is looking down on me this night if ever I laid a hand to them oysters!

FIRST WATCH

The offence complained of? Did something happen?

MARY DRISCOLL

He surprised me in the rere of the premises, your honour, when the missus 4 was out shopping one morning with a request for a safety pin. He held me and I was discoloured in four places as a result. And he interfered twict with 5 my clothing.

BLOOM

She counterassaulted.

MARY DRISCOLL

(Scornfully.) I had more respect for the scouringbrush, so I had. I remonstrated with
1 him, your lord, and he remarked: Keep it quiet!

(General laughter.)

2 GEORGES FOTTRELL

(Clerk of the crown and peace, resonantly.) Order in court! The accused will now make a bogus statement.

3 *(Bloom, pleading not guilty and holding a fullblown waterlily, begins a long unintelligible speech. They would hear what counsel had to say in his stirring address to the grandjury. He was down and out but, though branded as a black*
4 *sheep, if he might say so, he meant to reform, to retrieve the memory of the past in a purely sisterly way and return to nature as a purely domestic animal.*
5 *A seven months' child, he had been carefully brought up and nurtured by an aged bedridden parent. There might have been lapses of an erring father but he wanted to turn over a new leaf and now, when at long last in sight of the whipping post, to lead a homely life in the evening of his days, permeated by the affectionate surroundings of the heaving bosom of the family. An acclimatised Britisher, he had seen that summer eve from the footplate of an engine cab of*
6 *the Loop line railway company while the rain refrained from falling glimpses, as it were, through the windows of loveful households in Dublin city and urban*
7 *district of scenes truly rural of happiness of the better land with Dockrell's wallpaper at one and ninepence a dozen, innocent Britishborn bairns lisping prayers to the Sacred Infant, youthful scholars grappling with their pensums, model young ladies playing on the pianoforte or anon all with fervour reciting*
8 *the family rosary round the crackling Yulelog while in the boreens and green lanes the colleens with their swains strolled what times the strains of the organtoned*
9 *melodeon Britannia metalbound with four acting stops and twelvefold bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain ever...)*

(Renewed laughter. He mumbles incoherently. Reporters complain that they cannot hear.)

LONGHAND AND SHORTHAND

(Without looking up from their notebooks.) Loosen his boots.

10 PROFESSOR MACHUGH

(From the presstable, coughs and calls.)

Cough it up, man. Get it out in bits.

(The crossexamination proceeds re *Bloom and the bucket. A large bucket. Bloom himself. Bowel trouble. In Beaver street. Gripe, yes. Quite bad. A plasterer's bucket. By walking stifflegged. Suffered untold misery. Deadly agony. About noon. Love or burgundy. Yes, some spinach. Crucial moment. He did not look in the bucket.*
11 *Nobody. Rather a mess. Not completely. A* Titbits *back number.)*

(Uproar and cat calls. Bloom in a torn frockcoat stained with whitewash dinged silk hat sideways on his head, a strip of stickingplaster across his nose, talks inaudibly.)

J. J. O'MOLLOY

(In barrister's grey wig and stuffgown, speaking with a voice of pained protest.) This is no place for indecent levity at the expense of an erring mortal disguised in liquor. We are not in a beargarden nor at an Oxford rag nor is this a travesty of justice. My client is an infant, a poor foreign immigrant who started scratch as a stowaway and is now trying to turn an honest penny. The trumped up misdemeanour was due to a momentary aberration of heredity, brought on by hallucination, such familiarities as the alleged guilty occurrence being quite permitted in my client's native place, the land of the Pharaoh. *Prima facie*, I put it to you that there was no attempt at carnally knowing. Intimacy did not occur and the offence complained of by Driscoll, that her virtue was solicited, was not repeated. I would deal in especial with atavism. There have been cases of shipwreck and somnambulism in my client's family. If the accused could speak he could a tale unfold one of the strangest that have ever been narrated between the covers of a book. He himself, my lord, is a physical wreck from cobbler's weak chest. His submission is that he is of Mongolian extraction and irresponsible for his actions. Not all there, in fact.

BLOOM

(Barefoot, pigeonbreasted, in lascar's vest and trousers, apologetic toes turned in, opens his tiny mole's eyes and looks about him dazedly, passing a slow hand across his forehead. Then he hitches his belt sailor fashion and with a shrug of oriental obeisance salutes the court, pointing one thumb heavenward.) Him makee velly muchee fine night. *(He begins to lilt simply.)*

Li li poo lil chile,
Blingee pigfoot evly night.
Payee two shilly...

(He is howled down.)

J. J. O'MOLLOY

(Hotly to the populace.) This is a lonehand fight. By Hades, I will not have any client of mine gagged and badgered in this fashion by a pack of curs and laughing hyenas. The Mosaic code has superseded the law of the jungle. I say it and I say it emphatically without wishing for one moment to defeat the ends of justice, accused was not accessory before the act and prosecutrix has not been tampered with. The young person was treated by defendant as if she were his very own daughter. *(Bloom takes J. J. O'Molloy's hand and raises it to his lips.)* I shall call rebutting evidence to prove up to the hilt that the hidden hand is again at its old game. When in doubt persecute Bloom. My client, an innately bashful man, would be the last man in the world to do anything ungentlemanly which injured modesty could object to or cast a stone at a girl who took the wrong turning when some dastard, responsible for her condition, had worked his own sweet will on her. He wants to go straight. I regard him as the whitest man I know. He is down on his luck at present owing to the mortgaging of his extensive property at Agendath Netaim in faraway Asia Minor, slides of which will now be shown. *(To Bloom.)* I suggest that you will do the handsome thing.

BLOOM

A penny in the pound.

(The mirage of the lake of Kinnereth with blurred cattle cropping in silver haze is projected on the wall. Moses Dlugacz, ferreteyed albino, in blue dungarees, stands up in the gallery, holding in each hand an orange citron and a pork kidney.)

DLUGACZ

(Hoarsely.) Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W. 13.

(J. J. O'Molloy steps on to a low plinth and holds the lapel of his coat with solemnity. His face lengthens, grows pale and bearded, with sunken eyes, the blotches of phthisis and hectic cheekbones of John F. Taylor. He applies his handkerchief to his mouth and scrutinises the galloping tide of rosepink blood.)

J. J. O'MOLLOY

(Almost voicelessly.) Excuse me, I am suffering from a severe chill, have recently come from a sickbed. A few wellchosen words. *(He assumes the avine head, foxy moustache and proboscidal eloquence of Seymour Bushe.)* When the angel's book comes to be opened if aught that the pensive bosom has inaugurated of soultransfigured and of soultransfiguring deserves to live I say accord the prisoner at the bar the sacred benefit of the doubt. *(A paper with something written on it is handed into court.)*

BLOOM

(In court dress.) Can give best references. Messrs Callan, Coleman. Mr Wisdom Hely J. P. My old chief Joe Cuffe. Mr V. B. Dillon, ex-lord mayor of Dublin. I have moved in the charmed circle of the highest... Queens of Dublin Society. *(Carelessly.)* I was just chatting this afternoon at the viceregal lodge to my old pals, sir Robert and lady Ball, astronomer royal, at the levee. Sir Bob, I said...

MRS YELVERTON BARRY

(In lowcorsaged opal balldress and elbowlength ivory gloves, wearing a sabletrimmed brick quilted dolman, a comb of brilliants and panache of osprey in her hair.) Arrest him, constable. He wrote me an anonymous letter in prentice backhand when my husband was in the North Riding of Tipperary on the Munster circuit, signed James Lovebirch. He said that he had seen from the gods my peerless globes as I sat in a box of the *Theatre Royal* at a command performance of *La Cigale.* I deeply inflamed him, he said. He made improper overtures to me to misconduct myself at half past four p. m. on the following Thursday, Dunsink time. He offered to send me through the post a work of fiction by Monsieur Paul de Kock, entitled *The Girl with the Three Pairs of Stays.*

MRS BELLINGHAM

(In cap and seal coney mantle, wrapped up to the nose, steps out of her brougham and scans through tortoiseshell quizzing-glasses which she takes from inside her huge opossum muff.) Also to me. Yes, I believe it is the same objectionable person. Because he closed my carriage door outside sir Thornley Stoker's one sleety day during the cold snap of February ninetythree when even the grid of the wastepipe and ballstop in my bath cistern were frozen. Subsequently he enclosed a bloom of edelweiss culled

on the heights, as he said, in my honour. I had it examined by a botanical expert and elicited the information that it was a blossom of the homegrown potato plant purloined from a forcingcase of the model farm. 1-2

MRS YELVERTON BARRY

Shame on him!

(A crowd of sluts and ragamuffins surges forward.)

THE SLUTS AND RAGAMUFFINS

(Screaming.) Stop thief! Hurrah there, Bluebeard! Three cheers for Ikey Mo! 3-4

SECOND WATCH

(Produces handcuffs.) Here are the darbies. 5

MRS BELLINGHAM

He addressed me in several handwritings with fulsome compliments as a Venus 6
in furs and alleged profound pity for my frostbound coachman Balmer while 7
in the same breath he expressed himself as envious of his earflaps and fleecy sheepskins and of his fortunate proximity to my person, when standing behind my chair wearing my livery and the armorial bearings of the Bellingham escutcheon 8
garnished sable, a buck's head couped or. He lauded almost extravagantly my nether extremities, my swelling calves in silk hose drawn up to the limit and eulogised glowingly my other hidden treasures in priceless lace which, he said, he could conjure up. He urged me, stating that he felt it his mission in life to urge me, to defile the marriage bed, to commit adultery at the earliest possible opportunity.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS 9

(In amazon costume, hard hat, jackboots cockspurred, vermilion waistcoat, fawn musketeer gauntlets with braided drums, long train held up and hunting crop with which she strikes her welt constantly.) Also me. Because he saw me on the polo ground of the Phœnix park at the match All Ireland versus the Rest of Ireland. My eyes, I know, shone divinely as I watched Captain Slogger Dennehy of the Inniskillings win the final chukkar on his 10-11
darling cob *Centaur.* This plebeian Don Juan observed me from behind a hackney car 12
and sent me in double envelopes an obscene photograph, such as are sold after dark on Paris boulevards, insulting to any lady. I have it still. It represents a partially nude señorita, frail and lovely (his wife as he solemnly assured me, taken by him from nature), practising illicit intercourse with a muscular torero, evidently a blackguard. He urged me to do likewise, to misbehave, to sin with officers of the garrison. He implored me to soil his letter in an unspeakable manner, to chastise him as he richly deserves, to bestride and ride him, to give him a most vicious horsewhipping. 13

MRS BELLINGHAM

Me too.

MRS YELVERTON BARRY

Me too.

(Several highly respectable Dublin ladies hold up improper letters received from Bloom.)

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS

(Stamps her jingling spurs in a sudden paroxysm of sudden fury.) I will, by the God above me. I'll scourge the pigeonlivered cur as long as I can stand over him. I'll flay him alive.

BLOOM

(His eyes closing, quails expectantly.) Here? *(He squirms.)* Again! *(He pants cringing.)* I love the danger.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS

1 Very much so! I'll make it hot for you. I'll make you dance Jack Latten for that.

MRS BELLINGHAM

Tan his breech well, the upstart! Write the stars and stripes on it!

MRS YELVERTON BARRY

Disgraceful! There's no excuse for him! A married man!

BLOOM

All these people. I meant only the spanking idea. A warm tingling glow without effusion. Refined birching to stimulate the circulation.

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS

(Laughs derisively.) O, did you, my fine fellow? Well, by the living God, you'll get the surprise of your life now, believe me, the most unmerciful hiding a man ever bargained for. You have lashed the dormant tigress in my nature into fury.

MRS BELLINGHAM

(Shakes her muff and quizzing-glasses vindictively.) Make him smart, Hanna dear. Give him ginger. Thrash the mongrel within an inch of his life. The cat-o'-nine-tails. Geld him. Vivisect him.

BLOOM

(Shuddering, shrinking, joins his hands with hangdog mien.) O cold! O shivery! It was
2 your ambrosial beauty. Forget, forgive. Kismet. Let me off this once. *(He offers the other cheek.)*

MRS YELVERTON BARRY

(Severely.) Don't do so on any account, Mrs Talboys! He should be soundly trounced!

THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS

(Unbuttoning her gauntlet violently.) I'll do no such thing. Pig dog and always was ever since he was pupped! To dare address me! I'll flog him black and blue in the
3 public streets. I'll dig my spurs in him up to the rowel. He is a wellknown cuckold.

(She swishes her huntingcrop savagely in the air.) Take down his trousers without loss of time. Come here, sir! Quick! Ready?

BLOOM

(Trembling, beginning to obey.) The weather has been so warm.

(Davy Stephens, ringleted, passes with a bevy of barefoot newsboys.) 1

DAVY STEPHENS

Messenger of the Sacred Heart and *Evening Telegraph* with Saint Patrick's Day Supplement. Containing the new addresses of all the cuckolds in Dublin. 2-3

(The very reverend Canon O'Hanlon in cloth of gold cope elevates and exposes a marble timepiece. Before him Father Conroy and the reverend John Hughes S. J. bend low.) 4

THE TIMEPIECE

(Unportalling.)

Cuckoo. 5
Cuckoo.
Cuckoo.

(The brass quoits of a bed are heard to jingle.)

THE QUOITS 6

Jigjag, Jigajiga. Jigjag. 7

(A panel of fog rolls back rapidly, revealing rapidly in the jurybox the faces of Martin Cunningham, foreman silkhatted, Jack Power, Simon Dedalus, Tom Kernan, Ned Lambert, John Henry Menton, Myles Crawford, Lenehan, Paddy Leonard, Nosey Flynn, M'Coy and the featureless face of a Nameless One.) 8

THE NAMELESS ONE

Bareback riding. Weight for age. Gob, he organised her. 9

THE JURORS

(All their heads turned to his voice.) Really?

THE NAMELESS ONE

(Snarls.) Arse over tip. Hundred shillings to five. 10-11

THE JURORS

(All their heads lowered in assent.) Most of us thought as much.

FIRST WATCH

He is a marked man. Another girl's plait cut. Wanted: Jack the Ripper. A thousand pounds reward. 12-13

SECOND WATCH

(Awed, whispers.) And in black. A mormon. Anarchist.

THE CRIER

(Loudly.) Whereas Leopold Bloom of no fixed abode is a wellknown dynamitard, forger, bigamist, bawd and cuckold and a public nuisance to the citizens of Dublin and whereas at this commission of assizes the most honourable…

(His Honour, sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, in judicial garb of grey stone rises from the bench, stonebearded. He bears in his arms an umbrella sceptre. From his forehead arise starkly the Mosaic ramshorns.)

THE RECORDER

I will put an end to this white slave traffic and rid Dublin of this odious pest. Scandalous! *(He dons the black cap.)* Let him be taken, Mr Subsheriff, from the dock where he now stands and detained in custody in Mountjoy prison during His Majesty's pleasure and there be hanged by the neck until he is dead and therein fail not at your peril or may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Remove him. *(A black skullcap descends upon his head.)*

(The subsheriff Long John Fanning appears, smoking a pungent Henry Clay.)

LONG JOHN FANNING

(Scowls and calls with rich rolling utterance.) Who'll hang Judas Iscariot?

(H. Rumbold, master barber, in a bloodcoloured jerkin and tanner's apron, a rope coiled over his shoulder, mounts the block. A life preserver and a nailstudded bludgeon are stuck in his belt. He rubs grimly his grappling hands, knobbed with knuckledusters.)

RUMBOLD

(To the recorder with sinister familiarity.) Hanging Harry, your Majesty, the Mersey terror. Five guineas a jugular. Neck or nothing.

(The bells of George's church toll slowly, loud dark iron.)

THE BELLS

Heigho! Heigho!

BLOOM

(Desperately.) Wait. Stop. Gulls. Good heart. I saw. Innocence, Girl in the monkeyhouse. Zoo. Lewd chimpanzees. *(Breathlessly.)* Pelvic basin. Her artless blush unmanned me. *(Overcome with emotion.)* I left the precincts. *(He turns to a figure in the crowd, appealing.)* Hynes, may I speak to you? You know me. That three shillings you can keep. If you want a little more…

HYNES

(Coldly.) You are a perfect stranger.

SECOND WATCH

(Points to the corner.) The bomb is here.

FIRST WATCH

Infernal machine with a time fuse.

BLOOM

No, no. Pig's feet. I was at a funeral.

FIRST WATCH

(Draws his truncheon.) Liar!

(The beagle lifts his snout, showing the grey scorbutic face of Paddy Dignam. He 1
has gnawed all. He exhales a putrid carcasefed breath. He grows to human size and shape. His dachshund coat becomes a brown mortuary habit. His green eye flashes bloodshot. Half of one ear, all the nose and both thumbs are ghouleaten.)

PADDY DIGNAM

(In a hollow voice.) It is true. It was my funeral. Doctor Finucane pronounced life 2
extinct when I succumbed to the disease from natural causes.

(He lifts his mutilated ashen face moonwards and bays lugubriously.)

BLOOM

(In triumph.) You hear?

PADDY DIGNAM

Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list! 3

BLOOM

The voice is the voice of Esau. 4

SECOND WATCH

(Blesses himself.) How is that possible?

FIRST WATCH

It is not in the penny catechism. 5

PADDY DIGNAM

By metempsychosis. Spooks. 6

A VOICE

O rocks.

PADDY DIGNAM

(Earnestly.) Once I was in the employ of Mr J. H. Menton solicitor, commissioner 7
for oaths and affidavits, of 27 Bachelor's Walk. Now I am defunct, the wall of the heart hypertrophied. Hard lines. The poor wife was awfully cut up. How is she bearing it? Keep her off that bottle of sherry. *(He looks round him.)* A lamp. I must satisfy an animal need. That buttermilk didn't agree with me.

(The portly figure of John O'Connell, caretaker, stands forth, holding a bunch 8
of keys tied with crape. Beside him stands Father Coffey, chaplain, toadbellied, 9

1 *wrynecked, in a surplice and bandanna nightcap, holding sleepily a staff of twisted poppies.)*

FATHER COFFEY

2 *(Yawns, then chants with a hoarse croak.)* Namine. Jacobs Vobiscuits. Amen.

JOHN O'CONNELL

(Foghorns stormily through his megaphone.) Dignam, Patrick T., deceased.

PADDY DIGNAM

3-4 *(With pricked up ears, winces.)* Overtones. *(He wriggles forward, places an ear to the ground.)* My master's voice!

JOHN O'CONNELL

5-6 Burial docket letter number U. P. Eightyfive thousand. Field seventeen. House of Keys. Plot, one hundred and one.

(Paddy Dignam listens with visible effort, thinking, his tail stiff pointed, his ears cocked.)

PADDY DIGNAM

Pray for the repose of his soul.

(He worms down through a coalhole, his brown habit trailing its tether over rattling pebbles. After him toddles an obese grandfather rat on fungus turtle paws under a grey carapace. Dignam's voice, muffled, is heard baying under ground:

7-8 Dignam's dead and gone below. *Tom Rochford, robinredbreasted, in cap and breeches, jumps from his twocolumned machine.)*

TOM ROCHFORD

9 *(A hand to his breastbone, bows.)* Reuben J. A florin I find him. *(He fixes the manhole*

10-11 *with a resolute stare.)* My turn now on. Follow me up to Carlow.

12 *(He executes a daredevil salmon leap in the air and is engulfed in the coalhole. Two discs on the columns wobble eyes of nought. All recedes. Bloom plodges forward again. He stands before a lighted house, listening. The kisses, winging from their bowers fly about him, twittering, warbling, cooing.)*

THE KISSES

13 *(Warbling.)* Leo! *(Twittering.)* Icky licky micky sticky for Leo! *(Cooing.)* Coo coocoo! Yummyumm Womwom! *(Warbling.)* Big comebig! Pirouette! Leopopold! *(Twittering).* Leeolee! *(Warbling.)* O Leo!

(They rustle, flutter upon his garments, alight, bright giddy flecks, silvery sequins.)

BLOOM

A man's touch. Sad music. Church music. Perhaps here.

14 *(Zoe Higgins, a young whore in a sapphire slip, closed with three bronze buckles, a slim black velvet fillet round her throat, nods, trips down the steps and accosts him.)*

ZOE

Are you looking for someone? He's inside with his friend.

BLOOM

Is this Mrs Mack's? 1

ZOE

No, eightyone. Mrs Cohen's. You might go farther and fare worse. Mother 2-3
Slipperslapper. *(Familiarly.)* She's on the job herself tonight with the vet, her tipster, that gives her all the winners and pays for her son in Oxford. Working overtime but her luck's turned today. *(Suspiciously.)* You're not his father, are you?

BLOOM

Not I!

ZOE

You both in black. Has little mousey any tickles tonight?

(His skin, alert, feels her fingertips approach. A hand slides over his left thigh.)

ZOE

How's the nuts?

BLOOM

Off side. Curiously they are on the right. Heavier I suppose. One in a million my tailor, Mesias, says. 4

ZOE

(In sudden alarm.) You've a hard chancre. 5

BLOOM

Not likely.

ZOE

I feel it.

(Her hand slides into his left trouser pocket and brings out a hard black shrivelled potato. She regards it and Bloom with dumb moist lips.) 6

BLOOM

A talisman. Heirloom.

ZOE

For Zoe? For keeps? For being so nice, eh?

(She puts the potato greedily into a pocket, then links his arm, cuddling him with supple warmth. He smiles uneasily. Slowly, note by note, oriental music is played. He gazes in the tawny crystal of her eyes, ringed with kohol. His smile softens.)

ZOE

You'll know me the next time.

BLOOM

(Forlornly.) I never loved a dear gazelle but it was sure to…

(Gazelles are leaping, feeding on the mountains. Near are lakes. Round their shores file shadows black of cedargroves. Aroma rises, a strong hairgrowth of resin. It burns, the orient, a sky of sapphire, cleft by the bronze flight of eagles. Under it lies the womancity, nude, white, still, cool, in luxury. A fountain murmurs among damask roses. Mammoth roses murmur of scarlet winegrapes. A wine of shame, lust, blood exudes, strangely murmuring.)

ZOE

(Murmuring singsong with the music, her odalisk lips lusciously smeared with salve of swinefat and rosewater.)

Schorach ani wenowach, benoith Hierushaloim.

BLOOM

(Fascinated.) I thought you were of good stock by your accent.

ZOE

And you know what thought did?

(She bites his ear gently with little goldstopped teeth sending on him a cloying breath of stale garlic. The roses draw apart, disclose a sepulchre of the gold of kings and their mouldering bones.)

BLOOM

(Draws back, mechanically caressing her right bub with a flat awkward hand.) Are you a Dublin girl?

ZOE

(Catches a stray hair deftly and twists it to her coil.) No bloody fear. I'm English. Have you a swaggerroot?

BLOOM

(As before.) Rarely smoke, dear. Cigar now and then. Childish device. *(Lewdly.)* The mouth can be better engaged than with a cylinder of rank weed.

ZOE

Go on. Make a stump speech out of it.

BLOOM

(In workman's corduroy overalls, black gansy with red floating tie and apache cap.) Mankind is incorrigible. Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the new world that potato and that weed, the one a killer of pestilence by absorption, the other a poisoner of the ear, eye, heart, memory, will, understanding, all. That is to say, he brought the poison a hundred years before another person whose

name I forget brought the food. Suicide. Lies. All our habits. Why, look at our public life!

(Midnight chimes from distant steeples.)

THE CHIMES

Turn again, Leopold! Lord mayor of Dublin! 1

BLOOM

(In alderman's gown and chain.) Electors of Arran Quay, Inns Quay, Rotunda, 2-3
Mountjoy and North Dock, better run a tramline, I say, from the cattlemarket to 4
the river. That's the music of the future. That's my programme. *Cui bono?* But our 5
buccaneering Vanderdeckens in their phantom ship of finance... 6

AN ELECTOR

Three times three for our future chief magistrate! 7

(The aurora borealis of the torchlight procession leaps.)

THE TORCHBEARERS

Hooray!

(Several wellknown burgesses, city magnates and freemen of the city shake hands with Bloom and congratulate him. Timothy Harrington, late thrice Lord Mayor 8
of Dublin, imposing in mayoral scarlet, gold chain and white silk tie, confers with 9-10
councillor Lorcan Sherlock, locum tenens. They nod vigorously in agreement.) 11

LATE LORD MAYOR HARRINGTON

(In scarlet robe with mace, gold mayoral chain and large white silk scarf.) That alderman 12
sir Leo Bloom's speech be printed at the expense of the ratepayers. That the house
in which he was born be ornamented with a commemorative tablet and that
the thoroughfare hitherto known as Cow Parlour off Cork street be henceforth 13
designated Boulevard Bloom.

COUNCILLOR LORCAN SHERLOCK

Carried unanimously.

BLOOM

(Impassionedly.) These flying Dutchmen or lying Dutchmen as they recline in their 14
upholstered poop, casting dice, what reck they? Machines is their cry, their chimera, 15-16
their panacea. Laboursaving apparatuses, supplanters, bugbears, manufactured
monsters for mutual murder, hideous hobgoblins produced by a horde of capitalistic
lusts upon our prostituted labour. The poor man starves while they are grassing
their royal mountain stags or shooting peasants and phartridges in their purblind
pomp of pelf and power. But their reign is rover for rever and ever and ev... 17

(Prolonged applause. Venetian masts, maypoles and festal arches spring up. A 18
streamer bearing the legends Cead Mile Failte *and* Mah Ttob Melek Israel 19-20
spans the street. All the windows are thronged with sightseers, chiefly ladies.
Along the route the regiments of the royal Dublin fusiliers, the King's own 21-22
Scottish borderers, the Cameron Highlanders and the Welsh Fusiliers, standing 23-24

to attention keep back the crowd. Boys from High school are perched on the lampposts, telegraph poles, windowsills, cornices, gutters, chimneypots, railings, rainspouts, whistling and cheering. The pillar of the cloud appears. A fife and drum band is heard in the distance playing the Kol Nidre. The beaters approach with imperial eagles hoisted, trailing banners and waving oriental palms. The chryselephantine papal standard rises high, surrounded by pennons of the civic flag. The van of the procession appears headed by John Howard Parnell, city marshal, in a chessboard tabard, the Athlone Poursuivant and Ulster King of Arms. They are followed by the Right Honourable Joseph Hutchinson, lord mayor of Dublin, the lord mayor of Cork, their worships the mayors of Limerick, Galway, Sligo and Waterford, twentyeight Irish representative peers, sirdars, grandees and maharajahs bearing the cloth of estate, the Dublin Metropolitan Fire Brigade, the chapter of the saints of finance in their plutocratic order of precedence, the bishop of Down and Connor, His Eminence Michael cardinal Logue archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland, His Grace, the most reverend Dr William Alexander, archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland, the chief rabbi, the presbyterian moderator, the heads of the baptist, anabaptist, methodist and Moravian chapels and the honorary secretary of the society of friends. After them march the guilds and trades and trainbands with flying colours: coopers, bird fanciers, millwrights, newspaper canvassers, law scriveners, masseurs, vintners, trussmakers, chimney sweeps, lard refiners, tabinet and poplin weavers, farriers, Italian warehousemen, church decorators, bootjack manufacturers, undertakers, silk mercers, lapidaries, salesmasters, corkcutters, assessors of fire losses, dyers and cleaners, export bottlers, fellmongers, ticketwriters, heraldic seal engravers, horse repository hands, bullion brokers, cricket and archery outfitters, riddlemakers, egg and potato factors, hosiers and glovers, plumbing contractors. After them march gentlemen of the bed chamber, Black Rod, Deputy Garter, Gold Stick, the master of horse, the lord great chamberlain, the earl marshal, the high constable carrying the sword of state, saint Stephen's iron crown, the chalice and bible. Four buglers on foot blow a sennet. Beefeaters reply, winding clarions of welcome. Under an arch of triumph Bloom appears bareheaded, in a crimson velvet mantle trimmed with ermine, bearing Saint Edward's staff, the orb and sceptre with the dove, the curtana. He is seated on a milkwhite horse with long flowing crimson tail, richly caparisoned, with golden headstall. Wild excitement. The ladies from their balconies throw down rosepetals. The air is perfumed with essences. The men cheer. Bloom's boys run amid the bystanders with branches of hawthorn and wrenbushes.)

BLOOM'S BOYS

The wren, the wren,
The king of all birds,
Saint Stephen's his day,
Was caught in the furze.

A BLACKSMITH

(Murmurs.) For the Honour of God! And is that Bloom? He scarcely looks thirtyone.

A PAVIOR and FLAGGER 1

That's the famous Bloom now, the world's greatest reformer. Hats off!

(All uncover their heads. Women whisper eagerly.)

A MILLIONAIRESS

(Richly.) Isn't he simply wonderful?

A NOBLEWOMAN

(Nobly.) All that man has seen!

A FEMINIST

(Masculinely.) And done!

A BELLHANGER 2

A classic face! He has the forehead of a thinker.

(Bloom's weather. A sunburst appears in the northwest.) 3

THE BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR 4

I here present your undoubted emperor president and king chairman, the most serene and potent and very puissant ruler of this realm. God save Leopold the First!

ALL

God save Leopold the First!

BLOOM

(In dalmatic and purple mantle, to the bishop of Down and Connor, with dignity.) Thanks, somewhat eminent sir. 5

WILLIAM, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

(In purple stock and shovel hat.) Will you to your power cause law and mercy to be executed in all your judgments in Ireland and territories thereunto belonging? 6-7

BLOOM

(Placing his right hand on his testicles, swears.) So may the Creator deal with me. All this I promise to do. 8-9

MICHAEL, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH 10

(Pours a cruse of hairoil over Bloom's head.) Gaudium magnum annuntio vobis. Habemus 11-12
carneficem. Leopold, Patrick, Andrew, David, George, be thou anointed! 13

(Bloom assumes a mantle of cloth of gold and puts on a ruby ring. He ascends and 14-15
stands on the stone of destiny. The representative peers put on at the same time 16-17
their twentyeight crowns. Joybells ring in Christ church, Saint Patrick's, George's 18-20
and gay Malahide. Mirus bazaar fireworks go up from all sides with symbolical 21-22
phallopyrotechnic designs. The peers do homage, one by one, approaching and 23
genuflecting.)

THE PEERS

I do become your liege man of life and limb to earthly worship.

(Bloom holds up his right hand on which sparkles the Koh-i-Noor diamond. His palfrey neighs. Immediate silence. Wireless intercontinental and interplanetary transmitters are set for reception of message.)

BLOOM

My subjects! We hereby nominate our faithful charger Copula Felix hereditary Grand Vizier and announce that we have this day repudiated our former spouse and have bestowed our royal hand upon the princess Selene, the splendour of night.

(The former morganatic spouse of Bloom is hastily removed in the Black Maria. The princess Selene, in moonblue robes, a silver crescent on her head, descends from a Sedan chair, borne by two giants. An outburst of cheering.)

JOHN HOWARD PARNELL

(Raises the royal standard.) Illustrious Bloom! Successor to my famous brother!

BLOOM

(Embraces John Howard Parnell.) We thank you from our heart, John, for this right royal welcome to green Erin, the promised land of our common ancestors.

(The freedom of the city is presented to him embodied in a charter. The keys of Dublin, crossed on a crimson cushion, are given to him. He shows all that he is wearing green socks.)

TOM KERNAN

You deserve it, your honour.

BLOOM

On this day twenty years ago we overcame the hereditary enemy at Ladysmith. Our howitzers and camel swivel guns played on his lines with telling effect. Half a league onward! They charge! All is lost now! Do we yield? No! We drive them headlong! Lo! We charge! Deploying to the left our tight horse swept across the heights of Plevna and, uttering their warcry, *Bonafide Sabaoth*, sabred the Saracen gunners to a man.

THE CHAPEL OF FREEMAN TYPESETTERS

Hear! Hear!

JOHN WYSE NOLAN

There's the man that got away James Stephens.

A BLUECOAT SCHOOLBOY

Bravo!

AN OLD RESIDENT

You're a credit to your country, sir, that's what you are.

AN APPLEWOMAN

He's a man like Ireland wants.

BLOOM

My beloved subjects, a new era is about to dawn. I, Bloom, tell you verily it is even now at hand. Yea, on the word of a Bloom, ye shall ere long enter into the golden city which is to be, the new Bloomusalem in the Nova Hibernia of the future.

(Thirtytwo workmen wearing rosettes, from all the counties of Ireland, under the guidance of Derwan the builder, construct the new Bloomusalem. It is a colossal edifice, with crystal roof, built in the shape of a huge pork kidney, containing forty thousand rooms. In the course of its extension several buildings and monuments, are demolished. Government offices are temporarily transferred to railway sheds. Numerous houses are razed to the ground. The inhabitants are lodged in barrels and boxes, all marked in red with the letters: L. B. Several paupers fall from a ladder. A part of the walls of Dublin, crowded with loyal sightseers, collapses.)

THE SIGHTSEERS

(Dying.) Morituri te salutant. (They die.)

(A man in a brown macintosh springs up through a trapdoor. He points an elongated figure at Bloom.)

THE MAN IN THE MACINTOSH

Don't you believe a word he says. That man is Leopold M'Intosh, the notorious fireraiser. His real name is Higgins.

BLOOM

Shoot him! Dog of a christian! So much for M'Intosh!

(A cannonshot. The man in the macintosh disappears. Bloom with his sceptre strikes down poppies. The instantaneous deaths of many powerful enemies, graziers, members of parliament, members of standing committees, are reported. Bloom's bodyguard distribute Maundy money, commemoration medals, loaves and fishes, temperance badges, expensive Henry Clay cigars, free cowbones for soup, rubber preservatives, in sealed envelopes tied with gold thread, butter scotch, pineapple rock, billets doux *in the form of cocked hats, readymade suits, porringers of toad in the hole, bottles of Jeyes' Fluid, purchase stamps, 40 days' indulgences, spurious coins, dairyfed pork sausages, theatre passes, season tickets available for all tram lines, coupons of the royal and privileged Hungarian lottery, penny dinner counters, cheap reprints of the World's Twelve Worst Books: Froggy and Fritz (politic), Care of the Baby (infantilic), 50 Meals for 7/6 (culinic), Was Jesus a Sun Myth? (historic), Expel that Pain (medic), Infant's Compendium of the Universe (cosmic), Let's All Chortle (hilaric), Canvasser's Vade Mecum (journalic), Loveletters of Mother Assistant (erotic), Who's Who in Space (astric), Songs that Reached Our Heart (melodic), Pennywise's Way to Wealth (parsimonic). A general rush and scramble. Women press forward to touch the hem of Bloom's robe. The lady Gwendolen Dubedat bursts through the throng, leaps on his horse and kisses him on both cheeks amid*

great acclamation. A magnesium flashlight photograph is taken. Babes and sucklings are held up.)

THE WOMEN

Little father! Little father!

THE BABES and SUCKLINGS

Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home,
Cakes in his pocket for Leo alone.

(Bloom, bending down, pokes Baby Boardman gently in the stomach.)

BABY BOARDMAN

(Hiccups, curdled milk flowing from his mouth.) Hajajaja.

BLOOM

(Shaking hands with a blind stripling.) My more than Brother! *(Placing his arms round the shoulders of an old couple)* Dear old friends! *(He plays pussy fourcorners with ragged boys and girls.)* Peep! Bopeep! *(He wheels twins in a perambulator.)* Ticktacktwo wouldyousetashoe? *(He performs juggler's tricks, draws red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet silk handkerchiefs from his mouth.)* Roygbiv. 32 feet per second. *(He consoles a widow.)* Absence makes the heart grow younger. *(He dances the Highland fling with grotesque antics.)* Leg it, ye devils! *(He kisses the bedsores of a palsied veteran.)* Honourable wounds! *(He trips up a fat policeman.)* U. p.: up. U. p.: up. *(He whispers in the ear of a blushing waitress and laughs kindly.)* Ah, naughty, naughty! *(He eats a raw turnip offered him by Maurice Butterly, farmer.)* Fine! Splendid! *(He refuses to accept three shillings offered him by Joseph Hynes, journalist.)* My dear fellow, not at all! *(He gives his coat to a beggar.)* Please accept. *(He takes part in a stomach race with elderly male and female cripples.)* Come on, boys! Wriggle it, girls!

THE CITIZEN

(Choked with emotion, brushes aside a tear in his emerald muffler.) May the good God bless him!

(The rams' horns sound for silence. The standard of Zion is hoisted.)

BLOOM

(Uncloaks impressively, revealing obesity, unrolls a paper and reads solemnly.) Aleph Beth Ghimel Daleth Hagadah Tephilim Kosher Yom Kippur Hanukah Roschaschana Beni Brith Bar Mitzvah Mazzoth Askenazim Meshuggah Talith.

(An official translation is read by Jimmy Henry, assistant town clerk.)

JIMMY HENRY

The Court of Conscience is now open. His Most Catholic Majesty will now administer open air justice. Free medical and legal advice, solution of doubles and other problems. All cordially invited. Given at this our loyal city of Dublin in the year 1 of the Paradisiacal Era.

PADDY LEONARD 1

What am I to do about my rates and taxes?

BLOOM

Pay them, my friend.

PADDY LEONARD

Thank you.

NOSEY FLYNN 2

Can I raise a mortgage on my fire insurance? 3

BLOOM

(Obdurately.) Sirs, take notice that by the law of torts you are bound over in your own recognisances for six months in the sum of five pounds. 4

J. J. O'MOLLOY

A Daniel did I say? Nay! A Peter O'Brien! 5-6

NOSEY FLYNN

Where do I draw the five pounds?

PISSER BURKE 7

For bladder trouble?

BLOOM

Acid. nit. hydrochlor dil., 20 minims, 8
Tinct. mix. vom., 4 minims.
Extr. taraxel. lig., 30 minims.
Aq. dis. ter in die.

CHRIS CALLINAN 9

What is the parallax of the subsolar ecliptic of Aldebaran? 10

BLOOM

Pleased to hear from you, Chris. K. 11

JOE HYNES 12

Why aren't you in uniform?

BLOOM

When my progenitor of sainted memory wore the uniform of the Austrian despot in a dank prison where was yours? 13

BEN DOLLARD

Pansies?

BLOOM

Embellish (beautify) suburban gardens.

BEN DOLLARD

When twins arrive?

BLOOM

Father (pater, dad) starts thinking.

LARRY O'ROURKE

An eight day licence for my new premises. You remember me, sir Leo, when you were in number seven. I'm sending around a dozen of stout for the missus.

BLOOM

(Coldly.) You have the advantage of me. Lady Bloom accepts no presents.

CROFTON

This is indeed a festivity.

BLOOM

(Solemnly.) You call it a festivity. I call it a sacrament.

ALEXANDER KEYES

When will we have our own house of keys?

BLOOM

I stand for the reform of municipal morals and the plain ten commandments. New worlds for old. Union of all, jew, moslem and gentile. Three acres and a cow for all children of nature. Saloon motor hearses. Compulsory manual labour for all. All parks open to the public day and night. Electric dishscrubbers. Tuberculosis, lunacy, war and mendicancy must now cease. General amnesty, weekly carnival, with masked licence, bonuses for all, esperanto the universal brotherhood. No more patriotism of barspongers and dropsical impostors. Free money, free love and a free lay church in a free lay state.

O'MADDEN BURKE

Free fox in a free henroost.

DAVY BYRNE

(Yawning.) Iiiiiiiiiaaaaaaach!

BLOOM

Mixed races and mixed marriage.

LENEHAN

What about mixed bathing?

(Bloom explains to those near him his schemes for social regeneration. All agree with him. The keeper of the Kildare Street museum appears, dragging a lorry on which are the shaking statues of several naked goddesses, Venus Callipyge, Venus Pandemos, Venus Metempsychosis, and plaster figures, also naked, representing the new nine muses, Commerce, Operatic Music, Amor, Publicity, Manufacture, Liberty of Speech, Plural Voting, Gastronomy, Private Hygiene, Seaside Concert Entertainments, Painless Obstetrics and Astronomy for the People.)

FATHER FARLEY

He is an episcopalian, an agnostic, an anythingarian seeking to overthrow our holy faith.

MRS RIORDAN

(Tears up her will.) I'm disappointed in you! You bad man!

MOTHER GROGAN

(Removes her boot to throw it at Bloom.) You beast! You abominable person!

NOSEY FLYNN

Give us a tune, Bloom. One of the old sweet songs.

BLOOM

(With rollicking humour.)

I vowed that I never would leave her,
She turned out a cruel deceiver.
With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom.

HOPPY HOLOHAN

Good old Bloom! There's nobody like him after all.

PADDY LEONARD

Stage Irishman!

BLOOM

What railway opera is like a tramline in Gibraltar? The Rows of Casteele. *(Laughter.)*

LENEHAN

Plagiarist! Down with Bloom!

THE VEILED SIBYL

(Enthusiastically.) I'm a Bloomite and I glory in it. I believe in him in spite of all. I'd give my life for him, the funniest man on earth.

BLOOM

(Winks at the bystanders.) I bet she's a bonny lassie.

THEODORE PUREFOY

(In fishingcap and oilskin jacket.) He employs a mechanical device to frustrate the sacred ends of nature.

THE VEILED SIBYL

(Stabs herself.) My hero god! *(She dies.)*

(Many most attractive and enthusiastic women also commit suicide by stabbing, drowning, drinking prussic acid, aconite, arsenic, opening their veins, refusing food, casting themselves under steamrollers, from the top of Nelson's Pillar, into the great vat of Guinness's brewery, asphyxiating themselves by placing their heads in gas ovens, hanging themselves in stylish garters, leaping from windows of different storeys.)

ALEXANDER J. DOWIE

(Violently.) Fellowchristians and antiBloomites, the man called Bloom is from the roots of hell, a disgrace to christian men. A fiendish libertine from his earliest years this stinking goat of Mendes gave precocious signs of infantile debauchery recalling the cities of the plain, with a dissolute granddam. This vile hypocrite, bronzed with infamy, is the white bull mentioned in the Apocalypse. A worshipper of the Scarlet Woman, intrigue is the very breath of his nostrils. The stake faggots and the caldron of boiling oil are for him. Caliban!

THE MOB

Lynch him! Roast him! He's as bad as Parnell was. Mr Fox!

(Mother Grogan throws her boot at Bloom. Several shopkeepers from upper and lower Dorset street throw objects of little or no commercial value, hambones, condensed milk tins, unsaleable cabbage, stale bread, sheeps'tails, odd pieces of fat.)

BLOOM

(Excitedly.) This is midsummer madness, some ghastly joke again. By heaven, I am guiltless as the unsunned snow! It was my brother Henry. He is my double. He lives in number 2 Dolphin's Barn. Slander, the viper, has wrongfully accused me. Fellowcountrymen, *sgenl inn ban bata coisde gan capall.* I call on my old friend, Dr Malachi Mulligan, sex specialist, to give medical testimony on my behalf.

DR MULLIGAN

(In motor jerkin, green motorgoggles on his brow.) Dr Bloom is bisexually abnormal. He has recently escaped from Dr Eustace's private asylum for demented gentlemen. Born out of bedlock hereditary epilepsy is present, the consequence of unbridled lust. Traces of elephantiasis have been discovered among his ascendants. There are marked symptoms of chronic exhibitionism. Ambidexterity is also latent. He is prematurely bald from selfabuse, perversely idealistic in consequence, a reformed rake, and has metal teeth. In consequence of a family complex he has temporarily lost his memory and I believe him to be more sinned against than sinning. I have made a pervaginal examination and, after application of the acid test to 5427 anal, axillary, pectoral and pubic hairs, I declare him to be *virgo intacta.*

(Bloom holds his high grade hat over his genital organs.)

DR MADDEN

Hypsospadia is also marked. In the interest of coming generations I suggest that the parts affected should be preserved in spirits of wine in the national teratological museum.

DR CROTTHERS

I have examined the patient's urine. It is albuminoid. Salivation is insufficient, the patellar reflex intermittent.

DR PUNCH COSTELLO

The *fetor judaicus* is most perceptible.

DR DIXON

(Reads a bill of health.) Professor Bloom is a finished example of the new womanly man. His moral nature is simple and lovable. Many have found him a dear man, a dear person. He is a rather quaint fellow on the whole, coy though not feebleminded in the medical sense. He has written a really beautiful letter, a poem in itself, to the court missionary of the Reformed Priests' Protection Society which clears up everything. He is practically a total abstainer and I can affirm that he sleeps on a straw litter and eats the most Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas. He wears a hairshirt winter and summer and scourges himself every Saturday. He was, I understand, at one time a firstclass misdemeanant in Glencree reformatory. Another report states that he was a very posthumous child. I appeal for clemency in the name of the most sacred word our vocal organs have ever been called upon to speak. He is about to have a baby.

(General commotion and compassion. Women faint. A wealthy American makes a street collection for Bloom. Gold and silver coins, blank cheques, banknotes, jewels, treasury bonds, maturing bills of exchange, I. O. U's, wedding rings, watchchains, lockets, necklaces and bracelets are rapidly collected.)

BLOOM

O, I so want to be a mother.

MRS THORNTON

(In nursetender's gown.) Embrace me tight, dear. You'll be soon over it. Tight, dear.

(Bloom embraces her tightly and bears eight male yellow and white children. They appear on a redcarpeted staircase adorned with expensive plants. All are handsome, with valuable metallic faces, wellmade, respectably dressed and wellconducted, speaking five modern languages fluently and interested in various arts and sciences. Each has his name printed in legible letters on his shirtfront: Nasodoro, Goldfinger, Chrysostomos, Maindorée, Silversmile, Silberselber, Vifargent, Panargyros. They are immediately appointed to positions of high public trust in several different countries as managing directors of banks, traffic managers of railways, chairmen of limited liability companies, vice chairmen of hotel syndicates.)

A VOICE

Bloom, are you the Messiah ben Joseph or ben David?

BLOOM

(Darkly.) You have said it.

BROTHER BUZZ

Then perform a miracle.

BANTAM LYONS

Prophesy who will win the Saint Leger.

(Bloom walks on a net, covers his left eye with his left ear, passes through several walls, climbs Nelson's Pillar, hangs from the top ledge by his eyelids, eats twelve dozen oysters (shells included), heals several sufferers from king's evil, contracts his face so as to resemble many historical personages, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Byron, Wat Tyler, Moses of Egypt, Moses Maimonides, Moses Mendelssohn, Henry Irving, Rip van Winkle, Kossuth, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Baron Leopold Rothschild, Robinson Crusoe, Sherlock Holmes, Pasteur, turns each foot simultaneously in different directions, bids the tide turn back, eclipses the sun by extending his little finger.)

BRINI, PAPAL NUNCIO

(In papal zouave's uniform, steel cuirasses as breastplate, armplates, thighplates, legplates, large profane moustaches and brown paper mitre.)

Leopoldi autem generatio. Moses begat Noah and Noah begat Eunuch and Eunuch begat O'Halloran and O'Halloran begat Guggenheim and Guggenheim begat Agendath and Agendath begat Netaim and Netaim begat Le Hirsch and Le Hirsch begat Jesurum and Jesurum begat MacKay and MacKay begat Ostrolopsky and Ostrolopsky begat Smerdoz and Smerdoz begat Weiss and Weiss begat Schwarz and Schwarz begat Adrianopoli and Adrianopoli begat Aranjuez and Aranjuez begat Lewy Lawson and Lewy Lawson begat Ichabudonosor and Ichabudonosor begat O'Donnell Magnus and O'Donnell Magnus begat Christbaum and Christbaum begat Ben Maimun and Ben Maimun begat Dusty Rhodes and Dusty Rhodes begat Benamor and Benamor begat Jones-Smith and Jones-Smith begat Savorgnanovich and Savorgnanovich begat Jasperstone and Jasperstone begat Vingtetunieme and Vingtetunieme begat Szombathely and Szombathely begat Virag and Virag begat Bloom *et vocabitur nomen eius Emmanuel.*

A DEADHAND

(Writes on the wall.) Bloom is a cod.

A CRAB

(In bushranger's kit.) What did you do in the cattlecreep behind Kilbarrack?

A FEMALE INFANT

(Shakes a rattle.) And under Ballybough bridge?

A HOLLYBUSH

And in the devil's glen?

BLOOM

(Blushes furiously all over from front to nates, three tears falling from his left eye.) Spare my past. 1

THE IRISH EVICTED TENANTS 2

(In bodycoats, kneebreeches, with Donnybrook fair shillelaghs.) Sjambok him! 3-4

(Bloom with asses' ears seats himself in the pillory with crossed arms, his feet protruding. He whistles Don Giovanni, a cenar teco. *Artane orphans, joining hands, caper round him. Girls of the Prison Gate Mission, joining hands, caper round in the opposite direction.)* 5 6-7 8

THE ARTANE ORPHANS

You hig, you hog, you dirty dog!
You think the ladies love you!

THE PRISON GATE GIRLS

If you see kay
Tell him he may
See you in tea
Tell him from me.

HORNBLOWER 9

(In ephod and huntingcap, announces.) And he shall carry the sins of the people to Azazel, the spirit which is in the wilderness, and to Lilith, the nighthag. And they shall stone him and defile him, yea, all from Agendath Netaim and from Mizraim, the land of Ham. 10-11 12 13-14

(All the people cast soft pantomime stones at Bloom. Many bonafide travellers and ownerless dogs come near him and defile him. Mastiansky and Citron approach in gaberdines, wearing long earlocks. They wag their beards at Bloom.) 15 16 17-18

MASTIANSKY AND CITRON

Belial! Laemlein of Istria! the false Messiah! Abulafia! 19-21

(George S. Mesias, Bloom's tailor, appears, a tailor's goose under his arm, presenting a bill.) 22–23

MESIAS

To alteration one pair trousers eleven shillings.

BLOOM

(Rubs his hands cheerfully.) Just like old times. Poor Bloom!

(Reuben J. Dodd, blackbearded Iscariot, bad shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the drowned corpse of his son, approaches the pillory.) 24-25 26

REUBEN J.

(Whispers hoarsely.) The squeak is out. A split is gone for the flatties. Nip the first rattler. 27-30 31

Pflaap!

BROTHER BUZZ

(Invests Bloom in a yellow habit with embroidery of painted flames and high pointed hat. He places a bag of gunpowder round his neck and hands him over to the civil power, saying.) Forgive him his trespasses.

(Lieutenant Myers of the Dublin Fire Brigade by general request sets fire to Bloom. Lamentations.)

THE CITIZEN

Thank heaven!

BLOOM

(In a seamless garment marked I. H. S. stands upright amid phœnix flames.) Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin.

(He exhibits to Dublin reporters traces of burning. The daughters of Erin, in black garments with large prayerbooks and long lighted candles in their hands, kneel down and pray.)

THE DAUGHTERS OF ERIN

Kidney of Bloom, pray for us.
Flower of the Bath, pray for us.
Mentor of Menton, pray for us.
Canvasser for the Freeman, pray for us.
Charitable Mason, pray for us.
Wandering Soap, pray for us.
Sweets of Sin, pray for us.
Music without Words, pray for us.
Reprover of the Citizen, pray for us.
Friend of all Frillies, pray for us.
Midwife Most Merciful, pray for us.
Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence, pray for us.

(A choir of six hundred voices, conducted by Mr Vincent O'Brien, sings the Alleluia chorus, accompanied on the organ by Joseph Glynn. Bloom becomes mute, shrunken, carbonised.)

ZOE

Talk away till you're black in the face.

BLOOM

(In caubeen with clay pipe stuck in the band, dusty brogues, an emigrant's red handkerchief bundle in his hand, leading a black bogoak pig by a sugaun, with a smile in his eye.) Let me be going now, woman of the house, for by all the goats in Connemara I'm after having the father and mother of a bating. *(With a tear in his eye.)* All insanity.

Patriotism, sorrow for the dead, music, future of the race. To be or not to be. Life's dream is o'er. End it peacefully. They can live on. *(He gazes far away mournfully.)* I am ruined. A few pastilles of aconite. The blinds drawn. A letter. Then lie back to rest. *(He breathes softly.)* No more. I have lived. Fare. Farewell.

ZOE

(Stiffly, her finger in her neckfillet.) Honest? Till the next time. *(She sneers.)* Suppose you got up the wrong side of the bed or came too quick with your best girl. O, I can read your thoughts.

BLOOM

(Bitterly.) Man and woman, love, what is it? A cork and bottle.

ZOE

(In sudden sulks.) I hate a rotter that's insincere. Give a bleeding whore a chance.

BLOOM

(Repentantly.) I am very disagreeable. You are a necessary evil. Where are you from? London?

ZOE

(Glibly.) Hog's Norton where the pigs plays the organs. I'm Yorkshire born. *(She holds his hand which is feeling for her nipple.)* I say, Tommy Tittlemouse. Stop that and begin worse. Have you cash for a short time? Ten shillings?

BLOOM

(Smiles, nods slowly.) More, houri, more.

ZOE

And more's mother? *(She pats him offhandedly with velvet paws.)* Are you coming into the musicroom to see our new pianola? Come and I'll peel off.

BLOOM

(Feeling his occiput dubiously with the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of her peeled pears.) Somebody would be dreadfully jealous if she knew The greeneyed monster. *(Earnestly.)* You know how difficult it is. I needn't tell you.

ZOE

(Flattered.) What the eye can't see the heart can't grieve for. *(She pats him.)* Come.

BLOOM

Laughing witch! The hand that rocks the cradle.

ZOE

Babby!

BLOOM

(In babylinen and pelisse, bigheaded, with a caul of dark hair, fixes big eyes on her fluid slip and counts its bronze buckles with a chubby finger, his moist tongue lolling and lisping.) One two tlee: tlee tlwo tlone.

THE BUCKLES

Love me. Love me not. Love me.

ZOE

Silent means consent. *(With little parted talons she captures his hand, her forefinger giving to his palm the passtouch of secret monitor, luring him to doom.)* Hot hands cold gizzard.

(He hesitates amid scents, music, temptations. She leads him towards the steps, drawing him by the odour of her armpits, the vice of her painted eyes, the rustle of her slip in whose sinuous folds lurks the lion reek of all the male brutes that have possessed her.)

THE MALE BRUTES

(Exhaling sulphur of rut and dung and ramping in their loosebox, faintly roaring, their drugged heads swaying to and fro.) Good!

(Zoe and Bloom reach the doorway where two sister whores are seated. They examine him curiously from under their pencilled brows and smile to his hasty bow. He trips awkwardly.)

ZOE

(Her lucky hand instantly saving him.) Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs.

BLOOM

The just man falls seven times. *(He stands aside at the threshold.)* After you is good manners.

ZOE

Ladies first, gentlemen after.

(She crosses the threshold. He hesitates. She turns and, holding out her hands, draws him over. He hops. On the antlered rack of the hall hang a man's hat and waterproof. Bloom uncovers himself but, seeing them, frowns, then smiles, preoccupied. A door on the return landing is thrown open. A man in purple shirt and grey trousers, brownsocked, passes with an ape's gait, his bald head and goatee beard upheld, hugging a full waterjugjar, his twotailed black braces dangling at heels. Averting his face quickly Bloom bends to examine on the halltable the spaniel eyes of a running fox: then, his lifted head sniffing, follows Zoe into the musicroom. A shade of mauve tissuepaper dims the light of the chandelier. Round and round a moth flies, colliding, escaping. The floor is covered with an oilcloth mosaic of jade and azure and cinnabar rhomboids. Footmarks are stamped over it in all senses, heel to heel, heel to hollow, toe to toe, feet locked, a morris of shuffling feet without body phantoms, all in a scrimmage higgledypiggledy. The walls are tapestried with a paper of yewfronds and clear glades. In the grate is

spread a screen of peacock feathers. Lynch squats crosslegged on the hearthrug of matted hair, his cap back to the front. With a wand he beats time slowly. Kitty Ricketts, a bony pallid whore in navy costume, doeskin gloves rolled back from a coral wristlet, a chain purse in her hand, sits perched on the edge of the table swinging her leg and glancing at herself in the gilt mirror over the mantelpiece. A tag of her corset lace hangs slightly below her jacket. Lynch indicates mockingly the couple at the piano.) 1

KITTY

(Coughs behind her hand.) She's a bit imbecillic. *(She signs with a waggling forefinger.)* Blemblem. *(Lynch lifts up her skirt and white petticoat with the wand. She settles them down quickly.)* Respect yourself. *(She hiccups, then bends quickly her sailor hat under which her hair glows, red with henna.)* O, excuse!

ZOE

More limelight, Charley. *(She goes to the chandelier and turns the gas full cock.)*

KITTY

(Peers at the gasjet.) What ails it tonight?

LYNCH

(Deeply.) Enter a ghost and hobgoblins.

ZOE

Clap on the back for Zoe.

The wand in Lynch's hand flashes: a brass poker. Stephen stands at the pianola on which sprawl his hat and ashplant. With two fingers he repeats once more the series of empty fifths. Florry Talbot, a blond feeble goosefat whore in a tatterdemalion gown of mildewed strawberry lolls spreadeagle in the sofa corner, her limp forearm pendent over the bolster, listening. A heavy stye droops over her sleepy eyelid.) 2-3

KITTY

(Hiccups again with a kick of her horsed foot.) O, excuse!

ZOE

(Promptly.) Your boy's thinking of you. Tie a knot on your shift.

(Kitty Ricketts bends her head. Her boa uncoils, slides, glides over her shoulder, back, arm, chair to the ground. Lynch lifts the curled caterpillar on his wand. She snakes her neck, nestling. Stephen glances behind at the squatted figure with its cap back to the front.)

STEPHEN

As a matter of fact it is of no importance whether Benedetto Marcello found it or made it. The rite is the poet's rest. It may be an old hymn to Demeter or also illustrate *Cœla enarrant gloriam Domini*. It is susceptible of nodes or modes as far apart as hyperphrygian and mixolydian and of texts so divergent as priests haihooping 4 5-6 7 8-9

round David's that is Circe's or what am I saying Ceres' altar and David's tip from the stable to his chief bassoonist about his almightiness. *Mais, nom de nom,* that is another pair of trousers. *Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe. (He stops, points at Lynch's cap, smiles, laughs.)* Which side is your knowledge bump?

THE CAP

(With saturnine spleen.) Bah! It is because it is. Woman's reason. Jewgreek is greekjew. Extremes meet. Death is the highest form of life. Bah!

STEPHEN

You remember fairly accurately all my errors, boasts, mistakes. How long shall I continue to close my eyes to disloyalty? Whetstone!

THE CAP

Bah!

STEPHEN

Here's another for you. *(He frowns.)* The reason is because the fundamental and the dominant are separated by the greatest possible interval which…

THE CAP

Which? Finish. You can't.

STEPHEN

(With an effort.) Interval which. Is the greatest possible ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return. The octave. Which.

THE CAP

Which?

(Outside the gramophone begins to blare The Holy City.*)*

STEPHEN

(Abruptly.) What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself. God, the sun, Shakespeare, a commercial traveller, having itself traversed in reality itself, becomes that self. Wait a moment. Wait a second. Damn that fellow's noise in the street. Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become. *Ecco!*

LYNCH

(With a mocking whinny of laughter grins at Bloom and Zoe Higgins.) What a learned speech, eh?

ZOE

(Briskly.) God help your head, he knows more than you have forgotten.

(With obese stupidity Florry Talbot regards Stephen.)

FLORRY

They say the last day is coming this summer.

KITTY

No!

ZOE

(Explodes in laughter.) Great unjust God!

FLORRY

(Offended.) Well, it was in the papers about Antichrist. O, my foot's tickling. 1

(Ragged barefoot newsboys jogging a wagtail kite, patter past, yelling.)

THE NEWSBOYS

Stop press edition. Result of the rockinghorse races. Sea serpent in the royal canal. 2
Safe arrival of Antichrist.

(Stephen turns and sees Bloom.)

STEPHEN

A time, times and half a time. 3

(Reuben J. Antichrist, wandering jew, a clutching hand open on his spine, stumps 4-5
forward. Across his loins is slung a pilgrim's wallet from which protrude promissory notes and dishonoured bills. Aloft over his shoulder he bears a long boatpole from the hook of which the sodden huddled mass of his only son, saved from Liffey waters, hangs from the slack of its breeches. A hobgoblin in the image of Punch Costello, 6
hipshot, crookbacked, hydrocephalic, prognathic with receding forehead and Ally 7-9
Sloper nose tumbles in somersaults through the gathering darkness.)

ALL

What?

THE HOBGOBLIN

(His jaws chattering, capers to and fro, goggling his eyes, squeaking, kangaroohopping, with outstretched clutching arms, then all at once thrusts his lipless face through the fork of his thighs.) Il vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit! L'homme primigène! (He whirls round 10
and round with dervish howls.) Sieurs et dames, faites vos jeux! (He crouches juggling. Tiny 11
roulette planets fly from his hands.) Les jeux sont faits! (The planets rush together, uttering 12
crepitant cracks.) Rien n'va plus. (The planets, buoyant balloons, sail swollen up and away. 13
He springs off into vacuum.)

FLORRY

(Sinking into torpor, crosses herself secretly.) The end of the world!

(A female tepid effluvium leaks out from her. Nebulous obscurity occupies space. Through the drifting fog without the gramophone blares over coughs and feetshuffling.)

THE GRAMOPHONE

Jerusalem! 14
Open your gates and sing
Hosanna…

(A rocket rushes up the sky and bursts. A white star falls from it, proclaiming the consummation of all things and second coming of Elijah. Along an infinite invisible tightrope taut from zenith to nadir the End of the World, a twoheaded octopus in gillie's kilts, busby and tartan filibegs, whirls through the murk, head over heels, in the form of the Three Legs of Man.)

THE END OF THE WORLD

(With a Scotch accent.) Wha'll dance the keel row, the keel row, the keel row?

(Over the passing drift and choking breathcoughs, Elijah's voice, harsh as a corncrake's, jars on high. Perspiring in a loose lawn surplice with funnel sleeves he is seen, vergerfaced, above a rostrum about which the banner of old glory is draped. He thumps the parapet.)

ELIJAH

No yapping, if you please, in this booth. Jake Crane, Creole Sue, Dave Campbell, Abe Kirschner, do your coughing with your mouths shut. Say, I am operating all this trunk line. Boys, do it now. God's time is 12.25. Tell mother you'll be there. Rush your order and you play a slick ace. Join on right here! Book through to eternity junction, the nonstop run. Just one word more. Are you a god or a doggone clod? If the second advent came to Coney Island are we ready? Florry Christ, Stephen Christ, Zoe Christ, Bloom Christ, Kitty Christ, Lynch Christ, it's up to you to sense that cosmic force. Have we cold feet about the cosmos? No. Be on the side of the angels. Be a prism. You have that something within, the higher self. You can rub shoulders with a Jesus, a Gautama, an Ingersoll. Are you all in this vibration? I say you are. You once nobble that, congregation, and a buck joy ride to heaven becomes a back number. You got me? It's a lifebrightener, sure. The hottest stuff ever was. It's the whole pie with jam in. It's just the cutest snappiest line out. It is immense, supersumptuous. It restores. It vibrates. I know and I am some vibrator. Joking apart and getting down to bedrock, A. J. Christ Dowie and the harmonial philosophy, have you got that? O. K. Seventyseven west sixtyninth street. Got me? That's it. You call me up by sunphone any old time. Bumboosers, save your stamps. *(He shouts.)* Now then our glory song. All join heartily in the singing. Encore! *(He sings.)* Jeru…

THE GRAMOPHONE

(Drowning his voice.)

Whorusalaminyourhighhohhhh… *(The disc rasps gratingly against the needle.)*

THE THREE WHORES

(Covering their ears, squawk.) Ahhkkk!

ELIJAH

(In rolledup shirtsleeves, black in the face, shouts at the top of his voice, his arms uplifted.) Big Brother up there, Mr President, you hear what I done just been saying to you. Certainly, I sort of believe strong in you, Mr President. I certainly am thinking now Miss Higgins and Miss Ricketts got religion way inside them. Certainly seems to me I don't never see no wusser scared female than the way you been, Miss Florry,

just now as I done seed you. Mr President, you come long and help me save our sisters dear. *(He winks at his audience.)* Our Mr President, he twig the whole lot and he ain't saying nothing. 1

KITTY-KATE

I forgot myself. In a weak moment I erred and did what I did on Constitution hill. 2
I was confirmed by the bishop. My mother's sister married a Montmorency. It was 3
a working plumber was my ruination when I was pure.

ZOE-FANNY

I let him larrup it into me for the fun of it.

FLORRY-TERESA

It was in consequence of a portwine beverage on top of Hennessy's three stars. I 4
was guilty with Whelan when he slipped into the bed. 5

STEPHEN

In the beginning was the word, in the end the world without end. Blessed be the 6-8
eight beatitudes.

(The beatitudes, Dixon, Madden, Crotthers, Costello, Lenehan, Bannon, Mulligan 9
and Lynch in white surgical students' gowns, four abreast, goosestepping, tramp
fast past in noisy marching.)

THE BEATITUDES

(Incoherently.) Beer beef battledog buybull businum barnum buggerum bishop. 10

LYSTER 11

(In quakergrey kneebreeches and broadbrimmed hat, says discreetly.) He is our friend. I
need not mention names. Seek thou the light. 12

(He corantos by. Best enters in hairdresser attire, shinily laundered, his locks in 13-14
curlpapers. He leads John Eglinton who wears a mandarin's kimono of Nankeen 15-16
yellow, lizard-lettered, and a high pagoda hat.)

BEST

(Smiling, lifts the hat and displays a shaven poll from the crown of which bristles a pigtail
toupee tied with an orange topknot.) I was just beautifying him, don't you know. A 17
thing of beauty, don't you know, Yeats says, or I mean, Keats says. 18

JOHN EGLINTON

(Produces a greencapped dark lantern and flashes it towards a corner; with carping accent.)
Esthetics and cosmetics are for the boudoir. I am out for truth. Plain truth for a
plain man. Tanderagee wants the facts and means to get them. 19

(In the cone of the searchlight behind the coalscuttle, ollave, holyeyed, the bearded 20
figure of Mananaan MacLir broods, chin on knees. He rises slowly. A cold seawind 21
blows from his druid mantle. About his head writhe eels and elvers. He is encrusted 22
with weeds and shells. His right hand holds a bicycle pump. His left hand grasps 23
a huge crayfish by its two talons.)

(With a voice of waves.) Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma! White yoghin of the Gods. Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos. *(With a voice of whistling seawind.)* Punarjanam patsypunjaub! I won't have my leg pulled. It has been said by one: beware the left, the cult of Shakti. *(With a cry of stormbirds.)* Shakti, Shiva! Dark hidden Father! *(He smites with his bicycle pump the crayfish in his left hand. On its cooperative dial glow the twelve signs of the zodiac. He wails with the vehemence of the ocean.)* Aum! Baum! Pyjaum! I am the light of the homestead, I am the dreamery creamery butter.

(A skeleton judashand strangles the light. The green light wanes to mauve. The gasjet wails whistling.)

THE GASJET

Pooah! Pfuiiiiii!

(Zoe runs to the chandelier and, crooking her leg, adjusts the mantle.)

ZOE

Who has a fag as I'm here?

LYNCH

(Tossing a cigarette on to the table.) Here.

ZOE

(Her head perched aside in mock pride.) Is that the way to hand the pot to a lady? *(She stretches up to light the cigarette over the flame, twirling it slowly, showing the brown tufts of her armpits. Lynch with his poker lifts boldly a side of her slip. Bare from her garters up her flesh appears under the sapphire a nixie's green. She puffs calmly at her cigarette.)* Can you see the beauty spot of my behind?

LYNCH

I'm not looking.

ZOE

(Makes sheep's eyes.) No? You wouldn't do a less thing. Would you suck a lemon?

(Squinting in mock shame she glances with sidelong meaning at Bloom then twists round towards him, pulling her slip free of the poker. Blue fluid again flows over her flesh. Bloom stands, smiling desirously, twirling his thumbs. Kitty Ricketts licks her middle finger with her spittle and gazing in the mirror, smooths both eyebrows. Lipoti Virag, basilicogrammate, chutes rapidly down through the chimneyflue and struts two steps to the left on gawky pink stilts. He is sausaged into several overcoats and wears a brown macintosh under which he holds a roll of parchment. In his left eye flashes the monocle of Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell. On his head is perched an Egyptian pshent. Two quills project over his ears.)

VIRAG

(Heels together, bows.) My name is Virag Lipoti, of Szombathely. *(He coughs thoughtfully, drily.)* Promiscuous nakedness is much in evidence hereabouts, eh?

Inadvertently her backview revealed the fact that she is not wearing those rather intimate garments of which you are a particular devotee. The injection mark on the thigh I hope you perceived? Good.

BLOOM

Granpapachi. But…

VIRAG

Number two on the other hand, she of the cherry rouge and coiffeuse white, whose hair owes not a little to our tribal elixir of gopherwood is in walking costume and tightly staysed by her sit, I should opine. Backbone in front, so to say. Correct me but I always understood that the act so performed by skittish humans with glimpses of lingerie appealed to you in virtue of its exhibitionististicicity. In a word. Hippogriff. Am I right? 1 2

BLOOM

She is rather lean.

VIRAG

(Not unpleasantly.) Absolutely! Well observed and those pannier pockets of the skirt and slightly pegtop effect are devised to suggest bunchiness of hip. A new purchase at some monster sale for which a gull has been mulcted. Meretricious finery to deceive the eye. Observe the attention to details of dustspecks. Never put on you tomorrow what you can wear today. Parallax! *(With a nervous twitch of his head.)* Did you hear my brain go snap? Pollysyllabax! 3 4 5 6

BLOOM

(An elbow resting in a hand, a forefinger against his cheek.) She seems sad.

VIRAG

(Cynically, his weasel teeth bared yellow, draws down his left eye with a finger and barks hoarsely.) Hoax! Beware of the flapper and bogus mournful. Lily of the alley. All possess bachelor's button discovered by Rualdus Colombus. Tumble her. Columble her. Chameleon. *(More genially).* Well then, permit me to draw your attention to item number three. There is plenty of her visible to the naked eye. Observe the mass of oxygenated vegetable matter on her skull. What ho, she bumps! The ugly duckling of the party, longcasted and deep in keel. 7-8 9-10 11-12 13-14

BLOOM

(Regretfully.) When you come out without your gun. 15

VIRAG

We can do you all brands mild, medium and strong. Pay your money, take your choice. How happy could you be with either… 16 17

BLOOM

With?…

VIRAG

(His tongue upcurling.) Lyum! Look. Her beam is broad. She is coated with quite a considerable layer of fat. Obviously mammal in weight of bosom you remark that she has in front well to the fore two protuberances of very respectable dimensions, inclined to fall in the noonday soupplate, while on her rere lower down are two additional protuberances, suggestive of potent rectum and tumescent for palpation which leave nothing to be desired save compactness. Such fleshy parts are the product of careful nurture. When coopfattened their livers reach an elephantine size. Pellets of new bread with fennygreek and gumbenjamin swamped down by potions of green tea endow them during their brief existence with natural pincushions of quite colossal blubber. That suits your book, eh? Fleshhotpots of Egypt to hanker after. Wallow in it. Lycopodium. *(His throat twitches.)* Slapbang! There he goes again.

BLOOM

The stye I dislike.

VIRAG

(Arches his eyebrows.) Contact with a goldring, they say. *Argumentum ad feminam*, as we said in old Rome and ancient Greece in the consulship of Diplodocus and Ichthyosaurus. For the rest Eve's sovereign remedy. Not for sale. Hire only. Huguenot. *(He twitches.)* It is a funny sound. *(He coughs encouragingly.)* But possibly it is only a wart. I presume you shall have remembered what I will have taught you on that head? Wheatenmeal with honey and nutmeg.

BLOOM

(Reflecting.) Wheatenmeal with lycopodium and syllabax. This searching ordeal. It has been an unusually fatiguing day, a chapter of accidents. Wait. I mean, wartsblood spreads warts, you said...

VIRAG

(Severely, his nose hardhumped, his side eye winking.) Stop twirling your thumbs and have a good old thunk. See, you have forgotten. Exercise your mnemotechnic. *La causa è santa.* Tara. Tara. *(Aside.)* He will surely remember.

BLOOM

Rosemary also did I understand you to say or willpower over parasitic tissues. Then nay no I have an inkling. The touch of a deadhand cures. Mnemo?

VIRAG

(Excitedly.) I say so. I say so. E'en so. Technic. *(He taps his parchmentroll energetically.)* This book tells you how to act with all descriptive particulars. Consult index for agitated fear of aconite, melancholy of muriatic, priapic pulsatilla. Virag is going to talk about amputation. Our old friend caustic. They must be starved. Snip off with horsehair under the denned neck. But, to change the venue to the Bulgar and the Basque, have you made up your mind whether you like or dislike women in male habiliments? *(With a dry snigger.)* You intended to devote an entire year to

the study of the religious problem and the summer months of 1882 to square the circle and win that million. Pomegranate! From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Pyjamas, let us say? Or stockingette gusseted knickers, closed? Or, put we the case, those complicated combinations, camiknickers? *(He crows derisively.)* Keekeereekee!

(Bloom surveys uncertainly the three whores, then gazes at the veiled mauve light, hearing the everflying moth.)

BLOOM

I wanted then to have now concluded. Nightdress was never. Hence this. But tomorrow is a new day will be. Past was is today. What now is will then tomorrow as now was be past yester.

VIRAG

(Prompts into his ear in a pig's whisper.) Insects of the day spend their brief existence in reiterated coition, lured by the smell of the inferiorly pulchritudinous female possessing extendified pudendal verve in dorsal region. Pretty Poll! *(His yellow parrotbeak gabbles nasally.)* They had a proverb in the Carpathians in or about the year five thousand five hundred and fifty of our era. One tablespoonful of honey will attract friend Bruin more than half a dozen barrels of first choice malt vinegar. Bear's buzz bothers bees. But of this apart. At another time we may resume. We were very pleased, we others. *(He coughs and, bending his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully with a scooping hand.)* You shall find that these night insects follow the light. An illusion for remember their complex unadjustable eye. For all these knotty points see the seventeenth book of my Fundamentals of Sexology or the Love Passion which Doctor L. B. says is the book sensation of the year. Some, to example, there are again whose movements are automatic. Perceive. That is his appropriate sun. Nightbird nightsun nighttown. Chase me, Charley! Buzz!

BLOOM

Bee or bluebottle too other day butting shadow on wall dazed self then me wandered dazed down shirt good job I…

VIRAG

(His face impassive, laughs in a rich feminine key.) Splendid! Spanish fly in his fly or mustard plaster on his dibble. *(He gabbles gluttonously with turkey wattles.)* Bubbly jock! Bubbly jock! Where are we? Open Sesame! Cometh forth! *(He unrolls his parchment rapidly and reads, his glowworm's nose running backwards over the letters which he claws.)* Stay, good friend. I bring thee thy answer. Redbank oysters will shortly be upon us. I'm the best o'cook. Those succulent bivalves may help us and the truffles of Perigord, tubers dislodged through mister omnivorous porker, were unsurpassed in cases of nervous debility or viragitis. Though they stink yet they sting. *(He wags his head with cackling raillery.)* Jocular. With my eyeglass in my ocular.

BLOOM

(Absently.) Ocularly woman's bivalve case is worse. Always open sesame. The cloven sex. Why they fear vermin, creeping things. Yet Eve and the serpent contradict. Not

a historical fact. Obvious analogy to my idea. Serpents too are gluttons for woman's milk. Wind their way through miles of omnivorous forest to sucksucculent her
1 breast dry. Like those bubblyjocular Roman matrons one reads of in Elephantuliasis.

VIRAG

(His mouth projected in hard wrinkles, eyes stonily forlornly closed, psalms in outlandish monotone.) That the cows with their those distended udders that they have been the known...

BLOOM

I am going to scream. I beg your pardon. Ah? So. *(He repeats.)* Spontaneously to seek out the saurian's lair in order to entrust their teats to his avid suction. Ant
2 milks aphis. *(Profoundly.)* Instinct rules the world. In life. In death.

VIRAG

(Head askew, arches his back and hunched wingshoulders, peers at the moth out of blear
3 *bulged eyes, points a horning claw and cries.)* Who's Ger Ger? Who's dear Gerald? O,
4 I much fear he shall be most badly burned. Will some pleashe pershon not now impediment so catastrophics mit agitation of firstclass tablenumpkin? *(He mews.)* Luss puss puss puss! *(He sighs, draws back and stares sideways down with dropping underjaw.)* Well, well. He doth rest anon.

I'm a tiny tiny thing
Ever flying in the spring
Round and round a ringaring.
Long ago I was a king,
Now I do this kind of thing
On the wing, on the wing!
Bing!

(He rushes against the mauve shade flapping noisily.) Pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty petticoats.

(From left upper entrance with two sliding steps Henry Flower comes forward to left front centre. He wears a dark mantle and drooping plumed sombrero. He carries a silverstringed inlaid dulcimer and a longstemmed bamboo Jacob's pipe, its clay bowl fashioned as a female head. He wears dark velvet hose and silverbuckled pumps. He has the romantic Saviour's face with flowing locks, thin beard and
5 *moustache. His spindlelegs and sparrow feet are those of the tenor Mario, prince of Candia. He settles down his goffered ruffs and moistens his lips with a passage of his amorous tongue.)*

HENRY

6 *(In a low dulcet voice, touching the strings of his guitar.)* There is a flower that bloometh.

(Virag truculent, his jowl set, stares at the lamp. Grave Bloom regards Zoe's neck. Henry gallant turns with pendent dewlap to the piano.)

STEPHEN

(To himself.) Play with your eyes shut. Imitate pa. Filling my belly with husks of swine. Too much of this. I will arise and go to my. Expect this is the. Steve, thou art in a parlous way. Must visit old Deasy or telegraph. Our interview of this morning has left on me a deep impression. Though our ages. Will write fully tomorrow. I'm partially drunk, by the way. *(He touches the keys again.)* Minor chord comes now. Yes. Not much however.

(Almidano Artifoni holds out a batonroll of music with vigorous moustachework.)

ARTIFONI

Ci rifletta. Lei rovina tutto.

FLORRY

Sing us something. Love's old sweet song.

STEPHEN

No voice. I am a most finished artist. Lynch, did I show you the letter about the lute?

FLORRY

(Smirking.) The bird that can sing and won't sing.

(The Siamese twins, Philip Drunk and Philip Sober, two Oxford dons with lawnmowers, appear in the window embrasure. Both are masked with Matthew Arnold's face.)

PHILIP SOBER

Take a fool's advice. All is not well. Work it out with the buttend of a pencil, like a good young idiot. Three pounds twelve you got, two notes, one sovereign, two crowns, if youth but knew. Mooney's en ville, Mooney's sur mer, the Moira, Larchet's, Holles street hospital, Burke's. Eh? I am watching you.

PHILIP DRUNK

(Impatiently.) Ah, bosh, man. Go to hell! I paid my way. If I could only find out about octaves. Reduplication of personality. Who was it told me his name? *(His lawnmower begins to purr.)* Aha, yes. *Zoe mou sas agapo.* Have a notion I was here before. When was it not Atkinson his card I have somewhere. Mac somebody. Unmack I have it. He told me about, hold on, Swinburne, was it, no?

FLORRY

And the song?

STEPHEN

Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

FLORRY

Are you out of Maynooth? You're like someone I knew once.

STEPHEN

Out of it now. *(To himself.)* Clever.

(Their lawnmowers purring with a rigadoon of grasshalms.) Clever ever. Out of it. Out of it. By the by have you the book, the thing, the ashplant? Yes, there it, yes. Cleverever outofitnow. Keep in condition. Do like us.

ZOE

There was a priest down here two nights ago to do his bit of business with his coat buttoned up. You needn't try to hide, I says to him. I know you've a Roman collar.

VIRAG

Perfectly logical from his standpoint. Fall of man. *(Harshly, his pupils waxing.)* To hell with the pope! Nothing new under the sun. I am the Virag who disclosed the sex secrets of monks and maidens. Why I left the Church of Rome. Read the Priest, the Woman and the Confessional. Penrose. Flipperty Jippert. *(He wriggles.)* Woman, undoing with sweet pudor her belt of rushrope, offers her allmoist yoni to man's lingam. Short time after man presents woman with pieces of jungle meat. Woman shows joy and covers herself with featherskins. Man loves her yoni fiercely with big lingam, the stiff one. *(He cries.) Coactus volui.* Then giddy woman will run about. Strong man grasps woman's wrist. Woman squeals, bites, spucks. Man, now fierce angry, strikes woman's fat yadgana. *(He chases his tail.)* Piffpaff! Popo! *(He stops, sneezes.)* Pchp! *(He worries his butt.)* Prrrrrht!

LYNCH

I hope you gave the good father a penance. Nine glorias for shooting a bishop.

ZOE

(Spouts walrus smoke through her nostrils.) He couldn't get a connection. Only, you know, sensation. A dry rush.

BLOOM

Poor man!

ZOE

(Lightly.) Only for what happened him.

BLOOM

How?

VIRAG

(A diabolic rictus of black luminosity contracting his visage, cranes his scraggy neck forward. He lifts a mooncalf nozzle and howls.) Verfluchte Goim! He had a father, forty fathers. He never existed. Pig God! He had two left feet. He was Judas Iacchias, a Libyan eunuch, the pope's bastard. *(He leans out on tortured forepaws, elbows bent rigid, his eye agonising in his flat skullneck and yelps over the mute world.)* A son of a whore. Apocalypse.

KITTY

And Mary Shortall that was in the lock with the pox she got from Jimmy Pidgeon in the blue caps had a child off him that couldn't swallow and was smothered with the convulsions in the mattress and we all subscribed for the funeral.

PHILIP DRUNK

(Gravely.) Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position, Philippe?

PHILIP SOBER

(Gaily.) C'était le sacré pigeon, Philippe.

(Kitty unpins her hat and sets it down calmly, patting her henna hair. And a prettier, a daintier head of winsome curls was never seen on a whore's shoulders. Lynch puts on her hat. She whips it off.)

LYNCH

(Laughs.) And to such delights has Metchnikoff inoculated anthropoid apes.

FLORRY

(Nods.) Locomotor ataxy.

ZOE

(Gaily.) O, my dictionary.

LYNCH

Three wise virgins.

VIRAG

(Agueshaken, profuse yellow spawn foaming over his bony epileptic lips.) She sold lovephiltres, whitewax, orange flower. Panther, the Roman centurion, polluted her with his genitories. *(He sticks out a flickering phosphorescent scorpion tongue, his hand on his fork.)* Messiah! He burst her tympanum. *(With gibbering baboon's cries he jerks his hips in the cynical spasm.)* Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk! Kok! Kuk!

(Ben Jumbo Dollard, rubicund, musclebound, hairynostrilled, hugebearded, cabbageeared, shaggychested, shockmaned, fatpapped, stands forth, his loins and genitals tightened into a pair of black bathing bagslops.)

BEN DOLLARD

(Nakkering castanet bones in his huge padded paws, yodels jovially in base barreltone.)
When love absorbs my ardent soul.

(The virgins, Nurse Callan and Nurse Quigley, burst through the ringkeepers and the ropes and mob him with open arms.)

THE VIRGINS

(Gushingly.) Big Ben! Ben MacChree!

A VOICE

Hold that fellow with the bad breeches.

BEN DOLLARD

(Smites his thigh in abundant laughter.) Hold him now.

HENRY

(Caressing on his breast a severed female head, murmurs.) Thine heart, mine love. *(He*
1 *plucks his lutestrings.)* When first I saw...

VIRAG

(Sloughing his skins, his multitudinous plumage moulting.) Rats! *(He yawns, showing a coalblack throat and closes his jaws by an upward push of his parchment roll.)* After
2 having said which I took my departure. Farewell. Fare thee well. *Dreck!*

3 *(Henry Flower combs his moustache and beard rapidly with a pocketcomb and gives a cow's lick to his hair. Steered by his rapier, he glides to the door, his wild harp slung behind him. Virag reaches the door in two ungainly stilthops, his tail cocked, and deftly claps sideways on the wall a pusyellow flybill, butting it with his head.)*

THE FLYBILL

4-5 K. II. post no bills. Strictly confidential. Dr Hy Franks.

HENRY

6 All is lost now.

7 *(Virag unscrews his head in a trice and holds it under his arm.)*

VIRAG'S HEAD

Quack!

(Exeunt severally.)

STEPHEN

8 *(Over his shoulder to Zoe.)* You would have preferred the fighting parson who founded
9-10 the protestant error. But beware Antisthenes, the dog sage, and the last end of Arius Heresiarchus. The agony in the closet.

LYNCH

All one and the same God to her.

STEPHEN

(Devoutly.) And Sovereign Lord of all things.

FLORRY

11 *(To Stephen.)* I'm sure you are a spoiled priest. Or a monk.

LYNCH

He is. A cardinal's son.

STEPHEN

12 Cardinal sin. Monks of the screw.

(His Eminence, Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus, Primate of all Ireland, 1
appears in the doorway, dressed in red soutane, sandals and socks. Seven 2
dwarf simian acolytes, also in red, cardinal sins, uphold his train, peeping under it. He wears a battered silk hat sideways on his head. His thumbs are stuck in his armpits and his palms outspread. Round his neck hangs a rosary of corks ending on his breast in a corkscrew cross. Releasing his thumbs, he invokes grace from on high with large wave gestures and proclaims with bloated pomp.)

THE CARDINAL

Conservio lies captured. 3
He lies in the lowest dungeon
With manacles and chains around his limbs
Weighing upwards of three tons.

(He looks at all for a moment, his right eye closed tight, his left cheek puffed out. Then, unable to repress his merriment, he rocks to and fro, arms akimbo, and sings with broad rollicking humour.)

O, the poor little fellow 4
Hi-hi-hi-hi-his legs they were yellow
He was plump, fat and heavy and brisk as a snake
But some bloody savage
To graize his white cabbage
He murdered Nell Flaherty's duckloving drake.

(A multitude of midges swarms over his robe. He scratches himself with crossed arms at his ribs, grimacing, and exclaims.)

I'm suffering the agony of the damned. By the hoky fiddle, thanks be to Jesus 5
those funny little chaps are not unanimous. If they were they'd walk me off the face of the bloody globe.

(His head aslant, he blesses curtly with fore and middle fingers, imparts the Easter kiss and doubleshuffles off comically, swaying his hat from side to side, 6
shrinking quickly to the size of his trainbearers. The dwarf acolytes, giggling, peeping, nudging, ogling, Easterkissing, zigzag behind him. His voice is heard mellow from afar, merciful, male, melodious.)

Shall carry my heart to thee, 7
Shall carry my heart to thee,
And the breath of the balmy night
Shall carry my heart to thee.

(The trick doorhandle turns.)

THE DOORHANDLE

Theeee.

ZOE

The devil is in that door.

(A male form passes down the creaking staircase and is heard taking the waterproof and hat from the rack. Bloom starts forward involuntarily and, half closing the door as he passes, takes the chocolate from his pocket and offers it nervously to Zoe.)

ZOE

(Sniffs his hair briskly.) Hum. Thank your mother for the rabbits. I'm very fond of what I like.

BLOOM

(Hearing a male voice in talk with the whores on the doorstep, pricks his ears.) If it were he? After? Or because not? Or the double event?

ZOE

1 *(Tears open the silverfoil.)* Fingers was made before forks. *(She breaks off and nibbles*
a piece, gives a piece to Kitty Ricketts and then turns kittenishly to Lynch.) No objection
to French lozenges? *(He nods. She taunts him.)* Have it now or wait till you get it?
(He opens his mouth, his head cocked. She whirls the prize in left circle. His head follows.
She whirls it back in right circle. He eyes her.)
Catch.

(She tosses a piece. With an adroit snap he catches it and bites it through with a crack.)

KITTY

2 *(Chewing.)* The engineer I was with at the bazaar does have lovely ones. Full of
3-4 the best liqueurs. And the viceroy was there with his lady. The gas we had on the
5 Toft's hobbyhorses. I'm giddy still.

BLOOM

6-7 *(In Svengali's fur overcoat, with folded arms and Napoleonic forelock, frowns in ventri-*
loquial exorcism with piercing eagle glance towards the door. Then, rigid, with left foot
8 *advanced, he makes a swift pass with impelling fingers and gives the sign of past master,*
drawing his right arm downwards from his left shoulder.) Go, go, go, I conjure you,
whoever you are.

(A male cough and tread are heard passing through the mist outside. Bloom's features relax. He places a hand in his waistcoat, posing calmly. Zoe offers him chocolate.)

BLOOM

(Solemnly.) Thanks.

ZOE

Do as you're bid. Here.

(A firm heelclacking is heard on the stairs.)

BLOOM

(Takes the chocolate.) Aphrodisiac? But I thought it. Vanilla calms or? Mnemo. Confused light confuses memory. Red influences lupus. Colours affect women's characters, any they have. This black makes me sad. Eat and be merry for tomorrow. *(He eats.)* Influence taste too, mauve. But it is so long since I. Seems new. Aphro. That priest. Must come. Better late than never. Try truffles at Andrews.

(The door opens. Bella Cohen, a massive whoremistress enters. She is dressed in a threequarter ivory gown, fringed round the hem with tasselled selvedge and cools herself, flirting a black horn fan like Minnie Hauck in Carmen. *On her left hand are wedding and keeper rings. Her eyes are deeply carboned. She has a sprouting moustache. Her olive face is heavy, slightly sweated and fullnosed, with orangetainted nostrils. She has large pendant beryl eardrops.)*

BELLA

My word! I'm all of a mucksweat.

(She glances around her at the couples. Then her eyes rest on Bloom with hard insistence. Her large fan winnows wind towards her heated face, neck and embonpoint. Her falcon eyes glitter.)

THE FAN

(Flirting quickly, then slowly.) Married, I see.

BLOOM

Yes... Partly, I have mislaid...

THE FAN

(Half opening, then closing.) And the missus is master. Petticoat government.

BLOOM

(Looks down with a sheepish grin.) That is so.

THE FAN

(Folding together, rests against her eardrop.) Have you forgotten me?

BLOOM

Nes. Yo.

THE FAN

(Folded akimbo against her waist.) Is me her was you dreamed before? Was then she him you us since knew? Am all them and the same now we?

(Bella approaches, gently tapping with the fan.)

BLOOM

(Wincing.) Powerful being. In my eyes read that slumber which women love.

THE FAN

(Tapping.) We have met. You are mine. It is fate.

BLOOM

(Cowed.) Exuberant female. Enormously I desiderate your domination. I am exhausted, abandoned, no more young. I stand, so to speak, with an unposted letter bearing the extra regulation fee before the too late box of the general postoffice
1 of human life. The door and window open at a right angle cause a draught of thirtytwo feet per second according to the law of falling bodies. I have felt this instant a twinge of sciatica in my left glutear muscle. It runs in our family. Poor dear papa, a widower, was a regular barometer from it. He believed in animal heat. A skin of tabby lined his winter waistcoat. Near the end, remembering king
2-3 David and the Sunamite, he shared his bed with Athos, faithful after death. A dog's spittle, as you probably... *(He winces.)* Ah!

RICHIE GOULDING

(Bagweighted, passes the door.) Mocking is catch. Best value in Dub. Fit for a prince's liver and kidney.

THE FAN

(Tapping.) All things end. Be mine. Now.

BLOOM

(Undecided.) All now? I should not have parted with my talisman. Rain, exposure at dewfall on the sea rocks, a peccadillo at my time of life. Every phenomenon has a natural cause.

THE FAN

(Points downwards slowly.) You may.

BLOOM

(Looks downwards and perceives her unfastened bootlace.) We are observed.

THE FAN

(Points downwards quickly.) You must.

BLOOM

4 *(With desire, with reluctance.)* I can make a true black knot. Learned when I served
5 my time and worked the mail order line for Kellet's. Experienced hand. Every knot says a lot. Let me. In courtesy. I knelt once before today. Ah!

(Bella raises her gown slightly and, steadying her pose, lifts to the edge of a chair a plump buskined hoof and a full pastern, silksocked. Bloom, stifflegged, ageing, bends over her hoof and with gentle fingers draws out and in her laces.)

BLOOM

6-7 *(Murmurs lovingly.)* To be a shoefitter in Mansfield's was my love's young dream, the darling joys of sweet buttonhooking, to lace up crisscrossed to kneelength
8 the dressy kid footwear satinlined, so incredibly small, of Clyde Road ladies. Even their wax model Raymonde I visited daily to admire her cobweb hose and stick of rhubarb toe, as worn in Paris.

THE HOOF

Smell my hot goathide. Feel my royal weight.

BLOOM

(Crosslacing.) Too tight?

THE HOOF

If you bungle, Handy Andy, I'll kick your football for you.

BLOOM

Not to lace the wrong eyelet as I did the night of the bazaar dance. Bad luck.

Nook in wrong tache of her... person you mentioned. That night she met... Now!

(He knots the lace. Bella places her foot on the floor. Bloom raises his head. Her heavy face, her eyes strike him in midbrow. His eyes grow dull, darker and pouched, his nose thickens.)

BLOOM

(Mumbles.) Awaiting your further orders, we remain, gentlemen...

BELLO

(With a hard basilisk stare, in a baritone voice.) Hound of dishonour!

BLOOM

(Infatuated.) Empress!

BELLO

(His heavy cheekchops sagging.) Adorer of the adulterous rump!

BLOOM

(Plaintively.) Hugeness!

BELLO

Dungdevourer!

BLOOM

(With sinews semiflexed.) Magnificence.

BELLO

Down! *(He taps her on the shoulder with his fan.)* Incline feet forward! Slide left foot one pace back. You will fall. You are falling. On the hands down!

BLOOM

(Her eyes upturned in the sign of admiration, closing.) Truffles!

(With a piercing epileptic cry she sinks on all fours, grunting, snuffling, rooting at his feet, then lies, shamming dead with eyes shut tight, trembling eyelids, bowed upon the ground in the attitude of most excellent master.)

BELLO

(With bobbed hair, purple gills, fat moustache rings round his shaven mouth, in mountaineer's puttees, green silverbuttoned coat, sport skirt and alpine hat with moorcock's feather,
1 *his hands stuck deep in his breeches pockets, places his heel on her neck and grinds it in.)* Feel my entire weight. Bow, bondslave, before the throne of your despot's glorious heels, so glistening in their proud erectness.

BLOOM

2 *(Enthralled, bleats.)* I promise never to disobey.

BELLO

3-4 *(Laughs loudly.)* Holy smoke! You little know what's in store for you. I'm the tartar
5-6 to settle your little lot and break you in! I'll bet Kentucky cocktails all round I shame it out of you, old son. Cheek me, I dare you. If you do tremble in anticipation of
7 heel discipline to be inflicted in gym costume.

(Bloom creeps under the sofa and peers out through the fringe.)

ZOE

(Widening her slip to screen her.) She's not here.

BLOOM

(Closing her eyes.) She's not here.

FLORRY

(Hiding her with her gown.) She didn't mean it, Mr Bello. She'll be good, sir.

KITTY

Don't be too hard on her, Mr Bello. Sure you won't, ma'amsir.

BELLO

(Coaxingly.) Come, ducky dear. I want a word with you, darling, just to administer correction. Just a little heart to heart talk, sweety. *(Bloom puts out her timid head.)* There's a good girly now. *(Bello grabs her hair violently and drags her forward.)* I only want to correct you for your own good on a soft safe spot. How's that tender behind? O, ever so gently, pet. Begin to get ready.

BLOOM

(Fainting.) Don't tear my...

BELLO

8-9 *(Savagely.)* The nosering, the pliers, the bastinado, the hanging hook, the knout I'll make you kiss while the flutes play like the Nubian slave of old. You're in for it this time. I'll make you remember me for the balance of your natural life. *(His*
10 *forehead veins swollen, his face congested.)* I shall sit on your ottomansaddleback
11 every morning after my thumping good breakfast of Matterson's fat ham rashers and a bottle of Guinness's porter. *(He belches.)* And suck my thumping good Stock
12 Exchange cigar while I read the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette.* Very possibly I shall

have you slaughtered and skewered in my stables and enjoy a slice of you with crisp crackling from the baking tin basted and baked like sucking pig with rice and lemon or currant sauce. It will hurt you.

(He twists her arm. Bloom squeaks, turning turtle.) 1

BLOOM

Don't be cruel, nurse! Don't!

BELLO

(Twisting.) Another!

BLOOM

(Screams.) O, it's hell itself! Every nerve in my body aches like mad!

BELLO

(Shouts.) Good, by the rumping jumping general! That's the best bit of news I heard these six weeks. Here, don't keep me waiting, damn you. *(He slaps her face.)*

BLOOM

(Whimpers.) You're after hitting me. I'll tell…

BELLO

Hold him down, girls, till I squat on him. 2

ZOE

Yes. Walk on him! I will.

FLORRY

I will. Don't be greedy.

KITTY

No, me. Lend him to me.

(The brothel cook, Mrs Keogh, wrinkled, greybearded, in a greasy bib, men's grey and green socks and brogues, floursmeared, a rollingpin stuck with raw pastry in her bare red arm and hand, appears at the door.)

MRS KEOGH

(Ferociously.) Can I help? *(They hold and pinion Bloom.)*

BELLO

(Squats, with a grunt, on Bloom's upturned face, puffing cigarsmoke, nursing a fat leg.) I see Keating Clay is elected chairman of the Richmond Asylum and bytheby Guinness's 3-4
preference shares are at sixteen three quarters. Curse me for a fool that I didn't buy
that lot Craig and Gardner told me about. Just my infernal luck, curse it. And that 5-6
Goddamned outsider *Throwaway* at twenty to one. *(He quenches his cigar angrily on Bloom's ear.)* Where's that Goddamned cursed ashtray?

BLOOM

(Goaded, buttocksmothered.) O! O! Monsters! Cruel one!

BELLO

Ask for that every ten minutes. Beg, pray for it as you never prayed before. *(He thrusts*
1 *out a figged fist and foul cigar.)* Here, kiss that. Both. Kiss. *(He throws a leg astride and,*
2 *pressing with horseman's knees, calls in a hard voice.)* Gee up! A cockhorse to Banbury
3 cross. I'll ride him for the Eclipse stakes. *(He bends sideways and squeezes his mount's testicles roughly, shouting.)* Ho! off we pop! I'll nurse you in proper fashion. *(He hor-*
4-5 *serides cockhorse, leaping in the saddle.)* The lady goes a pace a pace and the coachman goes a trot a trot and the gentleman goes a gallop a gallop a gallop a gallop.

FLORRY

(Pulls at Bello.) Let me on him now. You had enough. I asked before you.

ZOE

6 *(Pulling at Florry.)* Me. Me. Are you not finished with him yet, suckeress?

BLOOM

(Stifling.) Can't.

BELLO

Well, I'm not. Wait. *(He holds in his breath.)* Curse it. Here. This bung's about burst. *(He uncorks himself behind: then, contorting his features, farts loudly.)* Take that! *(He*
7 *recorks himself.)* Yes, by Jingo, sixteen three quarters.

BLOOM

(A sweat breaking out over him.) Not man. *(He sniffs.)* Woman.

BELLO

(Stands up.) No more blow hot and cold. What you longed for has come to pass.
8 Henceforth you are unmanned and mine in earnest, a thing under the yoke. Now for your punishment frock. You will shed your male garments, you understand,
9 Ruby Cohen? and don the shot silk luxuriously rustling over head and shoulders and quickly too.

BLOOM

(Shrinks.) Silk, mistress said! O crinkly! scrapy! Must I tiptouch it with my nails?

BELLO

10 *(Points to his whores.)* As they are now, so will you be, wigged, singed, perfumesprayed, ricepowdered, with smoothshaven armpits. Tape measurements will be taken next your skin. You will be laced with cruel force into vicelike corsets
11 of soft dove coutille, with whalebone busk, to the diamond trimmed pelvis, the absolute outside edge, while your figure, plumper than when at large, will be restrained in nettight frocks, pretty two ounce petticoats and fringes and things stamped, of course, with my houseflag, creations of lovely lingerie for Alice and

nice scent for Alice. Alice will feel the pullpull. Martha and Mary will be a little chilly at first in such delicate thighcasing but the frilly flimsiness of lace round your bare knees will remind you… 1

BLOOM

(A charming soubrette with dauby cheeks, mustard hair and large male hands and nose, leering mouth.) I tried her things on only once, a small prank, in Holles street. When we were hardup I washed them to save the laundry bill. My own shirts I turned. It was the purest thrift. 2 3

BELLO

(Jeers.) Little jobs that make mother pleased, eh! and showed off coquettishly in your domino at the mirror behind closedrawn blinds your unskirted thighs and hegoat's udders, in various poses of surrender, eh? Ho! Ho! I have to laugh! That secondhand black operatop shift and short trunk leg naughties all split up the stitches at her last rape that Mrs Miriam Dandrade sold you from the Shelbourne Hotel, eh? 4

BLOOM

Miriam. Black. Demimondaine. 5

BELLO

(Guffaws.) Christ Almighty, it's too tickling, this! You were a nicelooking Miriam when you clipped off your backgate hairs and lay swooning in the thing across the bed as Mrs Dandrade, about to be violated by Lieutenant Smythe-Smythe, Mr Philip Augustus Blockwell, M. P., Signor Laci Daremo, the robust tenor, blueeyed Bert, the liftboy, Henry Fleury of Gordon Bennett fame, Sheridan, the quadroon Crœsus, the varsity wetbob eight from old Trinity, Ponto, her splendid Newfoundland and Bobs, dowager duchess of Manorhamilton. *(He guffaws again.)* Christ, wouldn't it make a Siamese cat laugh? 6 7-8 9-10 11 12

BLOOM

(Her hands and features working.) It was Gerald converted me to be a true corsetlover when I was female impersonator in the High School play *Vice Versa*. It was dear Gerald. He got that kink, fascinated by sister's stays. Now dearest Gerald uses pinky greasepaint and gilds his eyelids. Cult of the beautiful. 13 14

BELLO

(With wicked glee.) Beautiful! Give us a breather! When you took your seat with womanish care, lifting your billowy flounces, on the smoothworn throne.

BLOOM

Science. To compare the various joys we each enjoy, *(Earnestly.)* And really it's better the position… because often I used to wet…

BELLO

(Sternly.) No insubordination. The sawdust is there in the corner for you. I gave you strict instructions, didn't I? Do it standing, sir! I'll teach you to behave like a

1-2 jinkleman! If I catch a trace on your swaddles. Aha! By the ass of the Dorans you'll find I'm a martinet. The sins of your past are rising against you. Many. Hundreds.

THE SINS OF THE PAST

(In a medley of voices.) He went through a form of clandestine marriage with at
3 least one woman in the shadow of the Black Church. Unspeakable messages
4 he telephoned mentally to Miss Dunn at an address in d'Olier Street while he presented himself indecently to the instrument in the callbox. By word and deed he encouraged a nocturnal strumpet to deposit fecal and other matter in an unsanitary outhouse attached to empty premises. In five public conveniences he wrote pencilled messages offering his nuptial partner to all strongmembered
5 males. And by the offensively smelling vitriol works did he not pass night after night by loving courting couples to see if and what and how much he could see? Did he not lie in bed, the gross boar, gloating over a nauseous fragment of well-used toilet paper presented to him by a nasty harlot, stimulated by gingerbread and a postal order?

BELLO

(Whistles loudly.) Say! What was the most revolting piece of obscenity in all your career of crime? Go the whole hog. Puke it out. Be candid for once.

(Mute inhuman faces throng forward, leering, vanishing, gibbering, Booloohoom.
6-8 *Poldy Kock, Bootlaces a penny, Cassidy's hag, blind stripling, Larry Rhinoceros, the girl, the woman, the whore, the other, the...)*

BLOOM

9 Don't ask me: Our mutual faith. Pleasants street. I only thought the half of the... I swear on my sacred oath...

BELLO

(Peremptorily.) Answer. Repugnant wretch! I insist on knowing. Tell me something to amuse me, smut or a bloody good ghoststory or a line of poetry, quick, quick, quick! Where? How? What time? With how many? I give you just three seconds. One! Two! Thr...!

BLOOM

(Docile, gurgles.) I rererepugnosed in rererererepugnant...

BELLO

(Imperiously.) O get out, you skunk! Hold your tongue! Speak when you're spoken to.

BLOOM

(Bows.) Master! Mistress! Mantamer!

(He lifts his arms. His bangle bracelets fall.)

BELLO

(Satirically.) By day you will souse and bat our smelling underclothes, also when we ladies are unwell, and swab out our latrines with dress pinned up and a dishclout

tied to your tail. Won't that be nice? *(He places a ruby ring on her finger.)* And there now! With this ring I thee own. Say, thank you, mistress. 1

BLOOM

Thank you, mistress.

BELLO

You will make the beds, get my tub ready, empty the pisspots in the different rooms, including old Mrs Keogh's the cook's, a sandy one. Ay, and rinse the seven of them well, mind, or lap it up like champagne. Drink me piping hot. Hop! you will dance attendance or I'll lecture you on your misdeeds, Miss Ruby, and spank 2 your bare bot right well, miss, with the hairbrush. You'll be taught the error of your ways. At night your wellcreamed braceleted hands will wear fortythreebutton gloves newpowdered with talc and having delicately scented fingertips. For such favours knights of old laid down their lives. *(He chuckles.)* My boys will be no end charmed to see you so ladylike, the colonel, above all. When they come here the night before the wedding to fondle my new attraction in gilded heels. First, I'll have a go at you myself. A man I know on the turf named Charles Alberta Marsh (I was in bed with him just now and another gentleman out of the Hanaper and 3 Petty Bag office) is on the lookout for a maid of all work at a short knock. Swell the bust. Smile. Droop shoulders. What offers? *(He points.)* For that lot trained by owner to fetch and carry, basket in mouth. *(He bares his arm and plunges it elbowdeep in Bloom's vulva.)* There's fine depth for you! What, boys? That give you a hardon? *(He shoves his arm in a bidder's face.)* Here, wet the deck and wipe it round!

A BIDDER

A florin!

(Dillon's lacquey rings his handbell.) 4

A VOICE

One and eightpence too much.

THE LACQUEY

Barang!

CHARLES ALBERTA MARSH

Must be virgin. Good breath. Clean.

BELLO

(Gives a rap with his gavel.) Two bar. Rockbottom figure and cheap at the price. 5
Fourteen hands high. Touch and examine his points. Handle him. This downy skin, 6
these soft muscles, this tender flesh. If I had only my gold piercer here! And quite easy to milk. Three newlaid gallons a day. A pure stockgetter, due to lay within the hour. His sire's milk record was a thousand gallons of whole milk in forty weeks. Whoa, my jewel! Beg up! Whoa! *(He brands his initial C on Bloom's croup.)* So! Warranted Cohen! What advance on two bob, gentlemen?

(In disguised accent.) Hoondert punt sterlink.

VOICES

(Subdued.) For the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid.

BELLO

(Gaily.) Right. Let them all come. The scanty, daringly short skirt, riding up at the knee to show a peep of white pantelette, is a potent weapon and transparent stockings, emeraldgartered, with the long straight seam trailing up beyond the knee, appeal to the better instincts of the *blasé* man about town. Learn the smooth mincing walk on four inch Louis XV heels, the Grecian bend with provoking croup, the thighs fluescent, knees modestly kissing. Bring all your power of fascination to bear on them. Pander to their Gomorrahan vices.

BLOOM

(Bends his blushing face into his armpit and simpers with forefinger in mouth.) O, I know what you're hinting at now.

BELLO

What else are you good for, an impotent thing like you? *(He stoops and, peering, pokes with his fan rudely under the fat suet folds of Bloom's haunches.)* Up! Up! Manx cat! What have we here? Where's your curly teapot gone to or who docked it on you, cockyolly? Sing, birdy, sing. It's as limp as a boy of six's doing his pooly behind a cart. Buy a bucket or sell your pump. *(Loudly.)* Can you do a man's job?

BLOOM

Eccles Street…

BELLO

(Sarcastically.) I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world but there's a man of brawn in possession there. The tables are turned, my gay young fellow! He is something like a fullgrown outdoor man. Well for you, you muff, if you had that weapon with knobs and lumps and warts all over it. He shot his bolt, I can tell you! Foot to foot, knee to knee, belly to belly, bubs to breast! He's no eunuch. A shock of red hair he has sticking out of him behind like a furzebush! Wait for nine months, my lad! Holy ginger, it's kicking and coughing up and down in her guts already! That makes you wild, don't it? Touches the spot? *(He spits in contempt.)* Spittoon!

BLOOM

I was indecently treated, I… inform the police. Hundred pounds. Unmentionable. I…

BELLO

Would if you could, lame duck. A downpour we want, not your drizzle.

BLOOM

To drive me mad! Moll! I forgot! Forgive! Moll!... We... Still...

BELLO

(Ruthlessly.) No, Leopold Bloom, all is changed by woman's will since you slept horizontal in Sleepy Hollow your night of twenty years. Return and see.

(Old Sleepy Hollow calls over the wold.)

SLEEPY HOLLOW

Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!

BLOOM

(In tattered moccasins with a rusty fowlingpiece, tiptoeing, fingertipping, his haggard bony bearded face peering through the diamond panes, cries out.) I see her! It's she! The first night at Mat Dillon's! But that dress, the green! And her hair is dyed gold and he...

BELLO

(Laughs mockingly.) That's your daughter, you owl, with a Mullingar student.

(Milly Bloom, fairhaired, greenvested, slimsandalled, her blue scarf in the seawind simply swirling, breaks from the arms of her lover and calls, her young eyes wonderwide.)

MILLY

My! It's Papli! But. O Papli, how old you've grown!

BELLO

Changed, eh? Our whatnot, our writing table where we never wrote, Aunt Hegarty's armchair, our classic reprints of old masters. A man and his menfriends are living there in clover. The *Cuckoos' Rest!* Why not? How many women had you, say? Following them up dark streets, flatfoot, exciting them by your smothered grunts. What, you male prostitute? Blameless dames with parcels of groceries. Turn about. Sauce for the goose, my gander, O.

BLOOM

They... I...

BELLO

(Cuttingly.) Their heelmarks will stamp the Brusselette carpet you bought at Wren's auction. In their horseplay with Moll the romp to find the buck flea in her breeches they will deface the little statue you carried home in the rain for art for art's sake. They will violate the secrets of your bottom drawer. Pages will be torn from your handbook of astronomy to make them pipespills. And they will spit in your ten shilling brass fender from Hampton Leedom's.

BLOOM

Ten and six. The act of low scoundrels. Let me go. I will return. I will prove...

A VOICE

Swear!

(Bloom clenches his fists and crawls forward, a bowie knife between his teeth.)

BELLO

As a paying guest or a kept man? Too late. You have made your secondbest bed and others must lie in it. Your epitaph is written. You are down and out and don't you forget it, old bean.

BLOOM

Justice! All Ireland versus one! Has nobody...?

(He bites his thumb.)

BELLO

Die and be damned to you if you have any sense of decency or grace about you. I can give you a rare old wine that'll send you skipping to hell and back. Sign a will and leave us any coin you have. If you have none see you damn well get it, steal it, rob it! We'll bury you in our shrubbery jakes where you'll be dead and dirty with old Cuck Cohen, my stepnephew I married, the bloody old gouty procurator and sodomite with a crick in his neck, and my other ten or eleven husbands, whatever the buggers' names were, suffocated in the one cesspool. *(He explodes in a loud phlegmy laugh.)* We'll manure you, Mr Flower! *(He pipes scoffingly.)* Byby, Poldy! Byby, Papli!

BLOOM

(Clasps his head.) My will power! Memory! I have sinned! I have suff...

(He weeps tearlessly.)

BELLO

(Sneers.) Crybabby! Crocodile tears!

(Bloom, broken, closely veiled for the sacrifice, sobs, his face to the earth. The passing bell is heard. Darkshawled figures of the circumcised, in sackcloth and ashes, stand by the wailing wall. M. Shulomowitz, Joseph Goldwater, Moses Herzog, Harris Rosenberg, M. Moisel, J. Citron, Minnie Watchman, O. Mastiansky, the Reverend Leopold Abramovitz, Chazen. With swaying arms they wail in pneuma over the recreant Bloom.)

THE CIRCUMCISED

(In a dark guttural chant as they cast dead sea fruit upon him, no flowers.) Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad.

VOICES

(Sighing.) So he's gone. Ah yes. Yes, indeed. Bloom? Never heard of him. No? Queer kind of chap. There's the widow. That so? Ah, yes.

(From the suttee pyre the flame of gum camphire ascends. The pall of incense smoke screens and disperses. Out of her oak frame a nymph with hair unbound, lightly clad in teabrown art colours, descends from her grotto and passing under interlacing yews, stands over Bloom.)

THE YEWS

(Their leaves whispering.) Sister. Our sister. Ssh.

THE NYMPH

(Softly.) Mortal! *(Kindly.)* Nay, dost not weepest!

BLOOM

(Crawls jellily forward under the boughs, streaked by sunlight, with dignity.) This position. I felt it was expected of me. Force of habit.

THE NYMPH

Mortal! You found me in evil company, highkickers, coster picnic makers, pugilists, popular generals, immoral panto boys in flesh tights and the nifty shimmy dancers, La Aurora and Karini, musical act, the hit of the century. I was hidden in cheap pink paper that smelt of rock oil. I was surrounded by the stale smut of clubmen, stories to disturb callow youth, ads for transparencies, truedup dice and bustpads, proprietary articles and why wear a truss with testimonial from ruptured gentleman. Useful hints to the married. 1 2 3-4

BLOOM

(Lifts a turtle head towards her lap.) We have met before. On another star.

THE NYMPH

(Sadly.) Rubber goods. Neverrip. Brand as supplied to the aristocracy. Corsets for men. I cure fits or money refunded. Unsolicited testimonials for Professor Waldmann's wonderful chest exuber. My bust developed four inches in three weeks, reports Mrs Gus Rublin with photo. 5

BLOOM

You mean *Photo Bits*? 6

THE NYMPH

I do. You bore me away, framed me in oak and tinsel, set me above your marriage couch. Unseen, one summer eve, you kissed me in four places. And with loving pencil you shaded my eyes, my bosom and my shame. 7

BLOOM

(Humbly kisses her long hair.) Your classic curves, beautiful immortal. I was glad to look on you, to praise you, a thing of beauty, almost to pray. 8

THE NYMPH

During dark nights I heard your praise.

BLOOM

(Quickly.) Yes, yes. You mean that I... Sleep reveals the worst side of everyone, children perhaps excepted. I know I fell out of my bed or rather was pushed. Steel wine is said to cure snoring. For the rest there is that English invention, 9-10

pamphlet of which I received some days ago, incorrectly addressed. It claims to
1 afford a noiseless inoffensive vent. *(He sighs.)* 'Twas ever thus. Frailty, thy name is marriage.

THE NYMPH

(Her fingers in her ears.) And words. They are not in my dictionary.

BLOOM

You understood them?

THE YEWS

Ssh.

THE NYMPH

(Covers her face with her hand.) What have I not seen in that chamber? What must my eyes look down on?

BLOOM

2 *(Apologetically.)* I know. Soiled personal linen, wrong side up with care. The quoits are loose. From Gibraltar by long sea, long ago.

THE NYMPH

(Bends her head.) Worse! Worse!

BLOOM

(Reflects precautiously.) That antiquated commode. It wasn't her weight. She scaled just eleven stone nine. She put on nine pounds after weaning. It was a crack and
3 want of glue. Eh? And that absurd orangekeyed utensil which has only one handle.

(The sound of a waterfall is heard in bright cascade.)

THE WATERFALL

4 Poulaphouca Poulaphouca
Poulaphouca Poulaphouca.

THE YEWS

(Mingling their boughs.) Listen. Whisper. She is right, our sister. We grew by Poulaphouca waterfall. We gave shade on languorous summer days.

5 JOHN WYSE NOLAN

6 *(In the background, in Irish National Forester's uniform, doffs his plumed hat.)* Prosper! Give shade on languorous days, trees of Ireland!

THE YEWS

(Murmuring.) Who came to Poulaphouca with the high school excursion? Who left his nutquesting classmates to seek our shade?

BLOOM

(Pigeonbreasted, bottleshouldered, padded, in nondescript juvenile grey and black striped suit, too small for him, white tennis shoes, bordered stockings with turnover tops, and a red school cap with badge.) I was in my teens, a growing boy. A little then sufficed, a jolting car, the mingling odours of the ladies' cloakroom and lavatory, the throng penned tight on the old Royal stairs, for they love crushes, instincts of the herd, and the dark sexsmelling theatre unbridles vice. Even a pricelist of their hosiery. And then the heat. There were sunspots that summer. End of school. And tipsycake. Halcyon days. 1 2-3

(Halcyon Days, high school boys in blue and white football jerseys and shorts, Master Donald Turnbull, Master Abraham Chatterton, Master Owen Goldberg, Master Jack Meredith, Master Percy Apjohn, stand in a clearing of the trees and shout to Master Leopold Bloom.) 4-6 7-8

THE HALCYON DAYS

Mackerel! Live us again. Hurray! *(They cheer.)* 9

BLOOM

(Hobbledehoy, warmgloved, mammamufflered, stunned with spent snowballs, struggles to rise.) Again! I feel sixteen! What a lark! Let's ring all the bells in Montague Street. *(He cheers feebly.)* Hurray for the High School! 10 11

THE ECHO

Fool!

THE YEWS

(Rustling.) She is right, our sister. Whisper. *(Whispered kisses are heard in all the wood. Faces of hamadryads peep out from the boles and among the leaves and break blossoming into bloom.)* Who profaned our silent shade? 12

THE NYMPH

(Coyly through parting fingers.) There! In the open air?

THE YEWS

(Sweeping downward.) Sister, yes. And on our virgin sward. 13

THE WATERFALL

Poulaphouca Poulaphouca
Phoucaphouca Phoucaphouca.

THE NYMPH

(With wide fingers.) O! Infamy!

BLOOM

I was precocious. Youth. The fauns. I sacrificed to the god of the forest. The flowers that bloom in the spring. It was pairing time. Capillary attraction is a natural 14 15

phenomenon. Lotty Clarke, flaxenhaired, I saw at her night toilette through illclosed curtains, with poor papa's operaglasses. The wanton ate grass wildly. She
1 rolled downhill at Rialto Bridge to tempt me with her flow of animal spirits. She climbed their crooked tree and I… A saint couldn't resist it. The demon possessed me. Besides, who saw?

2 *(Staggering Bob, a whitepolled calf, thrusts a ruminating head with humid nostrils through the foliage.)*

STAGGERING BOB

Me. Me see.

BLOOM

Simply satisfying a need. *(With pathos.)* No girl would when I went girling. Too ugly. They wouldn't play…

3 *(High on Ben Howth through rhododendrons a nannygoat passes, plumpuddered, buttytailed, dropping currants.)*

THE NANNYGOAT

(Bleats.) Megegaggegg! Nannannanny!

BLOOM

(Hatless, flushed, covered with burrs of thistledown and gorsepine.) Regularly engaged.
4-5 Circumstances alter cases. *(He gazes intently downwards on the water.)* Thirtytwo
6 head over heels per second. Press nightmare. Giddy Elijah. Fall from cliff. Sad
7 end of government printer's clerk. *(Through silversilent summer air the dummy of*
8 *Bloom, rolled in a mummy, rolls rotatingly from the Lion's Head cliff into the purple waiting waters.)*

THE DUMMYMUMMY

Bbbbblllllbbblblodschbg?

9 *(Far out in the bay between Bailey and Kish lights the* Erin's King *sails, sending a broadening plume of coalsmoke from her funnel towards the land.)*

10 COUNCILLOR NANNETTI

(Alone on deck, in dark alpaca, yellow kitefaced, his hand in his waistcoat opening,
11 *declaims.)* When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have…

BLOOM

Done. Prff.

THE NYMPH

(Loftily.) We immortals, as you saw today have not such a place and no hair there either. We are stonecold and pure. We eat electric light. *(She arches her body in lascivious crispation, placing her forefinger in her mouth.)* Spoke to me. Heard from behind. How then could you…?

BLOOM

(Pacing the heather abjectly.) O, I have been a perfect pig. Enemas too, I have administered. One third of a pint of quassia, to which add a tablespoonful of rocksalt. Up the fundament. With Hamilton Long's syringe, the ladies' friend.

THE NYMPH

In my presence. The powderpuff. *(She blushes and makes a knee.)* And the rest.

BLOOM

(Dejected.) Yes. *Peccavi!* I have paid homage on that living altar where the back changes name. *(With sudden fervour.)* For why should the dainty scented jewelled hand, the hand that rules…?

(Figures wind serpenting in slow woodland pattern around the treestems, cooeeing.)

THE VOICE OF KITTY

(In the thicket.) Show us one of them cushions.

THE VOICE OF FLORRY

Here.

(A grouse wings clumsily through the underwood.)

THE VOICE OF LYNCH

(In the thicket.) Whew! Piping hot!

THE VOICE OF ZOE

(From, the thicket.) Came from a hot place.

THE VOICE OF VIRAG

(A birdchief, bluestreaked and feathered in war panoply with his assegai, striding through a crackling canebrake over beechmast and acorns.) Hot! Hot! Ware Sitting Bull!

BLOOM

It overpowers me. The warm impress of her warm form. Even to sit where a woman has sat, especially with divaricated thighs, as though to grant the last favours, most especially with previously well uplifted white sateen coatpans. So womanly full. It fills me full.

THE WATERFALL

Phillaphulla Poulaphouca
Poulaphouca Poulaphouca.

THE YEWS

Ssh! Sister, speak!

THE NYMPH

1 *(Eyeless, in nun's white habit, coif and huge winged wimple, softly, with remote eyes.)*
2-4 Tranquilla convent. Sister Agatha. Mount Carmel, the apparitions of Knock and Lourdes. No more desire. *(She reclines her head, sighing.)* Only the ethereal. Where dreamy creamy gull waves o'er the waters dull.

(Bloom half rises. His back trousers' button snaps.)

THE BUTTON

Bip!

5 *(Two sluts of the Coombe dance rainily by, shawled, yelling flatly.)*

THE SLUTS

6 O Leopold lost the pin of his drawers
He didn't know what to do,
To keep it up,
To keep it up.

BLOOM

(Coldly.) You have broken the spell. The last straw. If there were only ethereal where would you all be, postulants and novices? Shy but willing, like an ass pissing.

THE YEWS

(Their silverfoil of leaves precipitating, their skinny arms ageing and swaying.) Deciduously!

THE NYMPH

Sacrilege! To attempt my virtue! *(A large moist stain appears on her robe.)* Sully my innocence! You are not fit to touch the garment of a pure woman. *(She clutches in her robe.)* Wait, Satan. You'll sing no more lovesongs. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.
7 *(She draws a poniard and, clad in the sheathmail of an elected knight of nine, strikes at his loins.)* Nekum!

BLOOM

8-9 *(Starts up, seizes her hand.)* Hoy! Nebrakada! Cat of nine lives! Fair play, madam.
10-11 No pruning knife. The fox and the grapes, is it? What do we lack with your barbed wire? Crucifix not thick enough? *(He clutches her veil.)* A holy abbot you want or
12-13 Brophy, the lame gardener, or the spoutless statue of the watercarrier or good
14 Mother Alphonsus, eh Reynard?

THE NYMPH

15 *(With a cry, flees from him unveiled, her plaster cast cracking, a cloud of stench escaping from the cracks.)* Poli…!

BLOOM

(Calls after her.) As if you didn't get it on the double yourselves. No jerks and multiple mucosities all over you. I tried it. Your strength our weakness. What's our studfee?

What will you pay on the nail? You fee men dancers on the Riviera, I read. *(The fleeing nymph raises a keen.)* Eh! I have sixteen years of black slave labour behind me. And would a jury give me five shillings alimony to morrow, eh? Fool someone else, not me. *(He sniffs.)* But. Onions. Stale. Sulphur. Grease. 1

(The figure of Bella Cohen stands before him.)

BELLA

You'll know me the next time.

BLOOM

(Composed, regards her.) *Passée.* Mutton dressed as lamb. Long in the tooth and superfluous hairs. A raw onion the last thing at night would benefit your complexion. And take some double chin drill. Your eyes are as vapid as the glass eyes of your stuffed fox. They have the dimensions of your other features, that's all. I'm not a triple screw propeller. 2

BELLA

(Contemptuously.) You're not game, in fact. *(Her sowcunt barks.)* Fohracht! 3

BLOOM

(Contemptuously.) Clean your nailless middle finger first, the cold spunk of your bully is dripping from your cockscomb. Take a handful of hay and wipe yourself.

BELLA

I know you, canvasser! Dead cod! 4

BLOOM

I saw him, kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor! 5

BELLA

(Turns to the piano.) Which of you was playing the dead march from *Saul*? 6

ZOE

Me. Mind your cornflowers. *(She darts to the piano and bangs chords on it with crossed arms.)* The cat's ramble through the slag. *(She glances back.)* Eh? Who's making love to my sweeties? *(She darts back to the table.)* What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own.

(Kitty disconcerted coats her teeth with the silver paper. Bloom approaches Zoe.)

BLOOM

(Gently.) Give me back that potato, will you?

ZOE

Forfeits, a fine thing and a superfine thing.

BLOOM

(With feeling.) It is nothing, but still a relic of poor mamma.

ZOE

1 Give a thing and take it back
God'll ask you where is that
You'll say you don't know
God'll send you down below.

BLOOM

There is a memory attached to it. I should like to have it.

STEPHEN

2 To have or not to have, that is the question.

ZOE

Here. *(She hauls up a reef of her slip, revealing her bare thigh and unrolls the potato from the top of her stocking.)* Those that hides knows where to find.

BELLA

(Frowns.) Here. This isn't a musical peepshow. And don't you smash that piano. Who's paying here?

(She goes to the pianola. Stephen fumbles in his pocket and, taking out a banknote by its corner, hands it to her.)

STEPHEN

3 *(With exaggerated politeness.)* This silken purse I made out of the sow's ear of the public. Madam, excuse me. If you allow me. *(He indicates vaguely Lynch and*
4 *Bloom.)* We are all in the same sweepstake, Kinch and Lynch. *Dans ce bordel où tenons nostre état.*

LYNCH

(Calls from the hearth.) Dedalus! Give her your blessing for me.

STEPHEN

(Hands Bella a coin.) Gold. She has it.

BELLA

(Looks at the money, then at Zoe, Florrie and Kitty.) Do you want three girls? It's ten shillings here.

STEPHEN

(Delightedly.) A hundred thousand apologies. *(He fumbles again and takes out and*
5 *hands her two crowns.)* Permit, *brevi manu*, my sight is somewhat troubled.

(Bella goes to the table to count the money while Stephen talks to himself in monosyllables. Zoe bounds over to the table. Kitty leans over Zoe's neck. Lynch gets up, rights his cap and, clasping Kitty's waist, adds his head to the group.)

FLORRY

(Strives heavily to rise.) Ow! My foot's asleep. *(She limps over to the table. Bloom approaches.)*

BELLA, ZOE, KITTY, LYNCH, BLOOM

(Chattering and squabbling.) The gentleman... ten shillings... paying for the three... allow me a moment... this gentleman pays separate... who's touching it?...ow... mind who you're pinching... are you staying the night or a short time?... who did?... you're a liar, excuse me... the gentleman paid down like a gentleman... drink... it's long after eleven.

STEPHEN

(At the pianola, making a gesture of abhorrence.) No bottles! What, eleven? A riddle.

ZOE

(Lifting up her pettigown and folding a half sovereign into the top of her stocking.) Hard earned on the flat of my back.

LYNCH

(Lifting Kitty from the table.) Come!

KITTY

Wait. *(She clutches the two crowns.)*

FLORRY

And me?

LYNCH

Hoopla! *(He lifts her, carries her and bumps her down on the sofa.)*

STEPHEN

The fox crew, the cocks flew, I
The bells in heaven
Were striking eleven.
'Tis time for her poor soul
To get out of heaven.

BLOOM

(Quietly lays a half sovereign on the table between Bella and Florry.) So. Allow me. *(He takes up the poundnote.)* Three times ten. We're square.

BELLA

(Admiringly.) You're such a slyboots, old cocky. I could kiss you.

ZOE

(Points.) Hum? Deep as a drawwell. *(Lynch bends Kitty back over the sofa and kisses her. Bloom goes with the poundnote to Stephen.)*

BLOOM

This is yours.

STEPHEN

1 How is that? *Le distrait* or absentminded beggar. *(He fumbles again in his pocket and draws out a handful of coins. An object falls.)* That fell.

BLOOM

(Stooping, picks up and hands a box of matches.) This.

STEPHEN

2 Lucifer. Thanks.

BLOOM

(Quietly.) You had better hand over that cash to me to take care of. Why pay more?

STEPHEN

(Hands him all his coins.) Be just before you are generous.

BLOOM

I will but is it wise? *(He counts.)* One, seven, eleven, and five. Six. Eleven. I don't answer for what you may have lost.

STEPHEN

3-5 Why striking eleven? Proparoxyton. Moment before the next Lessing says. Thirsty
6 fox. *(He laughs loudly.)* Burying his grandmother. Probably he killed her.

BLOOM

That is one pound six and eleven. One pound seven, say.

STEPHEN

Doesn't matter a rambling damn.

BLOOM

No, but...

STEPHEN

(Comes to the table.) Cigarette, please. *(Lynch tosses a cigarette from the sofa to the*
7 *table.)* And so Georgina Johnson is dead and married. *(A cigarette appears on the table. Stephen looks at it.)* Wonder. Parlour magic. Married. Hm. *(He strikes a match and proceeds to light the cigarette with enigmatic melancholy.)*

LYNCH

(Watching him.) You would have a better chance of lighting it if you held the match nearer.

STEPHEN

(Brings the match nearer his eye.) Lynx eye. Must get glasses. Broke them yesterday. 1
Sixteen years ago. Distance. The eye sees all flat. *(He draws the match away. It goes out.)* 2
Brain thinks. Near: far. Ineluctable modality of the visible. *(He frowns mysteriously.)* 3
Hm. Sphinx. The beast that has two backs at midnight. Married. 4

ZOE

It was a commercial traveller married her and took her away with him.

FLORRY

(Nods.) Mr Lambe from London.

STEPHEN

Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world. 5

LYNCH

(Embracing Kitty on the sofa, chants deeply.) Dona nobis pacem. 6

(The cigarette slips from Stephen's fingers. Bloom picks it up and throws it into the grate.)

BLOOM

Don't smoke. You ought to eat. Cursed dog I met. *(To Zoe.)* You have nothing?

ZOE

Is he hungry?

STEPHEN

(Extends his hand to her smiling and chants to the air of the bloodoath in the Dusk of the Gods.) 7

Hangende Hunger, 8
Fragende Frau,
Macht uns alle kaput.

ZOE

(Tragically.) Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet! *(She takes his hand.)* Blue eye'd beauty, 9
I'll read your hand. *(She points to his forehead.)* No wit, no wrinkles. *(She counts.)*
Two, three, Mars, that's courage. *(Stephen shakes his head.)* No kid. 10

LYNCH

Sheet lightning courage. The youth who could not shiver and shake. *(To Zoe.)* Who 11-12
taught you palmistry?

ZOE

1 *(Turns.)* Ask my ballocks that I haven't got. *(To Stephen.)* I see it in your face. The eye, like that. *(She frowns with lowered head.)*

LYNCH

2 *(Laughing, slaps Kitty behind twice.)* Like that. Pandy bat.

(Twice loudly a pandybat cracks, the coffin of the pianola flies open, the bald
3 *little round jack-in-the-box head of Father Dolan springs up.)*

FATHER DOLAN

4 Any boy want flogging? Broke his glasses? Lazy idle little schemer. See it in your eye.

5 *(Mild, benign, rectorial, reproving, the head of Don John Conmee rises from the pianola coffin.)*

DON JOHN CONMEE

Now, Father Dolan! Now. I'm sure that Stephen is a very good little boy.

ZOE

(Examining Stephen's palm.) Woman's hand.

STEPHEN

(Murmurs.) Continue. Lie. Hold me. Caress. I never could read His handwriting
6 except His criminal thumbprint on the haddock.

ZOE

What day were you born?

STEPHEN

7 Thursday. Today.

ZOE

8-9 Thursday's child has far to go. *(She traces lines on his hand.)* Line of fate. Influential friends.

FLORRY

10 *(Pointing.)* Imagination.

ZOE

Mount of the moon. You'll meet with a… *(She peers at his hands abruptly.)* I won't tell you what's not good for you. Or do you want to know?

BLOOM

(Detaches her fingers and offers his palm.) More harm than good. Here. Read mine.

BELLA

Show. *(She turns up Bloom's hand.)* I thought so. Knobby knuckles, for the women.

ZOE

(Peering at Bloom's palm.) Gridiron. Travels beyond the sea and marry money. 1

BLOOM

Wrong.

ZOE

(Quickly.) O, I see. Short little finger. Henpecked husband. That wrong? 2

(Black Liz, a huge rooster hatching in a chalked circle, rises, stretches her wings and clucks.) 3

BLACK LIZ

Gara. Klook. Klook. Klook.

(She sidles from her newlaid egg and waddles off.)

BLOOM

(Points to his hand.) That weal there is an accident. Fell and cut it twentytwo years ago. I was sixteen.

ZOE

I see, says the blind man. Tell us news.

STEPHEN

See? Moves to one great goal. I am twentytwo too. Sixteen years ago I twentytwo 4
tumbled, twentytwo years ago he sixteen fell off his hobbyhorse. *(He winces.)* Hurt my hand somewhere. Must see a dentist. Money?

(Zoe whispers to Florry. They giggle. Bloom releases his hand and writes idly on the table in backhand, pencilling slow curves.)

FLORRY

What?

(A hackneycar, number three hundred and twentyfour, with a gallantbuttocked mare, driven by James Barton, Harmony Avenue, Donnybrook, trots past. Blazes 5
Boylan and Lenehan sprawl swaying on the sideseats. The Ormond boots crouches 6
behind on the axle. Sadly over the crossblind Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy gaze.)

THE BOOTS

(Jogging, mocks them with thumb and wriggling wormfingers.) Haw, haw, have you the 7
horn?

(Bronze by gold they whisper.)

ZOE

(To Florry.) Whisper.

(They whisper again.)

(Over the well of the car Blazes Boylan leans, his boater straw set sideways, a red flower in his mouth. Lenehan, in a yachtsman's cap and white shoes, officiously detaches a long hair from Blazes Boylan's shoulder.)

LENEHAN

1 Ho! What do I here behold? Were you brushing the cobwebs off a few quims?

BOYLAN

(Seated, smiles.) Plucking a turkey.

LENEHAN

A good night's work.

BOYLAN

(Holding up four thick bluntungulated fingers, winks.) Blazes Kate! Up to sample or your money back. *(He holds out a forefinger.)* Smell that.

LENEHAN

(Smells gleefully.) Ah! Lobster and mayonnaise. Ah!

ZOE and FLORRY

(Laugh together.) Ha ha ha ha.

BOYLAN

(Jumps surely from the car and calls loudly for all to hear.) Hello, Bloom! Mrs Bloom up yet?

BLOOM

(In a flunkey's plum plush coat and kneebreeches, buff stockings and powdered wig.) I'm afraid not, sir, the last articles…

BOYLAN

(Tosses him sixpence.) Here, to buy yourself a gin and splash. *(He hangs his hat smartly*
2 *on a peg of Bloom's antlered head.)* Show me in. I have a little private business with your wife. You understand?

BLOOM

Thank you, sir. Yes, sir, Madam Tweedy is in her bath, sir.

MARION

He ought to feel himself highly honoured. *(She plops splashing out of the water.)*
3-4 Raoul, darling, come and dry me. I'm in my pelt. Only my new hat and a carriage sponge.

BOYLAN

(A merry twinkle in his eye.) Topping!

BELLA

What? What is it?

(Zoe whispers to her.)

MARION

Let him look, the pishogue! Pimp! And scourge himself! I'll write to a powerful prostitute or Bartholomona, the bearded woman, to raise weals out on him an inch thick and make him bring me back a signed and stamped receipt. 1

BELLA

(Laughing.) Ho ho ho ho.

BOYLAN

(To Bloom, over his shoulder.) You can apply your eye to the keyhole and play with yourself while I just go through her a few times.

BLOOM

Thank you, sir. I will, sir. May I bring two men chums to witness the deed and take a snapshot? *(He holds an ointment jar.)* Vaseline, sir? Orangeflower?... Lukewarm water?...

KITTY

(From the sofa.) Tell us, Florry. Tell us. What.

(Florry whispers to her. Whispering lovewords murmur liplapping loudly, popsysmic plopslop.)

MINA KENNEDY

(Her eyes upturned.) O, it must be like the scent of geraniums and lovely peaches! O, he simply idolises every bit of her! Stuck together! Covered with kisses!

LYDIA DOUCE

(Her mouth opening.) Yumyum. O, he's carrying her round the room doing it! Ride a cock horse. You could hear them in Paris and New York. Like mouthfuls of strawberries and cream. 2

KITTY

(Laughing.) Hee hee hee.

BOYLAN'S VOICE

(Sweetly, hoarsely, in the pit of his stomach.) Ah! Gooblazeqruk brukarchkrasht!

MARION'S VOICE

(Hoarsely, sweetly rising to her throat.) O! Weeshwashtkissimapooisthnapoohuck!

BLOOM

(His eyes wildly dilated, clasps himself.) Show! Hide! Show! Plough her! More! Shoot!

BELLA, ZOE, FLORRY, KITTY

Ho ho! Ha ha! Hee hee!

LYNCH

1 *(Points.)* The mirror up to nature. *(He laughs.)* Hu hu hu hu hu hu.

(Stephen and Bloom gaze in the mirror. The face of William Shakespeare, beardless, appears there, rigid in facial paralysis, crowned by the reflection of the reindeer antlered hatrack in the hall.)

SHAKESPEARE

2 *(In dignified ventriloquy.)* 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind. *(To Bloom.)* Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible. Gaze. *(He crows with a black capon's laugh.)* Iagogo! How my Oldfellow chokit his Thursdaymomun. Iagogogo!

BLOOM

(Smiles yellowly at the whores.) When will I hear the joke?

ZOE

Before you're twice married and once a widower.

BLOOM

3 Lapses are condoned. Even the great Napoleon, when measurements were taken near the skin after his death…

(Mrs Dignam, widow woman, her snubnose and cheeks flushed with deathtalk,
4-5 *tears and Tunny's tawny sherry, hurries by in her weeds, her bonnet awry, rouging*
6 *and powdering her cheeks, lips and nose, a pen chivvying her brood of cygnets. Beneath her skirt appear her late husband's everyday trousers and turnedup*
7 *boots, large eights. She holds a Scottish widow's insurance policy and large marqueeumbrella under which her brood runs with her, Patsy hopping on one short foot, his collar loose, a hank of porksteaks dangling, Freddy whimpering, Susy with a crying cod's mouth, Alice struggling with the baby. She cuffs them on, her streamers flaunting aloft.)*

FREDDY

Ah, ma, you're dragging me along!

SUSY

8 Mamma, the beeftea is fizzing over!

SHAKESPEARE

9 *(With paralytic rage.)* Weda seca whokilla farst.

10 *(The face of Martin Cunningham, bearded, refeatures Shakespeare's beardless face. The marqueeumbrella sways drunkenly, the children run aside. Under the*
11 *umbrella appears Mrs Cunningham in Merry Widow hat and kimono gown. She glides sidling and bowing, twisting japanesily.)*

MRS CUNNINGHAM

(Sings.)

12 And they call me the jewel of Asia.

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM

(Gazes on her impassive.) Immense! Most bloody awful demirep! 1

STEPHEN

Et exaltabuntur cornua iusti. Queens lay with prize bulls. Remember Pasiphae for 2-3
whose lust my grandoldgrossfather made the first confessionbox. Forget not 4
Madam Grissel Steevens nor the suine scions of the house of Lambert. And Noah 5-6
was drunk with wine. And his ark was open.

BELLA

None of that here. Come to the wrong shop.

LYNCH

Let him alone. He's back from Paris.

ZOE

(Runs to Stephen and links him.) O go on! Give us some parleyvoo. 7

(Stephen claps hat on head and leaps over to the fireplace, where he stands with shrugged shoulders, finny hands outspread, a painted smile on his face.)

LYNCH

(Pommelling on the sofa.) Rmm Rmm Rmm Rrrrrrmmmmm.

STEPHEN

(Gabbles, with marionette jerks.) Thousand places of entertainment to expenses
your evenings with lovely ladies saling gloves and other things perhaps her heart
beerchops perfect fashionable house very eccentric where lots cocottes beautiful 8
dressed much about princesses like are dancing cancan and walking there parisian
clowneries extra foolish for bachelors foreigns the same if talking a poor english
how much smart they are on things love and sensations voluptuous. Misters
very selects for is pleasure must to visit heaven and hell show with mortuary 9-10
candles and they tears silver which occur every night. Perfectly shocking terrific
of religion's things mockery seen in universal world. All chic womans which
arrive full of modesty then disrobe and squeal loud to see vampire man debauch 11
nun very fresh young with *dessous troublants. (He clacks his tongue loudly.) Ho, la* 12-13
la! Ce pif qu'il a!

LYNCH

Vive le vampire! 14

THE WHORES

Bravo! Parleyvoo!

STEPHEN

(Grimacing with head back, laughs loudly, clapping himself.) Great success of laughing.
Angels much prostitutes like and holy apostles big damn ruffians. *Demimondaines* 15
nicely handsome sparkling of diamonds very amiable costumed. Or do you are

fond better what belongs they moderns pleasure turpitude of old mans? *(He points about him with grotesque gestures which Lynch and the whores reply to.)* Caoutchouc statue woman reversible or lifesize tompeeptoms virgins nudities very lesbic the kiss five ten times. Enter gentlemen to see in mirrors every positions trapezes all that machine there besides also if desire act awfully bestial butcher's boy
1 pollutes in warm veal liver or omelette on the belly *pièce de Shakespeare.*

BELLA

(Clapping her belly, sinks back on the sofa with a shout of laughter.) An omelette on the... Ho! ho! ho! ho!... Omelette on the...

STEPHEN

2 *(Mincingly.)* I love you, Sir darling. Speak you englishman tongue for *double entente cordiale.* O yes, *mon loup.* How much cost? Waterloo. Watercloset. *(He ceases suddenly and holds up a forefinger.)*

BELLA

(Laughing.) Omelette...

THE WHORES

(Laughing.) Encore! Encore!

STEPHEN

3 Mark me. I dreamt of a watermelon.

ZOE

Go abroad and love a foreign lady.

LYNCH

4 Across the world for a wife.

FLORRY

5 Dreams go by contraries.

STEPHEN

6-7 *(Extending his arms.)* It was here. Street of harlots. In Serpentine Avenue Beelzebub showed me her, a fubsy widow. Where's the red carpet spread?

BLOOM

(Approaching Stephen.) Look...

STEPHEN

8 No, I flew. My foes beneath me. And ever shall be. World without end. *(He cries.)*
9 *Pater!* Free!

BLOOM

I say, look...

STEPHEN

Break my spirit, will he? *O merde alors! (He cries, his vulture talons sharpened.)* Hola! Hillyho! 1-2

(Simon Dedalus' voice hilloes in answer, somewhat sleepy but ready.)

SIMON

That's all right. *(He swoops uncertainly through the air, wheeling, uttering cries of heartening, on strong ponderous buzzard wings.)* Ho, boy! Are you going to win? Hoop! Pschatt! Stable with those halfcastes. Wouldn't let them within the bawl of an ass. Head up! Keep our flag flying! An eagle gules volant in a field argent displayed. Ulster king at arms! hai hoop! *(He makes the beagle's call giving tongue.)* Bulbul! Burblblbrurblbl! Hai, boy! 3 4

(The fronds and spaces of the wallpaper file rapidly across country. A stout fox drawn from covert, brush pointed, having buried his grandmother, runs swift for the open, brighteyed, seeking badger earth, under the leaves. The pack of staghounds follows, nose to the ground, sniffing their quarry, beaglebaying, burblbrbling to be blooded. Ward Union huntsman and huntswomen live with them, hot for a kill. From Six Mile Point, Flathouse, Nine Mile Stone follow the footpeople with knotty sticks, salmongaffs, lassos, flockmasters with stockwhips, bearbaiters with tomtoms, toreadors with bullswords, grey negroes waving torches. The crowd bawls of dicers, crown and anchor players, thimbleriggers, broadsmen. Crows and touts, hoarse bookies in high wizard hats clamour deafeningly.) 5 6 7 8-10 11

THE CROWD

Card of the races. Racing card!
Ten to one the field! 12
Tommy on the clay here! Tommy on the clay!
Ten to one bar one. Ten to one bar one. 13
Try your luck on spinning Jenny! 14
Ten to one bar one!
Sell the monkey, boys! Sell the monkey! 15
I'll give ten to one!
Ten to one bar one!

(A dark horse riderless, bolts like a phantom past the winningpost, his mane moonfoaming, his eyeballs stars. The field follows, a bunch of bucking mounts. Skeleton horses: Sceptre, Maximum the Second, Zinfandel, the Duke of Westminster's Shotover, Repulse, the Duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, prix de Paris. Dwarfs ride them, rusty armoured, leaping, leaping in their saddles. Last in a drizzle of rain, on a broken-winded isabelle nag, Cock of the North, the favourite, honey cap, green jacket, orange sleeves, Garrett Deasy up, gripping the reins, a hockey stick at the ready. His nag, stumbling on whitegaitered feet, jogs along the rocky road.) 16 17-18 19-20 21

THE ORANGE LODGES 22

(Jeering.) Get down and push, mister. Last lap! You'll be home the night!

GARRETT DEASY

(Bolt upright, his nailscraped face plastered with postage stamps, brandishes his hockeystick, his blue eyes flashing in the prism of the chandelier as his mount lopes by at schooling gallop.)

Per vias rectas!

(A yoke of buckets leopards all over him and his rearing nag, a torrent of mutton broth with dancing coins of carrots, barley, onions, turnips, potatoes.)

THE GREEN LODGES

Soft day, sir John! Soft day, your honour!

(Private Carr, Private Compton and Cissy Caffrey pass beneath the windows, singing in discord.)

STEPHEN

Hark! Our friend, noise in the street!

ZOE

(Holds up her hand.) Stop!

PRIVATE CARR, PRIVATE COMPTON and CISSY CAFFREY

Yet I've a sort a
Yorkshire relish for…

ZOE

That's me. *(She claps her hands.)* Dance! Dance! *(She runs to the pianola.)* Who has twopence?

BLOOM

Who'll?…

LYNCH

(Handing her coins.) Here.

STEPHEN

(Cracking his fingers impatiently.) Quick! Quick! Where's my augur's rod? *(He runs to the piano and takes his ashplant, beating his foot in tripudium.)*

ZOE

(Turns the drumhandle.) There.

(She drops two pennies in the slot. Gold pink and violet lights start forth. The drum turns purring in low hesitation waltz. Professor Goodwin, in a bowknotted periwig, in court dress, wearing a stained inverness cape, bent in two from incredible age, totters across the room, his hands fluttering. He sits tinily on the piano stool and lifts and beats handless sticks of arms on the keyboard, nodding with damsel's grace, his bowknot bobbing.)

ZOE

(Twirls around herself, heeltapping.) Dance. Anybody here for there? Who'll dance?

(The pianola, with changing lights plays in waltz time the prelude of My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl. *Stephen throws his ashplant on the table and seizes Zoe around the waist. Florry and Bella push the table towards the fireplace. Stephen, arming Zoe with exaggerated grace, begins to waltz her around the room. Her sleeve, falling from gracing arms, reveals a white fleshflower of vaccination. Bloom stands aside. Between the curtains, Professor Maginni inserts a leg on the toepoint of which spins a silk hat. With a deft kick, he sends it spinning to his crown and jauntyhatted skates in. He wears a slate frockcoat with claret silk lapels, a gorget of cream tulle, a green lowcut waistcoat, stock collar with white kerchief, tight lavender trousers, patent pumps and canary gloves. In his buttonhole is a dahlia. He twirls in reversed directions a clouded cane, then wedges it tight in his oxter. He places a hand limply on his breastbone, bows and fondles his flower and buttons.)*

MAGINNI

The poetry of motion, art of callisthenics. No connection with Madam Legget Byrne's or Levinstone's. Fancy dress balls arranged. Deportment. The Katty Lanner steps. So. Watch me! My terpsichorean abilities. *(He minuets forward three paces on tripping bee's feet.) Tout le monde en avant! Révérence! Tout le monde en place!*

(The prelude ceases. Professor Goodwin, beating vague arms, shrivels, shrinks, his live cape falling about the stool. The air, in firmer waltz time, pounds. Stephen and Zoe circle freely. The lights change, glow, fade, gold, rose, violet.)

THE PIANOLA

Two young fellows were talking about their girls, girls, girls, Sweethearts they'd left behind...

(From a corner the morning hours run out, goldhaired, slim, in girlish blue, waspwaisted, with innocent hands. Nimbly they dance, twirling their skipping ropes. The hours of noon follow in amber gold. Laughing linked, high haircombs flashing, they catch the sun in mocking mirrors, lifting their arms.)

MAGINNI

(Clipclaps glovesilent hands.) Carré! Avant deux! Breathe evenly! *Balance!*

(The morning and noon hours waltz in their places, turning, advancing to each other, shaping their curves, bowing vis à vis. Cavaliers behind them arch and suspend their arms, with hands descending to, touching, rising from their shoulders.)

HOURS

You may touch my...

CAVALIERS

May I touch your?

HOURS

O, but lightly!

CAVALIERS

O, so lightly!

THE PIANOLA

My little shy little lass has a waist,

(Zoe and Stephen turn boldly with looser swing. The twilight hours advance, from long landshadows, dispersed, lagging, languideyed, their cheeks delicate with cipria and false faint bloom. They are in grey gauze with dark bat sleeves that flutter in the land breeze.)

MAGINNI

Avant huit! Traversé! Salut! Cours de mains! Croisé!

(The night hours steal to the last place. Morning, noon and twilight hours retreat before them. They are masked, with daggered hair and bracelets of dull bells. Weary, they curchycurchy under veils.)

THE BRACELETS

Heigho! Heigho!

ZOE

(Twisting, her hand to her brow.) O!

MAGINNI

Les tiroirs! Chaîne de dames! La corbeille! Dos à dos!

(Arabesquing wearily, they weave a pattern on the floor, weaving, unweaving, curtseying, twisting, simply swirling.)

ZOE

I'm giddy

(She frees herself, droops on a chair, Stephen seizes Florry and turns with her.)

MAGINNI

Boulangère! Les ronds! Les ponts! Chevaux de bois! Escargots!

(Twining, receding, with interchanging hands, the night hours link, each with arching arms, in a mosaic of movements. Stephen and Florry turn cumbrously.)

MAGINNI

Dansez avec vos dames! Changez de dames! Donnez le petit bouquet à votre dame! Remerciez!

THE PIANOLA

Best, best of all,
Baraabum!

KITTY

(Jumps up.) O, they played that on the hobbyhorses at the Mirus bazaar!

(She runs to Stephen. He leaves Florry brusquely and seizes Kitty. A screaming bittern's harsh high whistle shrieks. Groangrousegurgling Toft's cumbersome whirligig turns slowly the room right roundabout the room.) 1

THE PIANOLA

My girl's a Yorkshire girl.

ZOE

Yorkshire through and through. 2

Come on all!

(She seizes Florry and waltzes her.)

STEPHEN

Pas seul! 3

(He wheels Kitty into Lynch's arms, snatches up his ashplant from the table and takes the floor. All wheel, whirl, waltz, twirl. Bloombella, Kittylynch, Florryzoe, jujuby women. Stephen with hat ashplant frogsplits in middle highkicks with 4
skykicking mouth shut hand clasp part under thigh, with clang tinkle boomhammer tallyho hornblower blue green yellow flashes. Toft's cumbersome turns with 5-6
hobbyhorse riders from gilded snakes dangled, bowels fandango leaping spurn soil foot and fall again.)

THE PIANOLA

Though she's a factory lass 7
And wears no fancy clothes.

(Closeclutched swift swifter with glareblareflare scudding they scotlootshoot lumbering by. Baraabum!)

TUTTI 8

Encore! Bis! Bravo! Encore! 9

SIMON

Think of your mother's people!

STEPHEN

Dance of death. 10

(Bang fresh barang bang of lacquey's bell, horse, nag, steer, piglings, Conmee on 11-12
Christass lame crutch and leg sailor in cockboat armfolded ropepulling hitching 13
stamp hornpipe through and through, Baraabum! On nags, hogs, bellhorses, 14-15
Gadarene swine, Corny in coffin. Steel shark stone onehandled Nelson, two 16-18
trickies Frauenzimmer plumstained from pram falling bawling. Gum, he's a 19-20
champion. Fuseblue peer from barrel rev. evensong Love on hackney jaunt Blazes 21-22

1-2 *blind coddoubled bicyclers Dilly with snowcake no fancy clothes. Then in last*
3-4 *wiswitchback lumbering up and down bump mashtub sort of viceroy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Baraabum!)*

(The couples fall aside. Stephen whirls giddily. Room whirls back. Eyes closed, he totters. Red rails fly spacewards. Stars all around suns turn roundabout. Bright midges dance on wall. He stops dead.)

STEPHEN

Ho!

5 *(Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor in leper grey with a wreath of faded orange blossoms and a torn bridal veil, her face worn and noseless, green with grave mould. Her hair is scant and lank. She fixes her bluecircled hollow eyesockets on Stephen and opens her toothless mouth uttering a silent word. A choir of virgins and confessors sing voicelessly.)*

THE CHOIR

6 Liliata rutilantium te confessorum...
Iubilantium te virginum...

(From the top of a tower Buck Mulligan, in particoloured jester's dress of puce and yellow and clown's cap with curling bell, stands gaping at her, a smoking buttered split scone in his hand.)

BUCK MULLIGAN

7 She's beastly dead. The pity of it! Mulligan meets the afflicted mother. *(He upturns his eyes.)* Mercurial Malachi.

THE MOTHER

(With the subtle smile of death's madness.) I was once the beautiful May Goulding. I am dead.

STEPHEN

8 *(Horrorstruck.)* Lemur, who are you? What bogeyman's trick is this?

BUCK MULLIGAN

(Shakes his curling capbell.) The mockery of it! Kinch killed her dogsbody bitchbody. She kicked the bucket. *(Tears of molten butter fall from his eyes into the scone.)* Our
9-10 great sweet mother! *Epi oinopa ponton.*

THE MOTHER

(Comes nearer, breathing upon him softly her breath of wetted ashes.) All must go through
11 it, Stephen. More women than men in the world. You too. Time will come.

STEPHEN

(Choking with fright, remorse and horror.) They said I killed you, mother. He offended your memory. Cancer did it, not I. Destiny.

THE MOTHER

(A green rill of bile trickling from a side of her mouth.) You sang that song to me. *Love's bitter mystery.* 1

STEPHEN

(Eagerly.) Tell me the word, mother, if you know now. The word known to all men.

THE MOTHER

Who saved you the night you jumped into the train at Dalkey with Paddy Lee? Who had pity for you when you were sad among the strangers? Prayer is all powerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and forty days' indulgence. Repent, Stephen. 2 3

STEPHEN

The ghoul! Hyena!

THE MOTHER

I pray for you in my other world. Get Dilly to make you that boiled rice every night after your brain work. Years and years I loved you, O my son, my firstborn, when you lay in my womb.

ZOE

(Fanning herself with the grate fan.) I'm melting!

FLORRY

(Points to Stephen.) Look! He's white.

BLOOM

(Goes to the window to open it more.) Giddy.

THE MOTHER

(With smouldering eyes.) Repent! O, the fire of hell!

STEPHEN

(Panting.) The corpsechewer! Raw head and bloody bones! 4

THE MOTHER

(Her face drawing near and nearer, sending out an ashen breath.) Beware! *(She raises her blackened, withered right arm slowly towards Stephen's breast with outstretched fingers.)* Beware! God's hand! *(A green crab with malignant red eyes sticks deep its grinning claws in Stephen's heart.)* 5-6

STEPHEN

(Strangled with rage.) Shite! *(His features grow drawn and grey and old.)*

BLOOM

(At the window.) What?

STEPHEN

1-4 *Ah non, par exemple!* The intellectual imagination! With me all or not at all. *Non serviam!*

FLORRY

Give him some cold water. Wait. *(She rushes out.)*

THE MOTHER

5 *(Wrings her hands slowly, moaning desperately.)* O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him! Save him from hell, O divine Sacred Heart!

STEPHEN

No! No! No! Break my spirit all of you if you can! I'll bring you all to heel!

THE MOTHER

(In the agony of her deathrattle.) Have mercy on Stephen, Lord, for my sake!
6 Inexpressible was my anguish when expiring with love, grief and agony on Mount Calvary.

STEPHEN

7 *Nothung!*

(He lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier. Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry.)

THE GASJET

Pwfungg!

BLOOM

Stop!

LYNCH

(Rushes forward and seizes Stephen's hand.) Here! Hold on! Don't run amok!

BELLA

Police!

(Stephen, abandoning his ashplant, his head and arms thrown back stark, beats the ground and flees from the room past the whores at the door.)

BELLA

(Screams.) After him!

(The two whores rush to the halldoors. Lynch and Kitty and Zoe stampede from the room. They talk excitedly. Bloom follows, returns.)

THE WHORES

(Jammed in the doorway, pointing.) Down there.

ZOE

(Pointing.) There. There's something up.

BELLA

Who pays for the lamp? *(She seizes Bloom's coattail.)* There. You were with him. The lamp's broken.

BLOOM

(Rushes to the hall, rushes back.) What lamp, woman?

A WHORE

He tore his coat.

BELLA

(Her eyes hard with anger and cupidity, points.) Who's to pay for that? Ten shillings. You're a witness.

BLOOM

(Snatches up Stephen's ashplant.) Me? Ten shillings? Haven't you lifted enough off him? Didn't he…!

BELLA

(Loudly.) Here, none of your tall talk. This isn't a brothel. A ten shilling house.

BLOOM

(His hand under the lamp, pulls the chain. Pulling, the gasjet lights up a crushed mauve purple shade. He raises the ashplant.) Only the chimney's broken. Here is all he… 1

BELLA

(Shrinks back and screams.) Jesus! Don't!

BLOOM

(Warding off a blow.) To show you how he hit the paper. There's not a sixpenceworth of damage done. Ten shillings!

FLORRY

(With a glass of water, enters.) Where is he?

BELLA

Do you want me to call the police?

BLOOM

O, I know. Bulldog on the premises. But he's a Trinity student. Patrons of your 2-3
establishment. Gentlemen that pay the rent. *(He makes a masonic sign.)* Know what 4-5
I mean? Nephew of the vicechancellor. You don't want a scandal. 6

BELLA

(Angrily.) Trinity! Coming down here ragging after the boat races and paying nothing. Are you my commander here? Where is he? I'll charge him. Disgrace him, I will. *(She shouts.)* Zoe! Zoe!

BLOOM

(Urgently.) And if it were your own son in Oxford! *(Warningly.)* I know.

BELLA

(Almost speechless.) Who are you incog?

ZOE

(In the doorway.) There's a row on.

BLOOM

What? Where? *(He throws a shilling on the table and shouts.)* That's for the chimney. Where? I need mountain air.

(He hurries out through the hall. The whores point. Florry follows, spilling water from her tilted tumbler. On the doorstep all the whores clustered talk volubly, pointing to the right where the fog has cleared off. From the left arrives a jingling hackney car. It slows to in front of the house. Bloom at
2 *the halldoor perceives Corny Kelleher who is about to dismount from the car with two silent lechers. He averts his face. Bella from within the hall urges on her whores. They blow ickylickysticky yumyum kisses. Corny Kelleher replies with a ghostly lewd smile. The silent lechers turn to pay the jarvey. Zoe and Kitty still point right. Bloom, parting them swiftly, draws his caliph's hood*
3 *and poncho and hurries down the steps with sideways face. Incog Haroun al Raschid, he flits behind the silent lechers and hastens on by the railings with*
4 *fleet step of a pard strewing the drag behind him, torn envelopes drenched in aniseed. The ashplant marks his stride. A pack of bloodhounds led by*
5 *Hornblower of Trinity brandishing a dogwhip in tallyho cap, and an old pair of grey trousers, follows from far, picking up the scent, nearer, baying, panting,*
6 *at fault, breaking away, throwing their tongues, biting his heels, leaping at*
7 *his tail. He walks, runs, zigzags, gallops, lugs laid back. He is pelted with*
8 *gravel, cabbagestumps, biscuitboxes, eggs, potatoes, dead codfish, woman's slipperslappers. After him, freshfound, the hue and cry zigzag gallops in hot*
9-10 *pursuit of follow my leader: 65 C 66 C night watch, John Henry Menton, Wisdom Hely, V. B. Dillon, Councillor Nannetti, Alexander Keyes, Larry O'Rourke,*
11-12 *Joe Cuffe, Mrs O'Dowd, Pisser Burke, The Nameless One, Mrs Riordan, The Citizen, Garryowen, Whatdoyoucallhim, Strangeface, Fellowthatslike,*
13 *Sawhimbefore, Chapwith, Chris Callinan, sir Charles Cameron, Benjamin*
14-15 *Dollard, Lenehan, Bartell d'Arcy, Joe Hynes, red Murray, editor Brayden, T. M.*
16-17 *Healy, Mr Justice Fitzgibbon, John Howard Parnell, the reverend Tinned Salmon,*
18 *Professor Joly, Mrs Breen, Denis Breen, Theodore Purefoy, Mina Purefoy, the*
19-20 *Westland Row postmistress, C. P. M'Coy, friend of Lyons, Hoppy Holohan, man in the street, other man in the street, Footballboots, pugnosed driver,*
21-22 *rich protestant lady, Davy Byrne, Mrs Ellen M'Guinness, Mrs Joe Gallaher,*

George Lidwell, Jimmy Henry on corns, Superintendent Laracy, Father Cowley, 1-4
Crofton out of the Collector General's, Dan Dawson, dental surgeon Bloom 5-6
with tweezers, Mrs Bob Doran, Mrs Kennefick, Mrs Wyse Nolan, John Wyse
Nolan, handsomemarriedwomanrubbedagainstwidebehindinClonskeatram, 7
the bookseller of Sweets of Sin, *Miss Dubedatandshedidbedad, Mesdames* 8-10
Gerald and Stanislaus Moran of Roebuck, the managing clerk of Drimmie's, 11
colonel Hayes, Mastiansky, Citron, Penrose, Aaron Figatner, Moses Herzog, 12-16
Michael E. Geraghty, Inspector Troy, Mrs Galbraith, the constable off Eccles 17-19
Street corner, old doctor Brady with stethoscope, the mystery man on the 20
beach, a retriever, Mrs Miriam Dandrade and all her lovers.) 21

THE HUE AND CRY 22

(Helterskelterpelterwelter.) He's Bloom! Stop Bloom! Stopabloom! Stopperrobber! Hi! Hi! Stop him on the corner!

(At the corner of Beaver Street beneath the scaffolding Bloom panting stops on 23
the fringe of the noisy quarrelling knot, a lot not knowing a jot what hi! hi! row
and wrangle round the whowhat brawlaltogether.)

STEPHEN

(With elaborate gestures, breathing deeply and slowly.) You are my guests. The uninvited. By virtue of the fifth of George and seventh of Edward. History to blame. Fabled 24-25
by mothers of memory.

PRIVATE CARR

(To Cissy Caffrey.) Was he insulting you?

STEPHEN

Addressed her in vocative feminine. Probably neuter. Ungenitive. 26

VOICES

No, he didn't. The girl's telling lies. He was in Mrs Cohen's. What's up? Soldiers and civilians.

CISSY CAFFREY

I was in company with the soldiers and they left me to do—you know and the young man ran up behind me. But I'm faithful to the man that's treating me though I'm only a shilling whore.

STEPHEN

(Catches sight of Kitty's and Lynch's heads.) Hail, Sisyphus. *(He points to himself and* 27
the others.) Poetic. Neopoetic. 28

VOICES

She's faithfultheman.

CISSY CAFFREY

Yes, to go with him. And me with a soldier friend.

PRIVATE COMPTON

He doesn't half want a thick ear, the blighter. Biff him one, Harry.

PRIVATE CARR

(To Cissy.) Was he insulting you while me and him was having a piss?

LORD TENNYSON

(In Union Jack blazer and cricket flannels, bareheaded, flowingbearded.) Their's not to reason why.

PRIVATE COMPTON

Biff him, Harry.

STEPHEN

(To Private Compton.) I don't know your name but you are quite right. Doctor Swift says one man in armour will beat ten men in their shirts. Shirt is synechdoche. Part for the whole.

CISSY CAFFREY

(To the crowd.) No, I was with the private.

STEPHEN

(Amiably.) Why not? The bold soldier boy. In my opinion every lady for example…

PRIVATE CARR

(His cap awry, advancing to Stephen.) Say, how would it be, governor, if I was to bash in your jaw?

STEPHEN

(Looks up in the sky.) How? Very unpleasant. Noble art of selfpretence. Personally, I detest action. *(He waves his hand.)* Hand hurts me slightly. *Enfin, ce sont vos oignons.* *(To Cissy Caffrey.)* Some trouble is on here. What is it, precisely?

DOLLY GRAY

(From her balcony waves her handkerchief, giving the sign of the heroine of Jericho.) Rahab. Cook's son, goodbye. Safe home to Dolly. Dream of the girl you left behind and she will dream of you.

(The soldiers turn their swimming eyes.)

BLOOM

(Elbowing through the crowd, plucks Stephen's sleeve vigorously.) Come now, professor, that carman is waiting.

STEPHEN

(Turns.) Eh? *(He disengages himself.)* Why should I not speak to him or to any human being who walks upright upon this oblate orange? *(He points his finger.)* I'm not afraid of what I can talk to if I see his eye. Retaining the perpendicular.

(He staggers a pace back.)

BLOOM

(Propping him.) Retain your own.

STEPHEN

(Laughs emptily.) My centre of gravity is displaced. I have forgotten the trick. Let us sit down somewhere and discuss. Struggle for life is the law of existence but modern philirenists, notably the tsar and the king of England, have invented arbitration. 1-3
(He taps his brow.) But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king. 4

BIDDY THE CLAP

Did you hear what the professor said? He's a professor out of the college.

CUNTY KATE

I did. I heard that.

BIDDY THE CLAP

He expresses himself with much marked refinement of phraseology.

CUNTY KATE

Indeed, yes. And at the same time with such apposite trenchancy.

PRIVATE CARR

(Pulls himself free and comes forward.) What's that you're saying about my king?

(Edward the Seventh appears in an archway. He wears a white jersey on which an image of the Sacred Heart is stitched, with the insignia of Garter and Thistle, Golden Fleece, Elephant of Denmark, Skinner's and Probyn's horse, Lincoln's Inn bencher and ancient and honourable artillery company of Massachusetts. He sucks a red jujube. He is robed as a grand elect perfect and sublime mason with trowel and apron, marked made in Germany. *In his left hand he holds a plasterer's bucket on which is printed:* Défense d'uriner. *A roar of welcome greets him.)* 5-6 7-10 11 12-13 14 15

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

(Slowly, solemnly but indistinctly.) Peace, perfect peace. For identification bucket in my hand. Cheerio, boys. *(He turns to his subjects.)* We have come here to witness a clean straight fight and we heartily wish both men the best of good luck. Mahak makar a back. 16 17

(He shakes hands with Private Carr, Private Compton, Stephen, Bloom and Lynch. General applause. Edward the Seventh lifts the bucket graciously in acknowledgement.)

PRIVATE CARR

(To Stephen.) Say it again.

STEPHEN

(Nervous, friendly, pulls himself up.) I understand your point of view, though I have no king myself for the moment. This is the age of patent medicine. A discussion is difficult down here. But this is the point. You die for your country, suppose. *(He*
1 *places his arm on Private Carr's sleeve.)* Not that I wish it for you. But I say: Let my country die for me. Up to the present it has done so. I don't want it to die. Damn death. Long live life!

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

3 *(Levitates over heaps of slain in the garb and with the halo of Joking Jesus, a white jujube in his phosphorescent face.)*

4 My methods are new and are causing surprise.
To make the blind see I throw dust in their eyes.

STEPHEN

5 Kings and unicorns! *(He falls back a pace.)* Come somewhere and we'll... What was that girl saying?...

PRIVATE COMPTON

6 Eh, Harry, give him a kick in the knackers. Stick one into Jerry.

BLOOM

(To the privates, softly.) He doesn't know what he's saying. Taking a little more than
7 is good for him. Absinthe, the greeneyed monster. I know him. He's a gentleman, a poet. It's all right.

STEPHEN

(Nods, smiling and laughing.) Gentleman, patriot, scholar and judge of impostors.

PRIVATE CARR

I don't give a bugger who he is.

PRIVATE COMPTON

We don't give a bugger who he is.

STEPHEN

I seem to annoy them. Green rag to a bull.

8-9 *(Kevin Egan of Paris in black Spanish tasselled shirt and peep-o'-day boy's hat signs to Stephen.)*

KEVIN EGAN

10 H'lo! *Bonjour!* The *vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes.*

11 *(Patrice Egan peeps from behind, his rabbit face nibbling a quince leaf.)*

PATRIGE

12 *Socialiste!*

DON EMILE PATRIZIO FRANZ RUPERT POPE HENNESSY 1

(In medieval hauberk, two wild geese valant on his helm, with noble indignation points a 2
mailed hand against the privates.) Werf those eykes to footboden, big grand porcos 3
of johnyellows todos covered of gravy!

BLOOM

(To Stephen.) Come home. You'll get into trouble.

STEPHEN

(Swaying.) I don't avoid it. He provokes my intelligence.

BIDDY THE CLAP

One immediately observes that he is of patrician lineage.

THE VIRAGO

Green above the red, says he. Wolfe Tone. 4-5

THE BAWD

The red's as good as the green, and better. Up the soldiers! Up King Edward!

A ROUGH

(Laughs.) Ay! Hands up to De Wet. 6

THE CITIZEN

(With a huge emerald muffler and shillelagh, calls.) 7

May the God above
Send down a cove
With teeth as sharp as razors
To slit the throat
Of the English dogs
That hanged our Irish leaders.

THE CROPPY BOY 8

(The rope noose round his neck, gripes in his issuing bowels with both hands.)

I bear no hate to a living thing, 9
But love my country beyond the king.

RUMBOLD, DEMON BARBER 10

(Accompanied by two blackmasked assistants, advances with a gladstone bag which he
opens.) Ladies and gents, cleaver purchased by Mrs Pearcy to slay Mogg. Knife with 11-12
which Voisin dismembered the wife of a compatriot and hid remains in a sheet in
the cellar, the unfortunate female's throat being cut from ear to ear. Phial containing 13
arsenic retrieved from the body of Miss Barrow which sent Seddon to the gallows.

(He jerks the rope, the assistants leap at the victim's legs and drag him downward,
grunting: the croppy boy's tongue protrudes violently.)

Horhot ho hray ho rhother's hest.

(He gives up the ghost. A violent erection of the hanged sends gouts of sperm spouting through his death clothes on to the cobblestones. Mrs Bellingham, Mrs Yelverton Barry and the Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys rush forward with their handkerchiefs to sop it up.)

RUMBOLD

I'm near it myself. *(He undoes the noose.)* Rope which hanged the awful rebel. Ten shillings a time as applied to His Royal Highness. *(He plunges his head into the gaping belly of the hanged and draws out his head again clotted with coiled and smoking entrails.)* My painful duty has now been done. God save the king!

EDWARD THE SEVENTH

(Dances slowly, solemnly, rattling his bucket and sings with soft contentment.)

On coronation day, on coronation day,
O, won't we have a merry time,
Drinking whisky, beer and wine!

PRIVATE CARR

Here. What are you saying about my king?

STEPHEN

(Throws up his hands.) O, this is too monotonous! Nothing. He wants my money and my life, though want must be his master, for some brutish empire of his. Money I haven't. *(He searches his pockets vaguely.)* Gave it to someone.

PRIVATE CARR

Who wants your bleeding money?

STEPHEN

(Tries to move off.) Will some one tell me where I am least likely to meet these necessary evils? *Ça se voit aussi à Paris.* Not that I... But by Saint Patrick!...

(The women's heads coalesce. Old Gummy Granny in sugarloaf hat appears seated on a toadstool, the deathflower of the potato blight on her breast.)

STEPHEN

Aha! I know you, grammer! Hamlet, revenge! The old sow that eats her farrow!

OLD GUMMY GRANNY

(Rocking to and fro.) Ireland's sweetheart, the king of Spain's daughter, alanna. Strangers in my house, bad manners to them! *(She keens with banshee woe.)* Ochone! Ochone! Silk of the kine! *(She wails.)* You met with poor old Ireland and how does she stand?

STEPHEN

How do I stand you? The hat trick! Where's the third person of the Blessed Trinity? 1
Soggarth Aroon? The reverend Carrion Crow. 2-3

CISSY CAFFREY

(Shrill.) Stop them from fighting!

A ROUGH

Our men retreated.

PRIVATE CARR

(Tugging at his belt.) I'll wring the neck of any bugger says a word against my fucking king.

BLOOM

(Terrified.) He said nothing. Not a word. A pure misunderstanding.

THE CITIZEN

Erin go bragh! 4
(Major Tweedy and the Citizen exhibit to each other medals, decorations, trophies 5
of war, wounds. Both salute with fierce hostility.)

PRIVATE COMPTON

Go it, Harry. Do him one in the eye. He's a proboer. 6

STEPHEN

Did I? When?

BLOOM

(To the redcoats.) We fought for you in South Africa, Irish missile troops. Isn't that history? Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Honoured by our monarch. 7

THE NAVVY

(Staggering past.) O, yes. O, God, yes! O, make the kwawr a krowawr! O! Bo! 8
(Casqued halberdiers in armour thrust forward a pentice of gutted spear points. 9
Major Tweedy, moustached like Turko the terrible, in bearskin cap with hackle 10-11
plume and accoutrements, with epaulette, gilt chevrons and sabretache, his
breast bright with medals, toes the line. He gives the pilgrim warrior's sign of 12
the knights templars.)

MAJOR TWEEDY

(Growls gruffly.) Rorke's Drift! Up, guards, and at them! Mahal shalal hashbaz. 13-15

PRIVATE CARR

I'll do him in.

PRIVATE COMPTON

(Waves the crowd back.) Fair play, here. Make a bleeding butcher's shop of the bugger.

1 *(Massed bands blare* Garryowen *and* God save the king.)

CISSY CAFFREY

They're going to fight. For me!

CUNTY KATE

2 The brave and the fair.

BIDDY THE CLAP

Methinks yon sable knight will joust it with the best.

CUNTY KATE

3 *(Blushing deeply.)* Nay, Madam. The gules doublet and merry Saint George for me!

STEPHEN

4 The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old Ireland's windingsheet.

PRIVATE CARR

(Loosening his belt, shouts.) I'll wring the neck of any fucking bastard says a word against my bleeding fucking king.

BLOOM

(Shakes Cissy Caffrey's shoulders.) Speak, you! Are you struck dumb? You are the link between nations and generations. Speak, woman, sacred lifegiver.

CISSY CAFFREY

(Alarmed, seizes Private Carr's sleeve.) Amn't I with you? Amn't I your girl? Cissy's your girl. *(She cries.)* Police!

STEPHEN

(Ecstatically, to Cissy Caffrey.)

5 White thy fambles, red thy gan
And thy quarrons dainty is.

VOICES

Police!

DISTANT VOICES

6 Dublin's burning! Dublin's burning! On fire, on fire!

7 *(Brimstone fires spring up. Dense clouds roll past. Heavy Gatling guns boom. Pandemonium. Troops deploy. Gallop of hoofs. Artillery. Hoarse commands. Bells clang. Backers shout. Drunkards bawl. Whores screech. Foghorns hoot. Cries of*

valour. Shrieks of dying. Pikes clash on cuirasses. Thieves rob the slain. Birds of prey, winging from the sea, rising from marshlands, swooping from eyries, hover screaming, gannets, cormorants, vultures, goshawks, climbing woodcocks, peregrines, merlins, blackgrouse, sea eagles, gulls, albatrosses, barnacle geese. The 1
midnight sun is darkened. The earth trembles. The dead of Dublin from Prospect 2
and Mount Jerome in white sheepskin overcoats and black goatfell cloaks arise and 3
appear to many. A chasm opens with a noiseless yawn. Tom Rochford, winner in athlete's singlet and breeches, arrives at the head of the national hurdle handicap and leaps into the void. He is followed by a race of runners and leapers. In wild attitudes they spring from the brink. Their bodies plunge. Factory lasses with fancy 4
clothes toss redhot Yorkshire baraabombs. Society ladies lift their skirts above their heads to protect themselves. Laughing witches in red cutty sarks ride through the 5
air on broomsticks. Quakerlyster plasters blisters. It rains dragon's teeth. Armed 6-7
heroes spring up from furrows. They exchange in amity the pass of knights of the 8
red cross and fight duels with cavalry sabres: Wolfe Tone against Henry Grattan, 9-10
Smith O'Brien against Daniel O'Connell, Michael Davitt against Isaac Butt, 11-14
Justin M'Carthy against Parnell, Arthur Griffith against John Redmond, John 15-18
O'Leary against Lear O'Johnny, Lord Edward Fitzgerald against Lord Gerald 19
Fitzedward, The O'Donoghue of the Glens against The Glens of The Donoghue. 20
On an eminence, the centre of the earth, rises the field altar of Saint Barbara. 21-22
Black candles rise from its gospel and epistle horns. From the high barbicans of 23
the tower two shafts of light fall on the smokepalled altarstone. On the altarstone 24
Mrs Mina Purefoy, goddess of unreason, lies naked, fettered, a chalice resting on her swollen belly. Father Malachi O'Flynn, in a long petticoat and reversed 25-26
chasuble, his two left feet back to the front, celebrates camp mass. The Reverend 27-28
Mr Hugh C. Haines Love M. A. in a plain cassock and mortar board, his head 29
and collar back to the front, holds over the celebrant's head an open umbrella.)

FATHER MALACHI O'FLYNN

Introibo ad altare diaboli. 30

THE REVEREND MR HAINES LOVE

To the devil which hath made glad my young days. 31

FATHER MALACHI O'FLYNN

(Takes from the chalice and elevates a blooddripping host.) Corpus Meum. 32-33

THE REVEREND MR HAINES LOVE

(Raises high behind the celebrant's petticoats, revealing his grey bare hairy buttocks between which a carrot is stuck.) My body.

THE VOICE OF ALL THE DAMNED 34

Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella! 35

(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.) 36

ADONAI

Doooooooooooog!

THE VOICE OF ALL THE BLESSED

Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

(From on high the voice of Adonai calls.)

ADONAI

Gooooooooood!

(In strident discord peasants and townsmen of Orange and Green factions sing

1-2 Kick the Pope *and* Daily, daily sing to Mary.*)*

PRIVATE CARR

(With ferocious articulation.) I'll do him in, so help me fucking Christ! I'll wring the bastard fucker's bleeding blasted fucking windpipe!

3 OLD GUMMY GRANNY

4-5 *(Thrusts a dagger towards Stephen's hand.)* Remove him, acushla. At 8.35 a.m. you will

6 be in heaven and Ireland will be free. *(She prays.)* O good God, take him!

BLOOM

(Runs to Lynch.) Can't you get him away?

LYNCH

He likes dialectic, the universal language. Kitty! *(To Bloom.)* Get him away, you. He won't listen to me.

(He drags Kitty away.)

STEPHEN

7 *(Points.) Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit.*

BLOOM

(Runs to Stephen.) Come along with me now before worse happens. Here's your stick.

STEPHEN

8 Stick, no. Reason. This feast of pure reason.

CISSY CAFFREY

(Pulling Private Carr.) Come on, you're boosed. He insulted me but I forgive him. *(Shouting in his ear.)* I forgive him for insulting me.

BLOOM

(Over Stephen's shoulder.) Yes, go. You see he's incapable.

PRIVATE CARR

(Breaks loose.) I'll insult him.

(He rushes towards Stephen, fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face. Stephen totters, collapses, falls stunned. He lies prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall. Bloom follows and picks it up.)

MAJOR TWEEDY

(Loudly.) Carbine in bucket! Cease fire! Salute! 1

THE RETRIEVER

(Barking furiously.) Ute ute ute ute ute ute ute ute.

THE CROWD

Let him up! Don't strike him when he's down! Air! Who? The soldier hit him. He's a professor. Is he hurted? Don't manhandle him! He's fainted!

(The retriever, nosing on the fringe of the crowd, barks noisily.)

A HAG

What call had the redcoat to strike the gentleman and he under the influence. Let them go and fight the Boers!

THE BAWD

Listen to who's talking! Hasn't the soldier a right to go with his girl? He gave him the coward's blow. 2

(They grab at each other's hair, claw at each other and spit.)

THE RETRIEVER

(Barking.) Wow wow wow.

BLOOM

(Shoves them back, loudly.) Get back, stand back!

PRIVATE COMPTON

(Tugging his comrade.) Here bugger off, Harry. There's the cops! *(Two raincaped watch, tall, stand in the group.)*

FIRST WATCH

What's wrong here?

PRIVATE COMPTON

We were with this lady and he insulted us and assaulted my chum. *(The retriever barks.)* Who owns the bleeding tyke?

CISSY CAFFREY

(With expectation.) Is he bleeding?

A MAN

(Rising from his knees.) No. Gone off. He'll come to all right.

BLOOM

(Glances sharply at the man.) Leave him to me. I can easily...

SECOND WATCH

Who are you? Do you know him?

PRIVATE CARR

(Lurches towards the watch.) He insulted my lady friend.

BLOOM

(Angrily.) You hit him without provocation. I'm a witness. Constable, take his regimental number.

SECOND WATCH

I don't want your instructions in the discharge of my duty.

PRIVATE COMPTON

1 *(Pulling his comrade.)* Here, bugger off, Harry. Or Bennett'll have you in the lockup.

PRIVATE CARR

(Staggering as he is pulled away.) God fuck old Bennett! He's a whitearsed bugger. I don't give a shit for him.

FIRST WATCH

(Taking out his notebook.) What's his name?

BLOOM

(Peering over the crowd.) I just see a car there. If you give me a hand a second, sergeant…

FIRST WATCH

Name and address.

2 *(Corny Kelleher, weepers round his hat, a death wreath in his hand, appears among the bystanders.)*

BLOOM

3 *(Quickly.)* O, the very man! *(He whispers.)* Simon Dedalus' son. A bit sprung. Get those policemen to move those loafers back.

SECOND WATCH

Night, Mr Kelleher.

CORNY KELLEHER

4 *(To the watch, with drawling eye.)* That's all right. I know him. Won a bit on the races. Gold cup. Throwaway. *(He laughs.)* Twenty to one. Do you follow me?

FIRST WATCH

(Turns to the crowd.) Here, what are you all gaping at? Move on out of that.

(The crowd disperses slowly, muttering, down the lane.)

CORNY KELLEHER

Leave it to me, sergeant. That'll be all right. *(He laughs, shaking his head.)* We were often as bad ourselves, ay or worse. What? Eh, what?

FIRST WATCH

(Laughs.) I suppose so.

CORNY KELLEHER

(Nudges the second watch.) Come and wipe your name off the slate. *(He lilts, wagging his head.)* With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom. What, eh, do you follow me?

SECOND WATCH

(Genially.) Ah, sure we were too.

CORNY KELLEHER

(Winking.) Boys will be boys. I've a car round there.

SECOND WATCH

All right, Mr Kelleher. Good night.

CORNY KELLEHER

I'll see to that.

BLOOM

(Shakes hands with both of the watch in turn.) Thank you very much, gentlemen, thank you. *(He mumbles confidentially.)* We don't want any scandal, you understand. Father is a well known, highly respected citizen. Just a little wild oats, you understand.

FIRST WATCH

O, I understand, sir.

SECOND WATCH

That's all right, sir.

FIRST WATCH

It was only in case of corporal injuries I'd have to report it at the station.

BLOOM

(Nods rapidly.) Naturally. Quite right. Only your bounden duty.

SECOND WATCH

It's our duty.

CORNY KELLEHER

Good night, men.

THE WATCH

(Saluting together.) Night, gentlemen. *(They move off with slow heavy tread.)*

BLOOM

(Blows.) Providential you came on the scene. You have a car?...

CORNY KELLEHER

(Laughs, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder to the car brought up against the scaf-
1 *folding.)* Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's. Like princes, faith. One of them lost two quid on the race. Drowning his grief and were on for a go with the jolly girls. So I landed them up on Behan's car and down to nighttown.

BLOOM

2 I was just going home by Gardiner street when I happened to...

CORNY KELLEHER

3 *(Laughs.)* Sure they wanted me to join in with the mots. No, by God, says I. Not for old stagers like myself and yourself. *(He laughs again and leers with lacklustre eye.)* Thanks be to God we have it in the house what, eh, do you follow me? Hah! hah! hah!

BLOOM

(Tries to laugh.) He, he, he! Yes. Matter of fact I was just visiting an old friend of mine there, Virag, you don't know him (poor fellow he's laid up for the past week) and we had a liquor together and I was just making my way home...

(The horse neighs.)

THE HORSE

Hohohohohohoh! Hohohohome!

CORNY KELLEHER

Sure it was Behan, our jarvey there, that told me after we left the two commercials in Mrs Cohen's and I told him to pull up and got off to see. *(He laughs.)* Sober hearsedrivers a specialty. Will I give him a lift home? Where does he hang out?
4 Somewhere in Cabra, what?

BLOOM

5 No, in Sandycove, I believe, from what he let drop.

(Stephen, prone, breathes to the stars. Corny Kelleher, asquint, drawls at the horse. Bloom in gloom, looms down.)

CORNY KELLEHER

(Scratches his nape.) Sandycove! *(He bends down and calls to Stephen.)* Eh! *(He calls again.)* Eh! He's covered with shavings anyhow. Take care they didn't lift anything off him.

BLOOM

No, no, no. I have his money and his hat here and stick.

CORNY KELLEHER

Ah well he'll get over it. No bones broken. Well, I'll shove along. *(He laughs.)* I've a rendezvous in the morning. Burying the dead. Safe home!

THE HORSE

(Neighs.) Hohohohohome.

BLOOM

Good night. I'll just wait and take him along in a few...

(Corny Kelleher returns to the outside car and mounts it. The horse harness jingles.)

CORNY KELLEHER

(From the car, standing.) Night.

BLOOM

Night.

(The jarvey chucks the reins and raises his whip encouragingly. The car and horse back slowly, awkwardly and turn. Corny Kelleher on the sideseat sways his head to and fro in sign of mirth at Bloom's plight. The jarvey joins in the mute pantomimic merriment nodding from the farther seat. Bloom shakes his head in mute mirthful reply. With thumb and palm Corny Kelleher reassures that the two bobbies will allow the sleep to continue for what else is to be done. With a slow nod Bloom conveys his gratitude as that is exactly what Stephen needs. The car jingles tooraloom round the corner of the tooraloom lane. Corny Kelleher again reassuralooms with his hand. Bloom with his hand assuralooms Corny Kelleher that he is reassuraloomtay. The tinkling hoofs and jingling harness grow fainter with their tooralooloolooloo lay. Bloom, holding in his hand Stephen's hat festooned with shavings and ashplant, stands irresolute. Then he bends to him and shakes him by the shoulder.)

BLOOM

Eh! Ho! *(There is no answer; he bends again.)* Mr Dedalus! *(There is no answer.)* The name if you call. Somnambulist. *(He bends again and, hesitating, brings his* 1
mouth near the face of the prostrate form.) Stephen! *(There is no answer. He calls again.)* Stephen!

STEPHEN

(Groans.) Who? Black panther vampire. *(He sighs and stretches himself, then murmurs* 2
thickly with prolonged vowels.)

Who... drive... Fergus now. 3
And pierce... wood's woven shade?...

(He turns on his left side, sighing, doubling himself together.)

BLOOM

Poetry. Well educated. Pity. *(He bends again and undoes the buttons of Stephen's waistcoat.)* To breathe. *(He brushes the wood shavings from Stephen's clothes with light hands and fingers.)* One pound seven. Not hurt anyhow. *(He listens.)* What!

STEPHEN

(Murmurs.)

... shadows... the woods.
... white breast... dim...

(He stretches out his arms, sighs again and curls his body. Bloom holding his hat and ashplant stands erect. A dog barks in the distance. Bloom tightens and loosens his grip on the ashplant. He looks down on Stephen's face and form.)

BLOOM

(Communes with the night.) Face reminds me of his poor mother. In the shady wood.
1 The deep white breast. Ferguson, I think I caught. A girl. Some girl. Best thing
2 could happen him... *(He murmurs.)*... swear that I will always hail, ever conceal, never reveal, any part or parts, art or arts... *(He murmurs.)* in the rough sands of the sea... a cabletow's length from the shore... where the tide ebbs... and flows...

3 *(Silent, thoughtful, alert, he stands on guard, his fingers at his lips in the attitude*
4 *of secret master. Against the dark wall a figure appears slowly, a fairy boy of*
5-6 *eleven, a changeling, kidnapped, dressed in an Eton suit with glass shoes and*
7 *a little bronze helmet, holding a book in his hand. He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page.)*

BLOOM

(Wonderstruck, calls inaudibly.) Rudy!

RUDY

(Gazes unseeing into Bloom's eyes and goes on reading, kissing, smiling. He has
8 *a delicate mauve face. On his suit he has diamond and ruby buttons. In his free*
9 *left hand he holds a slim ivory cane with a violet bowknot. A white lambkin peeps out of his waistcoat pocket.)*

III

Preparatory to anything else Mr Bloom brushed off the greater bulk of the shavings and handed Stephen the hat and ashplant and bucked him up generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion, which he very badly needed. His (Stephen's) mind was not exactly what you would call wandering but a bit unsteady and on his expressed desire for some beverage to drink Mr Bloom, in view of the hour it was and there being no pumps of Vartry water available for their ablutions, let alone drinking purposes, hit upon an expedient by suggesting, off the reel, the propriety of the cabman's shelter, as it was called, hardly a stonesthrow away near Butt Bridge, where they might hit upon some drinkables in the shape of a milk and soda or a mineral. But how to get there was the rub. For the nonce he was rather nonplussed but inasmuch as the duty plainly devolved upon him to take some measures on the subject he pondered suitable ways and means during which Stephen repeatedly yawned. So far as he could see he was rather pale in the face so that it occurred to him as highly advisable to get a conveyance of some description which would answer in their then condition, both of them being e. d. ed, particularly Stephen, always assuming that there was such a thing to be found. Accordingly, after a few such preliminaries, as, in spite of his having forgotten to take up his rather soapsuddy handkerchief after it had done yeoman service in the shaving line, brushing, they both walked together along Beaver street, or, more properly, lane, as far as the farrier's and the distinctly fetid atmosphere of the livery stables at the corner of Montgomery street where they made tracks to the left from thence debouching into Amiens Street round by the corner of Dan Bergin's. But, as he confidently anticipated, there was not a sign of a Jehu plying for hire anywhere to be seen except a fourwheeler, probably engaged by some fellows inside on the spree, outside the North Star Hotel and there was no symptom of its budging a quarter of an inch when Mr Bloom, who was anything but a professional whistler, endeavoured to hail it by emitting a kind of a whistle, holding his arms arched over his head, twice.

This was a quandary but, bringing commonsense to bear on it, evidently there was nothing for it but put a good face on the matter and foot it which they accordingly did. So, bevelling around by Mullet's and the Signal House, which they shortly reached, they proceeded perforce in the direction of Amiens street railway terminus, Mr Bloom being handicapped by the circumstance that one of the back buttons of his trousers had, to vary the timehonoured adage, gone the way of all buttons, though, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, he heroically made light of the mischance. So, as neither of them were particularly pressed for time,

as it happened, and the temperature refreshing since it cleared up after the recent visitation of Jupiter Pluvius, they dandered along past by where the empty vehicle was waiting without a fare or a jarvey. As it so happened a Dublin United Tramways Company's sandstrewer happening to be returning the elder man recounted to his companion *à propos* of the incident his own truly miraculous escape of some little while back. They passed the main entrance of the Great Northern railway station, the starting point for Belfast, where of course all traffic was suspended at that late hour, and, passing the back door of the morgue (a not very enticing locality, not to say gruesome to a degree, more especially at night), ultimately gained the Dock Tavern and in due course turned into Store street, famous for its C division police station. Between this point and the high, at present unlit, warehouses of Beresford Place Stephen thought to think of Ibsen, associated with Baird's, the stonecutter's in his mind somehow in Talbot Place, first turning on the right, while the other, who was acting as his *fidus Achates*, inhaled with infernal satisfaction the smell of James Rourke's city bakery, situated quite close to where they were, the very palatable odour indeed of our daily bread, of all commodities of the public the primary and most indispensable. Bread, the staff of life, earn your bread, O tell me where is fancy bread? At Rourke's the baker's, it is said.

En route, to his taciturn, and, not to put too fine a point on it, not yet perfectly sober companion, Mr Bloom, who at all events, was in complete possession of his faculties, never more so, in fact disgustingly sober, spoke a word of caution *re* the dangers of nighttown, women of ill fame and swell mobsmen, which, barely permissible once in a while, though not as a habitual practice, was of the nature of a regular deathtrap for young fellows of his age particularly if they had acquired drinking habits under the influence of liquor unless you knew a little juijitsu for every contingency as even a fellow on the broad of his back could administer a nasty kick if you didn't look out. Highly providential was the appearance on the scene of Corny Kelleher when Stephen was blissfully unconscious that, but for that man in the gap turning up at the eleventh hour, the finis might have been that he might have been a candidate for the accident ward, or, failing that, the Bridewell and an appearance in the court next day before Mr Tobias, or, he being the solicitor, rather old Wall, he meant to say, or Malony which simply spelt ruin for a chap when it got bruited about. The reason he mentioned the fact was that a lot of those policemen, whom he cordially disliked, were admittedly unscrupulous in the service of the Crown and, as Mr Bloom put it, recalling a case or two in the A Division in Clanbrassil street, prepared to swear a hole through a ten gallon pot. Never on the spot when wanted but in quiet parts of the city, Pembroke Road, for example, the guardians of the law were well in evidence, the obvious reason being they were paid to protect the upper classes. Another thing he commented on was equipping soldiers with firearms or sidearms of any description, liable to go off at any time, which was tantamount to inciting them against civilians should by any chance they fall out over anything. You frittered away your time, he very sensibly maintained, and health and also character besides which the squandermania of the thing, fast women of the *demimonde* ran away with a lot of £. s. d. into the bargain and the greatest danger of all was who you got drunk with though, touching the much vexed question of stimulants he relished a glass of choice old wine in season as both nourishing and bloodmaking and possessing aperient virtues (notably a

good burgundy which he was a staunch believer in) still never beyond a certain point where he invariably drew the line as it simply led to trouble all round to say nothing of your being at the tender mercy of others practically. Most of all he commented adversely on the desertion of Stephen by all his pubhunting *confrères* but one, a most glaring piece of ratting on the part of his brother medicos under all the circs.

— And that one was Judas, said Stephen, who up to then had said nothing whatsoever of any kind.

Discussing these and kindred topics they made a beeline across the back of the Customhouse and passed under the Loop Line bridge when a brazier of coke burning in front of a sentrybox, or something like one, attracted their rather lagging footsteps. Stephen of his own accord stopped for no special reason to look at the heap of barren cobblestones and by the light emanating from the brazier he could just make out the darker figure of the corporation watchman inside the gloom of the sentrybox. He began to remember that this had happened, or had been mentioned as having happened, before but it cost him no small effort before he remembered that he recognised in the sentry a quondam friend of his father's, Gumley. To avoid a meeting he drew nearer to the pillars of the railway bridge.

— Someone saluted you, Mr Bloom said.

A figure of middle height on the prowl, evidently, under the arches saluted again, calling: *Night!* Stephen, of course, started rather dizzily and stopped to return the compliment. Mr Bloom, actuated by motives of inherent delicacy, inasmuch as he always believed in minding his own business, moved off but nevertheless remained on the *qui vive* with just a shade of anxiety though not funkyish in the least. Although unusual in the Dublin area, he knew that it was not by any means unknown for desperadoes who had next to nothing to live on to be about waylaying and generally terrorising peaceable pedestrians by placing a pistol at their head in some secluded spot outside the city proper, famished loiterers of the Thames embankment category they might be hanging about there or simply marauders ready to decamp with whatever boodle they could in one fell swoop at a moment's notice, your money or your life, leaving you there to point a moral, gagged and garrotted.

Stephen, that is when the accosting figure came to close quarters, though he was not in any over sober state himself, recognised Corley's breath redolent of rotten cornjuice. Lord John Corley, some called him, and his genealogy came about in this wise. He was the eldest son of Inspector Corley of the G Division, lately deceased, who had married a certain Katherine Brophy, the daughter of a Louth farmer. His grandfather, Patrick Michael Corley, of New Ross, had married the widow of a publican there whose maiden name had been Katherine (also) Talbot. Rumour had it, though not proved, that she descended from the house of the Lords Talbot de Malahide in whose mansion, really an unquestionably fine residence of its kind and well worth seeing, his mother or aunt or some relative had enjoyed the distinction of being in service in the washkitchen. This, therefore, was the reason why the still comparatively young though dissolute man who now addressed Stephen was spoken of by some with facetious proclivities as Lord John Corley.

Taking Stephen on one side he had the customary doleful ditty to tell. Not as much as a farthing to purchase a night's lodgings. His friends had all deserted him.

1 Furthermore, he had a row with Lenehan and called him to Stephen a mean bloody swab with a sprinkling of other uncalledfor expressions. He was out of a job and implored of Stephen to tell him where on God's earth he could get something, anything at all to do. No, it was the daughter of the mother in the washkitchen that was fostersister to the heir of the house or else they were connected through the mother in some way, both occurrences happening at the same time if the whole thing wasn't a complete fabrication from start to finish. Anyhow, he was all in.

— I wouldn't ask you, only, pursued he, on my solemn oath and God knows
2 I'm on the rocks.

— There'll be a job tomorrow or the next day, Stephen told him, in a boys' school at
3 Dalkey for a gentleman usher. Mr Garrett Deasy. Try it. You may mention my name.

— Ah, God, Corley replied, sure I couldn't teach in a school, man. I was never one of your bright ones, he added with a half laugh. Got stuck twice in the junior
4 at the Christian Brothers.

— I have no place to sleep myself, Stephen informed him.

Corley, at the first go-off, was inclined to suspect it was something to do with Stephen being fired out of his digs for bringing in a bloody tart off the street. There
5-6 was a dosshouse in Marlborough street, Mrs Maloney's, but it was only a tanner touch and full of undesirables but M'Conachie told him you got a decent enough
7-8 do in the Brazen Head over in Winetavern street (which was distantly suggestive to the person addressed of friar Bacon) for a bob. He was starving too though he hadn't said a word about it.

Though this sort of thing went on every other night or very near it still Stephen's feelings got the better of him in a sense though he knew that Corley's brandnew rigmarole, on a par with the others, was hardly deserving of much credence.
9 However, *haud ignarus malorum miseris succurrere disco*, etcetera, as the Latin poet
10 remarks, especially as luck would have it he got paid his screw after every middle of the month on the sixteenth which was the date of the month as a matter of fact though a good bit of the wherewithal was demolished. But the cream of the joke was nothing would get it out of Corley's head that he was living in affluence
11 and hadn't a thing to do but hand out the needful—whereas. He put his hand in a pocket anyhow, not with the idea of finding any food there, but thinking he might lend him anything up to a bob or so in lieu so that he might endeavour at all events and get sufficient to eat. But the result was in the negative for, to his chagrin, he found his cash missing. A few broken biscuits were all the result of his investigation. He tried his hardest to recollect for the moment whether he had lost, as well he might have, or left, because in that contingency it was not a pleasant lookout, very much the reverse, in fact. He was altogether too fagged out to institute a thorough search though he tried to recollect about biscuits he dimly remembered. Who now exactly gave them, or where was, or did he buy? However, in another pocket he came across what he surmised in the dark were pennies, erroneously, however, as it turned out.

12 — Those are halfcrowns, man, Corley corrected him.

And so in point of fact they turned out to be. Stephen lent him one of them.

— Thanks, Corley answered. You're a gentleman. I'll pay you back some time.
13 Who's that with you? I saw him a few times in the Bleeding Horse in Camden street with Boylan the billsticker. You might put in a good word for us to get me taken

on there. I'd carry a sandwichboard only the girl in the office told me they're full up for the next three weeks, man. God, you've to book ahead, man, you'd think it was for the Carl Rosa. I don't give a shite anyway so long as I get a job even as a crossing sweeper. 1

Subsequently, being not quite so down in the mouth after the two-and-six he got, he informed Stephen about a fellow by the name of Bags Comisky that he said Stephen knew well out of Fullam's, the shipchandler's bookkeeper there, that used to be often round in Nagle's back with O'Mara and a little chap with a stutter the name of Tighe. Anyhow, he was lagged the night before last and fined ten bob for a drunk and disorderly and refusing to go with the constable. 2 3 4 5

Mr Bloom in the meanwhile kept dodging about in the vicinity of the cobblestones near the brazier of coke in front of the corporation watchman's sentrybox, who, evidently a glutton for work, it struck him, was having a quiet forty winks for all intents and purposes on his own private account while Dublin slept. He threw an odd eye at the same time now and then at Stephen's anything but immaculately attired interlocutor as if he had seen that nobleman somewhere or other though where he was not in a position to truthfully state nor had he the remotest idea when. Being a levelheaded individual who could give points to not a few in point of shrewd observation, he also remarked on his very dilapidated hat and slouchy wearing apparel generally, testifying to a chronic impecuniosity. Probably he was one of his hangerson but for the matter of that it was merely a question of one preying on his nextdoor neighbour all round, in every deep, so to put it, a deeper depth and for the matter of that if the man in the street chanced to be in the dock himself penal servitude, with or without the option of a fine, would be a very *rara avis* altogether. 6 In any case he had a consummate amount of cool assurance intercepting people at that hour of the night or morning. Pretty thick that was certainly. 7

The pair parted company and Stephen rejoined Mr Bloom, who with his practised eye, was not without perceiving that he had succumbed to the blandiloquence of the other parasite. Alluding to the encounter he said, laughingly, Stephen, that is: 8

— He's down on his luck. He asked me to ask you to ask somebody named Boylan, a billsticker, to give him a job as a sandwichman.

At this intelligence, in which he seemingly evinced little interest, Mr Bloom gazed abstractedly for the space of a half a second or so in the direction of a bucket dredger, rejoicing in the farfamed name of Eblana, moored alongside Customhouse Quay and quite possibly out of repair, whereupon he observed evasively: 9-10

— Everybody gets their own ration of luck, they say. Now you mention it his face was familiar to me. But leaving that for the moment, how much did you part with, he queried, if I am not too inquisitive?

— Half-a-crown, Stephen responded. I daresay he needs it to sleep somewhere.

— Needs, Mr Bloom ejaculated, professing not the least surprise at the intelligence, I can quite credit the assertion and I guarantee he invariably does. Everyone according to his needs and everyone according to his deeds. But talking about things in general, where, added he with a smile, will you sleep yourself? Walking to Sandycove is out of the question and, even supposing you did, you won't get in after what occurred at Westland Row station. Simply fag out there for nothing. I don't mean to presume to dictate to you in the slightest degree but why did you leave your father's house? 11 12

— To seek misfortune, was Stephen's answer.

— I met your respected father on a recent occasion, Mr Bloom diplomatically returned. Today, in fact, or, to be strictly accurate, on yesterday. Where does he live at present? I gathered in the course of conversation that he had moved.

1 — I believe he is in Dublin somewhere, Stephen answered unconcernedly. Why?

— A gifted man, Mr Bloom said of Mr Dedalus senior, in more respects than one and a born *raconteur* if ever there was one. He takes great pride, quite legitimately, out of you. You could go back, perhaps, he hazarded, still thinking of the very
2 unpleasant scene at Westland Row terminus when it was perfectly evident that the other two, Mulligan, that is, and that English tourist friend of his, who eventually euchred their third companion, were patently trying, as if the whole bally station belonged to them, to give Stephen the slip in the confusion.

There was no response forthcoming to the suggestion, however, such as it was, Stephen's mind's eye being too busily engaged in repicturing his family hearth the
3 last time he saw it, with his sister, Dilly, sitting by the ingle, her hair hanging down,
4 waiting for some weak Trinidad shell cocoa that was in the sootcoated kettle to be done so that she and he could drink it with the oatmeal water for milk after the
5 Friday herrings they had eaten at two a penny, with an egg apiece for Maggy, Boody
6 and Katey, the cat meanwhile under the mangle devouring a mess of eggshells and charred fish heads and bones on a square of brown paper in accordance with the
7 third precept of the church to fast and abstain on the days commanded, it being
8 quarter tense or, if not, ember days or something like that.

— No, Mr Bloom repeated again, I wouldn't personally repose much trust in that boon companion of yours who contributes the humorous element, Dr Mulligan,
9 as a guide, philosopher, and friend, if I were in your shoes. He knows which side his bread is buttered on though in all probability he never realised what it is to be without regular meals. Of course you didn't notice as much as I did but it wouldn't occasion me the least surprise to learn that a pinch of tobacco or some narcotic was put in your drink for some ulterior object.

He understood, however, from all he heard, that Dr Mulligan was a versatile allround man, by no means confined to medicine only, who was rapidly coming to the fore in his line and, if the report was verified, bade fair to enjoy a flourishing practice in the not too distant future as a tony medical practitioner drawing a
10 handsome fee for his services in addition to which professional status his rescue of that man from certain drowning by artificial respiration and what they call first
11-12 aid at Skerries, or Malahide was it? was, he was bound to admit, an exceedingly plucky deed which he could not too highly praise, so that frankly he was utterly at a loss to fathom what earthly reason could be at the back of it except he put it down to sheer cussedness or jealousy, pure and simple.

— Except it simply amounts to one thing and he is what they call picking your brains, he ventured to throw out.

The guarded glance of half solicitude, half curiosity, augmented by friendliness which he gave at Stephen's at present morose expression of features did not throw a flood of light, none at all in fact, on the problem as to whether he had let himself be badly bamboozled, to judge by two or three lowspirited remarks he let drop, or, the other way about, saw through the affair, and, for some reason or other best known to himself, allowed matters to more or less... Grinding poverty did have

that effect and he more than conjectured that, high educational abilities though he possessed, he experienced no little difficulty in making both ends meet.

Adjacent to the men's public urinal he perceived an icecream car round which 1
a group of presumably Italians in heated altercation were getting rid of voluble expressions in their vivacious language in a particularly animated way, there being some little differences between the parties.

— *Putana madonna, che ci dia i quattrini! Ho ragione? Culo rotto!* 2

— *Intendiamoci. Mezzo sovrano più...*

— *Dice lui, però.*

— *Farabutto! Mortacci sui!*

Mr Bloom and Stephen entered the cabman's shelter, an unpretentious wooden structure, where, prior to then, he had rarely, if ever, been before; the former having previously whispered to the latter a few hints anent the keeper of it, said to be the 3
once famous Skin-the-Goat, Fitzharris, the invincible, though he wouldn't vouch 4
for the actual facts, which quite possibly there was not one vestige of truth in. A few moments later saw our two noctambules safely seated in a discreet corner, only to be greeted by stares from the decidedly miscellaneous collection of waifs and strays and other nondescript specimens of the genus *homo*, already there engaged in eating and drinking, diversified by conversation, for whom they seemingly formed an object of marked curiosity.

— Now touching a cup of coffee, Mr Bloom ventured to plausibly suggest to break the ice, it occurs to me you ought to sample something in the shape of solid food, say a roll of some description.

Accordingly his first act was with characteristic *sangfroid* to order these com- 5
modities quietly. The *hoi polloi* of jarvies or stevedores, or whatever they were, after a cursory examination, turned their eyes, apparently dissatisfied, away, though one redbearded bibulous individual, a portion of whose hair was greyish, a sailor, probably, still stared for some appreciable time before transferring his rapt attention to the floor.

Mr Bloom, availing himself of the right of free speech, he having just a bowing acquaintance with the language in dispute though, to be sure, rather in a quandary 6
over *voglio*, remarked to his *protégé* in an audible tone of voice, *apropos* of the battle royal in the street which was still raging fast and furious:

— A beautiful language. I mean for singing purposes. Why do you not write your poetry in that language? *Bella Poetria!* it is so melodious and full. *Belladonna voglio.* 7-8

Stephen, who was trying his dead best to yawn, if he could, suffering from dead lassitude generally, replied:

— To fill the ear of a cow elephant. They were haggling over money.

— Is that so? Mr Bloom asked. Of course, he subjoined pensively, at the inward reflection of there being more languages to start with than were absolutely necessary, it may be only the southern glamour that surrounds it.

The keeper of the shelter in the middle of this *tête-à-tête* put a boiling 9
swimming cup of a choice concoction labelled coffee on the table and a rather antediluvian specimen of a bun, or so it seemed, after which he beat a retreat to his counter. Mr Bloom determining to have a good square look at him later on so as not to appear to... for which reason he encouraged Stephen to proceed with his eyes while he did the honours by surreptitiously

pushing the cup of what was temporarily supposed to be called coffee gradually nearer him.

— Sounds are impostures, Stephen said after a pause of some little time. Like
1-2 names, Cicero, Podmore, Napoleon, Mr Goodbody, Jesus, Mr Doyle. Shakespeares
3 were as common as Murphies. What's in a name?

4 — Yes, to be sure, Mr Bloom unaffectedly concurred. Of course. Our name was changed too, he added, pushing the socalled roll across.

5-6 The redbearded sailor, who had his weather eye on the newcomers, boarded Stephen, whom he had singled out for attention in particular, squarely by asking:

— And what might your name be?

Just in the nick of time Mr Bloom touched his companion's boot but Stephen, apparently disregarding the warm pressure, from an unexpected quarter, answered:

— Dedalus.

The sailor stared at him heavily from a pair of drowsy baggy eyes, rather bunged
7 up from excessive use of boose, preferably good old Hollands and water.

— You know Simon Dedalus? he asked at length.

— I've heard of him, Stephen said.

Mr Bloom was all at sea for a moment, seeing the others evidently eavesdropping too.

— He's Irish, the seaman bold affirmed, staring still in much the same way and nodding. All Irish.

— All too Irish, Stephen rejoined.

As for Mr Bloom he could neither make head or tail of the whole business and he was just asking himself what possible connection when the sailor, of his own accord, turned to the other occupants of the shelter with the remark:

— I seen him shoot two eggs off two bottles at fifty yards over his shoulder. The left hand dead shot.

Though he was slightly hampered by an occasional stammer and his gestures being also clumsy as it was still he did his best to explain.

— Bottle out there, say. Fifty yards measured. Eggs on the bottles. Cocks his gun over his shoulder. Aims.

He turned his body half round, shut up his right eye completely, then he screwed his features up some way sideways and glared out into the night with an unprepossessing cast of countenance.

— Pom, he then shouted once.

The entire audience waited, anticipating an additional detonation, there being still a further egg.

— Pom, he shouted twice.

Egg two evidently demolished, he nodded and winked, adding bloodthirstily:

8 — *Buffalo Bill shoots to kill,*
Never missed nor he never will.

A silence ensued till Mr Bloom for agreeableness' sake just felt like asking him
9 whether it was for a marksmanship competition like the Bisley.

— Beg pardon, the sailor said.

— Long ago? Mr Bloom pursued without flinching a hairsbreadth.

— Why, the sailor replied, relaxing to a certain extent under the magic influence of diamond cut diamond, it might be a matter of ten years. He toured the wide world with Hengler's Royal Circus. I seen him do that in Stockholm. 1

— Curious coincidence, Mr Bloom confided to Stephen unobtrusively.

— Murphy's my name, the sailor continued, W.B. Murphy, of Carrigaloe. Know 2
where that is?

— Queenstown Harbour, Stephen replied. 3

— That's right, the sailor said. Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle. That's where 4
I hails from. My little woman's down there. She's waiting for me, I know. *For* 5
England, home and beauty. She's my own true wife I haven't seen for seven years now, sailing about.

Mr Bloom could easily picture his advent on this scene—the homecoming to the mariner's roadside shieling after having diddled Davy Jones—a rainy night 6-7
with a blind moon. Across the world for a wife. Quite a number of stories there 8-9
were on that particular Alice Ben Bolt topic, Enoch Arden and Rip van Winkle and 10-12
does anybody hereabouts remember Caoc O'Leary, a favourite and most trying 13
declamation piece, by the way, of poor John Casey and a bit of perfect poetry in 14
its own small way. Never about the runaway wife coming back, however much devoted to the absentee. The face at the window! Judge of his astonishment when 15
he finally did breast the tape and the awful truth dawned upon him anent his better half, wrecked in his affections. You little expected me but I've come to stay and make a fresh start. There she sits, a grass widow, at the selfsame fireside. Believes 16
me dead. Rocked in the cradle of the deep. And there sits uncle Chubb or Tomkin, 17-18
as the case might be, the publican of the Crown and Anchor, in shirtsleeves, eating 19
rumpsteak and onions. No chair for father. Boo! The wind! Her brandnew arrival is on her knee, *post mortem* child. With a high ro! and a randy ro! and my galloping 20-21
tearing tandy O! Bow to the inevitable. Grin and bear it. I remain with much love your brokenhearted husband, W. B. Murphy.

The sailor, who scarcely seemed to be a Dublin resident, turned to one of the jarvies with the request:

— You don't happen to have such a thing as a spare chaw about you, do you?

The jarvey addressed, as it happened, had not but the keeper took a die of plug from his good jacket hanging on a nail and the desired object was passed from hand to hand.

— Thank you, the sailor said.

He deposited the quid in his gob and, chewing, and with some slow stammers, proceeded:

— We come up this morning eleven o'clock. The threemaster *Rosevean* from 22
Bridgwater with bricks. I shipped to get over. Paid off this afternoon. There's my discharge. See? W. B. Murphy, A. B. S. 23

In confirmation of which statement he extricated from an inside pocket and handed to his neighbours a not very cleanlooking folded document.

— You must have seen a fair share of the world, the keeper remarked, leaning on the counter.

— Why, the sailor answered, upon reflection upon it, I've circumnavigated a bit since I first joined on. I was in the Red Sea. I was in China and North America and South America. I seen icebergs plenty, growlers. I was in Stockholm and the Black 24

Sea, the Dardanelles, under Captain Dalton the best bloody man that ever scuttled a ship. I seen Russia. *Gospodi pomilooy.* That's how the Russians prays.

— You seen queer sights, don't be talking, put in a jarvey.

— Why, the sailor said, shifting his partially chewed plug, I seen queer things too, ups and downs. I seen a crocodile bite the fluke of an anchor same as I chew that quid.

He took out of his mouth the pulpy quid and, lodging it between his teeth, bit ferociously.

— Khaan! Like that. And I seen maneaters in Peru that eats corpses and the livers of horses. Look here. Here they are. A friend of mine sent me.

He fumbled out a picture postcard from his inside pocket, which seemed to be in its way a species of repository, and pushed it along the table. The printed matter on it stated: *Choza de Indios. Beni, Bolivia.*

All focused their attention on the scene exhibited, at a group of savage women in striped loincloths, squatted, blinking, suckling, frowning, sleeping, amid a swarm of infants (there must have been quite a score of them) outside some primitive shanties of osier.

— Chews coca all day long, the communicative tarpaulin added. Stomachs like breadgraters. Cuts off their diddies when they can't bear no more children. See them there stark ballocknaked eating a dead horse's liver raw.

His postcard proved a centre of attraction for Messrs the greenhorns for several minutes, if not more.

— Know how to keep them off? he inquired genially.

Nobody volunteering a statement, he winked, saying:

— Glass. That boggles 'em. Glass.

Mr Bloom, without evincing surprise, unostentatiously turned over the card to peruse the partially obliterated address and postmark. It ran as follows: *Tarjeta Postal. Señor A. Boudin, Galeria Becche, Santiago, Chile.* There was no message evidently, as he took particular notice. Though not an implicit believer in the lurid story narrated (or the eggsniping transaction for that matter despite William Tell and the Lazarillo-Don Cesar de Bazan incident depicted in *Maritana* on which occasion the former's ball passed through the latter's hat), having detected a discrepancy between his name (assuming he was the person he represented himself to be and not sailing under false colours after having boxed the compass on the strict q. t. somewhere) and the fictitious addressee of the missive which made him nourish some suspicions of our friend's *bona fides* nevertheless it reminded him in a way of a longcherished plan he meant to one day realise some Wednesday or Saturday of travelling to London *via* long sea not to say that he had ever travelled extensively to any great extent but he was at heart a born adventurer though by a trick of fate he had consistently remained a landlubber except you call going to Holyhead which was his longest. Martin Cunningham frequently said he would work a pass through Egan but some deuced hitch or other eternally cropped up with the net result that the scheme fell through. But even suppose it did come to planking down the needful and breaking Boyd's heart it was not so dear, purse permitting, a few guineas at the outside, considering the fare to Mullingar where he figured on going was five and six there and back. The trip would benefit health on account of the bracing ozone and be in every way thoroughly pleasurable, especially for

a chap whose liver was out of order, seeing the different places along the route, Plymouth, Falmouth, Southampton and so on, culminating in an instructive tour 1
of the sights of the great metropolis, the spectacle of our modern Babylon where 2
doubtless he would see the greatest improvement tower, abbey, wealth of Park Lane to renew acquaintance with. Another thing just struck him as a by no means bad notion was he might have a gaze around on the spot to see about trying to make arrangements about a concert tour of summer music embracing the most prominent pleasure resorts, Margate with mixed bathing and firstrate hydros and 3
spas, Eastbourne, Scarborough, Margate and so on, beautiful Bournemouth, the 4
Channel islands and similar bijou spots, which might prove highly remunerative. 5
Not, of course, with a hole and corner scratch company or local ladies on the job, 6
witness Mrs C. P. M'Coy type—lend me your valise and I'll post you the ticket. 7
No, something top notch, an all star Irish caste, the Tweedy-Flower grand opera company with his own legal consort as leading lady as a sort of counterblast to the Elster Grimes and Moody-Manners, perfectly simple matter and he was quite 8-9
sanguine of success, providing puffs in the local papers could be managed by some fellow with a bit of bounce who could pull the indispensable wires and thus combine business with pleasure. But who? That was the rub. 10

Also, without being actually positive, it struck him a great field was to be opened up in the line of opening up new routes to keep pace with the times *apropos* of the Fishguard-Rosslare route which, it was mooted, was once more on the *tapis* in the 11-12
circumlocution departments with the usual quantity of red tape and dillydallying 13
of effete fogeydom and dunderheads generally. A great opportunity there certainly was for push and enterprise to meet the travelling needs of the public at large, the average man, i. e. Brown, Robinson and Co. 14

It was a subject of regret and absurd as well on the face of it and no small blame to our vaunted society that the man in the street, when the system really needed toning up, for a matter of a couple of paltry pounds, was debarred from seeing more of the world they lived in instead of being always cooped up since my old stick-in-the-mud took me for a wife. After all, hang it, they had their eleven and more humdrum months of it and merited a radical change of *venue* after the grind of city life in the summertime, for choice, when Dame Nature is at her spectacular best, constituting nothing short of a new lease of life. There were equally excellent opportunities for vacationists in the home island, delightful sylvan spots for rejuvenation, offering a plethora of attractions as well as a bracing tonic for the system in and around Dublin and its picturesque environs, even, Poulaphouca, to 15
which there was a steam tram, but also farther away from the madding crowd, in 16
Wicklow, rightly termed the garden of Ireland, an ideal neighbourhood for elderly wheelmen, so long as it didn't come down, and in the wilds of Donegal where, 17-18
if report spoke true, the *coup d'œil* was exceedingly grand, though the lastnamed 19
locality was not easily getatable so that the influx of visitors was not as yet all that 20
it might be considering the signal benefits to be derived from it, while Howth 21
with its historic associations and otherwise, Silken Thomas, Grace O'Malley, 22-23
George IV, rhododendrons several hundred feet above sealevel was a favourite 24-25
haunt with all sorts and conditions of men, especially in the spring when young 26
men's fancy, though it had its own toll of deaths by falling off the cliffs by design or accidentally, usually, by the way, on their left leg, it being only about three quarters

of an hour's run from the pillar. Because of course uptodate tourist travelling was as yet merely in its infancy, so to speak, and the accommodation left much to be desired. Interesting to fathom, it seemed to him, from a motive of curiosity pure and simple, was whether it was the traffic that created the route or viceversa or the two sides in fact. He turned back the other side of the card picture and passed it along to Stephen.

— I seen a Chinese one time, related the doughty narrator, that had little pills like putty and he put them in the water and they opened, and every pill was something different. One was a ship, another was a house, another was a flower. Cooks rats in your soup, he appetisingly added, the Chinese does.

Possibly perceiving an expression of dubiosity on their faces, the globetrotter went on adhering to his adventures.

— And I seen a man killed in Trieste by an Italian chap. Knife in his back. Knife like that.

Whilst speaking he produced a dangerous looking claspknife, quite in keeping with his character, and held it in the striking position.

— In a knockingshop it was count of a tryon between two smugglers. Fellow hid behind a door, come up behind him. Like that. *Prepare to meet your God*, says he. Chuck! It went into his back up to the butt.

His heavy glance, drowsily roaming about, kind of defied their further questions even should they by any chance want to. That's a good bit of steel, repeated he, examining his formidable *stiletto.*

After which harrowing *dénouement* sufficient to appal the stoutest he snapped the blade to and stowed the weapon in question away as before in his chamber of horrors, otherwise pocket.

— They're great for the cold steel, somebody who was evidently quite in the dark said for the benefit of them all. That was why they thought the park murders of the invincibles was done by foreigners on account of them using knives.

At this remark, passed obviously in the spirit of *where ignorance is bliss*, Mr Bloom and Stephen, each in his own particular way, both instinctively exchanged meaning glances, in a religious silence of the strictly *entre nous* variety however, towards where Skin-the-Goat, *alias* the keeper, was drawing spurts of liquid from his boiler affair. His inscrutable face, which was really a work of art, a perfect study in itself, beggaring description, conveyed the impression that he didn't understand one jot of what was going on. Funny very.

There ensued a somewhat lengthy pause. One man was reading by fits and starts a stained by coffee evening journal; another, the card with the natives *choza de*; another, the seaman's discharge. Mr Bloom, so far as he was personally concerned, was just pondering in pensive mood. He vividly recollected when the occurrence alluded to took place as well as yesterday, some score of years previously, in the days of the land troubles when it took the civilised world by storm, figuratively speaking, early in the eighties, eightyone to be correct, when he was just turned fifteen.

— Ay, boss, the sailor broke in. Give us back them papers.

The request being complied with, he clawed them up with a scrape.

— Have you seen the Rock of Gibraltar? Mr Bloom inquired.

The sailor grimaced, chewing, in a way that might be read as yes, ay, or no.

— Ah, you've touched there too, Mr Bloom said, Europa point, thinking he had, 1
in the hope that the rover might possibly by some reminiscences but he failed to do so, simply letting spurt a jet of spew into the sawdust, and shook his head with a sort of lazy scorn.

— What year would that be about? Mr Bloom interpolated. Can you recall the boats?

Our *soi-disant* sailor munched heavily awhile, hungrily, before answering.

— I'm tired of all them rocks in the sea, he said, and boats and ships. Salt junk 2
all the time.

Tired, seemingly, he ceased. His questioner, perceiving that he was not likely to get a great deal of change out of such a wily old customer, fell to woolgathering on the enormous dimensions of the water about the globe. Suffice it to say that, as a casual glance at the map revealed, it covered fully three fourths of it and he fully realised accordingly what it meant, to rule the waves. On more than one 3
occasion—a dozen at the lowest—near the North Bull at Dollymount he had 4
remarked a superannuated old salt, evidently derelict, seated habitually near the not particularly redolent sea on the wall, staring quite obviously at it and it at him, dreaming of fresh woods and pastures new as someone somewhere sings. 5
And it left him wondering why. Possibly he had tried to find out the secret for 6
himself, floundering up and down the antipodes and all that sort of thing and over and under—well, not exactly under—tempting the fates. And the odds were twenty to nil there was really no secret about it at all. Nevertheless, without going into the *minutiae* of the business, the eloquent fact remained that the sea was there in all its glory and in the natural course of things somebody or other had to sail on it and fly in the face of providence though it merely went to show how people usually contrived to load that sort of onus on to the other fellow like the hell idea and the lottery and insurance, which were run on identically the same lines so that for that very reason, if no other, lifeboat Sunday was a 7
very laudable institution to which the public at large, no matter where living, inland or seaside, as the case might be, having it brought home to them like that, should extend its gratitude also to the harbourmasters and coastguard service who had to man the rigging and push off and out amid the elements, whatever the season, when duty called *Ireland expects that every man* and so on, 8
and sometimes had a terrible time of it in the wintertime not forgetting the Irish lights, Kish and others, liable to capsize at any moment rounding which 9
he once with his daughter had experienced some remarkably choppy, not to 10
say stormy, weather.

— There was a fellow sailed with me in the *Rover*, the old seadog, himself a 11
rover, proceeded. Went ashore and took up a soft job as gentleman's valet at six quid a month. Them are his trousers I've on me and he gave me an oilskin and that jackknife. I'm game for that job, shaving and brushup. I hate roaming about. There's my son now, Danny, run off to sea and his mother got him took in a draper's in Cork where he could be drawing easy money.

— What age is he? queried one hearer who, by the way, seen from the side, bore
a distant resemblance to Henry Campbell, the townclerk, away from the carking 12-13
cares of office, unwashed, of course, and in a seedy getup and a strong suspicion of nosepaint about the nasal appendage. 14

— Why, the sailor answered with a slow puzzled utterance. My son Danny? He'd be about eighteen now, way I figure it.

1 The Skibbereen father hereupon tore open his grey or unclean anyhow shirt with his two hands and scratched away at his chest on which was to be seen an image tattooed in blue Chinese ink, intended to represent an anchor.

— There was lice in that bunk in Bridgwater, he remarked. Sure as nuts. I must get a wash tomorrow or next day. It's them black lads I objects to. I hate those buggers. Sucks your blood dry, they does.

Seeing they were all looking at his chest, he accommodatingly dragged his shirt more open so that, on top of the timehonoured symbol of the mariner's hope
2 and rest, they had a full view of the figure 16 and a young man's sideface looking frowningly rather.

— Tattoo, the exhibitor explained. That was done when we were lying becalmed off Odessa in the Black Sea under Captain Dalton. Fellow the name of Antonio done that. There he is himself, a Greek.

— Did it hurt much doing it? one asked the sailor.

That worthy, however, was busily engaged in collecting round the someway in his. Squeezing or...

— See here, he said, showing Antonio. There he is, cursing the mate. And there he is now, he added. The same fellow, pulling the skin with his fingers, some special knack evidently, and he laughing at a yarn.

And in point of fact the young man named Antonio's livid face did actually look like forced smiling and the curious effect excited the unreserved admiration of everybody, including Skin-the-Goat who this time stretched over.

— Ay, ay, sighed the sailor, looking down on his manly chest. He's gone too. Ate by sharks after. Ay, ay.

He let go of the skin so that the profile resumed the normal expression of before.

— Neat bit of work, longshoreman one said.

— And what's the number for? loafer number two queried.

— Eaten alive? a third asked the sailor.

— Ay, ay, sighed again the latter personage, more cheerily this time, with some sort of a half smile, for a brief duration only, in the direction of the questioner about the number. A Greek he was.

And then he added, with rather gallowsbird humour, considering his alleged end:

3 — *As bad as old Antonio.*
For he left me on my ownio.

The face of a streetwalker, glazed and haggard under a black straw hat, peered askew round the door of the shelter, palpably reconnoitring on her own with the object of bringing more grist to her mill. Mr Bloom, scarcely knowing which way to look, turned away on the moment, flusterfied but outwardly calm, and picking
4 up from the table the pink sheet of the Abbey street organ which the jarvey, if such he was, had laid aside, he picked it up and looked at the pink of the paper though why pink? His reason for so doing was he recognised on the moment round the door the same face he had caught a fleeting glimpse of that afternoon on Ormond Quay, the partially idiotic female, namely, of the lane, who knew the lady in the

brown costume does be with you (Mrs B.), and begged the chance of his washing. Also why washing, which seemed rather vague than not?

Your washing. Still, candour compelled him to admit that he had washed his wife's undergarments when soiled in Holles Street and women would and did too a man's similar garments initialled with Bewley and Draper's marking ink (hers were, that is) if they really loved him, that is to say. Love me, love my dirty shirt. Still, just then, being on tenterhooks, he desired the female's room more than her company so it came as a genuine relief when the keeper made her a rude sign to take herself off. Round the side of the *Evening Telegraph* he just caught a fleeting glimpse of her face round the side of the door with a kind of demented glassy grin showing that she was not exactly all there, viewing with evident amusement the group of gazers round Skipper Murphy's nautical chest and then there was no more of her.

— The gunboat, the keeper said.

— It beats me, Mr Bloom confided to Stephen, medically I am speaking, how a wretched creature like that from the Lock Hospital, reeking with disease, can be barefaced enough to solicit or how any man in his sober senses, if he values his health in the least. Unfortunate creature! Of course, I suppose some man is ultimately responsible for her condition. Still no matter what the cause is from...

Stephen had not noticed her and shrugged his shoulders, merely remarking:

— In this country people sell much more than she ever had and do a roaring trade. Fear not them that sell the body but have not power to buy the soul. She is a bad merchant. She buys dear and sells cheap.

The elder man, though not by any manner of means an old maid or a prude, said that it was nothing short of a crying scandal that ought to be put a stop to *instanter* to say that women of that stamp (quite apart from any oldmaidish squeamishness on the subject), a necessary evil, were not licensed and medically inspected by the proper authorities, a thing he could truthfully state he, as a *paterfamilias*, was a stalwart advocate of from the very first start. Whoever embarked on a policy of the sort, he said, and ventilated the matter thoroughly would confer a lasting boon on everybody concerned.

— You, as a good catholic, he observed, talking of body and soul, believe in the soul. Or do you mean the intelligence, the brainpower as such, as distinct from any outside object, the table, let us say, that cup? I believe in that myself because it has been explained by competent men as the convolutions of the grey matter. Otherwise we would never have such inventions as X rays, for instance. Do you?

Thus cornered, Stephen had to make a superhuman effort of memory to try and concentrate and remember before he could say:

— They tell me on the best authority it is a simple substance and therefore incorruptible. It would be immortal, I understand, but for the possibility of its annihilation by its First Cause, Who, from all I can hear, is quite capable of adding that to the number of His other practical jokes, *corruptio per se* and *corruptio per accidens* both being excluded by court etiquette.

Mr Bloom thoroughly acquiesced in the general gist of this though the mystical finesse involved was a bit out of his sublunary depth still he felt bound to enter a demurrer on the head of simple, promptly rejoining:

— Simple? I shouldn't think that is the proper word. Of course, I grant you, to concede a point, you do knock across a simple soul once in a blue moon. But what
1 I am anxious to arrive at is it is one thing for instance to invent those rays Röntgen
2-3 did, or the telescope like Edison, though I believe it was before his time, Galileo was the man I mean. The same applies to the laws, for example, of a farreaching natural phenomenon such as electricity but it's a horse of quite another colour to say you believe in the existence of a supernatural God.

— O, that, Stephen expostulated, has been proved conclusively by several of the best known passages in Holy Writ, apart from circumstantial evidence.

On this knotty point, however, the views of the pair, poles apart as they were, both in schooling and everything else, with the marked difference in their respective ages, clashed.

— Has been? the more experienced of the two objected, sticking to his original point. I'm not so sure about that. That's a matter of every man's opinion and,
4 without dragging in the sectarian side of the business, I beg to differ with you *in toto* there. My belief is, to tell you the candid truth, that those bits were genuine forgeries all of them put in by monks most probably or it's the big question of
5 our national poet over again, who precisely wrote them, like *Hamlet* and Bacon, as you who know your Shakespeare infinitely better than I, of course I needn't tell you. Can't you drink that coffee, by the way? Let me stir it and take a piece of that bun. It's like one of our skipper's bricks disguised. Still, no one can give what he hasn't got. Try a bit.

— Couldn't, Stephen contrived to get out, his mental organs for the moment refusing to dictate further.

Faultfinding being a proverbially bad hat, Mr Bloom thought well to stir, or try to, the clotted sugar from the bottom and reflected with something approaching
6 acrimony on the Coffee Palace and its temperance (and lucrative) work. To be sure it was a legitimate object and beyond yea or nay did a world of good. Shelters such as the present one they were in run on teetotal lines for vagrants at night, concerts, dramatic evenings, and useful lectures (admittance free) by qualified men for the lower orders. On the other hand, he had a distinct and painful recollection they paid his wife, Madam Marion Tweedy who had been prominently associated with it at one time, a very modest remuneration indeed for her pianoplaying. The idea, he was strongly inclined to believe, was to do good and net a profit, there being no
7 competition to speak of. Sulphate of copper poison, SO_4 or something in some dried peas he remembered reading of in a cheap eatinghouse somewhere but he couldn't remember when it was or where. Anyhow, inspection, medical inspection, of all eatables, seemed to him more than ever necessary which possibly accounted
8 for the vogue of Dr Tibble's Vi-Cocoa on account of the medical analysis involved.

— Have a shot at it now, he ventured to say of the coffee after being stirred.

Thus prevailed on to at any rate taste it, Stephen lifted the heavy mug from the brown puddle—it clopped out of it when taken up—by the handle and took a sip of the offending beverage.

9 — Still, it's solid food, his good genius urged, I'm a stickler for solid food, his one
10 and only reason being not gormandising in the least but regular meals as the *sine qua non* for any kind of proper work, mental or manual. You ought to eat more solid food. You would feel a different man.

— Liquids I can eat, Stephen said. But oblige me by taking away that knife. I can't look at the point of it. It reminds me of Roman history. 1

Mr Bloom promptly did as suggested and removed the incriminated article, a blunt hornhandled ordinary knife with nothing particularly Roman or antique about it to the lay eye, observing that the point was the least conspicuous point about it.

— Our mutual friend's stories are like himself, Mr Bloom, *apropos* of knives, 2
remarked to his *confidante sotto voce*. Do you think they are genuine? He could spin 3-4
those yarns for hours on end all night long and lie like old boots. Look at him.

Yet still, though his eyes were thick with sleep and sea air, life was full of a host of things and coincidences of a terrible nature and it was quite within the bounds of possibility that it was not an entire fabrication though at first blush there was not much inherent probability in all the spoof he got off his chest being strictly accurate gospel.

He had been meantime taking stock of the individual in front of him and Sherlockholmesing him up, ever since he clapped eyes on him. Though a wellpre- 5
served man of no little stamina, if a trifle prone to baldness, there was something spurious in the cut of his jib that suggested a jail delivery and it required no violent 6
stretch of imagination to associate such a weirdlooking specimen with the oakum 7
and treadmill fraternity. He might even have done for his man, supposing it was his own case he told, as people often did about others, namely, that he killed him himself and had served his four or five goodlooking years in durance vile to say nothing of the Antonio personage (no relation to the dramatic personage 8
of identical name who sprang from the pen of our national poet) who expiated his crimes in the melodramatic manner above described. On the other hand he might be only bluffing, a pardonable weakness, because meeting unmistakable mugs, Dublin residents, like those jarvies waiting news from abroad, would tempt any ancient mariner who sailed the ocean seas to draw the long bow about the 9-10
schooner *Hesperus* and etcetera. And when all was said and done, the lies a fellow told about himself couldn't probably hold a proverbial candle to the wholesale whoppers other fellows coined about him.

— Mind you, I'm not saying that it's all a pure invention, he resumed. Analogous scenes are occasionally, if not often, met with. Giants, though, that is rather a far cry you see once in a way. Marcella, the midget queen. In those waxworks 11-12
in Henry street I myself saw some Aztecs, as they are called, sitting bowlegged. 13
They couldn't straighten their legs if you paid them because the muscles here, you see, he proceeded, indicating on his companion the brief outline, the sinews, or whatever you like to call them, behind the right knee, were utterly powerless from sitting that way so long cramped up, being adored as gods. There's an example again of simple souls.

However, reverting to friend Sinbad and his horrifying adventures (who reminded 14
him a bit of Ludwig, *alias* Ledwidge, when he occupied the boards of the Gaiety 15-16
when Michael Gunn was identified with the management in the *Flying Dutchman*, 17
a stupendous success, and his host of admirers came in large numbers, everyone simply flocking to hear him though ships of any sort, phantom or the reverse, on the stage usually fell a bit flat as also did trains), there was nothing intrinsically incompatible about it, he conceded. On the contrary, that stab in the back touch was quite in keeping with those Italianos, though candidly he was none the less

free to admit those ice creamers and friers in the fish way, not to mention the chip potato variety and so forth, over in little Italy there, near the Coombe, were sober thrifty hardworking fellows except perhaps a bit too given to pothunting the harmless necessary animal of the feline persuasion of others at night so as to have a good old succulent tuck in with garlic *de rigueur* off him or her next day on the quiet and, he added, on the cheap.

— Spaniards, for instance, he continued, passionate temperaments like that, impetuous as Old Nick, are given to taking the law into their own hands and give you your quietus double quick with those poignards they carry in the abdomen. It comes from the great heat, climate generally. My wife is, so to speak, Spanish, half, that is. Point of fact she could actually claim Spanish nationality if she wanted, having been born in (technically) Spain, i. e. Gibraltar. She has the Spanish type. Quite dark, regular brunette, black. I, for one, certainly believe climate accounts for character. That's why I asked you if you wrote your poetry in Italian.

— The temperaments at the door, Stephen interposed with, were very passionate about ten shillings. *Roberto ruba roba sua.*

— Quite so, Mr Bloom dittoed.

— Then, Stephen said, staring and rambling on to himself or some unknown listener somewhere, we have the impetuosity of Dante and the isosceles triangle, Miss Portinari, he fell in love with and Leonardo and san Tommaso Mastino.

— It's in the blood, Mr Bloom acceded at once. All are washed in the blood of the sun. Coincidence, I just happened to be in the Kildare street Museum today, shortly prior to our meeting, if I can so call it, and I was just looking at those antique statues there. The splendid proportions of hips, bosom. You simply don't knock against those kind of women here. An exception here and there. Handsome, yes, pretty in a way you find, but what I'm talking about is the female form. Besides, they have so little taste in dress, most of them, which greatly enhances a woman's natural beauty, no matter what you say. Rumpled stockings—it may be, possibly is, a foible of mine, but still it's a thing I simply hate to see.

Interest, however, was starting to flag somewhat all round and the others got on to talking about accidents at sea, ships lost in a fog, collisions with icebergs, all that sort of thing. Shipahoy, of course, had his own say to say. He had doubled the Cape a few odd times and weathered a monsoon, a kind of wind, in the China seas and through all those perils of the deep there was one thing, he declared, stood to him, or words to that effect, a pious medal he had that saved him.

So then after that they drifted on to the wreck of Daunt's rock, wreck of that illfated Norwegian barque—nobody could think of her name for the moment till the jarvey who had really quite a look of Henry Campbell remembered it, *Palme*, on Booterstown Strand, that was the talk of the town that year (Albert William Quill wrote a fine piece of original verse of distinctive merit on the topic for the Irish *Times*) breakers running over her and crowds and crowds on the shore in commotion petrified with horror. Then someone said something about the case of the s. s. *Lady Cairns* of Swansea, run into by the *Mona*, which was on an opposite tack, in rather muggyish weather and lost with all hands on deck. No aid was given. Her master, the *Mona's*, said he was afraid his collision bulkhead would give way. She had no water, it appears, in her hold.

At this stage an incident happened. It having become necessary for him to unfurl a reef, the sailor vacated his seat.

— Let me cross your bows, mate, he said to his neighbour, who was just gently dropping off into a peaceful doze.

He made tracks heavily, slowly, with a dumpy sort of a gait to the door, stepped heavily down the one step there was out of the shelter and bore due left. While he was in the act of getting his bearings, Mr Bloom, who noticed when he stood up that he had two flasks of presumably ship's rum sticking one out of each 1
pocket for the private consumption of his burning interior, saw him produce a bottle and uncork it, or unscrew, and, applying its nozzle to his lips, take a good old delectable swig out of it with a gurgling noise. The irrepressible Bloom, who also had a shrewd suspicion that the old stager went out on a manœuvre after the 2
counterattraction in the shape of a female, who, however, had disappeared to all intents and purposes, could, by straining, just perceive him, when duly refreshed by his rum puncheon exploit, gazing up at the piers and girders of the Loop Line, rather out of his depth, as of course it was all radically altered since his last visit and 3
greatly improved. Some person or persons invisible directed him to the male urinal erected by the cleansing committee all over the place for the purpose but, after a brief space of time during which silence reigned supreme, the sailor, evidently giving it a wide berth, eased himself close at hand, the noise of his bilgewater some little time subsequently splashing on the ground where it apparently woke a horse of the cabrank.

A hoof scooped anyway for new foothold after sleep and harness jingled. Slightly disturbed in his sentrybox by the brazier of live coke, the watcher of the corporation, who, though now broken down and fast breaking up, was none other in stern reality than the Gumley aforesaid, now practically on the parish rates, given the 4-5
temporary job by Pat Tobin in all human probability, from dictates of humanity, 6
knowing him before—shifted about and shuffled in his box before composing his limbs again in the arms of Morpheus. A truly amazing piece of hard times in its 7
most virulent form on a fellow most respectably connected and familiarised with decent home comforts all his life who came in for a cool £100 a year at one time which of course the doublebarrelled ass proceeded to make general ducks and 8
drakes of. And there he was at the end of his tether after having often painted the town tolerably pink, without a beggarly stiver. He drank, needless to be told, 9
and it pointed only once more a moral when he might quite easily be in a large way of business if—a big if, however—he had contrived to cure himself of his particular partiality.

All, meantime, were loudly lamenting the falling off in Irish shipping, coastwise 10
and foreign as well, which was all part and parcel of the same thing. A Palgrave 11
Murphy boat was put off the ways at Alexandra Basin, the only launch that year. 12
Right enough the harbours were there only no ships ever called.

There were wrecks and wrecks, the keeper said, who was evidently *au fait*. 13

What he wanted to ascertain was why that ship ran bang against the only rock in 14
Galway Bay when the Galway Harbour scheme was mooted by a Mr Worthington 15
or some name like that, eh? Ask her captain, he advised them, how much palmoil 16
the British Government gave him for that day's work. Captain John Lever of the 17
Lever line.

— Am I right, skipper? he queried of the sailor now returning after his private potation and the rest of his exertions.

That worthy, picking up the scent of the fagend of the song or words, growled
1 in wouldbe music, but with great vim, some kind of chanty or other in seconds or thirds. Mr Bloom's sharp ears heard him then expectorate the plug probably (which it was), so that he must have lodged it for the time being in his fist while
2 he did the drinking and making water jobs and found it a bit sour after the liquid fire in question. Anyhow in he rolled after his successful libation—*cum*—potation,
3 introducing an atmosphere of drink into the *soirée*, boisterously trolling, like a
4 veritable son of a seacook:

5 — *The biscuits was as hard as brass,*
6 *And the beef as salt as Lot's wife's arse.*
O Johnny Lever!
Johnny Lever, O!

After which effusion the redoubtable specimen duly arrived on the scene and, regaining his seat, he sank rather than sat heavily on the form provided.

Skin-the-Goat, assuming he was he, evidently with an axe to grind, was airing his grievances in a forcible-feeble philippic anent the natural resources of Ireland, or something of that sort, which he described in his lengthy dissertation as the richest country bar none on the face of God's earth, far and away superior to
7-8 England, with coal in large quantities, six million pounds' worth of pork exported
9 every year, ten millions between butter and eggs, and all the riches drained out of it by England levying taxes on the poor people that paid through the nose always, and gobbling up the best meat in the market, and a lot more surplus steam in the same vein. Their conversation accordingly became general and all agreed that that was a fact. You could grow any mortal thing in Irish soil, he
10 stated, and there was Colonel Everard down there in Cavan growing tobacco.
11 Where would you find anywhere the like of Irish bacon? But a day of reckoning,
12 he stated *crescendo* with no uncertain voice—thoroughly monopolising all the conversation—was in store for mighty England, despite her power of pelf on
13 account of her crimes. There would be a fall and the greatest fall in history. The
14 Germans and the Japs were going to have their little lookin, he affirmed. The
15 Boers were the beginning of the end. Brummagem England was toppling already
16 and her downfall would be Ireland, her Achilles heel, which he explained to them about the vulnerable point of Achilles, the Greek hero—a point his auditors at once seized as he completely gripped their attention by showing the tendon referred to on his boot. His advice to every Irishman was: stay in the land of
17 your birth and work for Ireland and live for Ireland. Ireland, Parnell said, could not spare a single one of her sons.

Silence all round marked the termination of his *finale*. The impervious navigator heard these lurid tidings undismayed.

— Take a bit of doing, boss, retaliated that rough diamond palpably a bit peeved in response to the foregoing truism.

To which cold douche, referring to downfall and so on, the keeper concurred but nevertheless held to his main view.

— Who's the best troops in the army? the grizzled old veteran irately interrogated. And the best jumpers and racers? And the best admirals and generals we've got? Tell me that.

— The Irish for choice, retorted the cabby like Campbell, facial blemishes apart.

— That's right, the old tarpaulin corroborated. The Irish catholic peasant. He's 1-2
the backbone of our empire. You know Jem Mullins? 3

While allowing him his individual opinions, as every man, the keeper added he cared nothing for any empire, ours or his, and considered no Irishman worthy of his salt that served it. Then they began to have a few irascible words, when it waxed hotter, both, needless to say, appealing to the listeners who followed the passage of arms with interest so long as they didn't indulge in recriminations and come to blows.

From inside information extending over a series of years Mr Bloom was rather inclined to poohpooh the suggestion as egregious balderdash for, pending that 4
consummation devoutly to be or not to be wished for, he was fully cognisant of the fact that their neighbours across the channel, unless they were much bigger fools than he took them for, rather concealed their strength than the opposite. It was quite on a par with the quixotic idea in certain quarters that in a hundred million years the coal seam of the sister island would be played out and if, as time 5
went on, that turned out to be how the cat jumped all he could personally say on the matter was that as a host of contingencies, equally relevant to the issue, might occur ere then it was highly advisable in the interim to try to make the most of both countries, even though poles apart. Another little interesting point, the amours of whores and chummies, to put it in common parlance, reminded 6
him Irish soldiers had as often fought for England as against her, more so, in fact. And now, why? So the scene between the pair of them, the licensee of the place, rumoured to be or have been Fitzharris, the famous invincible, and the other, 7
obviously bogus, reminded him forcibly as being on all fours with the confidence 8
trick, supposing, that is, it was prearranged, as the lookeron, a student of the human soul, if anything, the others seeing least of the game. And as for the lessee or keeper, who probably wasn't the other person at all, he (Bloom) couldn't help feeling, and most properly, it was better to give people like that the goby unless you were a blithering idiot altogether and refuse to have anything to do with them as a golden rule in private life and their felonsetting, there always being the 9
offchance of a Dannyman coming forward and turning queen's evidence—or 10-11
king's now—like Denis or Peter Carey, an idea he utterly repudiated. Quite apart from that, he disliked those careers of wrongdoing and crime on principle. Yet, though such criminal propensities had never been an inmate of his bosom in any shape or form, he certainly did feel, and no denying it (while inwardly remaining what he was), a certain kind of admiration for a man who had actually brandished a knife, cold steel, with the courage of his political convictions though, personally, he would never be a party to any such thing, off the same bat as those love vendettas of the south—have her or swing for her—when the husband frequently, after some words passed between the two concerning her relations with the other lucky mortal (the man having had the pair watched), inflicted fatal injuries on his adored one as a result of an alternative postnuptial *liaison* by plunging his knife into her until it just struck him that Fitz, nicknamed Skin-the-Goat, merely drove 12

the car for the actual perpetrators of the outrage and so was not, if he was reliably informed, actually party to the ambush which, in point of fact, was the plea some legal luminary saved his skin on. In any case that was very ancient history by now and as for our friend, the pseudo Skin-the-etcetera, he had transparently outlived his welcome. He ought to have either died naturally or on the scaffold high. Like actresses, always farewell—positively last performance then come up smiling again. Generous to a fault, of course, temperamental, no economising or any idea of the sort, always snapping at the bone for the shadow. So similarly he had a very shrewd suspicion that Mr Johnny Lever got rid of some £. s. d. in the course of his perambulations round the docks in the congenial atmosphere of the *Old Ireland* tavern, come back to Erin and so on. Then as for the others, he had heard not so long before the same identical lingo, as he told Stephen how he simply but effectually silenced the offender.

— He took umbrage at something or other, that muchinjured but on the whole eventempered person declared, I let slip. He called me a jew, and in a heated fashion, offensively. So I, without deviating from plain facts in the least, told him his God, I mean Christ, was a jew too, and all his family, like me, though in reality I'm not. That was one for him. A soft answer turns away wrath. He hadn't a word to say for himself as everyone saw. Am I not right?

He turned a long you are wrong gaze on Stephen of timorous dark pride at the soft impeachment, with a glance also of entreaty for he seemed to glean in a kind of a way that it wasn't all exactly...

— *Ex quibus*, Stephen mumbled in a noncommittal accent, their two or four eyes conversing, *Christus* or Bloom his name is, or, after all, any other, *secundum carnem*.

— Of course, Mr Bloom proceeded to stipulate, you must look at both sides of the question. It is hard to lay down any hard and fast rules as to right and wrong but room for improvement all round there certainly is though every country, they say, our own distressful included, has the government it deserves. But with a little goodwill all round. It's all very fine to boast of mutual superiority but what about mutual equality? I resent violence or intolerance in any shape or form. It never reaches anything or stops anything. A revolution must come on the due instalments plan. It's a patent absurdity on the face of it to hate people because they live round the corner and speak another vernacular, so to speak.

— Memorable bloody bridge battle and seven minutes' war, Stephen assented, between Skinner's alley and Ormond market.

Yes, Mr Bloom thoroughly agreed, entirely endorsing the remark, that was overwhelmingly right and the whole world was overwhelmingly full of that sort of thing.

— You just took the words out of my mouth, he said. A hocuspocus of conflicting evidence that candidly you couldn't remotely...

All those wretched quarrels, in his humble opinion, stirring up bad blood—bump of combativeness or gland of some kind, erroneously supposed to be about a punctilio of honour and a flag—were very largely a question of the money question which was at the back of everything, greed and jealousy, people never knowing when to stop.

— They accuse—remarked he audibly. He turned away from the others, who probably... and spoke nearer to, so as the others... in case they...

— Jews, he softly imparted in an aside in Stephen's ear, are accused of ruining. Not a vestige of truth in it, I can safely say. History—would you be surprised to learn?—proves up to the hilt Spain decayed when the Inquisition hounded the 1
jews out and England prospered when Cromwell, an uncommonly able ruffian, 2
who, in other respects, has much to answer for, imported them. Why? Because they are practical and are proved to be so. I don't want to indulge in any... because you know the standard works on the subject, and then, orthodox as you are... But in the economic, not touching religion, domain, the priest spells poverty. Spain again, you saw in the war, compared with goahead America. Turks, it's in 3-4
the dogma. Because if they didn't believe they'd go straight to heaven when they die they'd try to live better—at least, so I think. That's the juggle on which the 5
p.p.'s raise the wind on false pretences. I'm, he resumed, with dramatic force, as good an Irishman as that rude person I told you about at the outset and I want to see everyone, concluded he, all creeds and classes *pro rata* having a comfortable 6
tidysized income, in no niggard fashion either, something in the neighbourhood of £300 per annum. That's the vital issue at stake and it's feasible and would be provocative of friendlier intercourse between man and man. At least that's my idea for what it's worth. I call that patriotism. *Ubi patria*, as we learned a small 7
smattering of in our classical day in *Alma Mater*, *vita bene*. Where you can live well, the sense is, if you work.

Over his untasteable apology for a cup of coffee, listening to this synopsis of things in general, Stephen stared at nothing in particular. He could hear, of course, all kinds of words changing colour like those crabs about Ringsend in the morning, 8
burrowing quickly into all colours of different sorts of the same sand where they had a home somewhere beneath or seemed to. Then he looked up and saw the eyes that said or didn't say the words the voice he heard said—if you work.

— Count me out, he managed to remark, meaning to work. The eyes were surprised at this observation, because as he, the person who owned them pro. 9
tem. observed, or rather, his voice speaking did: All must work, have to, together.

— I mean, of course, the other hastened to affirm, work in the widest possible sense. Also literary labour, not merely for the kudos of the thing. Writing for the newspapers which is the readiest channel nowadays. That's work too. Important work. After all, from the little I know of you, after all the money expended on your education, you are entitled to recoup yourself and command your price. You have every bit as much right to live by your pen in pursuit of your philosophy as the peasant has. What? You both belong to Ireland, the brain and the brawn. Each is equally important.

— You suspect, Stephen retorted with a sort of a half laugh, that I may be important because I belong to the *faubourg Saint-Patrice* called Ireland for short. 10

— I would go a step farther, Mr Bloom insinuated.

— But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me.

— What belongs? queried Mr Bloom, bending, fancying he was perhaps under some misapprehension. Excuse me. Unfortunately I didn't catch the latter portion. What was it you?...

Stephen, patently crosstempered, repeated and shoved aside his mug of coffee, or whatever you like to call it, none too politely, adding:

— We can't change the country. Let us change the subject.

At this pertinent suggestion, Mr Bloom, to change the subject, looked down, but in a quandary, as he couldn't tell exactly what construction to put on belongs to which sounded rather a far cry. The rebuke of some kind was clearer than the other part. Needless to say, the fumes of his recent orgy spoke then with some asperity in a curious bitter way, foreign to his sober state. Probably the home life, to which Mr Bloom attached the utmost importance, had not been all that was needful or he hadn't been familiarised with the right sort of people. With a touch of fear for the young man beside him, whom he furtively scrutinised with an air of some consternation remembering he had just come back from Paris, the eyes more especially reminding him forcibly of father and sister, failing to throw much light on the subject, however, he brought to mind instances of cultured fellows that promised so brilliantly, nipped in the bud of premature decay, and nobody to
1 blame but themselves. For instance, there was the case of O'Callaghan, for one,
the half crazy faddist, respectably connected, though of inadequate means, with
2 his mad vagaries, among whose other gay doings when rotto and making himself
a nuisance to everybody all round he was in the habit of ostentatiously sporting in
public a suit of brown paper (a fact). And then the usual *dénouement* after the fun had
gone on fast and furious he got landed into hot water and had to be spirited away
3 by a few friends, after a strong hint to a blind horse from John Mallon of Lower
4 Castle Yard, so as not to be made amenable under section two of the Criminal
Law Amendment Act, certain names of those subpœnaed being handed in but
not divulged, for reasons which will occur to anyone with a pick of brains. Briefly,
5 putting two and two together, six sixteen, which he pointedly turned a deaf ear
6 to, Antonio and so forth, jockeys and esthetes and the tattoo which was all the go
in the seventies or thereabouts, even in the House of Lords, because early in life
7 the occupant of the throne, then heir apparent, the other members of the upper
ten and other high personages simply following in the footsteps of the head of
the state, he reflected about the errors of notorieties and crowned heads running
8 counter to morality such as the Cornwall case a number of years before under
9 their veneer in a way scarcely intended by nature, a thing good Mrs Grundy as
the law stands was terribly down on, though not for the reason they thought they
were probably, whatever it was, except women chiefly, who were always fiddling
more or less at one another, it being largely a matter of dress and all the rest of
it. Ladies who like distinctive underclothing should, and every welltailored man
must, trying to make the gap wider between them by innuendo and give more of
a genuine fillip to acts of impropriety between the two, she unbuttoned his and
then he untied her, mind the pin, whereas savages in the cannibal islands, say, at
10 ninety degrees in the shade not caring a continental. However, reverting to the
original, there were on the other hand others who had forced their way to the top
from the lowest rung by the aid of their bootstraps. Sheer force of natural genius,
that. With brains, sir.

For which and further reasons he felt it was interest and duty even to wait on and profit by the unlookedfor occasion, though why, he could not exactly tell, being, as it was, already several shillings to the bad, having, in fact, let himself in for it. Still, to cultivate the acquaintance of someone of no uncommon calibre who could provide food for reflection would amply repay any small… Intellectual

stimulation as such was, he felt, from time to time a firstrate tonic for the mind. Added to which was the coincidence of meeting, discussion, dance, row, old salt, of the here today and gone tomorrow type, night loafers, the whole galaxy of events, all went to make up a miniature cameo of the world we live in, especially as the lives of the submerged tenth, viz., coalminers, divers, scavengers etc., were very much under the microscope lately. To improve the shining hour he wondered whether he might meet with anything approaching the same luck as Mr Philip Beaufoy if taken down in writing. Suppose he were to pen something out of the common groove (as he fully intended doing) at the rate of one guinea per column, *My Experiences*, let us say, *in a Cabman's Shelter.*

The pink edition, extra sporting, of the *Telegraph*, tell a graphic lie, lay, as luck would have it, beside his elbow and as he was just puzzling again, far from satisfied, over a country belonging to him and the preceding rebus the vessel came from Bridgwater and the postcard was addressed to A. Boudin, find the captain's age, his eyes went aimlessly over the respective captions which came under his special province, the allembracing give us this day our daily press. First he got a bit of a start but it turned out to be only something about somebody named H. du Boyes, agent for typewriters or something like that. Great battle Tokio. Lovemaking in Irish £200 damages. Gordon Bennett. Emigration swindle. Letter from His Grace William †. Ascot *Throwaway* recalls Derby of '92 when Captain Marshall's dark horse, *Sir Hugo*, captured the blue riband at long odds. New York disaster, thousand lives lost. Foot and Mouth. Funeral of the late Mr Patrick Dignam.

So to change the subject he read about Dignam, R. I. P., which, he reflected, was anything but a gay sendoff.

— *This morning* (Hynes put it in, of course), *the remains of the late Mr Patrick Dignam were removed from his residence, n° 9 Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount, for interment in Glasnevin. The deceased gentleman was a most popular and genial personality in city life and his demise, after a brief illness, came as great shock to citizens of all classes by whom he is deeply regretted. The obsequies, at which many friends of the deceased were present, were carried out* (certainly Hynes wrote it with a nudge from Corny) *by Messrs. H. J. O'Neill & Son, 164 North Strand road. The mourners included: Patk. Dignam (son), Bernard Corrigan (brother-in-law), John Henry Menton, solr., Martin Cunningham, John Power eatondph 1/8 ador dorador douradora* (must be where he called Monks the dayfather about Keyes's ad), *Thomas Kernan, Simon Dedalus, Stephen Dedalus, B. A., Edward J. Lambert, Cornelius Kelleher, Joseph M'C. Hynes, L. Boom, C. P. M'Coy,—M'Intosh, and several others.*

Nettled not a little by *L. Boom* (as it incorrectly stated) and the line of bitched type, but tickled to death simultaneously by C. P. M'Coy and Stephen Dedalus, B. A., who were conspicuous, needless to say, by their total absence (to say nothing of M'Intosh), L. Boom pointed it out to his companion B. A., engaged in stifling another yawn, half nervousness, not forgetting the usual crop of nonsensical howlers of misprints.

— Is that first epistle to the Hebrews, he asked, as soon as his bottom jaw would let him, in? Text: open thy mouth and put thy foot in it.

— It is, really, Mr Bloom said (though first he fancied he alluded to the archbishop till he added about foot and mouth with which there could be no possible

connection) overjoyed to set his mind at rest and a bit flabbergasted at Myles Crawford's after all managing the thing, there.

While the other was reading it on page two Boom (to give him for the nonce his new misnomer) whiled away a few odd leisure moments in fits and starts with the
1-2 account of the third event at Ascot on page three, his sidevalue 1,000 sovs., with
3 3,000 sovs. in specie added for entire colts and fillies, Mr F. Alexander's *Throwaway*,
4 b. h. by *Rightaway*, 5 yrs, 9 st 4 lbs, Thrale (W. Lane) 1. Lord Howard de Walden's
5 *Zinfandel* (M. Cannon) 2. Mr W. Bass's *Sceptre*, 3. Betting 5 to 4 on *Zinfandel*, 20 to 1 *Throwaway* (off). *Throwaway* and *Zinfandel* stood close order. It was anybody's race then the rank outsider drew to the fore got long lead, beating lord Howard de Walden's chestnut colt and Mr W. Bass's bay filly Sceptre on a 2 1/2 mile
6 course. Winner trained by Braine so that Lenehan's version of the business was
7 all pure buncombe. Secured the verdict cleverly by a length. 1,000 sovs, with 3000 in specie. Also ran J. de Bremond's (French horse Bantam Lyons was anxiously
8 inquiring after not in yet but expected any minute) *Maximum II*. Different ways
9 of bringing off a coup. Lovemaking damages. Though that halfbaked Lyons ran off at a tangent in his impetuosity to get left. Of course, gambling eminently lent itself to that sort of thing though, as the event turned out, the poor fool hadn't much reason to congratulate himself on his pick, the forlorn hope. Guesswork it reduced itself to eventually.

— There was every indication they would arrive at that, Mr Bloom said.

— Who? the other, whose hand by the way was hurt, said.

One morning you would open the paper, the cabman affirmed, and read, *Return of Parnell*. He bet them what they liked. A Dublin fusilier was in that shelter one
10 night and said he saw him in South Africa. Pride it was killed him. He ought to
11 have done away with himself or lain low for a time after Committee Room No. 15 until he was his old self again with no-one to point a finger at him. Then they would all to a man have gone down on their marrowbones to him to come back when he had recovered his senses. Dead he wasn't. Simply absconded somewhere.
12-13 The coffin they brought over was full of stones. He changed his name to De Wet,
14 the Boer general. He made a mistake to fight the priests. And so forth and so on.

All the same Bloom (properly so dubbed) was rather surprised at their memories
15 for in nine cases out of ten it was a case of tarbarrels, and not singly but in their
16 thousands, and then complete oblivion because it was twenty odd years. Highly unlikely, of course, there was even a shadow of truth in the stories and, even supposing, he thought a return highly inadvisable, all things considered. Something
17 evidently riled them in his death. Either he petered out too tamely of acute
18 pneumonia just when his various different political arrangements were nearing completion or whether it transpired he owed his death to his having neglected to
19-20 change his boots and clothes after a wetting when a cold resulted and failing to consult a specialist he being confined to his room till he eventually died of it amid widespread regret before a fortnight was at an end or quite possibly they were
21 distressed to find the job was taken out of their hands. Of course nobody being acquainted with his movements even before, there was absolutely no clue as to his
22 whereabouts which were decidedly of the *Alice, where art thou* order even prior to
23 his starting to go under several aliases such as Fox and Stewart, so the remark which emanated from friend cabby might be within the bounds of possibility. Naturally

then, it would prey on his mind as a born leader of men, which undoubtedly he was, and a commanding figure, a sixfooter or at any rate five feet ten or eleven [1] in his stockinged feet, whereas Messrs So-and-So who, though they weren't even a patch on the former man, ruled the roost after their redeeming features were [2] very few and far between. It certainly pointed a moral, the idol with feet of clay. [3] And then seventytwo of his trusty henchmen rounding on him with mutual [4] mudslinging. And the identical same with murderers. You had to come back—that [5] haunting sense kind of drew you—to show the understudy in the title *rôle* how to. He saw him once on the auspicious occasion when they broke up the type in [6] the *Insuppressible* or was it *United Ireland*, a privilege he keenly appreciated, and, in point of fact, handed him his silk hat when it was knocked off and he said *Thank* [7] *you*, excited as he undoubtedly was under his frigid expression notwithstanding the little misadventure mentioned between the cup and the lip—what's bred in the bone. Still, as regards return, you were a lucky dog if they didn't set the terrier at you directly you got back. Then a lot of shillyshally usually followed. Tom for and Dick and Harry against. And then, number one, you came up against the man in possession and had to produce your credentials, like the claimant in the [8] Tichborne case, Roger Charles Tichborne, *Bella* was the boat's name to the best of his recollection he, the heir, went down in, as the evidence went to show, and there was a tattoo mark too in Indian ink, Lord Bellew, was it? As he might very easily have picked up the details from some pal on board ship and then, when got up to tally with the description given, introduce himself with, *Excuse me, my name is So-and-So* or some such commonplace remark. A more prudent course, [9] Mr Bloom said to the not over effusive, in fact like the distinguished personage under discussion beside him, would have been to sound the lie of the land first.

— That bitch, that English whore, did for him, the shebeen proprietor com- [10-11] mented. She put the first nail in his coffin.

— Fine lump of a woman, all the same, the *soi-disant* townclerk, Henry Campbell remarked, and plenty of her. I seen her picture in a barber's. Her husband was a [12] captain or an officer.

— Ay, Skin-the-Goat amusingly added. He was, and a cottonball one.

This gratuitous contribution of a humorous character occasioned a fair amount of laughter among his *entourage*. As regards Bloom, he, without the faintest suspicion of a smile, merely gazed in the direction of the door and reflected upon the historic story which had aroused extraordinary interest at the time when the facts, to make matters worse, were made public with the usual affectionate letters that [13] passed between them, full of sweet nothings. First, it was strictly platonic till nature intervened and an attachment sprang up between them, till bit by bit matters came to a climax and the matter became the talk of the town till the staggering blow came as a welcome intelligence to not a few evildisposed however, who were resolved upon encouraging his downfall though the thing was public property all along though not to anything like the sensational extent that it subsequently blossomed into. Since their names were coupled, though, since he was her declared favourite, where was the particular necessity to proclaim it to the rank and file from the housetops, the fact namely, that he had shared her bedroom, which came out in the witnessbox on oath when a thrill went through the packed court literally electrifying everybody in the shape of witnesses swearing to having witnessed him on such

and such a particular date in the act of scrambling out of an upstairs apartment with the assistance of a ladder in night apparel, having gained admittance in the same fashion, a fact that the weeklies, addicted to the lubrica little, simply coined shoals of money out of. Whereas the simple fact of the case was it was simply a case of the husband not being up to the scratch with nothing in common between them beyond the name and then a real man arriving on the scene, strong to the verge of weakness, falling a victim to her siren charms and forgetting home ties. The usual sequel, to bask in the loved one's smiles. The eternal question of the life connubial, needless to say, cropped up. Can real love, supposing there happens to be another chap in the case, exist between married folk? Though it was no concern of theirs absolutely if he regarded her with affection carried away by a wave of folly. A magnificent specimen of manhood he was truly, augmented obviously by gifts of a high order as compared with the other military supernumerary, that is (who was just the usual everyday *farewell, my gallant captain* kind of an individual in the light dragoons, the 18th hussars to be accurate), and inflammable doubtless (the fallen leader, that is, not the other) in his own peculiar way which she of course, woman, quickly perceived as highly likely to carve his way to fame, which he almost bid fair to do till the priests and ministers of the gospel as a whole, his erstwhile staunch adherents and his beloved evicted tenants for whom he had done yeoman service in the rural parts of the country by taking up the cudgels on their behalf in a way that exceeded their most sanguine expectations, very effectually cooked his matrimonial goose, thereby heaping coals of fire on his head, much in the same way as the fabled ass's kick. Looking back now in a retrospective kind of arrangement, all seemed a kind of dream. And the coming back was the worst thing you ever did because it went without saying you would feel out of place as things always moved with the times. Why, as he reflected, Irishtown Strand, a locality he had not been in for quite a number of years, looked different somehow since, as it happened, he went to reside on the north side. North or south however, it was just the wellknown case of hot passion, pure and simple, upsetting the applecart with a vengeance and just bore out the very thing he was saying, as she also was Spanish or half so, types that wouldn't do things by halves, passionate abandon of the south, casting every shred of decency to the winds.

— Just bears out what I was saying, he with glowing bosom said to Stephen. And, if I don't greatly mistake, she was Spanish too.

— The king of Spain's daughter, Stephen answered, adding something or other rather muddled about farewell and adieu to you Spanish onions and the first land called the Deadman and from Ramhead to Scilly was so and so many...

— Was she? Bloom ejaculated surprised, though not astonished by any means. I never heard that rumour before. Possible, especially there it was, as she lived there. So, Spain.

Carefully avoiding a book in his pocket *Sweets of*, which reminded him by the by of that Capel street library book out of date, he took out his pocketbook and, turning over the various contents rapidly, finally he...

— Do you consider, by the by, he said, thoughtfully selecting a faded photo which he laid on the table, that a Spanish type?

Stephen, obviously addressed, looked down on the photo showing a large sized lady, with her fleshy charms on evidence in an open fashion, as she was in the full

bloom of womanhood, in evening dress cut ostentatiously low for the occasion to give a liberal display of bosom, with more than vision of breasts, her full lips parted, and some perfect teeth, standing near, ostensibly with gravity, a piano, on the rest of which was *In old Madrid*, a ballad, pretty in its way, which was then all the 1
vogue. Her (the lady's) eyes, dark, large, looked at Stephen, about to smile about something to be admired, Lafayette of Westmoreland street, Dublin's premier 2
photographic artist, being responsible for the esthetic execution.

— Mrs Bloom, my wife the *prima donna*, Madam Marion Tweedy, Bloom indicated. Taken a few years since. In or about '96. Very like her then.

Beside the young man he looked also at the photo of the lady now his legal wife who, he intimated, was the accomplished daughter of Major Brian Tweedy and displayed at an early age remarkable proficiency as a singer having even made her bow to the public when her years numbered barely sweet sixteen. As for the 3
face, it was a speaking likeness in expression but it did not do justice to her figure, which came in for a lot of notice usually and which did not come out to the best advantage in that getup. She could without difficulty, he said, have posed for the ensemble, not to dwell on certain opulent curves of the... He dwelt, being a bit of an artist in his spare time, on the female form in general developmentally because, as it so happened, no later than that afternoon, he had seen those Grecian statues, perfectly developed as works of art, in the National Museum. Marble could give the original, shoulders, back, all the symmetry. All the rest, yes, Puritanism. It does though, St Joseph's sovereign... whereas no photo could, because it simply wasn't art, in a word.

The spirit moving him, he would much have liked to follow Jack Tar's good 4
example and leave the likeness there for a very few minutes to speak for itself on the plea he... so that the other could drink in the beauty for himself, her stage presence being, frankly, a treat in itself which the camera could not at all do justice to. But it was scarcely professional etiquette so, though it was a warm pleasant sort of a night now yet wonderfully cool for the season considering, for sunshine after storm... And he did feel a kind of need there and then to follow suit like a kind of inward voice and satisfy a possible need by moving a motion. Nevertheless, he sat tight, just viewing the slightly soiled photo creased by opulent curves, none the worse for wear, however, and looked away thoughtfully with the intention of not further increasing the other's possible embarrassment while gauging her symmetry of heaving *embonpoint*. In fact, the slight soiling was only an added charm, like the case of linen slightly soiled, good as new, much better, in fact, with the starch out. Suppose she was gone when he?... I looked for the lamp which she told me came 5
into his mind but merely as a passing fancy of his because he then recollected the morning littered bed etcetera and the book about Ruby with met him pike hoses 6
(sic) in it which must have fell down sufficiently appropriately beside the domestic chamberpot with apologies to Lindley Murray. 7

The vicinity of the young man he certainly relished, educated, *distingué*, and 8
impulsive into the bargain, far and away the pick of the bunch, though you wouldn't think he had it in him... yet you would. Besides he said the picture was handsome which, say what you like, it was, though at the moment she was distinctly stouter. And why not? An awful lot of makebelieve went on about that sort of thing involving a lifelong slur with the usual splash page of letterpress about the same

old matrimonial tangle alleging misconduct with professional golfer or the newest stage favourite instead of being honest and aboveboard about the whole business. How they were fated to meet and an attachment sprang up between the two so that their names were coupled in the public eye was told in court with letters containing the habitual mushy and compromising expressions, leaving no loophole, to show that they openly cohabited two or three times a week at some wellknown seaside hotel and relations, when the thing ran its normal course, became in due course
1 intimate. Then the decree *nisi* and the King's Proctor to show cause why and, he failing to quash it, *nisi* was made absolute. But as for that, the two misdemeanants, wrapped up as they largely were in one another, could safely afford to ignore it as they very largely did till the matter was put in the hands of a solicitor, who filed a petition for the party wronged in due course. He, Bloom, enjoyed the distinction of
2 being close to Erin's uncrowned king in the flesh when the thing occurred on the historic *fracas* when the fallen leader's—who notoriously stuck to his guns to the last drop even when clothed in the mantle of adultery—(leader's) trusty henchmen
3 to the number of ten or a dozen or possibly even more than that penetrated into the printing works of the *Insuppressible* or no it was *United Ireland* (a by no means, by the by, appropriate appellative) and broke up the typecases with hammers or something like that all on account of some scurrilous effusions from the facile
4 pens of the O'Brienite scribes at the usual mudslinging occupation, reflecting on
5 the erstwhile tribune's private morals. Though palpably a radically altered man, he was still a commanding figure, though carelessly garbed as usual, with that look of settled purpose which went a long way with the shillyshallyers till they discovered
6 to their vast discomfiture that their idol had feet of clay, after placing him upon a pedestal, which she, however, was the first to perceive. As those were particularly hot times in the general hullaballoo Bloom sustained a minor injury from a nasty prod of some chap's elbow in the crowd that of course congregated lodging some place about the pit of the stomach, fortunately not of a grave character. His hat (Parnell's) was inadvertently knocked off and, as a matter of strict history, Bloom was the man who picked it up in the crush after witnessing the occurrence meaning to return it to him (and return it to him he did with the utmost celerity) who, panting and hatless and whose thoughts were miles away from his hat at the time,
7 being a gentleman born with a stake in the country, he, as a matter of fact, having gone into it more for the kudos of the thing than anything else, what's bred in the bone, instilled into him in infancy at his mother's knee in the shape of knowing what good form was came out at once because he turned round to the donor and thanked him with perfect *aplomb*, saying: *Thank you, sir* though in a very different
8 tone of voice from the ornament of the legal profession whose headgear Bloom also set to rights earlier in the course of the day, history repeating itself with a
9 difference; after the burial of a mutual friend when they had left him alone in his glory after the grim task of having committed his remains to the grave.

On the other hand what incensed him more inwardly was the blatant jokes of the cabmen and so on, who passed it all off as a jest, laughing immoderately, pretending to understand everything, the why and the wherefore, and in reality
10 not knowing their own minds, it being a case for the two parties themselves unless it ensued that the legitimate husband happened to be a party to it owing to some
11 anonymous letter from the usual boy Jones, who happened to come across them

at the crucial moment in a loving position locked in one another's arms drawing attention to their illicit proceedings and leading up to a domestic rumpus and the erring fair one begging forgiveness of her lord and master upon her knees and promising to sever the connection and not receive his visits any more if only the 1
aggrieved husband would overlook the matter and let bygones be bygones, with tears in her eyes, though possibly with her tongue in her fair cheek at the same time, as quite possibly there were several others. He personally, being of a sceptical bias, believed, and didn't make the smallest bones about saying so either, that man, or men in the plural, were always hanging around on the waiting list about a lady, even supposing she was the best wife in the world and they got on fairly well together for the sake of argument, when, neglecting her duties, she chose to be tired of wedded life, and was on for a little flutter in polite debauchery to press their attentions on her with improper intent, the upshot being that her affections centred on another, the cause of many *liaisons* between still attractive married women getting on for fair and forty and younger men, no doubt as several famous cases of feminine infatuation proved up to the hilt.

It was a thousand pities a young fellow blessed with an allowance of brains, as his neighbour obviously was, should waste his valuable time with profligate women, who might present him with a nice dose to last him his lifetime. In the nature of single blessedness he would one day take unto himself a wife when Miss Right came on the scene but in the interim ladies' society was a *conditio sine qua non* 2
though he had the gravest possible doubts, not that he wanted in the smallest to pump Stephen about Miss Ferguson (who was very possibly the particular lodestar 3
who brought him down to Irishtown so early in the morning), as to whether he would find much satisfaction basking in the boy and girl courtship idea and the company of smirking misses without a penny to their names bi- or tri-weekly with the orthodox preliminary canter of complimentpaying and walking out leading up to fond lovers' ways and flowers and chocs. To think of him house and homeless, rooked by some landladly worse than any stepmother, was really too bad at his age. The queer suddenly things he popped out with attracted the elder man who was several years the other's senior or like his father. But something substantial he certainly ought to eat, were it only an eggflip made on unadulterated maternal 4
nutriment or, failing that, the homely Humpty Dumpty boiled. 5

— At what o'clock did you dine? he questioned of the slim form and tired though unwrinkled face.

— Some time yesterday, Stephen said.

— Yesterday, exclaimed Bloom till he remembered it was already tomorrow, Friday. Ah, you mean it's after twelve!

— The day before yesterday, Stephen said, improving on himself.

Literally astounded at this piece of intelligence, Bloom reflected. Though they didn't see eye to eye in everything, a certain analogy there somehow was, as if both their minds were travelling, so to speak, in the one train of thought. At his age when dabbling in politics roughly some score of years previously when he had been a *quasi* aspirant to parliamentary honours in the Buckshot Foster days he too recollected 6
in retrospect (which was a source of keen satisfaction in itself) he had a sneaking regard for those same ultra ideas. For instance, when the evicted tenants' question, 7
then at its first inception, bulked largely in people's minds though, it goes without

saying, not contributing a copper or pinning his faith absolutely to its dictums, some of which wouldn't exactly hold water, he at the outset in principle, at all events, was in thorough sympathy with peasant possession, as voicing the trend of modern opinion, a partiality, however, which, realising his mistake, he was subsequently
1 partially cured of, and even was twitted with going a step further than Michael Davitt in the striking views he at one time inculcated as a backtothelander, which was one reason he strongly resented the innuendo put upon him in so barefaced a fashion at the gathering of the clans in Barney Kiernan's so that he, though often considerably misunderstood and the least pugnacious of mortals, be it repeated, departed from his customary habit to give him (metaphorically) one in the gizzard though so far as politics themselves were concerned, he was only too conscious of the casualties invariably resulting from propaganda and displays of mutual animosity and the misery and suffering it entailed as a foregone conclusion on fine
2 young fellows, chiefly, destruction of the fittest, in a word.

Anyhow, upon weighing the pros and cons, getting on for one as it was, it was high time to be retiring for the night. The crux was it was a bit risky to bring him home as eventualities might possibly ensue (somebody having a temper of her own sometimes) and spoil the hash altogether as on the night he misguidedly brought home a dog (breed unknown) with a lame paw, not that the cases were
3 either identical or the reverse, though he had hurt his hand too, to Ontario Terrace, as he very distinctly remembered, having been there, so to speak. On the other
4 hand it was altogether far and away too late for the Sandymount or Sandycove suggestion so that he was in some perplexity as to which of the two alternatives... Everything pointed to the fact that it behoved him to avail himself to the full of the opportunity, all things considered. His initial impression was that he was a bit standoffish or not over effusive but it grew on him someway. For one thing he mightn't what you call jump at the idea, if approached, and what mostly worried him was he didn't know how to lead up to it or word it exactly, supposing he did entertain the proposal, as it would afford him very great personal pleasure if he would allow him to help to put coin in his way or some wardrobe, if found suitable. At all events he wound up by concluding, eschewing for the nonce hidebound
5 precedent, a cup of Epps's cocoa and a shakedown for the night plus the use of a rug or two and overcoat doubled into a pillow. At least he would be in safe hands and as warm as a toast on a trivet. He failed to perceive any very vast amount of harm in that always with the proviso no rumpus of any sort was kicked up. A move
6-7 had to be made because that merry old soul, the grasswidower in question who appeared to be glued to the spot, didn't appear in any particular hurry to wend his way home to his dearly beloved Queenstown and it was highly likely some
8 sponger's bawdyhouse of retired beauties off Sheriff street lower would be the best clue to that equivocal character's whereabouts for a few days to come, alter-
9 nately racking their feelings (the mermaids') with sixchamber revolver anecdotes verging on the tropical calculated to freeze the marrow of anybody's bones and mauling their largesized charms betweenwhiles with rough and tumble gusto to
10-11 the accompaniment of large potations of potheen and the usual blarney about himself for as to who he in reality was let XX equal my right name and address, as Mr Algebra remarks *passim*. At the same time he inwardly chuckled over his
12 repartee to the blood and ouns champion about his God being a jew. People could

put up with being bitten by a wolf but what properly riled them was a bite from a sheep. The most vulnerable point too of tender Achilles, your God was a jew, because mostly they appeared to imagine he came from Carrick-on-Shannon or somewhere about in the county Sligo. 1 2

— I propose, our hero eventually suggested, after mature reflection while prudently pocketing her photo, as it's rather stuffy here, you just come with me and talk things over. My diggings are quite close in the vicinity. You can't drink that stuff. Wait, I'll just pay this lot.

The best plan clearly being to clear out, the remainder being plain sailing, he beckoned, while prudently pocketing the photo, to the keeper of the shanty, who didn't seem to…

— Yes, that's the best, he assured Stephen, to whom for the matter of that Brazen Head or him or anywhere else was all more or less… 3

All kinds of Utopian plans were flashing through his (Bloom's) busy brain. Education (the genuine article), literature, journalism, prize titbits, up to date billing, hydros and concert tours in English watering resorts packed with theatres, turning money away, duets in Italian with the accent perfectly true to nature and a quantity of other things, no necessity of course to tell the world and his wife from the housetops about it and a slice of luck. An opening was all was wanted. Because he more than suspected he had his father's voice to bank his hopes on which it was quite on the cards he had so it would be just as well, by the way no harm, to trail the conversation in the direction of that particular red herring just to… 4 5 6

The cabby read out of the paper he had got hold of that the former viceroy, earl Cadogan, had presided at the cabdrivers' association dinner in London somewhere. Silence with a yawn or two accompanied this thrilling announcement. Then the old specimen in the corner who appeared to have some spark of vitality left read out that sir Anthony MacDonnell had left Euston for the chief secretary's lodge or words to that effect. To which absorbing piece of intelligence echo answered why. 7 8

— Give us a squint at that literature, grandfather, the ancient mariner put in, manifesting some natural impatience. 9

— And welcome, answered the elderly party thus addressed.

The sailor lugged out from a case he had a pair of greenish goggles which he very slowly hooked over his nose and both ears.

— Are you bad in the eyes? the sympathetic personage like the town clerk queried.

Why, answered the seafarer with the tartan beard, who seemingly was a bit of a literary cove in his own small way, staring out of seagreen portholes as you might well describe them as, I uses goggles reading. Sand in the Red Sea done that. One time I could read a book in the dark, manner of speaking. *The Arabian Nights Entertainment* was my favourite and *Red as a Rose is She*. 10 11

Thereupon he pawed the journal open and pored upon Lord only knows what, found drowned or the exploits of King Willow, Iremonger having made a hundred and something second wicket not out for Notts, during which time (completely regardless of Ire) the keeper was intensely occupied loosening an apparently new or secondhand boot which manifestly pinched him, as he muttered against whoever it was sold it, all of them who were sufficiently awake enough to be picked out by their facial expressions, that is to say, either simply looking on glumly or passing a trivial remark. 12-14

To cut a long story short Bloom, grasping the situation, was the first to rise to his feet so as not to outstay their welcome having first and foremost, being as good as his word that he would foot the bill for the occasion, taken the wise precaution to unobtrusively motion to mine host as a parting shot a scarcely perceptible sign when the others were not looking to the effect that the amount due was forthcoming, making a grand total of fourpence (the amount he deposited unobtrusively in four coppers, literally the last of the Mohicans) he having previously spotted on the printed pricelist for all who ran to read opposite to him in unmistakable figures, coffee 2d., confectionery do., and honestly well worth twice the money once in a way, as Wetherup used to remark.

— Come, he counselled, to close the *séance*.

Seeing that the ruse worked and the coast was clear, they left the shelter or shanty together and the *élite* society of oilskin and company whom nothing short of an earthquake would move out of their *dolce far niente*. Stephen, who confessed to still feeling poorly and fagged out, paused at the, for a moment... the door to...

— One thing I never understood, he said, to be original on the spur of the moment, why they put tables upside down at night, I mean chairs upside down on the tables in cafés.

To which impromptu the neverfailing Bloom replied without a moment's hesitation, saying straight off:

— To sweep the floor in the morning.

So saying he skipped around nimbly, considering frankly, at the same time apologetic, to get on his companion's right, a habit of his, by the by, the right side being, in classical idiom, his tender Achilles. The night air was certainly now a treat to breathe though Stephen was a bit weak on his pins.

— It will (the air) do you good, Bloom said, meaning also the walk, in a moment. The only thing is to walk then you'll feel a different man. It's not far. Lean on me.

Accordingly he passed his left arm in Stephen's right and led him on accordingly.

— Yes, Stephen said uncertainly, because he thought he felt a strange kind of flesh of a different man approach him, sinewless and wobbly and all that.

Anyhow, they passed the sentrybox with stones, brazier, etc. where the municipal supernumerary, ex-Gumley, was still to all intents and purposes wrapped in the arms of Murphy, as the adage has it, dreaming of fresh fields and pastures new. And *apropos* of coffin of stones, the analogy was not at all bad, as it was in fact a stoning to death on the part of seventytwo out of eighty odd constituencies that ratted at the time of the split and chiefly the belauded peasant class, probably the selfsame evicted tenants he had put in their holdings.

So they passed on to chatting about music, a form of art for which Bloom, as a pure amateur, possessed the greatest love, as they made tracks arm-in-arm across Beresford place. Wagnerian music, though confessedly grand in its way, was a bit too heavy for Bloom and hard to follow at the first go-off but the music of Mercadante's *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer's *Seven Last Words on the Cross*, and Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, he simply revelled in, the *Gloria* in that being to his mind the acme of first class music as such, literally knocking everything else into a cocked hat. He infinitely preferred the sacred music of the catholic church to anything the opposite shop could offer in that line such as those Moody and Sankey hymns or *Bid me to live and I will live thy protestant to be*. He also yielded to none in his admiration of

Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a work simply abounding in immortal numbers, in which his wife, Madam Marion Tweedy, made a hit, a veritable sensation, he might safely say greatly adding to her other laurels and putting the others totally in the shade in the jesuit fathers' church in Upper Gardiner street, the sacred edifice being thronged to the doors to hear her with virtuosos, or *virtuosi* rather. There was the unanimous opinion that there was none to come up to her and, suffice it to say in a place of worship for music of a sacred character, there was a generally voiced desire for an encore. On the whole, though favouring preferably light opera of the *Don Giovanni* description, and *Martha*, a gem in its line, he had a *penchant*, though with only a surface knowledge, for the severe classical school such as Mendelssohn. And talking of that, taking it for granted he knew all about the old favourities, he mentioned *par excellence* Lionel's air in *Martha*, *M'appari*, which, curiously enough, he heard, or overheard, to be more accurate, on yesterday, a privilege he keenly appreciated, from the lips of Stephen's respected father, sung to perfection, a study of the number, in fact, which made all the others take a back seat. Stephen, in reply to a politely put query, said he didn't but launched out into praises of Shakespeare's songs, at least of in or about that period, the lutenist Dowland who lived in Fetter Lane near Gerard the herbalist, who *anno ludendo hausi*, *Doulandus*, an instrument he was contemplating purchasing from Mr Arnold Dolmetsch, whom Bloom did not quite recall, though the name certainly sounded familiar, for sixtyfive guineas and Farnaby and son with their *dux* and *comes* conceits and Byrd (William), who played the virginals, he said, in the Queen's Chapel or anywhere else he found them and one Tomkins who made toys or airs and John Bull.

On the roadway which they were approaching whilst still speaking beyond the swing chain, a horse, dragging a sweeper, paced on the paven ground, brushing a long swathe of mire up so that with the noise Bloom was not perfectly certain whether he had caught aright the allusion to sixtyfive guineas and John Bull. He inquired if it was John Bull the political celebrity of that ilk, as it struck him, the two identical names, as a striking coincidence.

By the chains, the horse slowly swerved to turn, which perceiving, Bloom, who was keeping a sharp lookout as usual plucked the other's sleeve gently, jocosely remarking:

— Our lives are in peril to night. Beware of the steamroller.

They thereupon stopped. Bloom looked at the head of a horse not worth anything like sixtyfive guineas, suddenly in evidence in the dark quite near, so that it seemed new, a different grouping of bones and even flesh, because palpably it was a fourwalker, a hipshaker, a blackbuttocker, a taildangler, a headhanger, putting his hind foot foremost the while the lord of his creation sat on the perch, busy with his thoughts. But such a good poor brute, he was sorry he hadn't a lump of sugar but, as he wisely reflected, you could scarcely be prepared for every emergency that might crop up. He was just a big foolish nervous noodly kind of a horse, without a second care in the world. But even a dog, he reflected, take that mongrel in Barney Kiernan's, of the same size, would be a holy horror to face. But it was no animal's fault in particular if he was built that way like the camel, ship of the desert, distilling grapes into potheen in his hump. Nine tenths of them all could be caged or trained, nothing beyond the art of man barring the bees; whale with a harpoon hairpin, alligator, tickle the small of his back and he sees the joke;

chalk a circle for a rooster; tiger, my eagle eye. These timely reflections anent
1 the brutes of the field occupied his mind, somewhat distracted from Stephen's words, while the ship of the street was manœuvring and Stephen went on about the highly interesting old...

2 — What's this I was saying? Ah, yes! My wife, he intimated, plunging *in medias res*, would have the greatest of pleasure in making your acquaintance as she is passionately attached to music of any kind.

He looked sideways in a friendly fashion at the sideface of Stephen, image of his mother, which was not quite the same as the usual blackguard type they unquestionably had an indubitable hankering after as he was perhaps not that way built.

Still, supposing he had his father's gift, as he more than suspected, it opened
3 up new vistas in his mind, such as Lady Fingall's Irish industries concert on the preceding Monday, and aristocracy in general.

4 Exquisite variations he was now describing on an air *Youth here has End* by Jans
5 Pieter Sweelinck, a Dutchman of Amsterdam where the frows come from. Even
6 more he liked an old German song of *Johannes Jeep* about the clear sea and the voices of sirens, sweet murderers of men, which boggled Bloom a bit:

7 *Von der Sirenen Listigkeit*
Tun die Poeten dichten.

8 These opening bars he sang and translated *extempore.* Bloom, nodding, said he perfectly understood and begged him to go on by all means, which he did.

A phenomenally beautiful tenor voice like that, the rarest of boons, which Bloom appreciated at the very first note he got out, could easily, if properly handled by
9 some recognised authority on voice production such as Barraclough and being able to read music into the bargain, command its own price where baritones were ten a penny and procure for its fortunate possessor in the near future an *entrée* into fashionable houses in the best residential quarters, of financial magnates in a large way of business and titled people where, with his university degree of B. A. (a huge ad in its way) and gentlemanly bearing to all the more influence the good impression he would infallibly score a distinct success, being blessed with brains which also could be utilised for the purpose and other requisites, if his clothes were properly attended to, so as to the better worm his way into their good graces as he, a youthful tyro in society's sartorial niceties, hardly understood how a little thing like that could militate against you. It was in fact only a matter of months and he
10 could easily foresee him participating in their musical and artistic *conversaziones*
11 during the festivities of the Christmas season, for choice, causing a slight flutter in the dovecotes of the fair sex and being made a lot of by ladies out for sensation, cases of which, as he happened to know, were on record, in fact, without giving the show away, he himself once upon a time, if he cared to, could easily have... Added to which of course, would be the pecuniary emolument by no means to be sneezed at, going hand in hand with his tuition fees. Not, he parenthesised, that for the sake of filthy lucre he need necessarily embrace the lyric platform as a walk in life for any lengthy space of time but a step in the required direction it was, beyond yea or nay, and both monetarily and mentally it contained no reflection on his dignity in the smallest and it often turned in uncommonly handy to be handed

a cheque at a muchneeded moment when every little helped. Besides, though taste latterly had deteriorated to a degree, original music like that, different from the conventional rut, would rapidly have a great vogue, as it would be a decided novelty for Dublin's musical world after the usual hackneyed run of catchy tenor solos foisted on a confiding public by Ivan St Austell and Hilton St Just and their 1
genus omne. Yes, beyond a shadow of a doubt, he could, with all the cards in his 2
hand and he had a capital opening to make a name for himself and win a high place in the city's esteem where he could command a stiff figure and, booking ahead, give a grand concert for the patrons of the King street house, given a backerup, if 3
one were forthcoming to kick him upstairs, so to speak—a big *if*, however—with some impetus of the goahead sort to obviate the inevitable procrastination which often tripped up a too much fêted prince of good fellows and it need not detract from the other by one iota as, being his own master, he would have heaps of time to practise literature in his spare moments when desirous of so doing without its clashing with his vocal career or containing anything derogatory whatsoever as it was a matter for himself alone. In fact, he had the ball at his feet and that was the very reason why the other, possessed of a remarkably sharp nose for smelling a rat of any sort, hung on to him at all.

The horse was just then… and later on, at a propitious opportunity he purposed (Bloom did), without anyway prying into his private affairs on the *fools step in* 4
where angels principle advising him to sever his connection with a certain budding practitioner, who, he noticed, was prone to disparage, and even, to a slight extent, with some hilarious pretext, when not present, deprecate him, or whatever you like to call it, which, in Bloom's humble opinion, threw a nasty sidelight on that side of a person's character—no pun intended.

The horse, having reached the end of his tether, so to speak, halted, and, rearing high a proud feathering tail, added his quota by letting fall on the floor, which the brush would soon brush up and polish, three smoking globes of turds. Slowly, three times, one after another, from a full crupper, he mired. And humanely his driver waited till he (or she) had ended, patient in his scythed car.

Side by side Bloom, profiting by the *contretemps*, with Stephen passed through the gap of the chains, divided by the upright, and, stepping over a strand of mire, went across towards Gardiner street lower, Stephen singing more boldly, but not 5
loudly, the end of the ballad:

Und alle Schiffe brücken. 6

The driver never said a word, good, bad or indifferent. He merely watched the two figures, as he sat on his lowbacked car, both black—one full, one lean—walk 7
towards the railway bridge, *to be married by Father Maher*. As they walked, they at times stopped and walked again, continuing their *tête-à-tête* (which of course he was utterly out of), about sirens, enemies of man's reason, mingled with a number of 8
other topics of the same category, usurpers, historical cases of the kind while the man in the sweeper car or you might as well call it in the sleeper car who in any case couldn't possibly hear because they were too far simply sat in his seat near the end of lower Gardiner street *and looked after their lowbacked car.*

What parallel courses did Bloom and Stephen follow returning?

Starting united both at normal walking pace from Beresford place they followed in the order named Lower and Middle Gardiner streets and Mountjoy square, west: then, at reduced pace, each bearing left, Gardiner's place by an inadvertence as far as the farther corner of Temple street, north: then at reduced pace with interruptions of halt, bearing right, Temple street, north, as far as Hardwicke place. Approaching, disparate, at relaxed walking pace they crossed both the circus before George's church diametrically, the chord in any circle being less than the arc which it subtends.

Of what did the duumvirate deliberate during their itinerary?

Music, literature, Ireland, Dublin, Paris, friendship, woman, prostitution, diet, the influence of gaslight or the light of arc and glowlamps on the growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees, exposed corporation emergency dustbuckets, the Roman catholic church, ecclesiastical celibacy, the Irish nation, jesuit education, careers, the study of medicine, the past day, the maleficent influence of the presabbath, Stephen's collapse.

Did Bloom discover common factors of similarity between their respective like and unlike reactions to experience?

Both were sensitive to artistic impressions musical in preference to plastic or pictorial. Both preferred a continental to an insular manner of life, a cisatlantic to a transatlantic place of residence. Both indurated by early domestic training and an inherited tenacity of heterodox resistance professed their disbelief in many orthodox religious, national, social and ethical doctrines. Both admitted the alternately stimulating and obtunding influence of heterosexual magnetism.

Were their views on some points divergent?

Stephen dissented openly from Bloom's views on the importance of dietary and civic selfhelp while Bloom dissented tacitly from Stephen's views on the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature. Bloom assented covertly to Stephen's rectification of the anachronism involved in assigning the date of the conversion of the Irish nation to christianity from druidism by Patrick son of Calpornus, son of Potitus, son of Odyssus, sent by pope Celestine I in the year 432 in the reign of Leary to the year 260 or thereabouts in the reign of Cormac MacArt († 266 A.D.) suffocated by imperfect deglutition of aliment at Sletty and

interred at Rossnaree. The collapse which Bloom ascribed to gastric inanition and certain chemical compounds of varying degrees of adulteration and alcoholic strength, accelerated by mental exertion and the velocity of rapid circular motion in a relaxing atmosphere, Stephen attributed to the reapparition of a matutinal cloud (perceived by both from two different points of observation, Sandycove and Dublin) at first no bigger than a woman's hand.

Was there one point on which their views were equal and negative?

The influence of gaslight or electric light on the growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees.

Had Bloom discussed similar subjects during nocturnal perambulations in the past?

In 1884 with Owen Goldberg and Cecil Turnbull at night on public thoroughfares between Longwood avenue and Leonard's corner and Leonard's corner and Synge street and Synge street and Bloomfield avenue. In 1885 with Percy Apjohn in the evenings, reclined against the wall between Gibraltar villa and Bloomfield house in Crumlin, barony of Uppercross. In 1886 occasionally with casual acquaintances and prospective purchasers on doorsteps, in front parlours, in third class railway carriages of suburban lines. In 1888 frequently with major Brian Tweedy and his daughter Miss Marion Tweedy, together and separately on the lounge in Matthew Dillon's house in Roundtown. Once in 1892 and once in 1893 with Julius Mastiansky, on both occasions in the parlour of his (Bloom's) house in Lombard street, west. 1-2 3 4 5 6 7

What reflection concerning the irregular sequence of dates 1884, 1885, 1886, 1888, 1892, 1893, 1904 did Bloom make before their arrival at their destination?

He reflected that the progressive extension of the field of individual development and experience was regressively accompanied by a restriction of the converse domain of interindividual relations.

As in what ways?

From inexistence to existence he came to many and was as one received: existence with existence he was with any as any with any: from existence to nonexistence gone he would be by all as none perceived.

What action did Bloom make on their arrival at their destination?

At the housesteps of the 4th of the equidifferent uneven numbers, number 7 Eccles street, he inserted his hand mechanically into the back pocket of his trousers to obtain his latchkey.

Was it there?

It was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on the day but one preceding.

Why was he doubly irritated?

Because he had forgotten and because he remembered that he had reminded himself twice not to forget.

What were then the alternatives before the, premeditatedly (respectively) and inadvertently, keyless couple?

1 To enter or not to enter. To knock or not to knock.

Bloom's decision?

A stratagem. Resting his feet on the dwarf wall, he climbed over the area railings, compressed his hat on his head, grasped two points at the lower union of rails
2 and stiles, lowered his body gradually by its length of five feet nine inches and a half to within two feet ten inches of the area pavement, and allowed his body to move freely in space by separating himself from the railings and crouching in preparation for the impact of the fall.

Did he fall?

3 By his body's known weight of eleven stone and four pounds in avoirdupois measure, as certified by the graduated machine for periodical selfweighing in the
4 premises of Francis Frœdman, pharmaceutical chemist of 19 Frederick street,
5 north, on the last feast of the Ascension, to wit, the twelfth day of May of the
6-7 bissextile year one thousand nine hundred and four of the christian era (jewish era
8 five thousand six hundred and sixtyfour, mohammedan era one thousand three
9-12 hundred and twentytwo), golden number 5, epact 13, solar cycle 9, dominical letters
13-15 C B, Roman indication 2, Julian period 6617, MXMIV.

Did he rise uninjured by concussion?

Regaining new stable equilibrium he rose uninjured though concussed by the impact, raised the latch of the area door by the exertion of force at its freely moving flange and by leverage of the first kind applied at its fulcrum gained retarded access
16 to the kitchen through the subadjacent scullery, ignited a lucifer match by friction, set free inflammable coal gas by turning on the ventcock, lit a high flame which,
17 by regulating, he reduced to quiescent candescence and lit finally a portable candle.

What discrete succession of images did Stephen meanwhile perceive?

Reclined against the area railings he perceived through the transparent kitchen panes a man regulating a gasflame of 14 C P, a man lighting a candle, a man removing in turn each of his two boots, a man leaving the kitchen holding a candle of 1 C P.

Did the man reappear elsewhere?

After a lapse of four minutes the glimmer of his candle was discernible through the semitransparent semicircular glass fanlight over the halldoor. The halldoor turned gradually on its hinges. In the open space of the doorway the man reappeared without his hat, with his candle.

Did Stephen obey his sign?

Yes, entering softly, he helped to close and chain the door and followed softly along the hallway the man's back and listed feet and lighted candle past a lighted crevice of doorway on the left and carefully down a turning staircase of more than five steps into the kitchen of Bloom's house.

What did Bloom do?

He extinguished the candle by a sharp expiration of breath upon its flame, drew two spoonseat deal chairs to the hearthstone, one for Stephen with its back to the area window, the other for himself when necessary, knelt on one knee, composed in the grate a pyre of crosslaid resintipped sticks and various coloured papers and irregular polygons of best Abram coal at twentyone shillings a ton from the yard 1-2
of Messrs Flower and M'Donald of 14 D'Olier street, kindled it at three projecting points of paper with one ignited lucifer match, thereby releasing the potential energy contained in the fuel by allowing its carbon and hydrogen elements to enter into free union with the oxygen of the air.

Of what similar apparitions did Stephen think?

Of others elsewhere in other times who, kneeling on one knee or on two, had kindled fires for him, of Brother Michael in the infirmary of the college of the 3
Society of Jesus at Clongowes Wood, Sallins, in the county of Kildare: of his father, Simon Dedalus, in an unfurnished room of his first residence in Dublin, number 4
thirteen Fitzgibbon street: of his godmother Miss Kate Morkan in the house of 5
her dying sister Miss Julia Morkan at 15 Usher's Island: of his mother Mary, wife of Simon Dedalus, in the kitchen of number twelve North Richmond street on the 6
morning of the feast of Saint Francis-Xavier 1898: of the dean of studies, Father 7-8
Butt, in the physics' theatre of university College, 16 Stephen's green, north: of his sister Dilly (Delia) in his father's house in Cabra. 9

What did Stephen see on raising his gaze to the height of a yard from the fire towards the opposite wall?

Under a row of five coiled spring housebells a curvilinear rope, stretched between two holdfasts athwart across the recess beside the chimney pier, from which hung four smallsized square handkerchiefs folded unattached consecutively in adjacent rectangles and one pair of ladies' grey hose with lisle suspender tops and feet in 10
their habitual position clamped by three erect wooden pegs two at their outer extremities and the third at their point of junction.

What did Bloom see on the range?

On the right (smaller) hob a blue enamelled saucepan: on the left (larger) hob a black iron kettle.

What did Bloom do at the range?

He removed the saucepan to the left hob, rose and carried the iron kettle to the sink in order to tap the current by turning the faucet to let it flow.

Did it flow?

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in county Wicklow of a cubic capacity of 2,400 11
million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial plant cost of £5 per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown, Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre 12-15
reservoir at Stillorgan, a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at Eustace bridge,

upper Leeson street, though from prolonged summer drouth and daily supply of 12 1/2 million gallons the water had fallen below the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and waterworks engineer, Mr Spencer Harty, C. E., on the instructions of the waterworks committee, had prohibited the use of municipal water for purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of the corporation, Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the detriment of another section of the public, selfsupporting taxpayers, solvent, sound.

What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier returning to the range, admire?

Its universality: its democratic equality and constancy to its nature in seeking its own level: its vastness in the ocean of Mercator's projection: its unplumbed profundity in the Sundam trench of the Pacific exceeding 8,000 fathoms: the restlessness of its waves and surface particles visiting in turn all points of its seaboard: the independence of its units: the variability of states of sea: its hydrostatic quiescence in calm: its hydrokinetic turgidity in neap and spring tides: its subsidence after devastation: its sterility in the circumpolar icecaps, arctic and antarctic: its climatic and commercial significance: its preponderance of 3 to 1 over the dry land of the globe: its indisputable hegemony extending in square leagues over all the region below the subequatorial tropic of Capricorn: the multisecular stability of its primeval basin: its luteofulvous bed: its capacity to dissolve and hold in solution all soluble substances including millions of tons of the most precious metals: its slow erosions of peninsulas and downwardtending promontories: its alluvial deposits: its weight and volume and density: its imperturbability in lagoons and highland tarns: its gradation of colours in the torrid and temperate and frigid zones: its vehicular ramifications in continental lakecontained streams and confluent oceanflowing rivers with their tributaries and transoceanic currents: gulfstream, north and south equatorial courses: its violence in seaquakes, waterspouts, artesian wells, eruptions, torrents, eddies, freshets, spates, groundswells, watersheds, waterpartings, geysers, cataracts, whirlpools, maelstroms, inundations, deluges, cloudbursts: its vast circumterrestrial ahorizontal curve: its secrecy in springs, and latent humidity, revealed by rhabdomantic or hygrometric instruments and exemplified by the hole in the wall at Ashtown gate, saturation of air, distillation of dew: the simplicity of its composition, two constituent parts of hydrogen with one constituent part of oxygen: its healing virtues: its buoyancy in the waters of the Dead Sea: its persevering penetrativeness in runnels, gullies, inadequate dams, leaks on shipboard: its properties for cleansing, quenching thirst and fire, nourishing vegetation: its infallibility as paradigm and paragon: its metamorphoses as vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow, hail: its strength in rigid hydrants: its variety of forms in loughs and bays and gulfs and bights and guts and lagoons and atolls and archipelagos and sounds and fjords and minches and tidal estuaries and arms of sea: its solidity in glaciers, icebergs, icefloes: its docility in working hydraulic millwheels, turbines,

dynamos, electric power stations, bleachworks, tanneries, scutchmills: its utility in canals, rivers, if navigable, floating and graving docks: its potentiality derivable from harnessed tides or watercourses falling from level to level: its submarine fauna and flora (anacoustic, photophobe) numerically, if not literally, the inhabitants of 1
the globe: its ubiquity as constituting 90% of the human body: the noxiousness of its effluvia in lacustrine marshes, pestilential fens, faded flowerwater, stagnant 2
pools in the waning moon.

Having set the halffilled kettle on the now burning coals, why did he return to the stillflowing tap?

To wash his soiled hands with a partially consumed tablet of Barrington's lem- 3
onflavoured soap, to which paper still adhered (bought thirteen hours previously for fourpence and still unpaid for), in fresh cold neverchanging everchanging water and dry them, face and hands, in a long redbordered holland cloth passed over a 4
wooden revolving roller.

What reason did Stephen give for declining Bloom's offer?

That he was hydrophobe, hating partial contact by immersion or total by submersion in cold water (his last bath having taken place in the month of October of the preceding year), disliking the aqueous substances of glass and crystal, distrusting aquacities of thought and language.

What impeded Bloom from giving Stephen counsels of hygiene and prophylactic to which should be added suggestions concerning a preliminary wetting of the head and contraction of the muscles with rapid splashing of the face and neck and thoracic and epigastric region in case of sea or river bathing, the parts of the human 5
anatomy most sensitive to cold being the nape, stomach and thenar or sole of foot? 6

The incompatibility of aquacity with the erratic originality of genius.

What additional didactic counsels did he similarly repress?

Dietary: concerning the respective percentage of protein and caloric energy in 7
bacon, salt ling and butter, the absence of the former in the lastnamed and the abundance of the latter in the firstnamed.

Which seemed to the host to be the predominant qualities of his guest?

Confidence in himself, an equal and opposite power of abandonment and recuperation.

What concomitant phenomenon took place in the vessel of liquid by the agency of fire?

The phenomenon of ebullition. Fanned by a constant updraught of ventilation between the kitchen and the chimneyflue, ignition was communicated from the faggots of precombustible fuel to polyhedral masses of bituminous coal, contain- 8
ing in compressed mineral form the foliated fossilised decidua of primeval forests which had in turn derived their vegetative existence from the sun, primal source of heat (radiant), transmitted through omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous 9-10
ether. Heat (convected), a mode of motion developed by such combustion, was

constantly and increasingly conveyed from the source of calorification to the liquid contained in the vessel, being radiated through the uneven unpolished dark surface of the metal iron, in part reflected, in part absorbed, in part transmitted, gradually raising the temperature of the water from normal to boiling point, a
1 rise in temperature expressible as the result of an expenditure of 72 thermal units needed to raise 1 pound of water from 50° to 212° Fahrenheit.

What announced the accomplishment of this rise in temperature?

2 A double falciform ejection of water vapour from under the kettlelid at both sides simultaneously.

For what personal purpose could Bloom have applied the water so boiled?

To shave himself.

What advantages attended shaving by night?

A softer beard: a softer brush if intentionally allowed to remain from shave to shave in its agglutinated lather: a softer skin if unexpectedly encountering female acquaintances in remote places at incustomary hours: quiet reflections upon the course of the day: a cleaner sensation when awaking after a fresher sleep since matutinal noises, premonitions and perturbations, a clattered milkcan, a postman's double knock, a paper read, reread while lathering, relathering the same spot, a shock, a shoot, with thought of aught he sought though fraught with nought might cause a faster rate of shaving and a nick on which incision plaster with precision
3 cut and humected and applied adhered which was to be done.

Why did absence of light disturb him less than presence of noise?

Because of the surety of the sense of touch in his firm full masculine feminine passive active hand.

What quality did it (his hand) possess but with what counteracting influence?

The operative surgical quality but that he was reluctant to shed human blood even
4 when the end justified the means, preferring, in their natural order, heliotherapy, psychophysicotherapeutics, osteopathic surgery.

What lay under exposure on the lower middle and upper shelves of the kitchen dresser opened by Bloom?

On the lower shelf five vertical breakfast plates, six horizontal breakfast saucers
5 on which rested inverted breakfast cups, a moustachecup, uninverted, and saucer of Crown Derby, four white goldrimmed eggcups, and open shammy purse displaying
6 coins, mostly copper, and a phial of aromatic violet comfits. On the middle shelf a chipped eggcup containing pepper, a drum of table salt, four conglomerated
7 black olives in oleaginous paper, an empty pot of Plumtree's potted meat, an oval wicker basket bedded with fibre and containing one Jersey pear, a halfempty
8 bottle of William Gilbey and Co's white invalid port, half disrobed of its swathe
9-10 of coralpink tissue paper, a packet of Epps's soluble cocoa, five ounces of Anne Lynch's choice tea at 2/- per lb. in a crinkled leadpaper bag, a cylindrical canister containing the best crystallised lump sugar, two onions, one the larger, Spanish,

entire, the other, smaller, Irish, bisected with augmented surface and more redolent, a jar of Irish Model Dairy's cream, a jug of brown crockery containing a noggin and a quarter of soured adulterated milk, converted by heat into water, acidulous serum and semisolidified curds, which added to the quantity subtracted for Mr Bloom's and Mrs Fleming's breakfasts made one imperial pint, the total quantity originally delivered, two cloves, a halfpenny and a small dish containing a slice of fresh ribsteak. On the upper shelf a battery of jamjars of various sizes and proveniences. 1-2 3

What attracted his attention lying on the apron of the dresser?

Four polygonal fragments of two lacerated scarlet betting tickets, numbered 8 87, 8 86.

What reminiscences temporarily corrugated his brow?

Reminiscences of coincidences, truth stranger than fiction, preindicative of the result of the Gold Cup flat handicap, the official and definitive result of which he had read in the *Evening Telegraph*, late pink edition, in the cabman's shelter, at Butt bridge.

Where had previous intimations of the result, effected or projected, been received by him?

In Bernard Kiernan's licensed premises 8, 9 and 10 Little Britain street: in David Byrne's licensed premises, 14 Duke street: in O'Connell street lower, outside Graham Lemon's when a dark man had placed in his hand a throwaway (subsequently thrown away), advertising Elijah, restorer of the church in Zion: in Lincoln place outside the premises of F. W. Sweny and Co (Limited) dispensing chemists, when, when Frederick M. (Bantam) Lyons had rapidly and successively requested, perused and restituted the copy of the current issue of the *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press* which he had been about to throw away (subsequently thrown away), he had proceeded towards the oriental edifice of the Turkish and Warm Baths, 11 Leinster street, with the light of inspiration shining in his countenance and bearing in his arms the secret of the race, graven in the language of prediction. 4-5 6 7 8 9

What qualifying considerations allayed his perturbations?

The difficulties of interpretation since the significance of any event followed its occurrence as variably as the acoustic report followed the electrical discharge and of counterestimating against an actual loss by failure to interpret the total sum of possible losses proceeding originally from a successful interpretation.

His mood?

He had not risked, he did not expect, he had not been disappointed, he was satisfied.

What satisfied him?

To have sustained no positive loss. To have brought a positive gain to others. Light to the gentiles. 10

How did Bloom prepare a collation for a gentile?

He poured into two teacups two level spoonfuls, four in all, of Epps's soluble cocoa and proceeded according to the directions for use printed on the label, to each adding after sufficient time for infusion the prescribed ingredients for diffusion in the manner and in the quantity prescribed.

What supererogatory marks of special hospitality did the host show his guest?

1-2 Relinquishing his symposiarchal right to the moustache cup of imitation Crown Derby presented to him by his only daughter, Millicent (Milly), he substituted a cup identical with that of his guest and served extraordinarily to his guest and, in reduced measure, to himself, the viscous cream ordinarily reserved for the breakfast of his wife Marion (Molly).

Was the guest conscious of and did he acknowledge these marks of hospitality?

His attention was directed to them by his host jocosely and he accepted them seriously as they drank in jocoserious silence Epps's massproduct, the creature cocoa.

Were there marks of hospitality which he contemplated but suppressed, reserving them for another and for himself on future occasions to complete the act begun?

The reparation of a fissure of the length of 1 1/2 inches in the right side of his guest's jacket. A gift to his guest of one of the four lady's handkerchiefs, if and when ascertained to be in a presentable condition.

Who drank more quickly?

Bloom, having the advantage of ten seconds at the initiation and taking, from the concave surface of a spoon along the handle of which a steady flow of heat was conducted, three sips to his opponents's one, six to two, nine to three.

What cerebration accompanied his frequentative act?

Concluding by inspection but erroneously that his silent companion was engaged in mental composition he reflected on the pleasures derived from literature of instruction rather than of amusement as he himself had applied to the works of William Shakespeare more than once for the solution of difficult problems in imaginary or real life.

Had he found their solution?

In spite of careful and repeated reading of certain classical passages, aided by a glossary, he had derived imperfect conviction from the text, the answers not bearing on all points.

What lines concluded his first piece of original verse written by him, potential poet, at the age of 11 in 1877 on the occasion of the offering of three prizes of 10/-,

3 5/- and 2/6 respectively by the *Shamrock*, a weekly newspaper?

An ambition to squint
At my verses in print
Makes me hope that for these you'll find room.

If you so condescend
Then please place at the end
The name of yours truly, L. Bloom.

Did he find four separating forces between his temporary guest and him?
Name, age, race, creed.

What anagrams had he made on his name in youth?
Leopold Bloom
Ellpodbomool
Molldopeloob.
Bollopedoom
Old Ollebo, M. P.

What acrostic upon the abbreviation of his first name had he (kinetic poet) sent to Miss Marion Tweedy on the 14 February 1888?

Poets oft have sung in rhyme
Of music sweet their praise divine.
Let them hymn it nine times nine.
Dearer far than song or wine,
You are mine. The world is mine.

What had prevented him from completing a topical song (music by R. G. Johnston) on the events of the past, or fixtures for the actual years, entitled *If Brian Boru could but come back and see old Dublin now*, commissioned by Michael Gunn, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48, 49 South King street, and to be introduced into the sixth scene, the valley of diamonds, of the second edition (30 January 1893) of the grand annual Christmas pantomime *Sinbad the Sailor* (written by Greenleaf Whittier, scenery by George A. Jackson and Cecil Hicks, costumes by Mrs and Miss Whelan, produced by R. Shelton 26 December 1892 under the personal supervision of Mrs Michael Gunn, ballets by Jessie Noir, harlequinade by Thomas Otto) and sung by Nelly Bouverist, principal girl?

Firstly, oscillation between events of imperial and of local interest, the anticipated diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria (born 1820, acceded 1837) and the posticipated opening of the new municipal fish market: secondly, apprehension of opposition from extreme circles on the questions of the respective visits of Their Royal Highnesses, the duke and duchess of York (real), and of His Majesty King Brian Boru (imaginary); thirdly, a conflict between professional etiquette and professional emulation concerning the recent erections of the Grand Lyric Hall on Burgh Quay and the Theatre Royal in Hawkins street: fourthly, distraction resultant from compassion for Nelly Bouverist's non-intellectual, con-political, non-topical expression of countenance and non-cupiscence caused by Nelly Bouverist's revelations of white articles of non-intellectual, non-political, non-topical underclothing while she (Nelly Bouverist) was in the articles: fifthly, the difficulties of the selection of appropriate music and humorous allusions from *Everybody's Book of Jokes* (1000 pages and a laugh in every one): sixthly, the rhymes homophonous and cacophonous, associated with

1-2 the names of the new lord mayor, Daniel Tallon, the new high sheriff, Thomas
3 Pile and the new solicitorgeneral, Dunbar Plunket Barton.

What relation existed between their ages?

16 years before in 1888 when Bloom was of Stephen's present age Stephen was 6. 16 years after in 1920 when Stephen would be of Bloom's present age Bloom would
4 be 54. In 1936 when Bloom would be 70 and Stephen 54 their ages initially in the ratio of 16 to 0 would be as 17 1/2 to 13 1/2, the proportion increasing and the disparity diminishing according as arbitrary future years were added, for if the proportion existing in 1883 had continued immutable, conceiving that to be possible, till then 1904 when Stephen was 22 Bloom would be 374 and in 1920 when Stephen would be 38, as Bloom then was, Bloom would be 646 while in 1952 when Stephen would
5-6 have attained the maximum postdiluvian age of 70 Bloom, being 1190 years alive
7 having been born in the year 714, would have surpassed by 221 years the maximum antediluvian age, that of Methusalah, 969 years, while, if Stephen would continue
8 to live until he would attain that age in the year 3072 A.D., Bloom would have been obliged to have been alive 83,300 years, having been obliged to have been born in the year 81,396 B. C.

What events might nullify these calculations?

The cessation of existence of both or either, the inauguration of a new era or calendar, the annihilation of the world and consequent extermination of the human species, inevitable but impredictable.

How many previous encounters proved their preexisting acquaintance?

9 Two. The first in the lilacgarden of Matthew Dillon's house, Medina Villa, Kimmage road, Roundtown, in 1887, in the company of Stephen's mother, Stephen being then of the age of 5 and reluctant to give his hand in salutation. The second
10 in the coffeeroom of Breslin's hotel on a rainy Sunday in the January of 1892, in the company of Stephen's father and Stephen's granduncle, Stephen being then 5 years older.

Did Bloom accept the invitation to dinner given then by the son and afterwards seconded by the father?

Very gratefully, with grateful appreciation, with sincere appreciative gratitude, in appreciatively grateful sincerity of regret, he declined.

Did their conversation on the subject of these reminiscences reveal a third connecting link between them?

11 Mrs Riordan, a widow of independent means, had resided in the house of Stephen's parents from 1 September 1888 to 29 December 1891 and had also resided
12 during the years 1892, 1893 and 1894 in the City Arms Hotel owned by Elizabeth O'Dowd of 54 Prussia street where during parts of the years 1893 and 1894 she had been a constant informant of Bloom who resided also in the same hotel,
13 being at that time a clerk in the employment of Joseph Cuffe of 5 Smithfield for the superintendence of sales in the adjacent Dublin Cattle market on the North Circular road.

Had he performed any special corporal work of mercy for her? 1

He had sometimes propelled her on warm summer evenings, an infirm widow of independent, if limited means, in her convalescent bathchair with slow revolutions of its wheels as far as the corner of the North Circular road opposite Mr Gavin 2
Low's place of business where she had remained for a certain time scanning through his onelensed binocular fieldglasses unrecognisable citizens on tramcars, roadster bicycles, equipped with inflated pneumatic tyres, hackney carriages, tandems, private and hired landaus, dogcarts, ponytraps and brakes passing from the city 3
to the Phœnix Park and *vice versa*.

Why could he then support that his vigil with the greater equanimity?

Because in middle youth he had often sat observing through a rondel of bossed glass of a multicoloured pane the spectacle offered with continual changes of the thoroughfare without, pedestrians, quadrupeds, velocipedes, vehicles, passing 4
slowly, quickly, evenly, round and round and round the rim of a round precipitous globe.

What distinct different memories had each of her now eight years deceased?

The older, her bezique cards and counters, her Skye terrier, her suppositious wealth, her lapses of responsiveness and incipient catarrhal deafness: the younger, 5
her lamp of colza oil before the statue of the Immaculate Conception, her green 6-8
and maroon brushes for Charles Stewart Parnell and for Michael Davitt, her tissue papers.

Were there no means still remaining to him to achieve the rejuvenation which these reminiscences divulged to a younger companion rendered the more desirable?

The indoor exercises, formerly intermittently practised, subsequently abandoned, prescribed in Eugen Sandow's *Physical Strength and How To Obtain It* which, designed 9
particularly for commercial men engaged in sedentary occupations, were to be made with mental concentration in front of a mirror so as to bring into play the various families of muscles and produce successively a pleasant relaxation and the most pleasant repristination of juvenile agility.

Had any special agility been his in earlier youth?

Though ringweight lifting had been beyond his strength and the full circle 10
gyration beyond his courage yet as a High School scholar he had excelled in his stable and protracted execution of the half lever movement on the parallel bars in consequence of his abnormally developed abdominal muscles.

Did either openly allude to their racial difference?

Neither.

What, reduced to their simplest reciprocal form, were Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom and Bloom's thoughts about Stephen's thoughts about Bloom's thoughts about Stephen?

He thought that he thought that he was a jew whereas he knew that he knew that he knew that he was not.

What, the enclosures of reticence removed, were their respective parentages?

Bloom, only born male transubstantial heir of Rudolf Virag (subsequently Rudolf Bloom) of Szombathely, Vienna, Budapest, Milan, London and Dublin and of Ellen Higgins, second daughter of Julius Higgins (born Karoly) and Fanny Higgins (born Hegarty); Stephen, eldest surviving male consubstantial heir of Simon Dedalus of Cork and Dublin and of Mary, daughter of Richard and Christina Goulding (born Grier).

Had Bloom and Stephen been baptised, and where and by whom, cleric or layman?

Bloom (three times) by the reverend Mr Gilmer Johnston M. A. alone in the protestant church of Saint Nicolas Without, Coombe; by James O'Connor, Philip Gilligan and James Fitzpatrick, together, under a pump in the village of Swords; and by the reverend Charles Malone C. C., in the church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar. Stephen (once) by the reverend Charles Malone, C. C., alone, in the church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar.

Did they find their educational careers similar?

Substituting Stephen for Bloom Stoom would have passed successively through a dame's school and the high school. Substituting Bloom for Stephen Blephen would have passed successively through the preparatory, junior, middle and senior grades of the intermediate and through the matriculation, first arts second arts and arts degree courses of the royal university.

Why did Bloom refrain from stating that he had frequented the university of life?

Because of his fluctuating incertitude as to whether this observation had or had not been already made by him to Stephen or by Stephen to him.

What two temperaments did they individually represent?

The scientific. The artistic.

What proofs did Bloom adduce to prove that his tendency was towards applied, rather than towards pure, science?

Certain possible inventions of which he had cogitated when reclining in a state of supine repletion to aid digestion, stimulated by his appreciation of the importance of inventions now common but once revolutionary for example, the aeronautic parachute, the reflecting telescope, the spiral corkscrew, the safety pin, the mineral water siphon, the canal lock with winch and sluice, the suction pump.

Were these inventions principally intended for an improved scheme of kindergarten?

Yes, rendering obsolete popguns, elastic airbladders, games of hazard, catapults. They comprised astronomical kaleidoscopes exhibiting the twelve constellations of the zodiac from Aries to Pisces, miniature mechanical orreries, arithmetical gelatine lozenges, geometrical to correspond with zoological biscuits, globemap playing balls, historically costumed dolls.

What also stimulated him in his cogitations?

The financial success achieved by Ephraim Marks and Charles A. James, the former by his 1d. bazaar at 42 George's street, South, the latter at his 6 1/2 d. shop and world's fancy fair and waxwork exhibition at 30 Henry street, admission 2d., children 1d.; and the infinite possibilities hitherto unexploited of the modern art of advertisement if condensed in triliteral monoideal symbols, vertically of maximum visibility (divined), horizontally of maximum legibility (deciphered) and of magnetising efficacy to arrest involuntary attention, to interest, to convince, to decide. 1 2

Such as?

K. 11. Kino's 11/- Trousers. 3

House of Keys. Alexander J. Keyes. 4

Such as not?

Look at this long candle. Calculate when it burns out and you receive gratis 1 pair of our special non-compo boots, guaranteed 1 candle power. Address: Barclay and Cook, 18 Talbot Street. 5-6

Bacilikil (Insect Powder). 7

Veribest (Boot Blacking).

Uwantit (Combined pocket twoblade penknife with corkscrew, nailfile and pipecleaner).

Such as never?

What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat? 8

Incomplete.

With it an abode of bliss.

Manufactured by George Plumtree, 23 Merchants' quay, Dublin, put up in 4 oz. pots, and inserted by Councillor Joseph P. Nannetti, M. P., Rotunda Ward, 19 Hardwicke street, under the obituary notices and anniversaries of deceases. The name on the label is Plumtree. A plumtree in a meatpot, registered trade mark. Beware of imitations. Peatmot. Trumplee. Montpat. Plamtroo. 9

Which example did he adduce to induce Stephen to deduce that originality, though producing its own reward, does not invariably conduce to success?

His own ideated and rejected project of an illuminated showcart, drawn by a beast of burden, in which two smartly dressed girls were to be seated engaged in writing.

What suggested scene was then constructed by Stephen?

Solitary hotel in mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit. In dark corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary. She sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks. On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks. She writes. She sighs. Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner. He seizes solitary paper. He holds it towards fire. Twilight. He reads. Solitary.

What?

In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's Ho…

What suggested scene was then reconstructed by Bloom?

The Queen's Hotel, Ennis, County Clare, where Rudolph Bloom (Rudolf Virag) died on the evening of the 27 June 1886, at some hour unstated, in consequence of an overdose of monkshood (aconite) selfadministered in the form of a neuralgic liniment, composed of 2 parts of aconite liniment to 1 of chloroform liniment (purchased by him at 10.20 a.m. on the morning of 27 June 1886 at the medical hall of Francis Dennehy, 17 Church street, Ennis) after having, though not in consequence of having, purchased at 3.15 p.m. on the afternoon of 27 June 1886 a new boater straw hat, extra smart (after having, though not in consequence of having, purchased at the hour and in the place aforesaid, the toxin aforesaid), at the general drapery store of James Cullen, 4 Main street, Ennis.

Did he attribute this homonymity to information or coincidence or intuition?

Coincidence.

Did he depict the scene verbally for his guest to see?

He preferred himself to see another's face and listen to another's words by which potential narration was realised and kinetic temperament relieved.

Did he see only a second coincidence in the second scene narrated to him, described by the narrator as *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* or *The Parable of the Plums*?

It, with the preceding scene and with others unnarrated but existent by implication, to which add essays on various subjects or moral apothegms (e. g. *My Favourite Hero* or *Procrastination is the Thief of Time)* composed during schoolyears, seemed to him to contain in itself and in conjunction with the personal equation certain possibilities of financial, social, personal and sexual success, whether specially collected and selected as model pedagogic themes (of cent per cent merit) for the use of preparatory and junior grade students or contributed in printed form, following the precedent of Philip Beaufoy or Doctor Dick or Heblon's *Studies in Blue*, to a publication of certified circulation and solvency or employed verbally as intellectual stimulation for sympathetic auditors, tacitly appreciative of successful narrative and confidently augurative of successful achievement, during the increasingly longer nights gradually following the summer solstice on the day but three following, videlicet, Tuesday, 21 June (S. Aloysius Gonzaga), sunrise 3.33 a. m., sunset 8.29 p. m.

Which domestic problem as much as, if not more than, any other frequently engaged his mind?

What to do with our wives.

What had been his hypothetical singular solutions?

Parlour games (dominos, halma, tiddledywinks, spillikins, cup and ball, nap, spoil five, bezique, twentyfive, beggar my neighbour, draughts, chess or backgammon): embroidery, darning or knitting for the policeaided clothing society: musical duets, mandoline and guitar, piano and flute, guitar and piano: legal scrivenery or envelope addressing: biweekly visits to variety entertainments: commercial activity as pleasantly commanding and pleasingly obeyed mistress proprietress in a cool dairy shop or warm cigar divan: the clandestine satisfaction of erotic irritation in masculine

brothels, state inspected and medically controlled: social visits, at regular infrequent prevented intervals and with regular frequent preventive superintendence, to and from female acquaintances of recognised respectability in the vicinity: courses of evening instruction specially designed to render liberal instruction agreeable.

What instances of deficient mental development in his wife inclined him in favour of the lastmentioned (ninth) solution?

In disoccupied moments she had more than once covered a sheet of paper with signs and hieroglyphics which she stated were Greek and Irish and Hebrew characters. She had interrogated constantly at varying intervals as to the correct method of writing the capital initial of the name of a city in Canada, Quebec. She understood little of political complications, internal, or balance of power, external. [1]
In calculating the addenda of bills she frequently had recourse to digital aid. After completion of laconic epistolary compositions she abandoned the implement of calligraphy in the encaustic pigment exposed to the corrosive action of copperas, [2]
green vitriol and nutgall. Unusual polysyllables of foreign origin she interpreted phonetically or by false analogy or by both: metempsychosis (met him pike hoses), [3]
alias (a mendacious person mentioned in sacred Scripture). [4]

What compensated in the false balance of her intelligence for these and such deficiencies of judgment regarding persons, places and things?

The false apparent parallelism of all perpendicular arms of all balances, proved true by construction. The counterbalance of her proficiency of judgment regarding one person, proved true by experiment.

How had he attemped to remedy this state of comparative ignorance?

Variously. By leaving in a conspicuous place a certain book open at a certain page: by assuming in her, when alluding explanatorily, latent knowledge: by open ridicule in her presence of some absent other's ignorant lapse.

With what success had he attempted direct instruction?

She followed not all, a part of the whole, gave attention with interest, comprehended with surprise, with care repeated, with greater difficulty remembered, forgot with ease, with misgiving reremembered, rerepeated with error.

What system had proved more effective?

Indirect suggestion implicating self-interest.

Example?

She disliked umbrella with rain, he liked woman with umbrella, she disliked new hat with rain, he liked woman with new hat, he bought new hat with rain, she carried umbrella with new hat.

Accepting the analogy implied in his guest's parable which examples of postexilic eminence did he adduce?

Three seekers of the pure truth, Moses of Egypt, Moses Maimonides, author of [5]
More Nebukim (Guide of the Perplexed) and Moses Mendelssohn of such eminence [6]

1 that from Moses (of Egypt) to Moses (Mendelssohn) there arose none like Moses (Maimonides).

What statement was made, under correction, by Bloom concerning a fourth seeker of pure truth, by name Aristotle, mentioned, with permission, by Stephen?

2 That the seeker mentioned had been a pupil of a rabbinical philosopher, name uncertain.

3 Were other anapocryphal illustrious sons of the law and children of a selected or rejected race mentioned?

4-5 Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn (composer), Baruch Spinoza (philosopher),
6-7 Mendoza (pugilist), Ferdinand Lassalle (reformer, duellist).

What fragments of verse from the ancient Hebrew and ancient Irish languages were cited with modulations of voice and translation of texts by guest to host and by host to guest?

8 By Stephen: *suil, suil, suil arun, suil go siocair agus, suil go cuin* (walk, walk, walk your way, walk in safety, walk with care).

9 By Bloom: *Kifeloch, harimon rakatejch m'baad l'zamatejch* (thy temple amid thy hair is as a slice of pomegranate).

How was a glyphic comparison of the phonic symbols of both languages made in substantiation of the oral comparison?

10 On the penultimate blank page of a book of inferior literary style, entitled *Sweets of Sin* (produced by Bloom and so manipulated that its front cover came in contact with the surface of the table) with a pencil (supplied by Stephen) Stephen wrote
11 the Irish characters for gee, eh, dee, em, simple and modified, and Bloom in turn
12 wrote the Hebrew characters ghimel, aleph, daleth and (in the absence of mem) a substituted goph, explaining their arithmetical values as ordinal and cardinal numbers, videlicet 3, 1, 4 and 100.

13 Was the knowledge possessed by both of each of these languages, the extinct and the revived, theoretical or practical?

14 Theoretical, being confined to certain grammatical rules of accidence and syntax and practically excluding vocabulary.

What points of contact existed between these languages and between the peoples who spoke them?

15-17 The presence of guttural sounds, diacritic aspirations, epenthetic and servile
18 letters in both languages: their antiquity, both having been taught on the plain of Shinar 242 years after the deluge in the seminary instituted by Fenius Farsaigh,
19 descendant of Noah, progenitor of Israel, and ascendant of Heber and Heremon, progenitors of Ireland: their archeological, genealogical, hagiographical, exegetical,
20-21 homilectic, toponomastic, historical and religious literatures comprising the works
22-26 of rabbis and culdees, Torah, Talmud (Mischna and Ghemara) Massor, Pentateuch,
27-31 Book of the Dun Cow, Book of Ballymote, Garland of Howth, Book of Kells: their
32 dispersal, persecution, survival and revival: the isolation of their synagogical and

ecclesiastical rites in ghetto (S. Mary's Abbey) and masshouse (Adam and Eve's tavern): the proscription of their national costumes in penal laws and jewish dress acts: the restoration in Chanan David of Zion and the possibility of Irish political autonomy or devolution. 1 2 3

What anthem did Bloom chant partially in anticipation of that multiple, ethnically irreductible consummation?

Kolod balejwaw pnimah
Nefesch, jehudi, homijah. 4

Why was the chant arrested at the conclusion of this first distich?
In consequence of defective mnemotechnic.

How did the chanter compensate for this deficiency?
By a periphrastic version of the general text.

In what common study did their mutual reflections merge?
The increasing simplification traceable from the Egyptian epigraphic hieroglyphs to the Greek and Roman alphabets and the anticipation of modern stenography and telegraphic code in the cuneiform inscriptions (Semitic) and the virgular quinquecostate ogham writing (Celtic). 5

Did the guest comply with his host's request?
Doubly, by appending his signature in Irish and Roman characters. 6

What was Stephen's auditive sensation?
He heard in a profound ancient male unfamiliar melody the accumulation of the past.

What was Bloom's visual sensation?
He saw in a quick young male familiar form the predestination of a future.

What were Stephen's and Bloom's quasisimultaneous volitional quasisensations of concealed identities?
Visually, Stephen's: The traditional figure of hypostasis, depicted by Johannes Damascenus, Lentulus Romanus and Epiphanius Monachus as leucodermic, sesquipedalian with winedark hair. 7-8 9-11
Auditively, Bloom's: The traditional accent of the ecstasy of catastrophe.

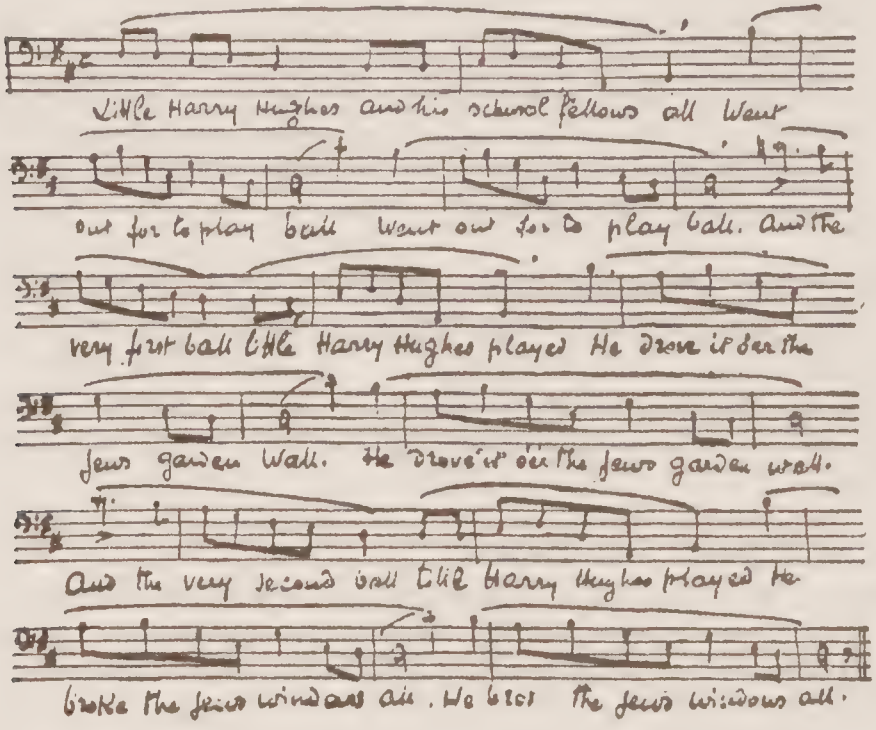
What future careers had been possible for Bloom in the past and with what exemplars?
In the church, Roman, Anglican, or Nonconformist: exemplars, the very reverend John Conmee S. J., the reverend T. Salmon, D. D., provost of Trinity college, Dr Alexander J. Dowie. At the bar, English or Irish: exemplars, Seymour Bushe, K. C., Rufus Isaacs, K. C. On the stage, modern or Shakespearean exemplars, Charles Wyndham, high comedian, Osmond Tearle († 1901), exponent of Shakespeare. 12 13 14-15 16-17 18

Did the host encourage his guest to chant in a modulated voice a strange legend on an allied theme?

Reassuringly, their place where none could hear them talk being secluded, reassured, the decocted beverages, allowing for subsolid residual sediment of a mechanical mixture, water plus sugar plus cream plus cocoa, having been consumed.

Recite the first (major) part of this chanted legend.

I *Little Harry Hughes and his schoolfellows all*
Went out for to play ball.
And the very first ball little Harry Hughes played
He drove it o'er the jew's garden wall.
And the very second ball little Harry Hughes played
He broke the jew's windows all.



How did the son of Rudolph receive this first part?

With unmixed feeling. Smiling, a jew, he heard with pleasure and saw the unbroken kitchen window.

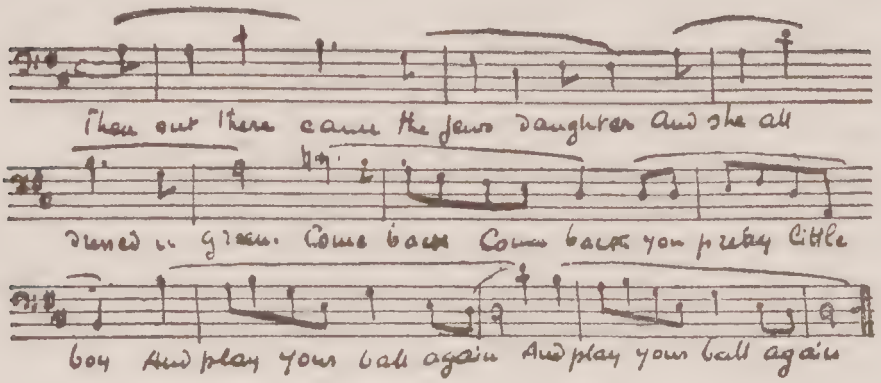
Recite the second part (minor) of the legend.

Then out came the jew's daughter
And she all dressed in green.
«Come back, come back, you pretty little boy,
And play your ball again.»

«I can't come back and I won't come back
Without my schoolfellows all,
For if my master he did hear
He'd make it a sorry ball.»

She took him by the lilywhite hand
And led him along the hall
Until she led him to a room
Where none could hear him call.

She took a penknife out of her pocket
And cut off his little head,
And now he'll play his ball no more
For he lies among the dead.



How did the father of Millicent receive this second part?

With mixed feelings. Unsmiling, he heard and saw with wonder a jew's daughter, all dressed in green.

Condense Stephen's commentary.

One of all, the least of all, is the victim predestined. Once by inadvertence, twice by design he challenges his destiny. It comes when he is abandoned and challenges him reluctant and, as an apparition of hope and youth holds him unresisting. It leads him to a strange habitation, to a secret infidel apartment, and there, implacable, immolates him, consenting.

Why was the host (victim predestined) sad?

He wished that a tale of a deed should be told of a deed not by him should by him not be told.

Why was the host (reluctant, unresisting) still?

In accordance with the law of the conservation of energy.

Why was the host (secret infidel) silent?

He weighed the possible evidences for and against ritual murder: the incitation of the hierarchy, the superstition of the populace, the propagation of rumour in

continued fraction of veridicity, the envy of opulence, the influence of retaliation, the sporadic reappearance of atavistic delinquency, the mitigating circumstances of fanaticism, hypnotic suggestion and somnambulism.

From which (if any) of these mental or physical disorders was he not totally immune?

From hypnotic suggestion: once, waking, he had not recognised his sleeping apartment: more than once, waking, he had been for an indefinite time incapable of moving or uttering sounds. From somnambulism: once, sleeping, his body had risen, crouched and crawled in the direction of a heatless fire and, having attained its destination, there, curled, unheated, in night attire had lain, sleeping.

Had this latter or any cognate phenomenon declared itself in any member of his family?

Twice, in Holles street and in Ontario terrace, his daughter Millicent (Milly) at the ages of 6 and 8 years had uttered in sleep an exclamation of terror and had replied to the interrogations of two figures in night attire with a vacant mute expression.

What other infantile memories had he of her?

15 June 1889. A querulous newborn female infant crying to cause and lessen congestion. A child renamed Padney Socks she shook with shocks her moneybox: counted his three free moneypenny buttons one, tloo, tlee: a doll, a boy, a sailor she cast away: blond, born of two dark, she had blond ancestry, remote, a violation, Herr Hauptmann Hainau, Austrian army, proximate, a hallucination, lieutenant Mulvey, British navy.

What endemic characteristics were present?

Conversely the nasal and frontal formation was derived in a direct line of lineage which, though interrupted, would continue at distant intervals to its most distant intervals.

What memories had he of her adolescence?

She relegated her hoop and skippingrope to a recess. On the duke's lawn entreated by an English visitor, she declined to permit him to make and take away her photographic image (objection not stated). On the South Circular road in the company of Elsa Potter, followed by an individual of sinister aspect, she went half way down Stamer street and turned abruptly back (reason of change not stated). On the vigil of the 15th anniversary of her birth she wrote a letter from Mullingar, county Westmeath, making a brief allusion to a local student (faculty and year not stated).

Did that first division, portending a second division, afflict him?

Less than he had imagined, more than he had hoped.

What second departure was contemporaneously perceived by him similarly if differently?

A temporary departure of his cat.

Why similarly, why differently?

Similarly, because actuated by a secret purpose the quest of a new male (Mullingar student) or of a healing herb (valerian). Differently, because of different possible returns to the inhabitants or to the habitation.

In other respects were their differences similar?

In passivity, in economy, in the instinct of tradition, in unexpectedness.

As?

Inasmuch as leaning she sustained her blond hair for him to ribbon it for her (cf. neckarching cat). Moreover, on the free surface of the lake in Stephen's green 1
amid inverted reflections of trees her uncommented spit, describing concentric circles of waterrings, indicated by the constancy of its permanence the locus of a somnolent prostrate fish (cf. mousewatching cat). Again, in order to remember the date, combatants, issue and consequences of a famous military engagement she pulled a plait of her hair (cf. earwashing cat). Furthermore, silly Milly, she dreamed of having had an unspoken unremembered conversation with a horse whose name had been Joseph to whom (which) she had offered a tumblerful of lemonade which it (he) had appeared to have accepted (cf. hearthdreaming cat). Hence in passivity, in economy, in the instinct of tradition, in unexpectedness, their differences were similar.

In what way had he utilised gifts 1) an owl, 2) a clock, given as matrimonial auguries, to interest and to instruct her?

As object lessons to explain: 1) the nature and habits of oviparous animals, the 2
possibility of aerial flight, certain abnormalities of vision, the secular process of imbalsamation: 2) the principle of the pendulum, exemplified in bob, wheelgear 3
and regulator, the translation in terms of human or social regulation of the various positions clockwise of movable indicators on an unmoving dial, the exactitude of the recurrence per hour of an instant in each hour, when the longer and the shorter indicator were at the same angle of inclination, *videlicet*, 5 5/11 minutes past each hour per hour in arithmetical progression.

In what manners did she reciprocate?

She remembered: on the 27th anniversary of his birth she presented to him a 4
breakfast moustachecup of imitation crown Derby porcelain ware. She provided: 5
at quarter day or thereabouts if or when purchases had been made by him not 6
for her she showed herself attentive to his necessities, anticipating his desires. She admired: a natural phenomenon having been explained by him not for her she expressed the immediate desire to possess without gradual acquisition a fraction of his science, the moiety, the quarter, a thousandth part. 7

What proposal did Bloom, diambulist, father of Milly, somnambulist, make to 8
Stephen, noctambulist? 9

To pass in repose the hours intervening between Thursday (proper) and Friday (normal) on an extemporised cubicle in the apartment immediately above the kitchen and immediately adjacent to the sleeping apartment of his host and hostess.

What various advantages would or might have resulted from a prolongation of such extemporisation?

For the guest: security of domicile and seclusion of study. For the host: rejuvenation of intelligence, vicarious satisfaction. For the hostess: disintegration of
1 obsession, acquisition of correct Italian pronunciation.

Why might these several provisional contingencies between a guest and a hostess not necessarily preclude or be precluded by a permanent eventuality of reconciliatory union between a schoolfellow and a jew's daughter?

Because the way to daughter led through mother, the way to mother through daughter.

To what inconsequent polysyllabic question of his host did the guest return a monosyllabic negative answer?

2 If he had known the late Mrs Emily Sinico, accidentally killed at Sydney Parade railway station, 14 October 1903.

What inchoate corollary statement was consequently suppressed by the host?

3 A statement explanatory of his absence on the occasion of the interment of
4 Mrs Mary Dedalus, born Goulding, 26 June 1903, vigil of the anniversary of the decease of Rudolph Bloom (born Virag).

Was the proposal of asylum accepted?

Promptly, inexplicably, with amicability, gratefully it was declined.

What exchange of money took place between host and guest?

The former returned to the latter, without interest, a sum of money (£1. 7s. 0.), one pound seven shillings, advanced by the latter to the former.

What counterproposals were alternately advanced, accepted, modified, declined, restated in other terms, reaccepted, ratified, reconfirmed?

To inaugurate a prearranged course of Italian instruction, place the residence of the instructed. To inaugurate a course of vocal instruction, place the residence of the instructress. To inaugurate a series of static, semistatic and peripatetic intellectual dialogues, places the residence of both speakers (if both speakers were
5 resident in the same place), the Ship hotel and tavern, 6 Lower Abbey street (W. and
6 E. Connery, proprietors), the National Library of Ireland, 10 Kildare street, the
7 National Maternity Hospital, 29, 30 and 31 Holles street, a public garden, the vicinity of a place of worship, a conjunction of two or more public thoroughfares, the point of bisection of a right line drawn between their residences (if both speakers were resident in different places).

What rendered problematic for Bloom the realisation of these mutually selfexcluding propositions?

8 The irreparability of the past: once at a performance of Albert Hengler's circus
9 in the Rotunda, Rutland square, Dublin, an intuitive particoloured clown in quest of paternity had penetrated from the ring to a place in the auditorium where

Bloom, solitary, was seated and had publicly declared to an exhilarated audience that he (Bloom) was his (the clown's) papa. The imprevidibility of the future: once 1
in the summer of 1898 he (Bloom) had marked a florin (2s.) with three notches on the milled edge and tendered it in payment of an account due to and received by J. and T. Davy, family grocers, 1 Charlemont Mall, Grand Canal, for circulation on 2
the waters of civic finance, for possible, circuitous or direct, return.

Was the clown Bloom's son?
No.

Had Bloom's coin returned?
Never.

Why would a recurrent frustration the more depress him?
Because at the critical turningpoint of human existence he desired to amend many social conditions, the product of inequality and avarice and international animosity.

He believed then that human life was infinitely perfectible, eliminating these conditions?
There remained the generic conditions imposed by natural, as distinct from human law, as integral parts of the human whole: the necessity of destruction to procure alimentary sustenance: the painful character of the ultimate functions of separate existence, the agonies of birth and death: the monotonous menstruation of simian and (particularly) human females extending from the age of puberty to the menopause: inevitable accidents at sea, in mines and factories: certain very painful maladies and their resultant surgical operations, innate lunacy and congenital criminality, decimating epidemics: catastrophic cataclysms which make terror the basis of human mentality: seismic upheavals the epicentres of which are located in densely populated regions: the fact of vital growth, through convulsions of metamorphosis, from infancy through maturity to decay.

Why did he desist from speculation?
Because it was a task for a superior intelligence to substitute other more acceptable phenomena in place of the less acceptable phenomena to be removed.

Did Stephen participate in his dejection?
He affirmed his significance as a conscious rational animal proceeding syllogistically from the known to the unknown and a conscious rational reagent between a micro- and a macrocosm ineluctably constructed upon the incertitude of the void.

Was this affirmation apprehended by Bloom?
Not verbally. Substantially.

What comforted his misapprehension?
That as a competent keyless citizen he had proceeded energetically from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void.

In what order of precedence, with what attendant ceremony was the exodus from the house of bondage to the wilderness of inhabitation effected?

Lighted Candle in Stick borne by
BLOOM.
Diaconal Hat on Ashplant borne by
STEPHEN.

With what intonation *secreto* of what commemorative psalm?
The 113th, *modus peregrinus: In exitu Israël de Egypto: domus Jacob de populo barbaro.*

What did each do at the door of egress?
Bloom set the candlestick on the floor. Stephen put the hat on his head.

For what creature was the door of egress a door of ingress?
For a cat.

What spectacle confronted them when they, first the host, then the guest, emerged silently, doubly dark, from obscurity by a passage from the rere of the house into the penumbra of the garden?
The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.

With what meditations did Bloom accompany his demonstration to his companion of various constellations?
Meditations of evolution increasingly vaster: of the moon invisible in incipient lunation, approaching perigee: of the infinite lattiginous scintillating uncondensed milky way, discernible by daylight by an observer placed at the lower end of a cylindrical vertical shaft 5000 ft deep sunk from the surface towards the centre of the earth: of Sirius (alpha in Canis Major) 10 lightyears (57,000, 000, 000, 000 miles) distant and in volume 900 times the dimension of our planet: of Arcturus: of the precession of equinoxes: of Orion with belt and sextuple sun theta and nebula in which 100 of our solar systems could be contained: of moribund and of nascent new stars such as Nova in 1901: of our system plunging towards the constellation of Hercules: of the parallax or parallactic drift of socalled fixed stars, in reality evermoving from immeasurably remote eons to infinitely remote futures in comparison with which the years, threescore and ten, of allotted human life formed a parenthesis of infinitesimal brevity.

Were there obverse meditations of involution increasingly less vast?
Of the eons of geological periods recorded in the stratifications of the earth: of the myriad minute entomological organic existences concealed in cavities of the earth, beneath removable stones, in hives and mounds, of microbes, germs, bacteria, bacilli, spermatozoa: of the incalculable trillions of billions of millions of imperceptible molecules contained by cohesion of molecular affinity in a single pinhead: of the universe of human serum constellated with red and white bodies, themselves universes of void space constellated with other bodies, each, in continuity, its universe of divisible component bodies of which each was again

divisible in divisions of redivisible component bodies, dividends and divisors ever diminishing without actual division till, if the progress were carried far enough, nought nowhere was never reached.

Why did he not elaborate these calculations to a more precise result?

Because some years previously in 1886 when occupied with the problem of the quadrature of the circle he had learned of the existence of a number computed to a relative degree of accuracy to be of such magnitude and of so many places, e.g., the 9th power of the 9th power of 9, that, the result having been obtained, 33 closely printed volumes of 1000 pages each of innumerable quires and reams of India paper would have to be requisitioned in order to contain the complete tale of its printed integers of units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, billions, the nucleus of the nebula of every digit of every series containing succinctly the potentiality of being raised to the utmost kinetic elaboration of any power of any of its powers. 1 2 3

Did he find the problem of the inhabitability of the planets and their satellites by a race, given in species, and of the possible social and moral redemption of said race by a redeemer, easier of solution?

Of a different order of difficulty. Conscious that the human organism, normally capable of sustaining an atmospheric pressure of 19 tons, when elevated to a considerable altitude in the terrestrial atmosphere suffered with arithmetical progression of intensity, according as the line of demarcation between troposphere and statosphere was approximated, from nasal hemorrhage, impeded respiration and vertigo, when proposing this problem for solution he had conjectured as a working hypothesis which could not be proved impossible that a more adaptable and differently anatomically constructed race of beings might subsist otherwise under Martian, Mercurial, Veneral, Jovian, Saturnian, Neptunian or Uranian sufficient and equivalent conditions, though an apogean humanity of beings created in varying forms with finite differences resulting similar to the whole and to one another would probably there as here remain inalterably and inalienably attached to vanities, to vanities of vanities and all that is vanity. 4 5 6

And the problem of possible redemption?

The minor was proved by the major. 7

Which various features of the constellations were in turn considered?

The various colours significant of various degrees of vitality (white, yellow, crimson, vermilion, cinnabar): their degrees of brilliancy: their magnitudes revealed up to and including the 7th: their positions: the waggoner's star: Walsingham way: the chariot of David: the annular cinctures of Saturn: the condensation of spiral nebulae into suns: the interdependent gyrations of double suns: the independent synchronous discoveries of Galileo, Simon Marius, Piazzi, Le Verrier, Herschel, Galle: the systematisations attempted by Bode and Kepler of cubes of distances and squares of times of revolution: the almost infinite compressibility of hirsute comets and their vast elliptical egressive and reentrant orbits from perihelion 8-9 10 11-12 13-15 16-17 18-20 21-22 23 24

1-2 to aphelion: the sidereal origin of meteoric stones: the Libyan floods on Mars
3 about the period of the birth of the younger astroscopist: the annual recurrence of meteoric showers about the period of the feast of S. Lawrence (martyr, 10
4 August): the monthly recurrence known as the new moon with the old moon in
5 her arms: the posited influence of celestial on human bodies: the appearance of a star (1st magnitude) of exceeding brilliancy dominating by night and day (a new luminous sun generated by the collision and amalgamation in incandescence of two nonluminous exsuns) about the period of the birth of William Shakespeare over delta in the recumbent neversetting constellation of Cassiopeia and of a star (2nd magnitude) of similar origin but lesser brilliancy which had appeared in
6 and disappeared from the constellation of the Corona Septentrionalis about the period of the birth of Leopold Bloom and of other stars of (presumably) similar origin which had (effectively or presumably) appeared in and disappeared from
7 the constellation of Andromeda about the period of the birth of Stephen Dedalus,
8 and in and from the constellation of Auriga some years after the birth and death of Rudolph Bloom, junior, and in and from other constellations some years before or after the birth or death of other persons: the attendant phenomena of eclipses, solar
9 and lunar, from immersion to emersion, abatement of wind, transit of shadow, taciturnity of winged creatures, emergence of nocturnal or crepuscular animals, persistence of infernal light, obscurity of terrestrial waters, pallor of human beings.

His (Bloom's) logical conclusion, having weighed the matter and allowing for possible error?

That it was not a heaventree, not a heavengrot, not a heavenbeast, not a heaven-
10 man. That it was a Utopia, there being no known method from the known to the unknown: an infinity, renderable equally finite by the suppositious probable apposition of one or more bodies equally of the same and of different magnitudes: a mobility of illusory forms immobilised in space, remobilised in air: a past which possibly had ceased to exist as a present before its future spectators had entered actual present existence.

Was he more convinced of the esthetic value of the spectacle?

Indubitably in consequence of the reiterated examples of poets in the delirium of the frenzy of attachment or in the abasement of rejection invoking ardent sympathetic constellations or the frigidity of the satellite of their planet.

Did he then accept as an article of belief the theory of astrological influences upon sublunary disasters?

It seemed to him as possible of proof as of confutation and the nomenclature
11 employed in its selenographical charts as attributable to verifiable intuition as
12 to fallacious analogy: the lake of dreams, the sea of rains, the gulf of dews, the ocean of fecundity.

What special affinities appeared to him to exist between the moon and woman?

13 Her antiquity in preceding and surviving successive tellurian generations: her nocturnal predominance: her satellitic dependence: her luminary reflection: her constancy under all her phases, rising, and setting by her appointed times, waxing

and waning: the forced invariability of her aspect: her indeterminate response to 1
inaffirmative interrogation: her potency over effluent and refluent waters: her
power to enamour, to mortify, to invest with beauty, to render insane, to incite to 2
and aid delinquency: the tranquil inscrutability of her visage: the terribility of her 3
isolated dominant implacable resplendent propinquity: her omens of tempest and
of calm: the stimulation of her light, her motion and her presence: the admonition
of her craters, her arid seas, her silence: her splendour, when visible: her attraction,
when invisible.

What visible luminous sign attracted Bloom's, who attracted Stephen's gaze?

In the second storey (rere) of his (Bloom's) house the light of a paraffin oil lamp
with oblique shade projected on a screen of roller blind supplied by Frank O'Hara, 4
window blind, curtain pole and revolving shutter manufacturer, 16 Aungier street.

How did he elucidate the mystery of an invisible person, his wife Marion (Molly)
Bloom, denoted by a visible splendid sign, a lamp?

With indirect and direct verbal allusions or affirmations: with subdued affection
and admiration: with description: with impediment: with suggestion.

Both then were silent?

Silent, each contemplating the other in both mirrors of the reciprocal flesh of
theirhisnothis fellowfaces.

Were they indefinitely inactive?

At Stephen's suggestion, at Bloom's instigation both, first Stephen, then Bloom,
in penumbra urinated, their sides contiguous, their organs of micturition recipro-
cally rendered invisible by manual circumposition, their gazes, first Bloom's, then
Stephen's, elevated to the projected luminous and semiluminous shadow.

Similarly?

The trajectories of their, first sequent, then simultaneous, urinations were
dissimilar: Bloom's longer, less irruent, in the incomplete form of the bifurcated 5
penultimate alphabetical letter who in his ultimate year at High School (1880) had 6
been capable of attaining the point of greatest altitude against the whole concurrent
strength of the institution, 210 scholars: Stephen's higher, more sibilant, who in
the ultimate hours of the previous day had augmented by diuretic consumption
an insistent vesical pressure.

What different problems presented themselves to each concerning the invisible
audible collateral organ of the other?

To Bloom: the problems of irritability, tumescence, rigidity, reactivity, dimension,
sanitariness, pelosity. To Stephen: the problem of the sacerdotal integrity of Jesus 7-8
circumcised (1st January, holiday of obligation to hear mass and abstain from 9
unnecessary servile work) and the problem as to whether the divine prepuce, 10
the carnal bridal ring of the holy Roman catholic apostolic church, conserved
in Calcata, were deserving of simple hyperduly or of the fourth degree of latria
accorded to the abscission of such divine excrescences as hair and toenails.

What celestial sign was by both simultaneously observed?

1 A star precipitated with great apparent velocity across the firmament from Vega in the Lyre above the zenith beyond the stargroup of the Tress of Berenice towards the zodiacal sign of Leo.

How did the centripetal remainer afford egress to the centrifugal departer?

2 By inserting the barrel of an arruginated male key in the hole of an unstable female lock, obtaining a purchase on the bow of the key and turning its wards from right to left, withdrawing a bolt from its staple, pulling inward spasmodically an obsolescent unhinged door and revealing an aperture for free egress and free ingress.

How did they take leave, one of the other, in separation?

3 Standing perpendicular at the same door and on different sides of its base, the lines of their valedictory arms, meeting at any point and forming any angle less than the sum of two right angles.

What sound accompanied the union of their tangent, the disunion of their (respectively) centrifugal and centripetal hands?

The sound of the peal of the hour of the night by the chime of the bells in the

4 church of Saint George.

What echoes of that sound were by both and each heard?

By Stephen:

5 *Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet.*
Iubilantium te virginum. Chorus excipiat.

By Bloom:

6 *Heigho, heigho,*
Heigho, heigho.

Where were the several members of the company which with Bloom that day at the bidding of that peal had travelled from Sandymount in the south to Glasnevin in the north?

Martin Cunningham (in bed), Jack Power (in bed), Simon Dedalus (in bed), Tom Kernan (in bed), Ned Lambert (in bed), Joe Hynes (in bed), John Henry Menton (in

7 bed), Bernard Corrigan (in bed), Patsy Dignam (in bed), Paddy Dignam (in the grave).

Alone, what did Bloom hear?

The double reverberation of retreating feet on the heavenborn earth, the double vibration of a jew's harp in the resonant lane.

Alone, what did Bloom feel?

8 The cold of interstellar space, thousands of degrees below freezing point or the
9 absolute zero of Fahrenheit, Centigrade or Réaumur: the incipient intimations of
10 proximate dawn.

Of what did bellchime and handtouch and footstep and lonechill remind him?

Of companions now in various manners in different places defunct: Percy Apjohn (killed in action, Modder River), Philip Gilligan (phthisis, Jervis Street hospital), Matthew F. Kane (accidental drowning, Dublin Bay), Philip Moisel (pyemia, Heytesbury street), Michael Hart (phthisis, Mater Misericordiæ hospital), Patrick Dignam (apoplexy, Sandymount). 1 2 3-4 5

What prospect of what phenomena inclined him to remain?

The disparition of three final stars, the diffusion of daybreak, the apparition of a new solar disk. 6-7

Had he ever been a spectator of those phenomena?

Once, in 1887 after a protracted performance of charades in the house of Luke Doyle, Kimmage, he had awaited with patience the apparition of the diurnal phenomenon, seated on a wall, his gaze turned in the direction of Mizrach, the east. 8 9

He remembered the initial paraphenomena?

More active air, a matutinal distant cock, ecclesiastical clocks at various points, avine music, the isolated tread of an early wayfarer, the visible diffusion of the light of an invisible luminous body, the first golden limb of the resurgent sun perceptible low on the horizon.

Did he remain?

With deep inspiration he returned, retraversing the garden, reentering the passage, reclosing the door. With brief suspiration he reassumed the candle, reascended the stairs, reapproached the door of the front room, hallfloor, and reentered.

What suddenly arrested his ingress?

The right temporal lobe of the hollow sphere of his cranium came into contact with a solid timber angle where, an infinitesimal but sensible fraction of a second later, a painful sensation was located in consequence of antecedent sensations transmitted and registered.

Describe the alterations effected in the disposition of the articles of furnitures?

A sofa upholstered in prune plush had been translocated from opposite the door to the ingleside near the compactly furled Union Jack (an alteration which he had frequently intended to execute): the blue and white checker inlaid majolicatopped table had been placed opposite the door in the place vacated by the prune plush sofa: the walnut sideboard (a projecting angle of which had momentarily arrested his ingress) had been moved from its position beside the door to a more advantageous but more perilous position in front of the door: two chairs had been moved from right and left of the ingleside to the position originally occupied by the blue and white checker inlaid majolicatopped table. 10

Describe them.

One: a squat stuffed easychair with stout arms extended and back slanted to the rere, which, repelled in recoil, had then upturned an irregular fringe of a

rectangular rug and now displayed on its amply upholstered seat a centralised diffusing and diminishing discolouration. The other: a slender splayfoot chair of glossy cane curves, placed directly opposite the former, its frame from top to seat and from seat to base being varnished dark brown, its seat being a bright circle of white plaited rush.

What significances attached to these two chairs?

Significances of similitude, of posture, of symbolism, of circumstantial evidence,
1 of testimonial supermanence.

What occupied the position originally occupied by the sideboard?

2 A vertical piano (Cadby) with exposed keyboard, its closed coffin supporting a pair of long yellow ladies' gloves and an emerald ashtray containing four consumed matches, a partly consumed cigarette and two discoloured ends of cigarettes, its
3 musicrest supporting the music in the key of G natural for voice and piano of *Love's Old Sweet Song* (words by G. Clifton Bingham, composed by J. L. Molloy, sung by
4-5 Madam Antoinette Sterling) open at the last page with the final indications *ad*
6-11 *libitum*, *forte*, pedal, *animato*, sustained, pedal, *ritirando*, close.

With what sensations did Bloom contemplate in rotation these objects?

With strain, elevating a candlestick: with pain, feeling on his right temple a contused tumescence: with attention, focusing his gaze on a large dull passive and slender bright active: with solicitation, bending and downturning the upturned rugfringe: with amusement, remembering Dr Malachi Mulligan's scheme of colour containing the gradation of green: with pleasure, repeating the words and antecedent act and perceiving through various channels of internal sensibility the consequent and concomitant tepid pleasant diffusion of gradual discolouration.

His next proceeding?

12 From an open box on the majolicatopped table he extracted a black diminutive cone, one inch in height, placed it on its circular base on a small tin plate, placed his candlestick on the right corner of the mantelpiece, produced from his waistcoat
13 a folded page of prospectus (illustrated) entitled Agendath Netaim, unfolded the same, examined it superficially, rolled it into a thin cylinder, ignited it in the candleflame, applied it when ignited to the apex of the cone till the latter reached
14 the stage of rutilance, placed the cylinder in the basin of the candlestick disposing its unconsumed part in such a manner as to facilitate total combustion.

What followed this operation?

That truncated conical crater summit of the diminutive volcano emitted a vertical and serpentine fume redolent of aromatic oriental incense.

What homothetic objects, other than the candlestick, stood on the mantelpiece?

15 A timepiece of striated Connemara marble, stopped at the hour of 4.46 a. m.
16 on the 21 March 1896, matrimonial gift of Matthew Dillon: a dwarf tree of glacial
17 arborescence under a transparent bellshade, matrimonial gift of Luke and Caroline
18 Doyle: an embalmed owl, matrimonial gift of Alderman John Hooper.

What interchanges of looks took place between these three objects and Bloom?

In the mirror of the giltbordered pierglass the undecorated back of the dwarf tree regarded the upright back of the embalmed owl. Before the mirror the matrimonial gift of Alderman John Hooper with a clear melancholy wise bright motionless compassionate gaze regarded Bloom while Bloom with obscure tranquil profound motionless compassionated gaze regarded the matrimonial gift of Luke and Caroline Doyle. 1

What composite asymmetrical image in the mirror then attracted his attention?

The image of a solitary (ipsorelative) mutable (aliorelative) man. 2

Why solitary (ipsorelative)?

Brothers and sisters had he none, 3
Yet that man's father was his grandfather's son.

Why mutable (aliorelative)?

From infancy to maturity he had resembled his maternal procreatrix. From maturity to senility he would increasingly resemble his paternal creator.

What final visual impression was communicated to him by the mirror?

The optical reflection of several inverted volumes improperly arranged and not in the order of their common letters with scintillating titles on the two bookshelves opposite.

Catalogue these books.

Thom's Dublin Post Office Directory, 1886. 4

Denis Florence M'Carthy's *Poetical Works* (copper beechleaf bookmark at p. 5). 5

Shakespeare's *Works* (dark crimson morocco, goldtooled).

The Useful Ready Reckoner (brown cloth). 6

The Secret History of the Court of Charles II (red cloth, tooled binding). 7

The Child's Guide (blue cloth). 8

When We Were Boys by William O'Brien M. P. (green cloth, slightly faded, envelope bookmark at p. 217). 9

Thoughts from Spinoza (maroon leather). 10

The Story of the Heavens by Sir Robert Ball (blue cloth). 11

Ellis's *Three Trips to Madagascar* (brown cloth, title obliterated). 12

The Stark-Munro Letters by A. Conan Doyle, property of the City of Dublin Public Library, 106 Capel Street, lent 21 May (Whitsun Eve) 1904, due 4 June 1904, 13 days overdue (black cloth binding, bearing white letternumber ticket). 13-14 15-16

Voyages in China by 'Viator' (recovered with brown paper, red ink title). 17

Philosophy of the Talmud (sewn pamphlet). 18

Lockhart's *Life of Napoleon* (cover wanting, marginal annotations, minimising victories, aggrandising defeats of the protagonist). 19

Soll und Haben by Gustav Freytag (black boards, Gothic characters, cigarette coupon bookmark at p. 24). 20

Hozier's *History of the Russo-Turkish War* (brown cloth, 2 volumes, with gummed label, Garrison Library, Governor's Parade, Gibraltar, on verso of cover). 21 22

1 *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* by William Allingham (second edition, green cloth, gilt trefoil design, previous owner's name on recto of flyleaf erased).
2 *A Handbook of Astronomy* (cover, brown leather, detached, 5 plates, antique
3 letterpress long primer, author's footnotes nonpareil, marginal clues brevier, captions small pica).
4 *The Hidden Life of Christ* (black boards).
5-6 *In the Track of the Sun* (yellow cloth, titlepage missing, recurrent title intestation).
7 *Physical Strength and How to Obtain It* by Eugen Sandow (red cloth).
8 *Short but yet Plain Elements of Geometry* written in French by F. Ignat. Pardies and rendered into Engliſh by John Harris D. D. London, printed for R. Knaplock at the Biſhop's Head MDCCXI, with dedicatory epiſtle to his worthy friend Charles Cox, eſquire, Member of Parliament for the burgh of Southwark and having ink calligraphed statement on the flyleaf certifying that the book
9 was the property of Michael Gallagher, dated this 10th day of May 1822 and requeſting the perſon who should find it, if the book should be loſt or go aſtray, to reſtore it to Michal Gallagher, carpenter, Dufery Gate, Enniſcorthy, county Wicklow, the fineſt place in the world.

What reflections occupied his mind during the process of reversion of the inverted volumes?

The necessity of order, a place for everything and everything in its place: the deficient appreciation of literature possessed by females: the incongruity of an
10-11 apple incuneated in a tumbler and of an umbrella inclined in a closestool: the insecurity of hiding any secret document behind, beneath or between the pages of a book.

Which volume was the largest in bulk?

12 Hozier's *History of the Russo-Turkish War.*

What among other data did the second volume of the work in question contain?

The name of a decisive battle (forgotten), frequently remembered by a decisive officer, major Brian Cooper Tweedy (remembered).

Why, firstly and secondly, did he not consult the work in question?

13 Firstly, in order to exercise mnemotechnic: secondly, because after an interval of amnesia, when seated at the central table, about to consult the work in question,
14 he remembered by mnemotechnic the name of the military engagement, Plevna.

What caused him consolation in his sitting posture?

The candour, nudity, pose, tranquillity, youth, grace, sex, counsel of a statue
15 erect in the centre of the table, an image of Narcissus purchased by auction from
16 P. A. Wren, 9 Bachelor's Walk.

What caused him irritation in his sitting posture?

17 Inhibitory pressure of collar (size 17) and waistcoat (5 buttons), two articles of clothing superfluous in the costume of mature males and inelastic to alterations of mass by expansion.

How was the irritation allayed?

He removed his collar, with contained black necktie and collapsible stud, from his neck to a position on the left of the table. He unbuttoned successively in reversed direction waistcoat, trousers, shirt and vest along the medial line of irregular incrispated black hairs extending in triangular convergence from the pelvic basin over the circumference of the abdomen and umbilicular fossicle along the medial line of nodes to the intersection of the sixth pectoral vertebræ, thence produced both ways at right angles and terminating in circles described about two equidistant points, right and left, on the summits of the mammary prominences. He unbraced successively each of six minus one braced trouser buttons, arranged in pairs, of which one incomplete.

What involuntary actions followed?

He compressed between 2 fingers the flesh circumjacent to a cicatrice in the left infracostal region below the diaphragm resulting from a sting inflicted 2 weeks and 3 days previously (23 May 1904) by a bee. He scratched imprecisely with his right hand, though insensible of prurition, various points and surfaces of his partly exposed, wholly abluted skin. He inserted his left hand into the left lower pocket of his waistcoat and extracted and replaced a silver coin (1 shilling), placed there (presumably) on the occasion (17 October 1903) of the interment of Mrs Emily Sinico, Sydney Parade.

Compile the budget for 16 June 1904.

Debit

	£.	s.	d.
1 Pork kidney	0.	0.	3
1 Copy *Freeman's Journal*	0.	0.	1
1 Bath and gratification	0.	1.	6
Tramfare	0.	0.	1
1 In Memoriam Patrick Dignam	0.	5.	0
2 Banbury cakes	0.	0.	1
1 Lunch	0.	0.	7
1 Renewal fee for book	0.	1.	0
1 Packet notepaper and envelopes	0.	0.	2
1 Dinner and gratification	0.	2.	0
1 Postal order and stamp	0.	2.	8
Tramfare	0.	0.	1
1 Pig's Foot	0.	0.	4
1 Sheep's Trotter	0.	0.	3
1 Cake Fry's plain chocolate	0.	0.	1
1 Square soda bread	0.	0.	4
1 Coffee and bun	0.	0.	4
Loan (Stephen Dedalus) refunded	1.	7.	0
BALANCE	0.	17.	5
£	2.	19.	3

Credit

	£.	s.	d.
Cash in hand	0.	4.	9
Commission recd. *Freeman's Journal*	1.	7.	6
Loan (Stephen Dedalus)	1.	7.	0
£	2.	19.	3

Did the process of divestiture continue?

Sensible of a benignant persistent ache in his footsoles he extended his foot to one side and observed the creases, protuberances and salient points caused by foot pressure in the course of walking repeatedly in several different direc-
1 tions, then, inclined, he disnoded the laceknots, unhooked and loosened the laces, took off each of his two boots for the second time, detached the partially moistened right sock through the fore part of which the nail of his great toe
2 had again effracted, raised his right foot and, having unhooked a purple elastic sock suspender, took off his right sock, placed his unclothed right foot on the margin of the seat of his chair, picked at and gently lacerated the protruding part of the great toenail, raised the part lacerated to his nostrils and inhaled the
3 odour of the quick, then with satisfaction threw away the lacerated unguical fragment.

Why with satisfaction?

Because the odour inhaled corresponded to other odours inhaled of other
4 unguical fragments, picked and lacerated by Master Bloom, pupil of Mrs Ellis's juvenile school, patiently each night in the act of brief genuflection and nocturnal prayer and ambitious meditation.

In what ultimate ambition had all concurrent and consecutive ambitions now coalesced?

5 Not to inherit by right of primogeniture, gavelkind or borough English, or
6 possess in perpetuity an extensive demesne of a sufficient number of acres, roods
7-8 and perches, statute land measure (valuation £42), of grazing turbary surrounding a baronial hall with gatelodge and carriage drive nor, on the other hand, a
9-10 terracehouse or semidetached villa, described as *Rus in Urbe* or *Qui si Sana*, but to purchase by private treaty in fee simple a thatched bungalowshaped 2 storey dwellinghouse of southerly aspect, surmounted by vane and lightning conductor,
11 connected with the earth, with porch covered by parasitic plants (ivy or Virginia creeper), halldoor, olive green, with smart carriage finish and neat doorbrasses, stucco front with gilt tracery at eaves and gable, rising, if possible, upon a gentle eminence with agreeable prospect from balcony with stone pillar parapet over unoccupied and unoccupyable interjacent pastures and standing in 5 or 6 acres of its own ground, at such a distance from the nearest public thoroughfare as to render its houselights visible at night above and through a quickset hornbeam hedge of topiary cutting, situate at a given point not less than 1 statute mile from the periphery of the metropolis, within a time limit of not more than 5 minutes
12 from tram or train line (e. g., Dundrum, south, or Sutton, north, both localities equally reported by trial to resemble the terrestrial poles in being favourable
13-14 climates for phthisical subjects), the premises to be held under feefarmgrant, lease
15 999 years, the messuage to consist of 1 drawingroom with baywindow (2 lancets), thermometer affixed, 1 sittingroom, 4 bedrooms, 2 servant's rooms, tiled kitchen with close range and scullery, lounge hall fitted with linen wallpresses, fumed oak
16 sectional bookcase containing the Encyclopaedia Britannica and New Century Dictionary, transverse obsolete medieval and oriental weapons, dinner gong, alabaster lamp, bowl pendant, vulcanite automatic telephone receiver with adjacent

directory, handtufted Axminster carpet with cream ground and trellis border, loo 1-2
table with pillar and claw legs, hearth with massive firebrasses and ormolu mantel 3
chronometer clock, guaranteed timekeeper with cathedral chime, barometer with hygrographic chart, comfortable lounge settees and corner fitments, upholstered in ruby plush with good springing and sunk centre, three banner Japanese screen and cuspidors (club style, rich winecoloured leather, gloss renewable with a minimum of labour by use of linseed oil and vinegar) and pyramidically prismatic central chandelier lustre, bentwood perch with a fingertame parrot (expurgated language), 4
embossed mural paper at 10/- per dozen with transverse swags of carmine floral design and top crown frieze, staircase, three continuous flights at successive right angles, of varnished cleargrained oak, treads and risers, newel, balusters and handrail, with steppedup panel dado, dressed with camphorated wax, bathroom, hot and cold supply, reclining and shower: water closet on mezzanine provided with opaque singlepane oblong window, tipup seat, bracket lamp, brass tierod brace, armrests, footstool and artistic oleograph on inner face of door: ditto, plain: 5
servant's apartments with separate sanitary and hygienic necessaries for cook, general and betweenmaid (salary, rising by biennial unearned increments of £2, 6
with comprehensive fidelity insurance annual bonus (£1) and retiring allowance (based on the 65 system) after 30 years' service), pantry, buttery, larder, refrigerator, outoffices, coal and wood cellarage with winebin (still and sparkling vintages) for distinguished guests, if entertained to dinner (evening dress), carbon monoxide gas supply throughout.

What additional attractions might the grounds contain?

As addenda, a tennis and fives court, a shrubbery, a glass summerhouse 7
with tropical palms, equipped in the best botanical manner, a rockery with waterspray, a beehive arranged on humane principles, oval flowerbeds in rectangular grassplots set with eccentric ellipses of scarlet and chrome tulips, blue scillas, crocuses, polyanthus, sweet William, sweet pea, lily of the valley, (bulbs obtainable from sir James W. Mackey (Limited) [wholesale and retail] seed 8
and bulb merchant and nurseryman, agent for chemical manures, 23 Sackville street, upper), an orchard, kitchen garden and vinery, protected against illegal trespassers by glasstopped mural enclosures, a lumbershed with padlock for various inventoried implements.

As?

Eeltraps, lobsterpots, fishingrods, hatchet, steelyard, grindstone, clodcrusher, swatheturner, carriagesack, telescope ladder, 10 tooth rake, washing clogs, hayted-der, tumbling rake, billhook, paintpot, brush, hoe and so on.

What improvements might be subsequently introduced?

A rabbitry and fowlrun, a dovecote, a botanical conservatory, 2 hammocks (lady's and gentleman's), a sundial shaded and sheltered by laburnum or lilac trees, an exotically harmonically accorded Japanese tinkle gatebell affixed to left lateral gatepost, a capacious waterbutt, a lawnmower with side delivery and grassbox, a lawnsprinkler with hydraulic hose.

What facilities of transit were desirable?

When citybound frequent connection by train or tram from their respective intermediate station or terminal. When countrybound velocipedes, a chainless freewheel roadster cycle with side basketcar attached, or draught conveyance, a donkey with
1-2 wicker trap or smart phaeton with good working solidungular cob (roan gelding, 14h).

3 What might be the name of this erigible or erected residence?

4 Bloom Cottage. Saint Leopold's. Flowerville.

Could Bloom of 7 Eccles street foresee Bloom of Flowerville?

In loose allwool garments with Harris tweed cap, price 8/6, and useful garden boots with elastic gussets and wateringcan, planting aligned young firtrees, syringing, pruning, staking, sowing hayseed, trundling a weedladen wheelbarrow without excessive fatigue at sunset amid the scent of newmown hay, ameliorating the soil, multiplying wisdom, achieving longevity.

What syllabus of intellectual pursuits was simultaneously possible?

Snapshot photography, comparative study of religions, folklore relative to various amatory and superstitious practices, contemplation of the celestial constellations.

What lighter recreations?

5 Outdoor: garden and fieldwork, cycling on level macadamised causeways, ascents of moderately high hills, natation in secluded fresh water and unmolested river
6 boating in secure wherry or light curricle with kedge anchor on reaches free from
7-8 weirs and rapids (period of estivation), vespertinal perambulation or equestrian circumprocession with inspection of sterile landscape and contrastingly agreeable cottager's fires of smoking peat turves (period of hibernation). Indoor discussion in tepid security of unsolved historical and criminal problems: lecture of unexpurgated exotic erotic masterpieces: house carpentry with toolbox containing hammer, awl, nails, screws, tintacks, gimlet, tweezers, bullnose plane and turnscrew.

Might he become a gentleman farmer of field produce and live stock?

9 Not impossibly, with 1 or 2 stripper cows, 1 pike of upland hay and requisite farming implements, e. g., an end-to-end churn, a turnip pulper etc.

What would be his civic functions and social status among the county families and landed gentry?

Arranged successively in ascending powers of hierarchical order, that of gardener,
10 groundsman, cultivator, breeder, and at the zenith of his career, resident magistrate
11 or justice of the peace with a family crest and coat of arms and appropriate classical
12-13 motto *(Semper paratus)*, duly recorded in the court directory (Bloom, Leopold P., M. P., P. C., K. P., L. L. D. *honoris causa*, Bloomville, Dundrum) and mentioned in court and fashionable intelligence (Mr and Mrs Leopold Bloom have left Kingstown for England).

What course of action did he outline for himself in such capacity?

A course that lay between undue clemency and excessive rigour: the dispensation in a heterogeneous society of arbitrary classes, incessantly rearranged in terms

of greater and lesser social inequality, of unbiassed homogeneous indisputable justice, tempered with mitigants of the widest possible latitude but exactable to the uttermost farthing with confiscation of estate, real and personal, to the crown. Loyal to the highest constituted power in the land, actuated by an innate love of rectitude his aims would be the strict maintenance of public order, the repression of many abuses though not of all simultaneously (every measure of reform or retrenchment being a preliminary solution to be contained by fluxion in the final solution), the upholding of the letter of the law (common, statute and law merchant) against all traversers in covin and trespassers acting in contravention of bylaws and regulations, all resuscitators (by trespass and petty larceny of kindlings) of venville rights, obsolete by desuetude, all orotund instigators of international persecution, all perpetuators of international animosities, all menial molestors of domestic conviviality, all recalcitrant violators of domestic connubiality. 1 2 3-4

Prove that he had loved rectitude from his earliest youth.

To master Percy Apjohn at High School in 1880 he had divulged his disbelief in the tenets of the Irish (protestant) church (to which his father Rudolf Virag, later Rudolph Bloom, had been converted from the Israelitic faith and communion in 1865 by the Society for promoting Christianity among the jews) subsequently abjured by him in favour of Roman catholicism at the epoch of and with a view to his matrimony in 1888. To Daniel Magrane and Francis Wade in 1882 during a juvenile friendship (terminated by the premature emigration of the former) he had advocated during nocturnal perambulations the political theory of colonial (e. g. Canadian) expansion and the evolutionary theories of Charles Darwin, expounded in *The Descent of Man* and *The Origin of Species*. In 1885 he had publicly expressed his adherence to the collective and national economic programme advocated by James Fintan Lalor, John Fisher Murray, John Mitchel, J. F. X. O'Brien and others, the agrarian policy of Michael Davitt, the constitutional agitation of Charles Stewart Parnell (M. P. for Cork City), the programme of peace, retrenchment and reform of William Ewart Gladstone (M. P. for Midlothian, N. B.) and, in support of his political convictions, had climbed up into a secure position amid the ramifications of a tree on Northumberland road to see the entrance (2 February 1888) into the capital of a demonstrative torchlight procession of 20,000, divided into 120 trade corporations, bearing 2,000 torches in escort of the marquess of Ripon and John Morley. 5 6 7 8 9 10-13 14-15 16-17 18 19-20

How much and how did he propose to pay for this country residence?

As per prospectus of the Industrious Foreign Acclimatised Nationalised Friendly Stateaided Building Society (incorporated 1874), a maximum of £60 per annum, being 1/6th of an assured income, derived from giltedged securities, representing at 5% simple interest on capital of £1,200 (estimate of price at 20 years purchase) of which 1/3rd to be paid on acquisition and the balance in the form of annual rent, viz. £800 plus 2 1/2% interest on the same, repayable quarterly in equal annual instalments until extinction by amortisation of loan advanced for purchase within a period of 20 years, amounting to an annual rental of £64, headrent included, the titledeeds to remain in possession of the lender or lenders with a saving clause envisaging forced sale, foreclosure and mutual compensation in the 21 22

event of protracted failure to pay the terms assigned, otherwise the messuage to become the absolute property of the tenant occupier upon expiry of the period of years stipulated.

What rapid but insecure means to opulence might facilitate immediate purchase?

1 A private wireless telegraph which would transmit by dot and dash system the result of a national equine handicap (flat or steeplechase) of 1 or more miles and furlongs won by an outsider at odds of 50 to 1 at 3 hr. 8 m. p. m. at Ascot (Greenwich time) the message being received and available for betting purposes in Dublin at 2. 59 p. m. (Dunsink time). The unexpected discovery of an object of great monetary value: precious stone, valuable adhesive or impressed postage 2-3 stamps (7-shilling, mauve, imperforate, Hamburg, 1866: 4 pence, rose, blue paper 4 perforate, Great Britain, 1855: 1 franc, stone, official, rouletted, diagonal surcharge, Luxembourg, 1878), antique dynastical ring, unique relic in unusual repositories or by unusual means: from the air (dropped by an eagle in flight), by fire (amid the carbonised remains of an incendiated edifice), in the sea (amid flotsam, 5-6 jetsam, lagan and derelict), on earth (in the gizzard of a comestible fowl). A Spanish prisoner's donation of a distant treasure of valuables or specie or bullion lodged with a solvent banking corporation 100 years previously at 5% compound interest of the collective worth of £5,000,000 stg (five million pounds sterling). A contract with an inconsiderate contractee for the delivery of 32 consignments of some given commodity in consideration of cash payment on delivery at the initial rate of 1/4d. to be increased constantly in the geometrical progression of 7 2 (1/4d., 1/2d., 1d., 2d., 4d., 8d., 1s. 4d., 2s. 8d. to 32 terms). A prepared scheme 8 based on a study of the laws of probability to break the bank at Monte Carlo. 9 A solution of the secular problem of the quadrature of the circle, government premium £1,000,000 sterling.

Was vast wealth acquirable through industrial channels?

10 The reclamation of dunams of waste arenary soil, proposed in the prospectus 11 of Agendath Netaim, Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W.15, by the cultivation of orange plantations and melonfields and reafforestation. The utilisation of waste paper, fells of sewer rodents, human excrement possessing chemical properties, in view of the vast production of the first, vast number of the second and immense quantity of the third, every normal human being of average vitality and appetite producing annually, cancelling byproducts of water, a sum total of 80 lbs. (mixed animal 12 and vegetable diet), to be multiplied by 4,386,035 the total population of Ireland according to the census returns of 1901.

Were there schemes of wider scope?

13 A scheme to be formulated and submitted for approval to the harbour commissioners for the exploitation of white coal (hydraulic power), obtained by 14-15 hydroelectric plant at peak of tide at Dublin bar or at head of water at Poulaphouca 16-17 or Powerscourt or catchment basins of main streams for the economic produc- 18-19 tion of 500,000 W. H. P. of electricity. A scheme to enclose the peninsular delta of the North Bull at Dollymount and erect on the space of the foreland, used for golf links and rifle ranges, an asphalted esplanade with casinos, booths,

shooting galleries, hotels, boardinghouses, readingrooms, establishments for mixed bathing. A scheme for the use of dogvans and goatvans for the delivery of early morning milk. A scheme for the development of Irish tourist traffic in and around Dublin by means of petrolpropelled riverboats, plying in the fluvial 1
fairway between Island bridge and Ringsend, charabancs, narrow gauge local railways, and pleasure steamers for coastwise navigation [10/- per person per day, guide (trilingual) included]. A scheme for the repristination of passenger 2
and goods traffics over Irish waterways, when freed from weedbeds. A scheme 3
to connect by tramline the Cattle Market (North Circular road and Prussia street) with the quays (Sheriff street, lower, and East Wall), parallel with the Link line railway laid (in conjunction with the Great Southern and Western railway 4
line) between the cattle park, Liffey junction, and terminus of Midland Great 5
Western railway 43 to 45 North Wall, in proximity to the terminal stations or Dublin branches of Great Central Railway, Midland Railway of England, City of 6-8
Dublin Steam Packet Company, Lancashire Yorkshire Railway Company, Dublin 9-10
and Glasgow Steam Packet Company, Glasgow Dublin and Londonderry Steam 11
Packet Company (Laird line), British and Irish Steam Packet Company, Dublin 12-13
and Morecambe Steamers, London and North Western Railway Company, Dublin 14-15
Port and Docks Board Landing Sheds and transit sheds of Palgrave, Murphy 16
and Company, steamship owners, agents for steamers from Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium and Holland and for animal transport and of additional mileage operated by the Dublin United Tramways Company, limited, 17
to be covered by graziers' fees.

Positing what protasis would the contraction for such several schemes become 18
a natural and necessary apodosis?

Given a guarantee equal to the sum sought, the support, by deed of gift and transfer vouchers during donor's lifetime or by bequest after donor's painless extinction, of eminent financiers (Blum Pasha, Rothschild, Guggenheim, Hirsch, 19-22
Montefiore, Morgan, Rockefeller) possessing fortunes in 6 figures, amassed during 23-26
a successful life, and joining capital with opportunity the thing required was done.

What eventually would render him independent of such wealth?

The independent discovery of a goldseam of inexhaustible ore.

For what reason did he meditate on schemes so difficult of realisation?

It was one of his axioms that similar meditations or the automatic relation to himself of a narrative concerning himself or tranquil recollection of the past when practised habitually before retiring for the night alleviated fatigue and produced as a result sound repose and renovated vitality.

His justifications?

As a physicist he had learned that of the 70 years of complete human life at 27
least 2/7ths, viz., 20 years passed in sleep. As a philosopher he knew that at the termination of any allotted life only an infinitesimal part of any person's desires has been realised. As a physiologist he believed in the artificial placation of malignant agencies chiefly operative during somnolence.

What did he fear?

The committal of homicide or suicide during sleep by an aberration of the light of reason, the incommensurable categorical intelligence situated in the cerebral convolutions.

What were habitually his final meditations?

Of some one sole unique advertisement to cause passers to stop in wonder, a poster novelty, with all extraneous accretions excluded, reduced to its simplest and most efficient terms not exceeding the span of casual vision and congruous with the velocity of modern life.

What did the first drawer unlocked contain?

A Vere Foster's handwriting copybook, property of Milly (Millicent) Bloom, certain pages of which bore diagram drawings marked *Papli*, which showed a large globular head with 5 hairs erect, 2 eyes in profile, the trunk full front with 3 large buttons, 1 triangular foot: 2 fading photographs of queen Alexandra of England and of Maud Branscombe, actress and professional beauty: a Yuletide card bearing on it a pictorial representation of a parasitic plant, the legend *Mizpah*, the date Xmas 1892, the name of the senders, from Mr and Mrs M. Comerford, the versicle: *May this Yuletide bring to thee, Joy and peace and welcome glee:* a butt of red partly liquefied sealing wax, obtained from the stores department of Messrs Hely's, Ltd., 89, 90 and 91 Dame street: a box containing the remainder of a gross of gilt 'J' pennibs, obtained from same department of same firm: an old sandglass which rolled containing sand which rolled: a sealed prophecy (never unsealed) written by Leopold Bloom in 1886 concerning the consequences of the passing into law of William Ewart Gladstone's Home Rule bill of 1886 (never passed into law): a bazaar ticket N° 2004, of S. Kevin's Charity Fair, price 6d. 100 prizes: an infantile epistle, dated, small em monday, reading: capital pee Papli comma capital aitch How are you note of interrogation capital eye I am very well full stop new paragraph signature with flourishes capital em Milly no stop: a cameo brooch, property of Ellen Bloom (born Higgins), deceased: 3 typewritten letters, addressee, Henry Flower, c/o P. O. Westland Row, addresser, Martha Clifford, c/o P. O. Dolphin's Barn: the transliterated name and address of the addresser of the 3 letters in reserved alphabetic boustrophedontic punctated quadrilinear cryptogram (vowels suppressed) N. IGS. /WI.UU. OX /W. OKS. MH /Y. IM: a press cutting from an English weekly periodical *Modern Society*, subject corporal chastisement in girls' schools: a pink ribbon which had festooned an Easter egg in the year 1899: two partly uncoiled rubber preservatives with reserve pockets, purchased by post from Box 32, P. O., Charing Cross, London, W. C.: 1 pack of 1 dozen creamlaid envelopes and faintruled notepaper, watermarked, now reduced by 3: some assorted Austrian-Hungarian coins: 2 coupons of the Royal and Privileged Hungarian Lottery: a lowpower magnifying glass: 2 erotic photocards showing: a) buccal coition between nude señorita (rere presentation, superior position) and nude torero (fore presentation, inferior position): b) anal violation by male religious (fully clothed, eyes abject) of female religious (partly clothed, eyes direct), purchased by post from Box 32, P. O., Charing Cross, London, W. C.,: a press cutting of recipe for renovation of old tan boots: a 1d. adhesive stamp, lavender, of the reign

of Queen Victoria: a chart of measurements of Leopold Bloom compiled before, during and after 2 months of consecutive use of Sandow-Whiteley's pulley exerciser (men's 15 /-, athlete's 20 /-) viz., chest 28 in. and 29 1/2 in., biceps 9 in., and 10 in., forearm 8 1/2 and 9 in., thigh 10 in. and 12 in., calf 11 in. and 12 in.: 1 prospectus of the Wonderworker, the world's greatest remedy for rectal complaints direct from Wonderworker, Coventry House, South Place, London E. C., addressed to Mrs L. Bloom with brief accompanying note commencing: Dear Madam. 1 2 3

Quote the textual terms in which the prospectus claimed advantages for this thaumaturgic remedy. 4

It heals and soothes while you sleep, in case of trouble in breaking wind, assists nature in the most formidable way, insuring instant relief in discharge of gases, keeping parts clean and free natural action, an initial outlay of 7/6 making a new man of you and life worth living. Ladies find Wonderworker especially useful, a pleasant surprise when they note delightful result like a cool drink of fresh spring water on a sultry summer's day. Recommend it to your lady and gentlemen friends, lasts a lifetime. Insert long round end. Wonderworker.

Were there testimonials?

Numerous. From clergyman, British naval officer, wellknown author, city man, hospital nurse, lady, mother of five, absentminded beggar. 5

How did absentminded beggar's concluding testimonial conclude?

What a pity the government did not supply our men with wonderworkers during the South African campaign! What a relief it would have been! 6

What object did Bloom add to this collection of objects?

A 4th typewritten letter received by Henry Flower (let H. F. be L. B.) from Martha Clifford (find M. C.).

What pleasant reflection accompanied this action?

The reflection that, apart from the letter in question, his magnetic face, form and address had been favourably received during the course of the preceding day by a wife (Mrs Josephine Breen, born Josie Powell); a nurse, Miss Callan (Christian name unknown), a maid, Gertrude (Gerty, family name unknown). 7-8

What possibility suggested itself?

The possibility of exercising virile power of fascination in the most immediate future after an expensive repast in a private apartment in the company of an elegant courtesan, of corporal beauty, moderately mercenary, variously instructed, a lady by origin.

What did the 2nd drawer contain?

Documents: the birth certificate of Leopold Paula Bloom: an endowment assurance policy of £500 in the Scottish Widows' Assurance Society intestated Millicent (Milly) Bloom, coming into force at 25 years as with profit policy of £430, £462-10-0 and £500 at 60 years or death, 65 years or death and death, respectively, or with 9 10 11

profit policy (paidup) of £299-10-0 together with cash payment of £133-10-0, at
1 option: a bank passbook issued by the Ulster Bank, College Green branch showing
2 statement of a/c for half year ending 31 December 1903, balance in depositor's
3 favour: £18-14-6 (eighteen pounds, fourteen shillings and sixpence, sterling), net
4-5 personalty: certificate of possession of £900 Canadian 4% (inscribed) government
6 stock (free of stamp duty): dockets of the Catholic Cemeteries' (Glasnevin) Committee, relative to a graveplot purchased: a local press cutting concerning change of name by deedpoll.

Quote the textual terms of this notice.

7 I, Rudolph Virag, now resident at n° 52 Clanbrassil street, Dublin, formerly of
8 Szombathely in the kingdom of Hungary, hereby give notice that I have assumed and intend henceforth upon all occasions and at all times to be known by the name of Rudolph Bloom.

What other objects relative to Rudolph Bloom (born Virag) were in the 2nd drawer?

9 An indistinct daguerreotype of Rudolph Virag and his father Leopold Virag
10 executed in the year 1852 in the portrait atelier of their (respectively) 1st and
11-12 2nd cousin, Stefan Virag of Szesfehervar, Hungary. An ancient hagadah book
13 in which a pair of hornrimmed convex spectacles inserted marked the passage of thanksgiving in the ritual prayers for Pessach (Passover): a photocard of the
14 Queen's Hotel, Ennis, proprietor, Rudolph Bloom: an envelope addressed *To my Dear Son Leopold*.

What fractions of phrases did the lecture of those five whole words evoke?

Tomorrow will be a week that I received... it is no use Leopold to be... with your dear mother... that is not more to stand... to her... all for me is out... be kind
15-16 to Athos, Leopold... my dear son... always... of me... *das Herz... Gott... dein...*

What reminiscences of a human subject suffering from progressive melancholia did these objects evoke in Bloom?

An old man widower, unkempt hair, in bed, with head covered, sighing: an
17-18 infirm dog, Athos: aconite, resorted to by increasing doses of grains and scruples as a palliative of recrudescent neuralgia: the face in death of a septuagenarian suicide by poison.

Why did Bloom experience a sentiment of remorse?

Because in immature impatience he had treated with disrespect certain beliefs and practices.

As?

19-20 The prohibition of the use of fleshmeat and milk at one meal, the hebdoma-
21 dary symposium of incoordinately abstract, perfervidly concrete mercantile
22-23 coexreligionist excompatriots: the circumcision of male infants: the supernatural
24-25 character of Judaic scripture: the ineffability of the tetragrammaron: the sanctity of the sabbath.

How did these beliefs and practices now appear to him?

Not more rational than they had then appeared, not less rational than other beliefs and practices now appeared.

What first reminiscence had he of Rudolph Bloom (deceased)?

Rudolph Bloom (deceased) narrated to his son Leopold Bloom (aged 6) a retrospective arrangement of migrations and settlements in and between Dublin, London, Florence, Milan, Vienna, Budapest, Szombathely, with statements of satisfaction (his grandfather having seen Maria Theresa, empress of Austria, queen of Hungary), 1
with commercial advice (having taken care of pence, the pounds having taken care of themselves). Leopold Bloom (aged 6) had accompanied these narrations by constant consultation of a geographical map of Europe (political) and by suggestions for the establishment of affiliated business premises in the various centres mentioned.

Had time equally but differently obliterated the memory of these migrations in narrator and listener?

In narrator by the access of years and in consequence of the use of narcotic toxin: in listener by the access of years and in consequence of the action of distraction upon vicarious experiences.

What idiosyncrasies of the narrator were concomitant products of amnesia?

Occasionally he ate without having previously removed his hat. Occasionally he drank voraciously the juice of gooseberry fool from an inclined plate. Occasionally 2
he removed from his lips the traces of food by means of a lacerated envelope or other accessible fragment of paper.

What two phenomena of senescence were more frequent?

The myopic digital calculation of coins, eructation consequent upon repletion.

What object offered partial consolation for these reminiscences?

The endowment policy, the bank passbook, the certificate of the possession of scrip.

Reduce Bloom by cross multiplication of reverses of fortune, from which these supports protected him, and by elimination of all positive values to a negligible negative irrational unreal quantity. 3

Successively, in descending helotic order: Poverty: that of the outdoor hawker of 4
imitation jewellery, the dun for the recovery of bad and doubtful debts, the poor 5-6
rate and deputy cess collector. Mendicancy: that of the fraudulent bankrupt with 7
negligible assets paying 1s. 4d. in the £, sandwichman, distributor of throwaways, nocturnal vagrant, insinuating sycophant, maimed sailor, blind stripling, superannuated bailiff's man, marfeast, lickplate, spoilsport, pickthank, eccentric public laughingstock seated on bench of public park under discarded perforated umbrella. Destitution: the inmate of Old Man's House (Royal Hospital), Kilmainham, the 8
inmate of Simpson's Hospital for reduced but respectable men permanently disabled 9
by gout or want of sight. Nadir of misery: the aged impotent disfranchised ratesup- 10
ported moribund lunatic pauper.

With which attendant indignities?

The unsympathetic indifference of previously amiable females, the contempt of muscular males, the acceptance of fragments of bread, the simulated ignorance
1 of casual acquaintances, the latration of illegitimate unlicensed vagabond dogs, the infantile discharge of decomposed vegetable missiles, worth little or nothing or less than nothing.

By what could such a situation be precluded?

By decease (change of state), by departure (change of place).

Which preferably?

The latter, by the line of least resistance.

What considerations rendered it not entirely undesirable?

Constant cohabitation impeding mutual toleration of personal defects. The habit of independent purchase increasingly cultivated. The necessity to counteract by impermanent sojourn the permanence of arrest.

What considerations rendered it not irrational?

The parties concerned, uniting, had increased and multiplied, which being done, offspring produced and educed to maturity, the parties, if now disunited were obliged to reunite for increase and multiplication, which was absurd, to form by reunion the original couple of uniting parties, which was impossible.

What considerations rendered it desirable?

The attractive character of certain localities in Ireland and abroad, as represented in general geographical maps of polychrome design or in special ordnance survey charts by employment of scale numerals and hachures.

In Ireland?

2-4 The cliffs of Moher, the windy wilds of Connemara, lough Neagh with submerged
5-7 petrified city, the Giant's Causeway, Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle, the Golden Vale
8-10 of Tipperary, the islands of Aran, the pastures of royal Meath, Brigid's elm in Kildare,
11-13 the Queen's Island shipyard in Belfast, the Salmon Leap, the lakes of Killarney.

Abroad?

Ceylon (with spicegardens supplying tea to Thomas Kernan, agent for
14 Pulbrook, Robertson and Co, 2 Mincing lane, London, E.C., 5 Dame street,
15-16 Dublin), Jerusalem, the holy city (with mosque of Omar and gate of Damascus, goal of aspiration), the straits of Gibraltar (the unique birthplace of Marion
17 Tweedy), the Parthenon (containing statues, nude Grecian divinities), the
18-19 Wall street money market (which controlled international finance), the Plaza de Toros at La Linea, Spain (where O'Hara of the Camerons had slain the
20 bull), Niagara (over which no human being had passed with impunity), the
21-22 land of the Eskimos (eaters of soap), the forbidden country of Thibet (from
23-24 which no traveller returns), the bay of Naples (to see which was to die), the Dead Sea.

Under what guidance, following what signs?

At sea, septentrional, by night the polestar, located at the point of intersection of the right line from beta to alpha in Ursa Major produced and divided externally at omega and the hypotenuse of the rightangled triangle formed by the line alpha omega so produced and the line alpha delta of Ursa Major. On land, meridional, a bispherical moon, revealed in imperfect varying phases of lunation through the posterior interstice of the imperfectly occluded skirt of a carnose negligent perambulating female, a pillar of the cloud by day. 1-2 3 4 5

What public advertisement would divulge the occultation of the departed?

£5 reward lost, stolen or strayed from his residence 7 Eccles street, missing gent about 40, answering to the name of Bloom, Leopold (Poldy), height 5 ft 9 1/2 inches, full build, olive complexion, may have since grown a beard, when last seen was wearing a black suit. Above sum will be paid for information leading to his discovery.

What universal binomial denominations would be his as entity and nonentity?

Assumed by any or known to none. Everyman or Noman. 6-7

What tributes his?

Honour and gifts of strangers, the friends of Everyman. A nymph immortal, beauty, the bride of Noman. 8-9

Would the departed never nowhere nohow reappear?

Ever he would wander, selfcompelled, to the extreme limit of his cometary orbit, beyond the fixed stars and variable suns and telescopic planets, astronomical waifs and strays, to the extreme boundary of space, passing from land to land, among peoples, amid events. Somewhere imperceptibly he would hear and somehow reluctantly, suncompelled, obey the summons of recall. Whence, disappearing from 10 the constellation of the Northern Crown he would somehow reappear reborn above 11-12 delta in the constellation of Cassiopeia and after incalculable eons of peregrination return an estranged avenger, a wreaker of justice on malefactors, a dark crusader, 13 a sleeper awakened, with financial resources (by supposition) surpassing those of 14 Rothschild or of the silver king. 15-16

What would render such return irrational?

An unsatisfactory equation between an exodus and return in time through reversible space and an exodus and return in space through irreversible time.

What play of forces, inducing inertia, rendered departure undesirable?

The lateness of the hour, rendering procrastinatory: the obscurity of the night, rendering invisible: the uncertainty of thoroughfares, rendering perilous: the necessity for repose, obviating movement: the proximity of an occupied bed, obviating research: the anticipation of warmth (human) tempered with coolness (linen), obviating desire and rendering desirable: the statue of Narcissus, sound 17 without echo, desired desire.

What advantages were possessed by an occupied, as distinct from an unoccupied bed?

The removal of nocturnal solitude, the superior quality of human (mature female) to inhuman (hotwaterjar) calefaction, the stimulation of matutinal contact, the economy of mangling done on the premises in the case of trousers accurately folded and placed lengthwise between the spring mattress (striped) and the woollen mattress (biscuit section).

What past consecutive causes, before rising preapprehended, of accumulated fatigue did Bloom, before rising, silently recapitulate?

1 The preparation of breakfast (burnt offering): intestinal congestion and
2-4 premeditative defecation (holy of holies): the bath (rite of John): the funeral
5 (rite of Samuel): the advertisement of Alexander Keyes (Urim and Thummin):
6-7 the unsubstantial lunch (rite of Melchizedek): the visit to museum and national
8 library (holy place): the bookhunt along Bedford row, Merchants' Arch, Wellington
9-10 Quay (Simchath Torah): the music in the Ormond Hotel (Shira Shirim): the
11 altercation with a truculent troglodyte in Bernard Kiernan's premises (holocaust):
12 a blank period of time including a cardrive, a visit to a house of mourning, a
13-14 leavetaking (wilderness): the eroticism produced by feminine exhibitionism (rite
15 of Onan): the prolonged delivery of Mrs Mina Purefoy (heave offering): the
16 visit to the disorderly house of Mrs Bella Cohen, 82 Tyrone street, lower, and
17 subsequent brawl and chance medley in Beaver street (Armageddon): nocturnal
18-19 perambulation to and from the cabman's shelter, Butt Bridge (atonement).

What selfimposed enigma did Bloom about to rise in order to go so as to conclude lest he should not conclude involuntarily apprehend?

The cause of a brief sharp unforeseen heard loud lone crack emitted by the insentient material of a strainveined timber table.

What selfinvolved enigma did Bloom risen, going, gathering multicoloured multiform multitudinous garments, voluntarily apprehending, not comprehend?

Who was M'Intosh?

What selfevident enigma pondered with desultory constancy during 30 years did Bloom now, having effected natural obscurity by the extinction of artificial light, silently suddenly comprehend?

20 Where was Moses when the candle went out?

What imperfections in a perfect day did Bloom, walking, silently, successively, enumerate?

A provisional failure to obtain renewal of an advertisement, to obtain a
21-22 certain quantity of tea from Thomas Kernan (agent for Pulbrook, Robertson and C°, 5 Dame street, Dublin, and 2 Mincing lane, London, E.C.), to certify the presence or absence of posterior rectal orifice in the case of Hellenic
23 female divinities, to obtain admission (gratuitous or paid) to the performance of *Leah* by Mrs Bandman Palmer at the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48, 49, South King street.

What impression of an absent face did Bloom, arrested, silently recall?

The face of her father, the late Major Brian Cooper Tweedy, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, of Gibraltar and Rehoboth, Dolphin's Barn. 1

What recurrent impressions of the same were possible by the hypothesis?

Retreating, at the terminus of the Great Northern Railway, Amiens street, with 2
constant uniform acceleration, along parallel lines meeting at infinity, if produced: 3
along parallel lines, reproduced from infinity, with constant uniform retardation, at the terminus of the Great Northern Railway, Amiens street, returning.

What miscellaneous effects of female personal wearing apparel were perceived by him?

A pair of new inodorous halfsilk black ladies' hose, a pair of new violet garters, a pair of outsize ladies' drawers of India mull, cut on generous lines, redolent of opoponax, jessamine and Muratti's Turkish cigarettes and containing a long bright steel 4-5
safety pin, folded curvilinear, a camisole of batiste with thin lace border, an accordion underskirt of blue silk moirette, all these objects being disposed irregularly on the top of a rectangular trunk, quadruple battened, having capped corners, with multicoloured labels, initialled on its fore side in white lettering B. C. T. (Brian Cooper Tweedy).

What impersonal objects were perceived?

A commode, one leg fractured, totally covered by square cretonne cutting, apple design, on which rested a lady's black straw hat. Orangekeyed ware, bought of 6
Henry Price, basket, fancy goods, chinaware and ironmongery manufacturer, 21, 7
22, 23 Moore street, disposed irregularly on the washstand and floor, and consisting of basin, soapdish and brushtray (on the washstand, together), pitcher and night article (on the floor, separate).

Bloom's acts?

He deposited the articles of clothing on a chair, removed his remaining articles of clothing, took from beneath the bolster at the head of the bed a folded long white nightshirt, inserted his head and arms into the proper apertures of the nightshirt, removed a pillow from the head to the foot of the bed, prepared the bedlinen accordingly and entered the bed.

How?

With circumspection, as invariably when entering an abode (his own or not his own): with solicitude, the snakespiral springs of the mattress being old, the brass 8
quoits and pendent viper radii loose and tremulous under stress and strain: prudently, as entering a lair or ambush of lust or adder: lightly, the less to disturb: reverently, the bed of conception and of birth, of consummation of marriage and of breach of marriage, of sleep and of death.

What did his limbs, when gradually extended, encounter?

New clean bedlinen, additional odours, the presence of a human form, female, hers, the imprint of a human form, male, not his, some crumbs, some flakes of potted meat, recooked, which he removed.

If he had smiled why would he have smiled?

To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone, whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity.

What preceding series?

1-4 Assuming Mulvey to be the first term of his series, Penrose, Bartell d'Arcy, profes-
5-7 sor Goodwin, Julius Mastiansky, John Henry Menton, Father Bernard Corrigan, a
8-10 farmer at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show, Maggot O'Reilly, Matthew Dillon,
11-13 Valentine Blake Dillon (Lord Mayor of Dublin), Christopher Callinan, Lenehan, an
14 Italian organgrinder, an unknown gentleman in the Gaiety Theatre, Benjamin Dollard,
15-19 Simon Dedalus, Andrew (Pisser) Burke, Joseph Cuffe, Wisdom Hely, Alderman John
20-21 Hooper, Dr Francis Brady, Father Sebastian of Mount Argus, a bootblack at the General Post Office, Hugh E. (Blazes) Boylan and so each and so on to no last term.

What were his reflections concerning the last member of this series and late occupant of the bed?

Reflections on his vigour (a bounder), corporal proportion (a billsticker), commercial ability (a bester), impressionability (a boaster).

Why for the observer impressionability in addition to vigour, corporal proportion and commercial ability?

Because he had observed with augmenting frequency in the preceding members of the same series the same concupiscence, inflammably transmitted first with alarm, then with understanding, then with desire, finally with fatigue, with alternating symptoms of epicene comprehension and apprehension.

With what antagonistic sentiments were his subsequent reflections affected?

Envy, jealousy, abnegation, equanimity.

Envy?

Of a bodily and mental male organism specially adapted for the superincumbent posture of energetic human copulation and energetic piston and cylinder movement necessary for the complete satisfaction of a constant but not acute concupiscence resident in a bodily and mental female organism, passive but not obtuse.

Jealousy?

Because a nature full and volatile in its free state, was alternately the agent and reagent of attraction. Because action between agents and reagents at all instants varied, with inverse proportion of increase and decrease, with incessant circular extension and radial reentrance. Because the controlled contemplation of the fluctuation of attraction produced, if desired, a fluctuation of pleasure.

Abnegation?

In virtue of a) acquaintance initiated in September 1903 in the establishment of
22 George Mesias, merchant tailor and outfitter, 5 Eden Quay, b) hospitality extended

and received in kind, reciprocated and reappropriated in person, c) comparative youth subject to impulses of ambition and magnanimity, colleagual altruism and amorous egoism, d) extraracial attraction, intraracial inhibition, supraracial prerogative, e) an imminent provincial musical tour, common current expenses, net proceeds divided.

Equanimity?

As natural as any and every natural act or a nature expressed or understood executed in natured nature by natural creatures in accordance with his, her and 1
their natured natures, of dissimilar similarity. As not as calamitous as a cataclysmic annihilation of the planet in consequence of collision with a dark sun. As less reprehensible than theft, highway robbery, cruelty to children and animals, obtaining money under false pretences, forgery, embezzlement, misappropriation of public money, betrayal of public trust, malingering, mayhem, corruption of minors, criminal libel, blackmail, contempt of court, arson, treason, felony, mutiny on the high seas, trespass, burglary, jailbreaking, practice of unnatural vice, desertion from armed forces in the field, perjury, poaching, usury, intelligence with the king's enemies, impersonation, criminal assault, manslaughter, wilful and premeditated murder. As not more abnormal than all other altered processes of adaptation to altered conditions of existence, resulting in a reciprocal equilibrium between the bodily organism and its attendant circumstances, foods, beverages, acquired habits, indulged inclinations, significant disease. As more than inevitable, irreparable.

Why more abnegation than jealousy, less envy than equanimity?

From outrage (matrimony) to outrage (adultery) there arose nought but outrage (copulation) yet the matrimonial violator of the matrimonially violated had not been outraged by the adulterous violator of the adulterously violated.

What retribution, if any?

Assassination, never, as two wrongs did not make one right. Duel by combat, no. Divorce, not now. Exposure by mechanical artifice (automatic bed) or individual testimony (concealed ocular witness), not yet. Suit for damages by legal influence or simulation of assault with evidence of injuries sustained (selfinflicted), not impossibly. If any, positively, connivance, introduction of emulation (material, a 2
prosperous rival agency of publicity: moral, a successful rival agent of intimacy), depreciation, alienation, humiliation, separation protecting the one separated from the other, protecting separator from both.

By what reflections did he, a conscious reactor against the void incertitude, justify to himself his sentiments?

The preordained frangibility of the hymen, the presupposed intangibility of 3
the thing in itself: the incongruity and disproportion between the selfprolonging tension of the thing proposed to be done and the selfabbreviating relaxation of the thing done: the fallaciously inferred debility of the female, the muscularity of the male: the variations of ethical codes: the natural grammatical transition by inversion involving no alteration of sense of an aorist preterite proposition 4
(parsed as masculine subject, monosyllabic onomatopœic transitive verb with direct feminine object) from the active voice into its correlative aorist preterite

proposition (parsed as feminine subject, auxiliary verb and quasimonosyllabic onomatopœic past participle with complementary masculine agent) in the passive voice: the continued product of seminators by generation: the continual production of semen by distillation: the futility of triumph or protest or vindication: the
1 inanity of extolled virtue: the lethargy of nescient matter: the apathy of the stars.

In what final satisfaction did these antagonistic sentiments and reflections, reduced to their simplest forms, converge?

Satisfaction at the ubiquity in eastern and western terrestrial hemispheres, in
2 all habitable lands and islands explored or unexplored (the land of the midnight
3-5 sun, the islands of the blessed, the isles of Greece, the land of promise) of adipose
6 posterior female hemispheres, redolent of milk and honey and of excretory sanguine and seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude, insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarieties of expression, expressive of mute immutable mature animality.

The visible signs of antesatisfaction?

An approximate erection: a solicitous adversion: a gradual elevation: a tentative revelation; a silent contemplation.

Then?

He kissed the plump mellow yellow smellow melons of her rump, on each plump melonous hemisphere, in their mellow yellow furrow, with obscure prolonged
7 provocative melonsmellonous osculation.

The visible signs of postsatisfaction?

8 A silent contemplation: a tentative velation: a gradual abasement: a solicitous aversion: a proximate erection.

What followed this silent action?

Somnolent invocation, less somnolent recognition, incipient excitation, catechetical interrogation.

With what modifications did the narrator reply to this interrogation?

Negative: he omitted to mention the clandestine correspondence between Martha Clifford and Henry Flower, the public altercation at, in and in the vicinity of the licensed premises of Bernard Kiernan and Co, Limited, 8, 9 and 10 Little Britain street, the erotic provocation and response thereto caused by the exhibitionism of Gertrude (Gerty), surname unknown. Positive: he included mention of a
9 performance by Mrs Bandman Palmer of *Leah* at the Gaiety Theatre, 46, 47, 48,
10 49 South King street, an invitation to supper at Wynn's (Murphy's) Hotel 35, 36,
11 and 37 Lower Abbey street, a volume of peccaminous pornographical tendency
12 entitled *Sweets of Sin*, anonymous, author a gentleman of fashion, a temporary
13 concussion caused by a falsely calculated movement in the course of a postcenal gymnastic display, the victim (since completely recovered) being Stephen Dedalus, professor and author, eldest surviving son of Simon Dedalus, of no fixed occupation, an aeronautical feat executed by him (narrator) in the presence of a witness,

the professor and author aforesaid, with promptitude of decision and gymnastic flexibility.

Was the narration otherwise unaltered by modifications?
Absolutely.

Which event or person emerged as the salient point of his narration?
Stephen Dedalus, professor and author.

What limitations of activity and inhibitions of conjugal rights were perceived by listener and narrator concerning themselves during the course of this intermittent and increasingly more laconic narration?

By the listener a limitation of fertility inasmuch as marriage had been celebrated 1 calendar month after the 18th anniversary of her birth (8 September 1870), viz. 8 October, and consummated on the same date with female issue born 15 June 1889, having been anticipatorily consummated on the 10 September of the same year and complete carnal intercourse, with ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ, having last taken place 5 weeks previous, viz. 27 November 1893, to the birth on 29 December 1893 of second (and only male) issue, deceased 9 January 1894, aged 11 days, there remained a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days during which carnal intercourse had been incomplete, without ejaculation of semen within the natural female organ. By the narrator a limitation of activity, mental and corporal, inasmuch as complete mental intercourse between himself and the listener had not taken place since the consummation of puberty, indicated by catamenic hemorrhage, of the female issue of narrator and listener, 15 September 1903, there remained a period of 9 months and 1 day during which in consequence of a preestablished natural comprehension in incomprehension between the consummated females (listener and issue), complete corporal liberty of action had been circumscribed. 1 2 3

How?

By various reiterated feminine interrogation concerning the masculine destination whither, the place where, the time at which, the duration for which, the object with which in the case of temporary absences, projected or effected.

What moved visibly above the listener's and the narrator's invisible thoughts?

The upcast reflection of a lamp and shade, an inconstant series of concentric circles of varying gradations of light and shadow.

In what directions did listener and narrator lie?

Listener, S. E. by E.: Narrator, N. W. by W.: on the 53rd parallel of latitude, N. and 6th meridian of longitude, W.: at an angle of 45° to the terrestrial equator. 4

In what state of rest or motion?

At rest relatively to themselves and to each other. In motion being each and both carried westward, forward and rereward respectively, by the proper perpetual motion of the earth through everchanging tracks of neverchanging space. 5

In what posture?

Listener: reclined semilaterally, left, left hand under head, right leg extended in
1 a straight line and resting on left leg, flexed, in the attitude of Gea-Tellus, fulfilled,
2 recumbent, big with seed. Narrator: reclined laterally, left, with right and left legs flexed, the indexfinger and thumb of the right hand resting on the bridge of the
3 nose, in the attitude depicted on a snapshot photograph made by Percy Apjohn, the childman weary, the manchild in the womb.

Womb? Weary?

He rests. He has travelled.

With?

4 Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor and Jinbad the Jailer and Whinbad the Whaler and Ninbad the Nailer and Finbad the Failer and Binbad the Bailer and Pinbad the Pailer and Minbad the Mailer and Hinbad the Hailer and Rinbad the Railer and Dinbad the Kailer and Vinbad the Quailer and Linbad the Yailer and Xinbad the Phthailer.

When?

5 Going to dark bed there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg in the night of the bed of all the auks of the rocs of Darkinbad the Brightdayler.

Where?

●

Yes because he never did a thing like that before as ask to get his breakfast in bed 1
with a couple of eggs since the *City Arms* hotel when he used to be pretending to 2
be laid up with a sick voice doing his highness to make himself interesting to that
old faggot Mrs Riordan that he thought he had a great leg of and she never left us 3-5
a farthing all for masses for herself and her soul greatest miser ever was actually 6
afraid to lay out 4d for her methylated spirit telling me all her ailments she had
too much old chat in her about politics and earthquakes and the end of the world
let us have a bit of fun first God help the world if all the women were her sort
down on bathingsuits and lownecks of course nobody wanted her to wear I suppose
she was pious because no man would look at her twice I hope Ill never be like her
a wonder she didnt want us to cover our faces but she was a welleducated woman
certainly and her gabby talk about Mr Riordan here and Mr Riordan there I suppose
he was glad to get shut of her and her dog smelling my fur and always edging to
get up under my petticoats especially then still I like that in him polite to old women
like that and waiters and beggars too hes not proud out of nothing but not always
if ever he got anything really serious the matter with him its much better for them
go into a hospital where everything is clean but I suppose Id have to dring it into 7
him for a month yes and then wed have a hospital nurse next thing on the carpet
have him staying there till they throw him out or a nun maybe like the smutty
photo he has shes as much a nun as Im not yes because theyre so weak and puling
when theyre sick they want a woman to get well if his nose bleeds youd think it
was O tragic and that dyinglooking one off the south circular when he sprained
his foot at the choir party at the sugarloaf Mountain the day I wore that dress Miss 8
Stack bringing him flowers the worst old ones she could find at the bottom of the
basket anything at all to get into a mans bedroom with her old maids voice trying
to imagine he was dying on account of her to never see thy face again though he
looked more like a man with his beard a bit grown in the bed father was the same
besides I hate bandaging and dosing when he cut his toe with the razor paring his
corns afraid hed get blood poisoning but if it was a thing I was sick then wed see
what attention only of course the woman hides it not to give all the trouble they
do yes he came somewhere Im sure by his appetite anyway love its not or hed be
off his feed thinking of her so either it was one of those night women if it was
down there he was really and the hotel story he made up a pack of lies to hide it 9
planning it Hynes kept me who did I meet ah yes I met do you remember Menton
and who else who let me see that big babbyface I saw him and he not long married
flirting with a young girl at Pooles Myriorama and turned my back on him when 10

he slinked out looking quite conscious what harm but he had the impudence to make up to me one time well done to him mouth almighty and his boiled eyes of
1 all the big stupoes I ever met and thats called a solicitor only for I hate having a long wrangle in bed or else if its not that its some little bitch or other he got in with somewhere or picked up on the sly if they only knew him as well as I do yes because the day before yesterday he was scribbling something a letter when I came into the front room for the matches to show him Dignams death in the paper as if something told me and he covered it up with the blottingpaper pretending to be thinking about business so very probably that was it to somebody who thinks she has a softy in him because all men get a bit like that at his age especially getting on to forty he is now so as to wheedle any money she can out of him no fool like an old fool and then the usual kissing my bottom was to hide it not that I care two straws who he does it with or knew before that way though Id like to find out so
2 long as I dont have the two of them under my nose all the time like that slut that Mary we had in Ontario terrace padding out her false bottom to excite him bad enough to get the smell of those painted women off him once or twice I had a suspicion by getting him to come near me when I found the long hair on his coat without that one when I went into the kitchen pretending he was drinking water 1 woman is not enough for them it was all his fault of course ruining servants then proposing that she could eat at our table on Christmas if you please O no thank
3 you not in my house stealing my potatoes and the oysters 2/6 per doz going out to see her aunt if you please common robbery so it was but I was sure he had something on with that one it takes me to find out a thing like that he said you have no proof it was her proof O yes her aunt was very fond of oysters but I told her what I thought of her suggesting me to go out to be alone with her I wouldnt lower myself to spy on them the garters I found in her room the Friday she was out that was enough for me a little bit too much I saw too that her face swelled up on her with temper when I gave her her weeks notice better do without them altogether do out the rooms myself quicker only for the damn cooking and throwing out the dirt I gave it to him anyhow either she or me leaves the house I couldnt even touch him if I thought he was with a dirty barefaced liar and sloven like that one denying it up to my face and singing about the place in the W C too because she knew she was too well off yes because he couldnt possibly do without it that long so he must do it somewhere and the last time he came on my bottom
4 when was it the night Boylan gave my hand a great squeeze going along by the Tolka in my hand there steals another I just pressed the back of his like that with
5 my thumb to squeeze back singing the young May Moon shes beaming love because he has an idea about him and me hes not such a fool he said Im dining out and
6 going to the Gaiety though Im not going to give him the satisfaction in any case God knows hes change in a way not to be always and ever wearing the same old hat unless I paid some nicelooking boy to do it since I cant do it myself a young boy would like me Id confuse him a little alone with him if we were Id let him see my garters the new ones and make him turn red looking at him seduce him I know what boys feel with that down on their cheek doing that frigging drawing out the thing by the hour question and answer would you do this that and the other with the coalman yes with a bishop yes I would because I told him about some Dean
7 or Bishop was sitting beside me in the jews Temples gardens when I was knitting

that woollen thing a stranger to Dublin what place was it and so on about the monuments and he tired me out with statues encouraging him making him worse than he is who is in your mind now tell me who are you thinking of who is it tell me his name who tell me who the German Emperor is it yes imagine Im him think 1
of him can you feel him trying to make a whore of me what he never will he ought to give it up now at this age of his life simply ruination for any woman and no satisfaction in it pretending to like it till he comes and then finish it off myself anyway and it makes your lips pale anyhow its done now once and for all with all the talk of the world about it people make its only the first time after that its just the ordinary do it and think no more about it why cant you kiss a man without going and marrying him first you sometimes love to wildly when you feel that way so nice all over you you cant help yourself I wish some man or other would take me sometime when hes there and kiss me in his arms theres nothing like a kiss long and hot down to your soul almost paralyses you then I hate that confession when I used to go to Father Corrigan he touched me father and what harm if he 2
did where and I said on the canal bank like a fool but whereabouts on your person my child on the leg behind high up was it yes rather high up was it where you sit down yes O Lord couldnt he say bottom right out and have done with it what has that got to do with it and did you whatever way he put it I forget no father and I always think of the real father what did he want to know for when I already confessed it to God he had a nice fat hand the palm moist always I wouldnt mind feeling it neither would he Id say by the bullneck in his horsecollar I wonder did 3
he know me in the box I could see his face he couldnt see mine of course hed never turn or let on still his eyes were red when his father died theyre lost for a woman of course must be terrible when a man cries let alone them Id like to be embraced by one in his vestments and the smell of incense off him like the pope besides theres no danger with a priest if youre married hes too careful about himself then give something to H H the pope for a penance I wonder was he satisfied with me 4
one thing I didnt like his slapping me behind going away so familiarly in the hall though I laughed Im not a horse or an ass am I I suppose he was thinking of his father I wonder is he awake thinking of me or dreaming am I in it who gave him that flower he said he bought he smelt of some kind of a drink not whisky or stout or perhaps the sweety kind of paste they stick their bills up with some liquor Id like to sip those richlooking green and yellow expensive drinks those stagedoor 5
johnnies drink with the opera hats I tasted one with my finger dipped out of that American that had the squirrel talking stamps with father he had all he could do to keep himself from falling asleep after the last time we took the port and potted 6
meat it had a fine salty taste yes because I felt lovely and tired myself and fell asleep as sound as a top the moment I popped straight into bed till that thunder woke me up as if the world was coming to an end God be merciful to us I thought the heavens were coming down about us to punish when I blessed myself and said a Hail Mary like those awful thunderbolts in Gibraltar and they come and tell you theres no God what could you do if it was running and rushing about nothing only make an act of contrition the candle I lit that evening in Whitefriars street 7
chapel for the month of May see it brought its luck though hed scoff if he heard because he never goes to church mass or meeting he says your soul you have no soul inside only grey matter because he doesnt know what it is to have one yes

when I lit the lamp yes because he must have come 3 or 4 times with that tremendous big red brute of a thing he has I thought the vein or whatever the dickens they call it was going to burst though his nose is not so big after I took off all my things with the blinds down after my hours dressing and perfuming and combing it like iron or some kind of a thick crowbar standing all the time he must have eaten oysters I think a few dozen he was in great singing voice no I never in all my life felt anyone had one the size of that to make you feel full up he must have eaten a whole sheep after whats the idea making us like that with a big hole in the middle of us like a Stallion driving it up into you because thats all they want out of you with that determined vicious look in his eye I had to halfshut my eyes still he hasnt such a tremendous amount of spunk in him when I made him pull it out and do it on me considering how big it is so much the better in case any of it wasnt washed out properly the last time I let him finish it in me nice invention they made for women for him to get all the pleasure but if someone gave them a touch of it themselves theyd know what I went through with Milly nobody would believe cutting her teeth too and Mina Purefoys husband give us a swing out of your whiskers filling her up with a child or twins once a year as regular as the clock always with a smell of children off her the one they called budgers or something like a nigger with a shock of hair on it Jesusjack the child is a black the last time I
1 was there a squad of them falling over one another and bawling you couldnt hear your ears supposed to be healthy not satisfied till they have us swollen out like elephants or I dont know what supposing I risked having another not off him though still if he was married Im sure hed have a fine strong child but I dont know Poldy has more spunk in him yes thatd be awfully jolly I suppose it was meeting
2 Josie Powell and the funeral and thinking about me and Boylan set him off well
3 he can think what he likes now if thatll do him any good I know they were spooning a bit when I came on the scene he was dancing and sitting out with her the night
4 of Georgina Simpsons housewarming and then he wanted to ram it down my neck on account of not liking to see her a wallflower that was why we had the
5 standup row over politics he began it not me when he said about Our Lord being a carpenter at last he made me cry of course a woman is so sensitive about every thing I was fuming with myself after for giving in only for I knew he was gone on
6 me and the first socialist he said He was he annoyed me so much I couldnt put him into a temper still he knows a lot of mixed up things especially about the body and the insides I often wanted to study up that myself what we have inside us in
7 that family physician I could always hear his voice talking when the room was crowded and watch him after that I pretended I had on a coolness with her over him because he used to be a bit on the jealous side whenever he asked who are
8 you going to and I said over to Floey and he made me the present of lord Byrons poems and the three pairs of gloves so that finished that I could quite easily get him to make it up any time I know how Id even supposing he got in with her again and was going out to see her somewhere Id know if he refused to eat the onions I know plenty of ways ask him to tuck down the collar of my blouse or touch him with my veil and gloves on going out I kiss then would send them all spinning however alright well see then let him go to her she of course would only be too delighted to pretend shes mad in love with him that I wouldnt so much mind Id just go to her and ask her do you love him and look her square in the eyes she

couldnt fool me but he might imagine he was and make a declaration with his plabbery kind of a manner to her like he did to me though I had the devils own 1
job to get it out of him though I liked him for that it showed he could hold in and wasnt to be got for the asking he was on the pop of asking me too the night in the kitchen I was rolling the potato cake theres something I want to say to you only for I put him off letting on I was in a temper with my hands and arms full of pasty flour in any case I let out too much the night before talking of dreams so I didnt want to let him know more than was good for him she used to be always embracing me Josie whenever he was there meaning him of course glauming me over and 2
when I said I washed up and down as far as possible asking me did you wash possible the women are always egging on to that putting it on thick when hes there they know by his sly eye blinking a bit putting on the indifferent when they come out with something the kind he is what spoils him I dont wonder in the least because he was very handsome at that time trying to look like lord Byron I said I liked 3
though he was too beautiful for a man and he was a little before we got engaged afterwards though she didnt like it so much the day I was in fits of laughing with the giggles I couldnt stop about all my hairpins falling one after another with the mass of hair I had youre always in great humour she said yes because it grigged 4
her because she knew what it meant because I used to tell her a good bit of what went on between us not all but just enough to make her mouth water but that wasnt my fault she didnt darken the door much after we were married I wonder what shes got like now after living with that dotty husband of hers she had her face beginning to look drawn and run down the last time I saw her she must have been just after a row with him because I saw on the moment she was edging to draw down a conversation about husbands and talk about him to run him down what was it she told me O yes that sometimes he used to go to bed with his muddy boots on when the maggot takes him just imagine having to get into bed with a 5
thing like that that might murder you any moment what a man well its not the one way everyone goes mad Poldy anyway whatever he does always wipes his feet on the mat when he comes in wet or shine and always blacks his own boots too and he always takes off his hat when he comes up in the street like that and now hes going about in his slippers to look for £10000 for a postcard up up O Sweetheart 6-7
May wouldnt a thing like that simply bore you stiff to extinction actually too stupid even to take his boots off now what could you make of a man like that Id rather die 20 times over than marry another of their sex of course hed never find another woman like me to put up with him the way I do know me come sleep with me yes and he knows that too at the bottom of his heart take that Mrs Maybrick that 8
poisoned her husband for what I wonder in love with some other man yes it was found out on her wasnt she the downright villain to go and do a thing like that of course some men can be dreadfully aggravating drive you mad and always the worst word in the world what do they ask us to marry them for if were so bad as all that comes to yes because they cant get on without us white Arsenic she put in his tea off flypaper wasnt it I wonder why they call it that if I asked him hed say 9
its from the Greek leave us as wise as we were before she must have been madly in love with the other fellow to run the chance of being hanged O she didnt care if that was her nature what could she do besides theyre not brutes enough to go and hang a woman surely are they

theyre all so different Boylan talking about the shape of my foot he noticed at
1 once even before he was introduced when I was in the D B C with Poldy laughing
and trying to listen I was waggling my foot we both ordered 2 teas and plain bread
and butter I saw him looking with his two old maids of sisters when I stood up
and asked the girl where it was what do I care with it dropping out of me and that
black closed breeches he made me buy takes you half an hour to let them down
wetting all myself always with some brandnew fad every other week such a long
one I did I forgot my suede gloves on the seat behind that I never got after some
2 robber of a woman and he wanted me to put it in the Irish Times lost in the ladies
lavatory D B C Dame street finder return to Mrs Marion Bloom and I saw his eyes
on my feet going out through the turning door he was looking when I looked back
and I went there for tea 2 days after in the hope but he wasnt now how did that
excite him because I was crossing them when we were in the other room first he
meant the shoes that are too tight to walk in my hand is nice like that if I only had
3 a ring with the stone for my month a nice aquamarine Ill stick him for one and a
gold bracelet I dont like my foot so much still I made him spend once with my
4 foot the night after Goodwins botchup of a concert so cold and windy it was well
we had that rum in the house to mull and the fire wasnt black out when he asked
to take off my stockings lying on the hearthrug in Lombard street well and another
time it was my muddy boots hed like me to walk in all the horses dung I could
find but of course hes not natural like the rest of the world that I what did he say
5 I could give 9 points in 10 to Katty Lanner and beat her what does that mean I
6 asked him I forget what he said because the stoppress edition just passed and the
7 man with the curly hair in the Lucan dairy thats so polite I think I saw his face
before somewhere I noticed him when I was tasting the butter so I took my time
8 Bartell dArcy too that he used to make fun of when he commenced kissing me
9-11 on the choir stairs after I sang Gounods *Ave Maria* what are we waiting for O my
heart kiss me straight on the brow and part which is my brown part he was pretty
hot for all his tinny voice too my low notes he was always raving about if you can
believe him I liked the way he used his mouth singing then he said wasnt it terrible
to do that there in a place like that I dont see anything so terrible about it Ill tell
him about that some day not now and surprise him ay and Ill take him there and
show him the very place too we did it so now there you are like it or lump it he
thinks nothing can happen without him knowing he hadnt an idea about my
mother till we were engaged otherwise hed never have got me so cheap as he did
he was 10 times worse himself anyhow begging me to give him a tiny bit cut off
12 my drawers that was the evening coming along Kenilworth square he kissed me
in the eye of my glove and I had to take it off asking me questions is it permitted
to inquire the shape of my bedroom so I let him keep it as if I forgot it to think of
me when I saw him slip it into his pocket of course hes mad on the subject of
13 drawers thats plain to be seen always skeezing at those brazenfaced things on the
bicycles with their skirts blowing up to their navels even when Milly and I were
out with him at the open air fete that one in the cream muslin standing right against
the sun so he could see every atom she had on when he saw me from behind
14 following in the rain I saw him before he saw me however standing at the corner
of the Harolds cross road with a new raincoat on him with the muffler in the
15 Zingari colours to show off his complexion and the brown hat looking slyboots

as usual what was he doing there where hed no business they can go and get whatever they like from anything at all with a skirt on it and were not to ask any questions but they want to know where were you where are you going I could feel him coming along skulking after me his eyes on my neck he had been keeping away from the house he felt it was getting too warm for him so I half turned and stopped then he pestered me to say yes till I took off my glove slowly watching him he said my openwork sleeves were too cold for the rain anything for an excuse to put his hand anear me drawers drawers the whole blessed time till I promised to give him the pair off my doll to carry about in his waistcoat pocket *O Maria* 1
Santissima he did look a big fool dreeping in the rain splendid set of teeth he had 2
made me hungry to look at them and beseeched of me to lift the orange petticoat I had on with sunray pleats that there was nobody he said hed kneel down in the wet if I didnt so persevering he would too and ruin his new raincoat you never know what freak theyd take alone with you theyre so savage for it if anyone was passing so I lifted them a bit and touched his trousers outside the way I used to Gardner after with my ring hand to keep him from doing worse where it was too 3
public I was dying to find out was he circumcised he was shaking like a jelly all over they want to do everything too quick take all the pleasure out of it and father waiting all the time for his dinner he told me to say I left my purse in the butchers and had to go back for it what a Deceiver then he wrote me that letter with all 4
those words in it how could he have the face to any woman after his company manners making it so awkward after when we met asking me have I offended you with my eyelids down of course he saw I wasnt he had a few brains not like that other fool Henny Doyle he was always breaking or tearing something in the 5
charades I hate an unlucky man and if I knew what it meant of course I had to say no for form sake dont understand you I said and wasnt it natural so it is of course it used to be written up with a picture of a womans on that wall in Gibraltar with that word I couldnt find anywhere only for children seeing it too young then writing a letter every morning sometimes twice a day I liked the way he made love then 6
he knew the way to take a woman when he sent me the 8 big poppies because mine was the 8th then I wrote the night he kissed my heart at Dolphins barn I couldnt describe it simply it makes you feel like nothing on earth but he never knew how to embrace well like Gardner I hope hell come on Monday as he said at the same time four I hate people who come at all hours answer the door you think its the vegetables then its somebody and you all undressed or the door of the filthy sloppy kitchen blows open the day old frostyface Goodwin called about the concert in Lombard street and I just after dinner all flushed and tossed with boiling old stew dont look at me professor I had to say Im a fright yes but he was a real old gent in his way it was impossible to be more respectful nobody to say youre out you have to peep out through the blind like the messengerboy today I thought it was a putoff first him sending the port and the peaches first and I was just beginning to yawn with nerves thinking he was trying to make a fool of me when I knew his tattarrattat at the door he must have been a bit late because it 7
was 1/4 after 3 when I saw the 2 Dedalus girls coming from school I never know the time even that watch he gave me never seems to go properly Id want to get it looked after when I threw the penny to that lame sailor for England home and 8
beauty when I was whistling there is a charming girl I love and I hadnt even put 9

on my clean shift or powdered myself or a thing then this day week were to go to Belfast just as well he has to go to Ennis his fathers anniversary the 27th it wouldnt be pleasant if he did suppose our rooms at the hotel were beside each other and any fooling went on in the new bed I couldnt tell him to stop and not bother me with him in the next room or perhaps some protestant clergyman with a cough knocking on the wall then he wouldnt believe next day we didnt do something its all very well a husband but you cant fool a lover after me telling him we never did anything of course he didnt believe me no its better hes going where he is besides something always happens with him the time going to the Mallow Concert at Maryborough ordering boiling soup for the two of us then the bell rang out he walks down the platform with the soup splashing about taking spoonfuls of it hadnt he the nerve and the waiter after him making a holy show of us screeching and confusion for the engine to start but he wouldnt pay till he finished it the two gentlemen in the 3rd class carriage said he was quite right so he was too hes so pigheaded sometimes when he gets a thing into his head a good job he was able to open the carriage door with his knife or theyd have taken us on to Cork I suppose that was done out of revenge on him O I love jaunting in a train or a car with lovely soft cushions I wonder will he take a 1st class for me he might want to do it in the train by tipping the guard well O I suppose therell be the usual idiots of men gaping at us with their eyes as stupid as ever they can possibly be that was an exceptional man that common workman that left us alone in the carriage that day going to Howth Id like to find out something about him 1 or 2 tunnels perhaps then you have to look out of the window all the nicer then coming back suppose I never came back what would they say eloped with him that gets you on on the stage the last concert I sang at where its over a year ago when was it St Teresas hall Clarendon St little chits of missies they have now singing Kathleen Kearney and her like on account of father being in the army and my singing the absentminded beggar and wearing a brooch for lord Roberts when I had the map of it all and Poldy not Irish enough was it him managed it this time I wouldnt put it past him like he got me on to sing in the *Stabat Mater* by going around saying he was putting Lead Kindly Light to music I put him up to that till the jesuits found out he was a freemason thumping the piano lead Thou me on copied from some old opera yes and he was going about with some of them Sinner Fein lately or whatever they call themselves talking his usual trash and nonsense he says that little man he showed me without the neck is very intelligent the coming man Griffith is he well he doesnt look it thats all I can say still it must have been him he knew there was a boycott I hate the mention of politics after the war that Pretoria and Ladysmith and Bloemfontein where Gardner Lieut Stanley G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever he was a lovely fellow in khaki and just the right height over me Im sure he was brave too he said I was lovely the evening we kissed goodbye at the canal lock my Irish beauty he was pale with excitement about going away or wed be seen from the road he couldnt stand properly and I so hot as I never felt they could have made their peace in the beginning or old oom Paul and the rest of the old Krugers go and fight it out between them instead of dragging on for years killing any finelooking men there were with their fever if he was even decently shot it wouldnt have been so bad I love to see a regiment pass in review the first time I saw the Spanish cavalry at La Roque it was lovely after looking across the bay from Algeciras all the

lights of the rock like fireflies or those sham battles on the 15 acres the Black Watch 1-2
with their kilts in time at the march past the 10th hussars the prince of Wales own 3
or the lancers O the lancers theyre grand or the Dublins that won Tugela his father 4-6
made his money over selling the horses for the cavalry well he could buy me a nice
present up in Belfast after what I gave theyve lovely linen up there or one of those
nice kimono things I must buy a mothball like I had before to keep in the drawer
with them it would be exciting going around with him shopping buying those
things in a new city better leave this ring behind want to keep turning and turning
to get it over the knuckle there or they might bell it round the town in their papers
or tell the police on me but theyd think were married O let them all go and smother
themselves for the fat lot I care he has plenty of money and hes not a marrying
man so somebody better get it out of him if I could find out whether he likes me
I looked a bit washy of course when I looked close in the handglass powdering a 7
mirror never gives you the expression besides scrooching down on me like that all 8
the time with his big hipbones hes heavy too with his hairy chest for this heat
always having to lie down for them better for him put it into me from behind the
way Mrs Mastiansky told me her husband made her like the dogs do it and stick 9
out her tongue as far as ever she could and he so quiet and mild with his tingating
cither can you ever be up to men the way it takes them lovely stuff in that blue suit
he had on and stylish tie and socks with the skyblue silk things on them hes certainly
welloff I know by the cut his clothes have and his heavy watch but he was like a
perfect devil for a few minutes after he came back with the stop press tearing up
the tickets and swearing blazes because he lost 20 quid he said he lost over that 10
outsider that won and half he put on for me on account of Lenehans tip cursing
him to the lowest pits that sponger he was making free with me after the Glencree 11
dinner coming back that long joult over the featherbed mountain after the lord 12-14
Mayor looking at me with his dirty eyes Val Dillon that big heathen I first noticed
him at dessert when I was cracking the nuts with my teeth I wished I could have
picked every morsel of that chicken out of my fingers it was so tasty and browned
and as tender as anything only for I didnt want to eat everything on my plate those
forks and fishslicers were hallmarked silver too I wish I had some I could easily
have slipped a couple into my muff when I was playing with them then always
hanging out of them for money in a restaurant for the bit you put down your
throat we have to be thankful for our mangy cup of tea itself as a great compliment
to be noticed the way the world is divided in any case if its going to go on I want
at least two other good chemises for one thing and but I dont know what kind of
drawers he likes none at all I think didnt he say yes and half the girls in Gibraltar
never wore them either naked as God made them that Andalusian singing her
Manola she didnt make much secret of what she hadnt yes and the second pair of 15
silkette stockings is laddered after one days wear I could have brought them back
to Lewers this morning and kick up a row and made that one change them only 16
not to upset myself and run the risk of walking into him and ruining the whole
thing and one of those kidfitting corsets Id want advertised cheap in the 17
Gentlewoman with elastic gores on the hips he saved the one I have but thats no 18
good what did they say they give a delightful figure line 11/6 obviating that unsightly
broad appearance across the lower back to reduce flesh my belly is a bit too big Ill
have to knock off the stout at dinner or am I getting too fond of it the last they

1 sent from ORourkes was as flat as a pancake he makes his money easy Larry they call him the old mangy parcel he sent at Xmas a cottage cake and a bottle of hogwash he tried to palm off as claret that he couldnt get anyone to drink God spare his spit for fear hed die of the drouth or I must do a few breathing exercises
2 I wonder is that antifat any good might overdo it thin ones are not so much the fashion now garters that much I have the violet pair I wore today thats all he bought me out of the cheque he got on the first O no there was the face lotion I finished the last of yesterday that made my skin like new I told him over and over again get that made up in the same place and dont forget it God only knows whether he did after all I said to him Ill know by the bottle anyway if not I suppose Ill only
3 have to wash in my piss like beeftea or chickensoup with some of that opoponax and violet I thought it was beginning to look coarse or old a bit the skin underneath is much finer where it peeled off there on my finger after the burn its a pity it isnt all like that and the four paltry handkerchiefs about 6/- in all sure you cant get on in this world without style all going in food and rent when I get it Ill lash it around I tell you in fine style I always want to throw a handful of tea into the pot measuring and mincing if I buy a pair of old brogues itself do you like those new shoes yes how much were they Ive no clothes at all the brown costume and the skirt and jacket and the one at the cleaners 3 whats that for any woman cutting up this old hat and patching up the other the men wont look at you and women try to walk on you because they know youve no man then with all the things getting dearer
4-5 every day for the 4 years more I have of life up to 35 no Im what am I at all Ill be
6 33 in September will I what O well look at that Mrs Galbraith shes much older than me I saw her when I was out last week her beautys on the wane she was a lovely woman magnificent head of hair on her down to her waist tossing it back like that
7 like Kitty OShea in Grantham street 1st thing I did every morning to look across see her combing it as if she loved it and was full of it pity I only got to know her
8 the day before we left and that Mrs Langtry the Jersey Lily the prince of Wales was in love with I suppose hes like the first man going the roads only for the name of a king theyre all made the one way only a black mans Id like to try a beauty up to what was she 45 there was some funny story about the jealous old husband
9 what was it all and an oyster knife he went no he made her wear a kind of a tin thing around her and the prince of Wales yes he had the oyster knife cant be true
10 a thing like that like some of those books he brings me the works of Master Francois somebody supposed to be a priest about a child born out of her ear because her bumgut fell out a nice word for any priest to write and her a—e as if any fool wouldnt know what that meant I hate that pretending of all things with the old
11 blackguards face on him anybody can see its not true and that Ruby and Fair Tyrants
12 he brought me that twice I remember when I came to page 50 the part about where she hangs him up out of a hook with a cord flagellate sure theres nothing for a woman in that all invention made up about he drinking the champagne out of her
13-14 slipper after the ball was over like the infant Jesus in the crib at Inchicore in the Blessed Virgins arms sure no woman could have a child that big taken out of her and I thought first it came out of her side because how could she go to the chamber
15 when she wanted to and she a rich lady of course she felt honoured H. R. H. he
16 was in Gibraltar the year I was born I bet he found lilies there too where he planted the tree he planted more than that in his time he might have planted me too if hed

come a bit sooner then I wouldnt be here as I am he ought to chuck that Freeman with the paltry few shillings he knocks out of it and go into an office or something where hed get regular pay or a bank where they could put him up on a throne to count the money all the day of course he prefers plottering about the house so 1
you cant stir with him any side whats your programme today I wish hed even smoke a pipe like father to get the smell of a man or pretending to be mooching about for advertisements when he could have been in Mr Cuffes still only for what 2
he did then sending me to try and patch it up I could have got him promoted there to be the manager he gave me a great mirada once or twice first he was as stiff as 3
the mischief really and truly Mrs Bloom only I felt rotten simply with the old rubbishy dress that I lost the leads out of the tails with no cut in it but theyre coming into fashion again I bought it simply to please him I knew it was no good by the finish pity I changed my mind of going to Todd and Burns as I said and not 4
Lees it was just like the shop itself rummage sale a lot of trash I hate those rich 5
shops get on your nerves nothing kills me altogether only he thinks he knows a great lot about a womans dress and cooking mathering everything he can scour 6
off the shelves into it if I went by his advices every blessed hat I put on does that suit me yes take that thats alright the one like a wedding cake standing up miles off my head he said suited me or the dishcover one coming down on my backside on pins and needles about the shop girl in that place in Grafton street I had the 7
misfortune to bring him into and she as insolent as ever she could be with her smirk saying Im afraid were giving you too much trouble whats she there for but I stared it out of her yes he was awfully stiff and no wonder but he changed the second time he looked Poldy pigheaded as usual like the soup but I could see him looking very hard at my chest when he stood up to open the door for me it was nice of him to show me out in any case Im extremely sorry Mrs Bloom believe me without making it too marked the first time after him being insulted and me being supposed to be his wife I just half smiled I know my chest was out that way at the door when he said Im extremely sorry and Im sure you were

yes I think he made them a bit firmer sucking them like that so long he made me thirsty titties he calls them I had to laugh yes this one anyhow stiff the nipple gets for the least thing Ill get him to keep that up and Ill take those eggs beaten up with marsala fatten them out for him what are all those veins and things curious the way its made 2 the same in case of twins theyre supposed to represent beauty placed up there like those statues in the museum one of them pretending to hide 8
it with her hand are they so beautiful of course compared with what a man looks like with his two bags full and his other thing hanging down out of him or sticking 9
up at you like a hatrack no wonder they hide it with a cabbageleaf the woman is beauty of course thats admitted when he said I could pose for a picture naked to some rich fellow in Holles street when he lost the job in Helys and I was selling 10-11
the clothes and strumming in the coffee palace would I be like that bath of the 12-13
nymph with my hair down yes only shes younger or Im a little like that dirty bitch in that Spanish photo he has the nymphs used they go about like that I asked him that disgusting Cameron highlander behind the meat market or that other wretch 14
with the red head behind the tree where the statue of the fish used to be when I was 15
passing pretending he was pissing standing out for me to see it with his babyclothes up to one side the Queens own they were a nice lot its well the Surreys relieved them 16-17

theyre always trying to show it to you every time nearly I passed outside the mens greenhouse near the Harcourt street station just to try some fellow or other trying to catch my eye or if it was 1 of the 7 wonders of the world O and the stink of those rotten places the night coming home with Poldy after the Comerfords party oranges and lemonade to make you feel nice and watery I went into 1 of them it was so biting cold I couldnt keep it when was that 93 the canal was frozen yes it was a few months after a pity a couple of the Camerons werent there to see me squatting in the mens place meadero I tried to draw a picture of it before I tore it up like a sausage or something I wonder theyre not afraid going about of getting a kick or a bang or something there and that word met something with hoses in it and he came out with some jawbreakers about the incarnation he never can explain a thing simply the way a body can understand then he goes and burns the bottom out of the pan all for his Kidney this one not so much theres the mark of his teeth still where he tried to bite the nipple I had to scream out arent they fearful trying to hurt you I had a great breast of milk with Milly enough for two what was the reason of that he said I could have got a pound a week as a wet nurse all swelled out the morning that delicate looking student that stopped in No 28 with the Citrons Penrose nearly caught me washing through the window only for I snapped up the towel to my face that was his studenting hurt me they used to weaning her till he got doctor Brady to give me the Belladonna prescription I had to get him to suck them they were so hard he said it was sweeter and thicker than cows then he wanted to milk me into the tea well hes beyond everything I declare somebody ought to put him in the budget if I only could remember the one half of the things and write a book out of it the works of Master Poldy yes and its so much smoother the skin much an hour he was at them Im sure by the clock like some kind of a big infant I had at me they want everything in their mouth all the pleasure those men get out of a woman I can feel his mouth O Lord I must stretch myself I wished he was here or somebody to let myself go with and come again like that I feel all fire inside me or if I could dream it when he made me spend the 2nd time tickling me behind with his finger I was coming for about 5 minutes with my legs round him I had to hug him after O Lord I wanted to shout out all sorts of things fuck or shit or anything at all only not to look ugly or those lines from the strain who knows the way hed take it you want to feel your way with a man theyre not all like him thank God some of them want you to be so nice about it I noticed the contrast he does it and doesnt talk I gave my eyes that look with my hair a bit loose from the tumbling and my tongue between my lips up to him the savage brute Thursday Friday one Saturday two Sunday three O Lord I cant wait till Monday

frseeeeeeeefronnnng train somewhere whistling the strength those engines have in them like big giants and the water rolling all over and out of them all sides like the end of Loves old sweet sonnnng the poor men that have to be out all the night from their wives and families in those roasting engines stifling it was today Im glad I burned the half of those old Freemans and Photo bits leaving things like that lying around hes getting very careless and threw the rest of them up in the W C Ill get him to cut them tomorrow for me instead of having them there for the next year to get a few pence for them have him asking wheres last Januarys paper and all those old overcoats I bundled out of the hall making the place hotter

than it is the rain was lovely just after my beauty sleep I thought it was going to get like Gibraltar my goodness the heat there before the levanter came on black 1
as night and the glare of the rock standing up in it like a big giant compared with 2
their 3 Rock mountain they think is so great with the red sentries here and there the poplars and they all whitehot and the mosquito nets and the smell of the 3
rainwater in those tanks watching the sun all the time weltering down on you faded all that lovely frock fathers friend Mrs Stanhope sent me from the B Marche 4
Paris what a shame my dearest Doggerina she wrote on what she was very nice whats this her other name was just a P C to tell you I sent the little present have just had a jolly warm bath and feel a very clean dog now enjoyed it wogger she 5
called him wogger wd give anything to be back in Gib and hear you sing in old 6
Madrid or Waiting Concone is the name of those exercises he bought me one of 7-8
those new some word I couldnt make out shawls amusing things but tear for the least thing still theyre lovely I think dont you will always think of the lovely teas we had together scrumptious currant scones and raspberry wafers I adore well now dearest Doggerina be sure and write soon kind she left out regards to your father also Captain Grove with love yrs affly x x x x x she didnt look a bit married just like a girl he was years older than her wogger he was awfully fond of me when he held down the wire with his foot for me to step over at the bullfight at La Linea 9
when that matador Gomez was given the bulls ear clothes we have to wear whoever 10
invented them expecting you to walk up Killiney hill then for example at that picnic 11
all staysed up you cant do a blessed thing in them in a crowd run or jump out of the way thats why I was afraid when that other ferocious old Bull began to charge the banderillos with the sashes and the 2 things in their hats and the brutes of men 12
shouting bravo toro sure the women were as bad in their nice white mantillas 13
ripping all the whole insides out of those poor horses I never heard of such a thing in all my life yes he used to break his heart at me taking off the dog barking in bell 14
lane poor brute and it sick what became of them ever I suppose theyre dead long ago the 2 of them its like all through a mist makes you feel so old I made the scones of course I had everything all to myself then a girl Hester we used to compare our hair mine was thicker than hers she showed me how to settle it at the back when I put it up and whats this else how to make a knot on a thread with the one hand we were like cousins what age was I then the night of the storm I slept in her bed she had her arms round me then we were fighting in the morning with the pillow what fun he was watching me whenever he got an opportunity at the band on the 15
Alameda esplanade when I was with father and Captain Grove I looked up at the 16
church first and then at the windows then down and our eyes met I felt something go through me like all needles my eyes were dancing I remember after when I looked at myself in the glass hardly recognised myself the change I had a splendid skin from the sun and the excitement like a rose I didnt get a wink of sleep it wouldnt have been nice on account of her but I could have stopped it in time she gave me the Moonstone to read that was the first I read of Wilkie Collins East 17-18
Lynne I read and the shadow of Ashlydyat Mrs Henry Wood Henry Dunbar by 19-20
that other woman I lent him afterwards with Mulveys photo in it so as he see I 21
wasnt without and Lord Lytton Eugene Aram Molly bawn she gave me by Mrs 22-23
Hungerford on account of the name I dont like books with a Molly in them like that one he brought me about the one from Flanders a whore always shoplifting 24

anything she could cloth and stuff and yards of it this blanket is too heavy on me thats better I havent even one decent nightdress this thing gets all rolled up under me besides him and his fooling thats better I used to be weltering then in the heat my shift drenched with the sweat stuck in the cheeks of my bottom on the chair when I stood up they were so fattish and firm when I got up on the sofa cushions to see with my clothes up and the bugs tons of them at night and the mosquito nets I couldnt read a line Lord how long ago it seems centuries of course they never come back and she didnt put her address right on it either she may have noticed her wogger people were always going away and we never I remember that day with the waves and the boats with their high heads rocking and the swell of the ship those Officers uniforms on shore leave made me seasick he didnt say anything he was very serious I had the high buttoned boots on and my skirt was blowing she kissed me six or seven times didnt I cry yes I believe I did or near it
1 my lips were taittering when I said goodbye she had a Gorgeous wrap of some special kind of blue colour on her for the voyage made very peculiarly to one side like and it was extremely pretty it got as dull as the devil after they went I was almost planning to run away mad out of it somewhere were never easy where we
2 are father or aunt or marriage waiting always waiting to guiiiide him toooo me
3 waiting nor speeeed his flying feet their damn guns bursting and booming all over the shop especially the Queens birthday and throwing everything down in all
4 directions if you didnt open the windows when general Ulysses Grant whoever
5 he was or did supposed to be some great fellow landed off the ship and old Sprague
6 the consul that was there from before the flood dressed up poor man and he in mourning for the son then the same old reveille in the morning and drums rolling and the unfortunate poor devils of soldiers walking about with messtins smelling
7-9 the place more than the old longbearded jews in their jellibees and levites assembly
10 and sound clear and gunfire for the men to cross the lines and the warden marching with his keys to lock the gates and the bagpipes and only Captain Groves and father
11-13 talking about Rorkes drift and Plevna and sir Garnet Wolseley and Gordon at Khartoum lighting their pipes for them everytime they went out drunken old devil with his grog on the windowsill catch him leaving any of it picking his nose trying to think of some other dirty story to tell up in a corner but he never forgot himself when I was there sending me out of the room on some blind excuse paying his compliments the Bushmills whisky talking of course but hed do the same to the next woman that came along I supposed he died of galloping drink ages ago the days like years not a letter from a living soul except the odd few I posted to myself with bits of paper in them so bored sometimes I could fight with my nails listening to that old Arab with the one eye and his heass of an instrument singing his heah heah aheah all my compriments on your hotchapotch of your heass as bad as now with the hands hanging off me looking out of the window if there was a nice
14 fellow even in the opposite house that medical in Holles street the nurse was after when I put on my gloves and hat at the window to show I was going out not a notion what I meant arent they thick never understand what you say even youd want to print it up on a big poster for them not even if you shake hands twice with
15 the left he didnt recognise me either when I half frowned at him outside Westland row chapel where does their great intelligence come in Id like to know grey matter
16 they have it all in their tail if you ask me those country gougers up in the City Arms

intelligence they had a damn sight less than the bulls and cows they were selling the meat and the coalmans bell that noisy bugger trying to swindle me with the wrong bill he took out of his hat what a pair of paws and pots and pans and kettles to mend any broken bottles for a poor man today and no visitors or post ever except his cheques or some advertisement like that wonderworker they sent him 1
addressed dear Madam only his letter and the card from Milly this morning see she wrote a letter to him who did I get the last letter from O Mrs Dwenn now whatever possessed her to write after so many years to know the recipe I had for pisto madrileno Floey Dillon since she wrote to say she was married to a very rich 2
architect if Im to believe all I hear with a villa and eight rooms her father was an awfully nice man he was near seventy always good humour well now Miss Tweedy or Miss Gillespie theres the pyannyer that was a solid silver coffee service he had too on the mahogany sideboard then dying so far away I hate people that have always their poor story to tell everybody has their own troubles that poor Nancy Blake died a month ago of acute pneumonia well I didnt know her so well as all that she was Floeys friend more than mine its a bother having to answer he always tells me the wrong things and no stops to say like making a speech your sad bereavement symphathy I always make that mistake and newphew with 2 double yous in I hope hell write me a longer letter the next time if its a thing he really likes me O thanks be to the great God I got somebody to give me what I badly wanted to put some heart up into me youve no chances at all in this place like you used long ago I wish somebody would write me a loveletter his wasnt much and I told him he could write what he liked yours ever Hugh Boylan in Old Madrid 3
silly women believe love is sighing I am dying still if he wrote it I suppose thered be some truth in it true or no it fills up your whole day and life always something to think about every moment and see it all around you like a new world I could write the answer in bed to let him imagine me short just a few words not those long crossed letters Atty Dillon used to write to the fellow that was something in 4
the four courts that jilted her after out of the ladies letterwriter when I told her to 5-6
say a few simple words he could twist how he liked not acting with precipit pre-
cipitancy with equal candour the greatest earthly happiness answer to a gentlemans 7
proposal affirmatively my goodness theres nothing else its all very fine for them but as for being a woman as soon as youre old they might as well throw you out in the bottom of the ashpit.

Mulveys was the first when I was in bed that morning and Mrs Rubio brought 8-9
it in with the coffee she stood there standing when I asked her to hand me and I pointing at them I couldnt think of the word a hairpin to open it with ah horquilla 10
disobliging old thing and it staring her in the face with her switch of false hair on her and vain about her appearance ugly as she was near 80 or a 100 her face a mass of wrinkles with all her religion domineering because she never could get over the Atlantic fleet coming in half the ships of the world and the Union Jack flying 11
with all her carabineros because 4 drunken English sailors took all the rock from 12-13
them and because I didnt run into mass often enough in Santa Maria to please her 14
with her shawl up on her except when there was a marriage on with all her miracles of the saints and her black blessed virgin with the silver dress and the sun dancing 15-16
3 times on Easter Sunday morning and when the priest was going by with the bell 17
bringing the vatican to the dying blessing herself for his Majestad an admirer he 18

signed it I near jumped out of my skin I wanted to pick him up when I saw him
following me along the Calle Real in the shop window then he tipped me just in
passing I never thought hed write making an appointment I had it inside my
petticoat bodice all day reading it up in every hole and corner while father was up
at the drill instructing to find out by the handwriting or the language of stamps
singing I remember shall I wear a white rose and I wanted to put on the old stupid
clock to near the time he was the first man kissed me under the Moorish wall my
sweetheart when a boy it never entered my head what kissing meant till he put
his tongue in my mouth his mouth was sweetlike young I put my knee up to him
a few times to learn the way what did I tell him I was engaged for fun to the son
of a Spanish nobleman named Don Miguel de la Flora and he believed that I was
to be married to him in 3 years time theres many a true word spoken in jest there
is a flower that bloometh a few things I told him true about myself just for him to
be imagining the Spanish girls he didnt like I suppose one of them wouldnt have
him I got him excited he crushed all the flowers on my bosom he brought me he
couldnt count the pesetas and the perragordas till I taught him Cappoquin he came
from he said on the Blackwater but it was too short then the day before he left
May yes it was May when the infant king of Spain was born Im always like that in
the spring Id like a new fellow every year up on the tiptop under the rockgun near
OHaras tower I told him it was struck by lightning and all about the old Barbary
apes they sent to Clapham without a tail careering all over the show on each others
back Mrs Rubio said she was a regular old rock scorpion robbing the chickens out
of Inces farm and throw stones at you if you went anear he was looking at me I
had that white blouse on open at the front to encourage him as much as I could
without too openly they were just beginning to be plump I said I was tired we lay
over the firtree cove a wild place I suppose it must be the highest rock in existence
the galleries and casemates and those frightful rocks and Saint Michaels cave with
the icicles or whatever they call them hanging down and ladders all the mud
plotching my boots Im sure thats the way down the monkeys go under the sea to
Africa when they die the ships out far like chips that was the Malta boat passing
yes the sea and the sky you could do what you liked lie there for ever he caressed
them outside they love doing that its the roundness there I was leaning over him
with my white ricestraw hat to take the newness out of it the left side of my face
the best my blouse open for his last day transparent kind of shirt he had I could
see his chest pink he wanted to touch mine with his for a moment but I wouldnt
let him he was awfully put out first for fear you never know consumption or leave
me with a child embarazada that old servant Ines told me that one drop even if it
got into you at all after I tried with the Banana but I was afraid it might break and
get lost up in me somewhere yes because they once took something down out of
a woman that was up there for years covered with limesalts theyre all mad to get
in there where they come out of youd think they could never get far enough up
and then theyre done with you in a way till the next time yes because theres a
wonderful feeling there all the time so tender how did we finish it off yes O yes I
pulled him off into my handkerchief pretending not to be excited but I opened my
legs I wouldnt let him touch me inside my petticoat I had a skirt opening up the
side I tortured the life out of him first tickling him I loved rousing that dog in the
hotel rrrsssst awokwokawok his eyes shut and a bird flying below us he was shy

all the same I liked him like that morning I made him blush a little when I got over him that way when I unbuttoned him and took his out and drew back the skin it had a kind of eye in it theyre all Buttons men down the middle on the wrong side of them Molly darling he called me what was his name Jack Joe Harry Mulvey was 1
it yes I think a lieutenant he was rather fair he had a laughing kind of a voice so I went around to the whatyoucallit everything was whatyoucallit moustache had he he said hed come back Lord its just like yesterday to me and if I was married hed do it to me and I promised him yes faithfully Id let him block me now flying 2
perhaps hes dead or killed or a Captain or admiral its nearly 20 years if I said firtree 3
cove he would if he came up behind me and put his hands over my eyes to guess who I might recognise him hes young still about 40 perhaps hes married some girl on the black water and is quite changed they all do they havent half the character 4
a woman has she little knows what I did with her beloved husband before he ever dreamt of her in broad daylight too in the sight of the whole world you might say they could have put an article about it in the Chronicle I was a bit wild after when 5
I blew out the old bag the biscuits were in from Benady Bros and exploded it Lord 6
what a bang all the woodcocks and pigeons screaming coming back the same way that we went over middle hill round by the old guardhouse and the jews burial 7
place pretending to read out the Hebrew on them I wanted to fire his pistol he said he hadnt one he didnt know what to make of me with his peaked cap on that he always wore crooked as often as I settled it straight H M S Calypso swinging my 8
hat that old Bishop that spoke off the altar his long preach about womans higher 9
functions about girls now riding the bicycle and wearing peak caps and the new 10
woman bloomers God send him sense and me more money I suppose theyre called after him I never thought that would be my name Bloom when I used to write it in print to see how it looked on a visiting card or practising for the butcher and oblige M Bloom youre looking blooming Josie used to say after I married him well
its better than Breen or Briggs does brig or those awful names with bottom in 11
them Mrs Ramsbottom or some other kind of a bottom Mulvey I wouldnt go mad about either or suppose I divorced him Mrs Boylan my mother whoever she was might have given me a nicer name the Lord knows after the lovely one she had
Lunita Laredo the fun we had running along Willis road to Europa point twisting 12-13
in and out all round the other side of Jersey they were shaking and dancing about 14
in my blouse like Millys little ones now when she runs up the stairs I loved looking down at them I was jumping up at the pepper trees and the white poplars pulling the leaves off and throwing them at him he went to India he was to write the voyages those men have to make to the ends of the world and back its the least they might get a squeeze or two at a woman while they can going out to be drowned
or blown up somewhere I went up windmill hill to the flats that Sunday morning 15
with Captain Rubios that was dead spyglass like the sentry had he said hed have 16
one or two from on board I wore that frock from the B Marche Paris and the coral 17
necklace the straits shining I could see over to Morocco almost the bay of Tangier 18
white and the Atlas mountain with snow on it and the straits like a river so clear
Harry Molly Darling I was thinking of him on the sea all the time after at mass 19
when my petticoat began to slip down at the elevation weeks and weeks I kept the 20
handkerchief under my pillow for the smell of him there was no decent perfume
to be got in that Gibraltar only that cheap peau despagne that faded and left a stink 21

on you more than anything else I wanted to give him a memento he gave me that
1 clumsy Claddagh ring for luck that I gave Gardner going to South Africa where
those Boers killed him with their war and fever but they were well beaten all the
2 same as if it brought its bad luck with it like an opal or pearl must have been pure
16 carat gold because it was very heavy I can see his face clean shaven
3 Frseeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeefrong that train again weeping tone once in the dear
deaead days beyond recall close my eyes breath my lips forward kiss sad look eyes
open piano ere oer the world the mists began I hate that istsbeg comes loves sweet
4 ssooooooong Ill let that out full when I get in front of the footlights again Kathleen
Kearney and her lot of squealers Miss This Miss That Miss Theother lot of spar-
5 rowfarts skitting around talking about politics they know as much about as my
backside anything in the world to make themselves someway interesting Irish
homemade beauties soldiers daughter am I ay and whose are you bootmakers and
publicans I beg your pardon coach I thought you were a wheelbarrow theyd die
6 down dead off their feet if ever they got a chance of walking down the Alameda
on an officers arm like me on the bandnight my eyes flash my bust that they havent
passion God help their poor head I knew more about men and life when I was 15
than theyll all know at 50 they dont know how to sing a song like that Gardner
said no man could look at my mouth and teeth smiling like that and not think of
it I was afraid he mightnt like my accent first he so English all father left me in
spite of his stamps Ive my mothers eyes and figure anyhow he always said theyre
so snotty about themselves some of those cads he wasnt a bit like that he was dead
gone on my lips let them get a husband first thats fit to be looked at and a daughter
like mine or see if they can excite a swell with money that can pick and choose
whoever he wants like Boylan to do it 4 or 5 times locked in each others arms or
7 the voice either I could have been a prima donna only I married him comes looooves
8 old deep down chin back not too much make it double My Ladys Bower is too
long for an encore about the moated grange at twilight and vaulted rooms yes Ill
9 sing Winds that blow from the south that he gave after the choirstairs performance
Ill change that lace on my black dress to show off my bubs and Ill yes by God Ill
get that big fan mended make them burst with envy my hole is itching me always
when I think of him I feel I want to I feel some wind in me better go easy not wake
him have him at it again slobbering after washing every bit of myself back belly
and sides if we had even a bath itself or my own room anyway I wish hed sleep in
some bed by himself with his cold feet on me give us room even to let a fart God
or do the least thing better yes hold them like that a bit on my side piano quietly
sweeeee theres that train far away pianissimo eeeeeeee one more song
10 that was a relief wherever you be let your wind go free who knows if that pork
chop I took with my cup of tea after was quite good with the heat I couldnt smell
11 anything off it Im sure that queerlooking man in the porkbutchers is a great rogue
I hope that lamp is not smoking fill my nose up with smuts better than having him
leaving the gas on all night I couldnt rest easy in my bed in Gibraltar even getting
up to see why am I so damned nervous about that though I like it in the winter its
more company O Lord it was rotten cold too that winter when I was only about
ten was I yes I had the big doll with all the funny clothes dressing her up and
undressing that icy wind skeeting across from those mountains the something
12 Nevada sierra nevada standing at the fire with the little bit of a short shift I had up

to heat myself I loved dancing about in it then make a race back into bed Im sure that fellow opposite used to be there the whole time watching with the lights out in the summer and I in my skin hopping around I used to love myself then stripped at the washstand dabbing and creaming only when it came to the chamber performance I put out the light too so then there were 2 of us Goodbye to my sleep for this night anyhow I hope hes not going to get in with those medicals leading him astray to imagine hes young again coming in at 4 in the morning it must be if not more still he had the manners not to wake me what do they find to gabber about all night squandering money and getting drunker and drunker couldnt they drink water then he starts giving us his orders for eggs and tea Findon haddy and 1
hot buttered toast I suppose well have him sitting up like the king of the country pumping the wrong end of the spoon up and down in his egg wherever he learned that from and I love to hear him falling up the stairs of a morning with the cups rattling on the tray and then play with the cat she rubs up against you for her own sake I wonder has she fleas shes as bad as a woman always licking and lecking but 2
I hate their claws I wonder do they see anything that we cant staring like that when she sits at the top of the stairs so long and listening as I wait always what a robber too that lovely fresh plaice I bought I think Ill get a bit of fish tomorrow or today is it Friday yes I will with some blancmange with black currant jam like long ago not those 2 lb pots of mixed plum and apple from the London and Newcastle 3
Williams and Woods goes twice as far only for the bones I hate those eels cod yes Ill get a nice piece of cod Im always getting enough for 3 forgetting anyway Im sick of that everlasting butchers meat from Buckleys loin chops and leg beef and 4
rib steak and scrag of mutton and calfs pluck the very name is enough or a picnic 5-6
suppose we all gave 5/- each and or let him pay and invite some other woman for him who Mrs Fleming and drive out to the furry glen or the strawberry beds wed 7-8
have him examining all the horses toenails first like he does with the letters no not with Boylan there yes with some cold veal and ham mixed sandwiches there are little houses down at the bottom of the banks there on purpose but its as hot as blazes he says not a bank holiday anyhow I hate those ruck of Mary Ann coalboxes 9
out for the day Whit Monday is a cursed day too no wonder that bee bit him better 10
the seaside but Id never again in this life get into a boat with him after him at Bray 11
telling the boatmen he knew how to row if anyone asked could he ride the steeplechase for the gold cup hed say yes then it came on to get rough the old thing crookeding about and the weight all down my side telling me to pull the right reins now pull the left and the tide all swamping in floods in through through the bottom and his oar slipping out of the stirrup its a mercy we werent all drowned he can swim of course me no theres no danger whatsoever keep yourself calm in his flannel trousers Id like to have tattered them down off him before all the people and give him what that one calls flagellate till he was black and blue do him all the good in the world only for that longnosed chap I dont know who he is with that
other beauty Burke out of the City Arms hotel was there spying around as usual 13
on the slip always where he wasnt wanted if there was a row on you vomit a better face there was no love lost between us thats 1 consolation I wonder what kind is
that book he brought me Sweets of Sin by a gentleman of fashion some other Mr 14-15
de Kock I suppose the people gave him that nickname going about with his tube from one woman to another I couldnt even change my new white shoes all ruined

with the saltwater and the hat I had with that feather all blowy and tossed on me how annoying and provoking because the smell of the sea excited me of course
1 the sardines and the bream in Catalan bay round the back of the rock they were fine all silver in the fishermens baskets old Luigi near a hundred they said came from Genoa and the tall old chap with the earrings I dont like a man you have to climb up to go get at I suppose theyre all dead and rotten long ago besides I dont like being alone in this big barracks of a place at night I suppose Ill have to put up
2 with it I never brought a bit of salt in even when we moved in the confusion musical academy he was going to make on the first floor drawingroom with a brassplate or Blooms private hotel he suggested go and ruin himself altogether the way his father did down in Ennis like all the things he told father he was going to do and me but I saw through him telling me all the lovely places we could go for the
3 honeymoon Venice by moonlight with the gondolas and the lake of Como he had a picture cut out of some paper of and mandolines and lanterns O how nice I said
4 whatever I liked he was going to do immediately if not sooner will you be my man
5 will you carry my can he ought to get a leather medal with a putty rim for all the plans he invents then leaving us here all day you never know what old beggar at the door for a crust with his long story might be a tramp and put his foot in the way to prevent me shutting it like that picture of that hardened criminal he was
6 called in Lloyds Weekly News 20 years in jail then he comes out and murders an old woman for her money imagine his poor wife or mother or whoever she is such a face youd run miles away from I couldnt rest easy till I bolted all the doors and windows to make sure but its worse again being locked up like in a prison or a madhouse they ought to be all shot or the cat of nine tails a big brute like that that would attack a poor old woman to murder her in her bed Id cut them off so I would not that hed be much use still better than nothing the night I was sure I heard burglars in the kitchen and he went down in his shirt with a candle and a poker as if he was looking for a mouse as white as a sheet frightened out of his wits making as much noise as he possibly could for the burglars benefit there isnt much to steal indeed the Lord knows still its the feeling especially now with Milly away such an
7 idea for him to send the girl down there to learn to take photographs on account
8 of his grandfather instead of sending her to Skerrys academy where shed have to
9 learn not like me getting all at school only hed do a thing like that all the same on account of me and Boylan thats why he did it Im certain the way he plots and plans everything out I couldnt turn round with her in the place lately unless I bolted the door first gave me the fidgets coming in without knocking first when I put the chair against the door just as I was washing myself there below with the glove get on your nerves then doing the loglady all day put her in a glasscase with two at a time to look at her if he knew she broke off the hand off that little gimcrack statue with her roughness and carelessness before she left that I got that little Italian boy
10 to mend so that you cant see the join for 2 shillings wouldnt even teem the potatoes for you of course shes right not to ruin her hands I noticed he was always talking to her lately at the table explaining things in the paper and she pretending to understand sly of course that comes from his side of the house and helping her into her coat but if there was anything wrong with her its me shed tell not him he cant say I pretend things can he Im too honest as a matter of fact I suppose he thinks Im finished out and laid on the shelf well Im not no nor anything like it well

see well see now shes well on for flirting too with Tom Devans two sons imitating 1
me whistling with those romps of Murray girls calling for her can Milly come out 2
please shes in great demand to pick what they can out of her round in Nelson 3
street riding Harry Devans bicycle at night its as well he sent her where she is she
was just getting out of bounds wanting to go on the skatingrink and smoking their
cigarettes through their nose I smelt if off her dress when I was biting off the thread
of the button I sewed on to the bottom of her jacket she couldnt hide much from
me I tell you only I oughtnt to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting and 4
the last plumpudding too split in 2 halves see it comes out no matter what they 5
say her tongue is a bit too long for my taste your blouse is open too low she says
to me the pan calling the kettle blackbottom and I had to tell her not to cock her
legs up like that on show on the windowsill before all the people passing they all
look at her like me when I was her age of course any old rag looks well on you
then a great touchmenot too in her own way at the Only Way in the Theatre royal 6
take your foot away out of that I hate people touching me afraid of her life Id
crush her skirt with the pleats a lot of that touching must go on in theatres in the
crush in the dark theyre always trying to wiggle up to you that fellow in the pit at
the pit at the Gaiety for Beerbohm Tree in Trilby the last time Ill ever go there to 7
be squashed like that for any Trilby or her barebum every two minutes tipping me
there and looking away hes a bit daft I think I saw him after trying to get near two
stylish dressed ladies outside Switzers window at the same little game I recognised 8
him on the moment the face and everything but he didnt remember me and she
didnt even want me to kiss her at the Broadstone going away well I hope shell get 9
someone to dance attendance on her the way I did when she was down with the 10
mumps her glands swollen wheres this and wheres that of course she cant feel
anything deep yet I never came properly till I was what 22 or so it went into the
wrong place always only the usual girls nonsense and giggling that Conny Connolly 11
writing to her in white ink on black paper sealed with sealingwax though she
clapped when the curtain came down because he looked so handsome then we
had Martin Harvey for breakfast dinner and supper I thought to myself afterwards 12
it must be real love if a man gives up his life for her that way for nothing I suppose 13
there are few men like that left its hard to believe in it though unless it really
happened to me the majority of them with not a particle of love in their natures
to find two people like that nowadays full up of each other that would feel the
same way as you do theyre usually a bit foolish in the head his father must have
been a bit queer to go and poison himself after her still poor old man I suppose
he felt lost always making love to my things too the few old rags I have wanting
to put her hair up at 15 my powder too only ruin her skin on her shes time enough
for that all her life after of course shes restless knowing shes pretty with her lips
so red a pity they wont stay that way I was too but theres no use going to the fair
with the thing answering me like a fishwoman when I asked to go for a half a stone
of potatoes the day we met Mrs Joe Gallaher at the trottingmatches and she pre- 14-15
tended not to see us in her trap with Friery the solicitor we werent grand enough 16
till I gave her 2 damn fine cracks across the ear for herself take that now for
answering me like that and that for your impudence she had me that exasperated
of course contradicting I was badtempered too because how was it there was a
weed in the tea or I didnt sleep the night before cheese I ate was it and I told her

over and over again not to leave knives crossed like that because she has nobody to command her as she said herself well if he doesnt correct her faith I will that was the last time she turned on the teartap I was just like that myself they darent order me about the place its his fault of course having the two of us slaving here instead of getting in a woman long ago am I ever going to have a proper servant again of course then shed see him coming Id have to let her know or shed revenge it arent they a nuisance that old Mrs Flemming you have to be walking round after her putting the things into her hands sneezing and farting into the pots well of course shes old she cant help it a good job I found that rotten old smelly dishcloth that got lost behind the dresser I knew there was something and opened the window to let out the smell bringing in his friends to entertain them like the night he walked home with a dog if you please that might have been mad especially Simon Dedalus son his father such a criticiser with his glasses up with his tall hat on him at the cricket match and a great big hole in his sock one thing laughing at the other and his son that got all those prizes for whatever he won them in the intermediate imagine climbing over the railings if anybody saw him that knew us wonder he didnt tear a big hole in his grand funeral trousers as if the one nature gave wasnt enough for anybody hawking him down into the dirty old kitchen now is he right in his head I ask pity it wasnt washing day my old pair of drawers might have been hanging up too on the line on exhibition for all hed ever care with the ironmould mark the stupid old bundle burned on them he might think was something else and she never even rendered down the fat I told her and now shes going such as she was on account of her paralysed husband getting worse theres always something wrong with them disease or they have to go under an operation or if its not that its drink and he beats her Ill have to hunt around again for someone every day I get up theres some new thing on sweet God sweet God well when Im stretched out dead in my grave I suppose Ill have some peace I want to get up a minute if Im let wait O Jesus wait yes that thing has come on me yes now wouldnt that afflict you of course all the poking and rooting and ploughing he had up in me now what am I to do Friday Saturday Sunday wouldnt that pester the soul out of a body unless he likes it some men do God knows theres always something wrong with us 5 days every 3 or 4 weeks usual monthly auction isnt it simply sickening that night it came on me like that the one and only time we were in a box that Michael Gunn gave him to see Mrs Kendal and her husband at the Gaiety something he did about insurance for him Drimmies I was fit to be tied though I wouldnt give in with that gentleman of fashion staring down at me with his glasses and him the other side of me talking about Spinoza and his soul thats dead I suppose millions of years ago I smiled the best I could all in a swamp leaning forward as if I was interested having to sit it out then to the last tag I wont forget that wife of Scarli in a hurry supposed to be a fast play about adultery that idiot in the gallery hissing the woman adulteress he shouted I suppose he went and had a woman in the next lane running round all the back ways after to make up for it I wish he had what I had then hed boo I bet the cat itself is better off than us have we too much blood up in us or what O patience above its pouring out of me like the sea anyhow he didnt make me pregnant as big as he is I dont want to ruin the clean sheets the clean linen I wore brought it on too damn it damn it and they always want to see a stain on the bed to know youre a virgin for them all thats troubling them theyre

such fools too you could be a widow or divorced 40 times over a daub of red ink would do or blackberry juice no thats too purply O Jamesy let me up out of this pooh sweets of sin whoever suggested that business for women what between 1
clothes and cooking and children this damned old bed too jingling like the dickens I suppose they could hear us away over the other side of the park till I suggested to put the quilt on the floor with the pillow under my bottom I wonder is it nicer in the day I think it is easy I think Ill cut all this hair off me there scalding me I might look like a young girl wouldnt he get the great suckin the next time he 2
turned up my clothes on me Id give anything to see his face wheres the chamber gone easy Ive a holy horror of its breaking under me after that old commode I wonder was I too heavy sitting on his knee I made him sit on the easychair purposely when I took off only my blouse and skirt first in the other room he was so busy where he oughtnt to be he never felt me I hope my breath was sweet after those kissing comfits easy God I remember one time I could scout it out straight whistling 3-4
like a man almost easy O Lord how noisy I hope theyre bubbles on it for a wad of 5
money from some fellow Ill have to perfume it in the morning dont forget I bet he never saw a better pair of thighs than that look how white they are the smoothest place is right there between this bit here how soft like a peach easy God I wouldnt mind being a man and get up on a lovely woman O Lord what a row youre making like the jersey lily easy O how the waters come down at Lahore 6-7

who knows is there anything the matter with my insides or have I something growing in me getting that thing like that every week when was it last I Whit 8
Monday yes its only about 3 weeks I ought to go to the doctor only it would be like before I married him when I had that white thing coming from me and Floey 9
made me go to that dry old stick Dr Collins for womens diseases on Pembroke 10
road your vagina he called it I suppose thats how he got all the gilt mirrors and carpets getting round those rich ones off Stephens green running up to him for 11
every little fiddlefaddle her vagina and her cochinchina theyve money of course so theyre all right I wouldnt marry him not if he was the last man in the world besides theres something queer about their children always smelling around those filthy bitches all sides asking me if what I did had an offensive odour what did he want me to do but the one thing gold maybe what a question if I smathered it all 12
over his wrinkly old face for him with all my compriment I suppose hed know then and could you pass it easily pass what I thought he was talking about the rock of Gibraltar the way he put it thats a very nice invention too by the way only I like letting myself down after in the hole as far as I can squeeze and pull the chain then to flush it nice cool pins and needles still theres something in it I suppose I always used to know by Millys when she was a child whether she had worms or not still all the same paying him for that how much is that doctor one guinea please and asking me had I frequent omissions where do those old fellows get all the words they have omissions with his shortsighted eyes on me cocked sideways I wouldnt trust him too far to give me chloroform or God knows what else still I liked him when he sat down to write the thing out frowning so severe his nose intelligent like that you be damned you lying strap O anything no matter who except an idiot 13
he was clever enough to spot that of course that was all thinking of him and his mad crazy letters my Precious one everything connected with your glorious Body everything underlined that comes from it is a thing of beauty and of joy for ever 14

something he got out of some nonsensical book that he had me always at myself 4 or 5 times a day sometimes and I said I hadnt are you sure O yes I said I am quite sure in a way that shut him up I knew what was coming next only natural weakness it was he excited me I dont know how the first night ever we met when I was living in Rehoboth terrace we stood staring at one another for about 10 minutes as if we met somewhere I suppose on account of my being jewess looking after my mother he used to amuse me the things he said with the half sloothering smile on him and all the Doyles said he was going to stand for a member of Parliament O wasnt I the born fool to believe all his blather about home rule and the land league sending me that long strool of a song out of the Huguenots to sing in French to be more classy O beau pays de la Touraine that I never even sang once explaining and rigmaroling about religion and persecution he wont let you enjoy anything naturally then might he as a great favour the very 1st opportunity he got a chance in Brighton square running into my bedroom pretending the ink got on his hands to wash it off with the Albion milk and sulphur soap I used to use and the gelatine still round it O I laughed myself sick at him that day Id better not make an all night sitting on this affair they ought to make chambers a natural size so that a woman could sit on it properly he kneels down to do it I suppose there isnt in all creation another man with the habits he has look at the way hes sleeping at the foot of the bed how can he without a hard bolster its well he doesnt kick or he might knock out all my teeth breathing with his hand on his nose like that Indian god he took me to show one wet Sunday in the museum in Kildare street all yellow in a pinafore lying on his side on his hand with his ten toes sticking out that he said was a bigger religion than the jews and Our Lords both put together all over Asia imitating him as hes always imitating everybody I suppose he used to sleep at the foot of the bed too with his big square feet up in his wifes mouth damn this stinking thing anyway wheres this those napkins are ah yes I know I hope the old press doesnt creak ah I knew it would hes sleeping hard had a good time somewhere still she must have given him great value for his money of course he has to pay for it from her O this nuisance of a thing I hope theyll have something better for us in the other world tying ourselves up God help us thats all right for tonight now the lumpy old jingly bed always reminds me of old Cohen I suppose he scratched himself in it often enough and he thinks father bought it from Lord Napier that I used to admire when I was a little girl because I told him easy piano O I like my bed God here we are as bad as ever after 16 years how many houses were we in at all Raymond terrace and Ontario terrace and Lombard street and Holles street and he goes about whistling every time were on the run again his huguenots or the frogs march pretending to help the men with our 4 sticks of furniture and then the City Arms hotel worse and worse says Warden Daly that charming place on the landing always somebody inside praying then leaving all their stinks after them always know who was in there last every time were just getting on right something happens or he puts his big foot in it Thoms and Helys and Mr Cuffes and Drimmies either hes going to be run into prison over his old lottery tickets that was to be all our salvations or he goes and gives impudence well have him coming home with the sack soon out of the Freeman too like the rest on account of those Sinner Fein or the freemasons then well see if the little man he showed me dribbling along in the wet all by himself round by Coadys lane will give him much consolation that he

says is so capable and sincerely Irish he is indeed judging by the sincerity of the trousers I saw on him wait theres Georges church bells wait 3 quarters the hour 1
wait 2 oclock well thats a nice hour of the night for him to be coming home at to anybody climbing down into the area if anybody saw him Ill knock him off that little habit tomorrow first Ill look at his shirt to see or Ill see if he has that French 2
letter still in his pocketbook I suppose he thinks I dont know deceitful men all their 20 pockets arent enough for their lies then why should we tell them even if its the truth they dont believe you then tucked up in bed like those babies in the Aristocrats 3
Masterpiece he brought me another time as if we hadnt enough of that in real life without some old Aristocrat or whatever his name is disgusting you more with those rotten pictures children with two heads and no legs thats the kind of villainy theyre always dreaming about with not another thing in their empty heads they ought to get slow poison the half of them then tea and toast for him buttered on both sides and newlaid eggs I suppose Im nothing any more when I wouldnt let him lick me in Holles street one night man man tyrant as ever for the one thing 4
he slept on the floor half the night naked the way the jews used when somebody 5
dies belonged to them and wouldnt eat any breakfast or speak a word wanting to be petted so I thought I stood out enough for one time and let him he does it all wrong too thinking only of his own pleasure his tongue is too flat or I dont know what he forgets that we then I dont Ill make him do it again if he doesnt mind 6
himself and lock him down to sleep in the coalcellar with the blackbeetles I wonder was it her Josie off her head with my castoffs hes such a born liar too no hed never have the courage with a married woman thats why he wants me and Boylan though as for her Denis as she calls him that forlornlooking spectacle you couldnt call him a husband yes its some little bitch hes got in with even when I was with him with Milly at the College races that Hornblower with the childs bonnet on the top of 7-8
his nob let us into by the back way he was throwing his sheeps eyes at those two doing skirt duty up and down I tried to wink at him first no use of course and thats the way his money goes this is the fruits of Mr Paddy Dignam yes they were all in great style at the grand funeral in the paper Boylan brought in if they saw a real officers funeral thatd be something reversed arms muffled drums the poor horse 9
walking behind in black L Boom and Tom Kernan that drunken little barrelly man 10
that bit his tongue off falling down the mens W C drunk in some place or other and Martin Cunningham and the two Dedaluses and Fanny MCoys husband white 11
head of cabbage skinny thing with a turn in her eye trying to sing my songs shed want to be born all over again and her old green dress with the lowneck as she cant attract them any other way like dabbling on a rainy day I see it all now plainly and they call that friendship killing and then burying one another and they all with their wives and families at home more especially Jack Power keeping that barmaid he does of course his wife is always sick or going to be sick or just getting better of it and hes a goodlooking man still though hes getting a bit grey over the ears theyre a nice lot all of them well theyre not going to get my husband again into their clutches if I can help it making fun of him then behind his back I know well when he goes on with his idiotics because he has sense enough not to squander every penny piece he earns down their gullets and looks after his wife and family goodfornothings poor Paddy Dignam all the same Im sorry in a way for him what are his wife and 5 children going to do unless he was insured comical little teetotum 12

always stuck up in some pub corner and her or her son waiting Bill Bailey wont you please come home her widows weeds wont improve her appearance theyre awfully becoming though if youre goodlooking what men wasnt he yes he was at the Glencree dinner and Ben Dollard base barreltone the night he borrowed the swallowtail to sing out of in Holles street squeezed and squashed into them and grinning all over his big Dolly face like a wellwhipped childs botty didnt he look a balmy ballocks sure enough that must have been a spectacle on the stage imagine paying 5/- in the preserved seats for that to see him and Simon Dedalus too he was always turning up half screwed singing the second verse first the old love is the new was one of his so sweetly sang the maiden on the hawthorn bough he was always on for flirtyfying too when I sang Maritana with him at Freddy Mayers private opera he had a delicious glorious voice Phœbe dearest goodbye *sweet*heart he always sang it not like Bartell dArcy sweet *tart* goodbye of course he had the gift of the voice so there was no art in it all over you like a warm showerbath O Maritana wildwood flower we sang splendidly though it was a bit too high for my register even transposed and he was married at the time to May Goulding but then hed say or do something to knock the good out of it hes a widower now I wonder what sort is his son he says hes an author and going to be a university professor of Italian and Im to take lessons what is he driving at now showing him my photo its not good of me I ought to have got it taken in drapery that never looks out of fashion still I look young in it I wonder he didnt make him a present of it altogether and me too after all why not I saw him driving down to the Kingsbridge station with his father and mother I was in mourning thats 11 years ago now yes hed be 11 though what was the good in going into mourning for what was neither one thing nor the other of course he insisted hed go into mourning for the cat I suppose hes a man now by this time he was an innocent boy then and a darling little fellow in his lord Fauntleroy suit and curly hair like a prince on the stage when I saw him at Mat Dillons he liked me too I remember they all do wait by God yes wait yes hold on he was on the cards this morning when I laid out the deck union with a young stranger neither dark nor fair you met before I thought it meant him but hes no chicken nor a stranger either besides my face was turned the other way what was the 7th card after that the 10 of spades for a Journey by land then there was a letter on its way and scandals too the 3 queens and the 8 of diamonds for a rise in society yes wait it all came out and 2 red 8s for new garments look at that and didnt I dream something too yes there was something about poetry in it I hope he hasnt long greasy hair hanging into his eyes or standing up like a red Indian what do they go about like that for only getting themselves and their poetry laughed at I always liked poetry when I was a girl first I thought he was a poet like Byron and not an ounce of it in his composition I thought he was quite different I wonder is he too young hes about wait 88 I was married 88 Milly is 15 yesterday 89 what age was he then at Dillons 5 or 6 about 88 I suppose hes 20 or more Im not too old for him if hes 23 or 24 I hope hes not that stuck up university student sort no otherwise he wouldnt go sitting down in the old kitchen with him taking Eppss cocoa and talking of course he pretended to understand it all probably he told him he was out of Trinity college hes very young to be a professor I hope hes not a professor like Goodwin was he was a patent professor of John Jameson they all write about some woman in their poetry well I suppose he wont find many like

me where softly sighs of love the light guitar where poetry is in the air the blue [1]
sea and the moon shining so beautifully coming back on the nightboat from Tarifa [2]
the lighthouse at Europa point the guitar that fellow played was so expressive will
I never go back there again all new faces two glancing eyes a lattice hid Ill sing that [3]
for him theyre my eyes if hes anything of a poet two eyes as darkly bright as loves [4]
own star arent those beautiful words as loves young star itll be a change the Lord
knows to have an intelligent person to talk to about yourself not always listening
to him and Billy Prescotts ad and Keyess ad and Tom the Devils ad then if anything [5-6]
goes wrong in their business we have to suffer Im sure hes very distinguished Id
like to meet a man like that God not those other ruck besides hes young those fine
young men I could see down in Margate strand bathing place from the side of the [7]
rock standing up in the sun naked like a God or something and then plunging into
the sea with them why arent all men like that thered be some consolation for a
woman like that lovely little statue he bought I could look at him all day long curly [8]
head and his shoulders his finger up for you to listen theres real beauty and poetry
for you I often felt I wanted to kiss him all over also his lovely young cock there
so simple I wouldnt mind taking him in my mouth if nobody was looking as if it
was asking you to suck it so clean and white he looked with his boyish face I would
too in 1/2 a minute even if some of it went down what its only like gruel or the
dew theres no danger besides hed be so clean compared with those pigs of men I
suppose never dream of washing it from 1 years end to the other the most of them
only thats what gives the women the moustaches Im sure itll be grand if I can only
get in with a handsome young poet at my age Ill throw them the 1st thing in the
morning till I see if the wishcard comes out or Ill try pairing the lady herself and [9]
see if he comes out Ill read and study all I can find or learn a bit off by heart if I
knew who he likes so he wont think me stupid if he thinks all women are the same
and I can teach him the other part Ill make him feel all over him till he half faints
under me then hell write about me lover and mistress publicly too with our 2
photographs in all the papers when he becomes famous O but then what am I
going to do about him though

no thats no way for him has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing
in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom because I didnt call him
Hugh the ignoramus that doesnt know poetry from a cabbage thats what you get
for not keeping them in their proper place pulling off his shoes and trousers there
on the chair before me so barefaced without even asking permission and standing
out that vulgar way in the half of a shirt they wear to be admired like a priest or
a butcher or those old hypocrites in the time of Julius Caesar of course hes right
enough in his way to pass the time as a joke sure you might as well be in bed with
what with a lion God Im sure hed have something better to say for himself an old
Lion would O well I suppose its because they were so plump and tempting in my
short petticoat he couldnt resist they excite myself sometimes its well for men all
the amount of pleasure they get off a womans body were so round and white for
them always I wished I was one myself for a change just to try with that thing they
have swelling upon you so hard and at the same time so soft when you touch it my [10]
uncle John has a thing long I heard those cornerboys saying passing the corner of [11]
Marrowbone lane my aunt Mary has a thing hairy because it was dark and they
knew a girl was passing it didnt make me blush why should it either its only nature

and he puts his thing long into my aunt Marys hairy etcetera and turns out to be you put the handle in a sweepingbrush men again all over they can pick and choose what they please a married woman or a fast widow or a girl for their different tastes
1 like those houses round behind Irish street no but were to be always chained up theyre not going to be chaining me up no damn fear once I start I tell you for stupid husbands jealousy why cant we all remain friends over it instead of quarrelling her husband found it out what they did together well naturally and if he did can he
2 undo it hes coronado anyway whatever he does and then he going to the other
3 mad extreme about the wife in Fair Tyrants of course the man never even casts a 2nd thought on the husband or wife either its the woman he wants and he gets her what else were we given all those desires for Id like to know I cant help it if Im young still can I its a wonder Im not an old shrivelled hag before my time living with him so cold never embracing me except sometimes when hes asleep the wrong end of me not knowing I suppose who he has any man thatd kiss a womans bottom Id throw my hat at him after that hed kiss anything unnatural where we havent 1 atom of any kind of expression in us all of us the same 2 lumps of lard before ever I do that to a man pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought is enough I kiss the feet
4 of you señorita theres some sense in that didnt he kiss our halldoor yes he did what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas but me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isnt there sometimes by the Lord God I was thinking would I go around by the quays there some dark evening where nobodyd know me and pick up a sailor off the sea thatd be hot on for it and not care a pin whose I was only to do it off up in a gate
5 somewhere or one of those wildlooking gipsies in Rathfarnham had their camp
6 pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to try and steal our things if they could I only sent mine there a few times for the name model laundry sending me back over and over some old ones old stockings that blackguardlooking fellow with the fine eyes peeling a switch attack me in the dark and ride me up against the wall without a word or a murderer anybody what they do themselves the fine gentlemen in their
7-8 silk hats that K C lives up somewhere this way coming out of Hardwicke lane the
9 night he gave us the fish supper on account of winning over the boxing match of course it was for me he gave it I knew him by his gaiters and the walk and when I turned round a minute after just to see there was a woman after coming out of it too some filthy prostitute then he goes home to his wife after that only I suppose
10 the half of those sailors are rotten again with disease O move over your big carcass
11 out of that for the love of Mike listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to thee
12 so well he may sleep and sigh the great Suggester Don Poldo de la Flora if he knew
13 how he came out on the cards this morning hed have something to sigh for a dark
14 man in some perplexity between 2 7s too in prison for Lord knows what he does
15 that I dont know and Im to be slooching around down in the kitchen to get his lordship his breakfast while hes rolled up like a mummy will I indeed did you ever see me running Id just like to see myself at it show them attention and they treat you like dirt I dont care what anybody says itd be much better for the world to be governed by the women in it you wouldnt see women going and killing one another and slaughtering when do you ever see women rolling around drunk like they do or gambling every penny they have and losing it on horses yes because a woman

whatever she does she knows where to stop sure they wouldnt be in the world at all only for us they dont know what it is to be a woman and a mother how could they where would they all of them be if they hadnt all a mother to look after them what I never had thats why I suppose hes running wild now out at night away from his books and studies and not living at home on account of the usual rowy house I suppose well its a poor case that those that have a fine son like that theyre not satisfied and I none was he not able to make one it wasnt my fault we came together when I was watching the two dogs up in her behind in the middle of the naked street that disheartened me altogether I suppose I oughtnt to have buried him in that little woolly jacket I knitted crying as I was but give it to some poor child but I knew well Id never have another our 1st death too it was we were never the same since O Im not going to think myself into the glooms about that any more I wonder why he wouldnt stay the night I felt all the time it was somebody strange he brought in instead of roving around the city meeting God knows who nightwalkers and 1
pickpockets his poor mother wouldnt like that if she was alive ruining himself for life perhaps still its a lovely hour so silent I used to love coming home after dances the air of the night they have friends they can talk to weve none either he wants what he wont get or its some woman ready to stick her knife in you I hate that in women no wonder they treat us the way they do we are a dreadful lot of bitches I suppose its all the troubles we have makes us so snappy Im not like that he could easy have slept in there on the sofa in the other room I suppose he was as shy as a boy he being so young hardly 20 of me in the next room hed have heard me on the chamber arrah what harm Dedalus I wonder its like those names in Gibraltar 2
Delapaz Delagracia they had the devils queer names there father Vial plana of 3-4
Santa Maria that gave me the rosary Rosales y OReilly in the Calle las Siete Revueltas 5
and Pisimbo and Mrs Opisso in Governor street O what a name Id go and drown 6-7
myself in the first river if I had a name like her O my and all the bits of streets
Paradise ramp and Bedlam ramp and Rodgers ramp and Crutchetts ramp and the 8-11
devils gap steps well small blame to me if I am a harumscarum I know I am a bit 12
I declare to God I dont feel a day older than then I wonder could I get my tongue
round any of the Spanish como esta usted muy bien gracias y usted see I havent 13
forgotten it all I thought I had only for the grammar a noun is the name of any
person place or thing pity I never tried to read that novel cantankerous Mrs Rubio 14
lent me by Valera with the questions in it all upside down the two ways I always 15-16
knew wed go away in the end I can tell him the Spanish and he tell me the Italian
then hell see Im not so ignorant what a pity he didnt stay Im sure the poor fellow
was dead tired and wanted a good sleep badly I could have brought him in his
breakfast in bed with a bit of toast so long as I didnt do it on the knife for bad luck 17
or if the woman was going her rounds with the watercress and something nice
and tasty there are a few olives in the kitchen he might like I never could bear the
look of them in Abrines I could do the criada the room looks all right since I 18-19
changed it the other way you see something was telling me all the time Id have to
introduce myself not knowing me from Adam very funny wouldnt it Im his wife
or pretend we were in Spain with him half awake without a Gods notion where
he is dos huevos estrellados señor Lord the cracked things come into my head 20
sometimes itd be great fun supposing he stayed with us why not theres the room
upstairs empty and Millys bed in the back room he could do his writing and studies

at the table in there for all the scribbling he does at it and if he wants to read in bed in the morning like me as hes making the breakfast for 1 he can make it for 2 Im
1 sure Im not going to take in lodgers off the street for him if he takes a gesabo of a house like this Id love to have a long talk with an intelligent welleducated person Id have to get a nice pair of red slippers like those Turks with the fez used to sell or yellow and a nice semitransparent morning gown that I badly want or a
2 peachblossom dressing jacket like the one long ago in Walpoles only 8/6 or 18/6
3 Ill just give him one more chance Ill get up early in the morning Im sick of Cohens
4 old bed in any case I might go over to the markets to see all the vegetables and cabbages and tomatoes and carrots and all kinds of splendid fruits all coming in lovely and fresh who knows whod be the 1st man Id meet theyre out looking for
5 it in the morning Mamy Dillon used to say they are and the night too that was her massgoing Id love a big juicy pear now to melt in your mouth like when I used to
6 be in the longing way then Ill throw him up his eggs and tea in the moustachecup she gave him to make his mouth bigger I suppose hed like my nice cream too I know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much singing a bit now and then
7-8 mi fa pietà Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son più forte Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eyeful out of that to make his micky stand for him Ill let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked yes and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times
9 handrunning theres the mark of his spunk on the clean sheet I wouldnt bother to even iron it out that ought to satisfy him if you dont believe me feel my belly unless I made him stand there and put him into me Ive a mind to tell him every scrap and
10 make him do it in front of me serve him right its all his own fault if I am an adulteress as the thing in the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm ever we
11 did in this vale of tears God knows its not much doesnt everybody only they hide it I suppose thats what a woman is supposed to be there for or He wouldn't have made us the way He did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers and bulge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole as hes there my brown part then Ill tell him I want £1 or perhaps 30/ Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women do I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write his name on it for a couple of pounds a few times he forgot to lock it up besides he wont spend it Ill let him do it off on me behind provided he doesnt smear all my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do the indifferent 1 or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like that he cant keep a thing back I know every turn in him Ill tighten my bottom well and let out a few smutty words smellrump or lick my shit or the first mad thing comes into my head then Ill suggest about yes O wait now sonny my turn is coming Ill be quite gay and friendly over it O but I was forgetting this bloody pest of a thing pfooh you wouldnt know which to laugh or cry were such a mixture of plum and apple no Ill have to wear the old things so much the better itll be more pointed hell never know whether he did it nor not there thats good enough for you any old thing at all then Ill wipe him off me just like a business his omission then Ill go out Ill have him eying up at the ceiling where is she gone now make him want me thats the only way a quarter after what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out their

pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus theyve nobody 1
coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two for his night office the 2
alarmclock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out of itself let me see if
I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what kind of flowers are those they invented like the stars
the wallpaper in Lombard street was much nicer the apron he gave me was like
that something only I only wore it twice better lower this lamp and try again so as
I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside Findlaters and get them so send us 3-4
some flowers to put about the place in case he brings him home tomorrow today
I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first I want to do the place up someway the 5
dust grows in it I think while Im asleep then we can have music and cigarettes I
can accompany him first I must clean the keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear
shall I wear a white rose or those fairy cakes in Liptons I love the smell of a rich 6-7
big shop at 7 1/2d a lb or the other ones with the cherries in them and the pinky
sugar 11d a couple of lbs of course a nice plant for the middle of the table Id get
that cheaper in wait wheres this I saw them not long ago I love flowers Id love to
have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature
the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country
with fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going
about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts
of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses
and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of
my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often
asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off 8
themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why
because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know
them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that
made it all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might
as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the
day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed
suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the 9
bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my 10
God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the
mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he
said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because
I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round
him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say
yes and I wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was
thinking of so many things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester
and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop 11-12
and washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the 13
governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half roasted 14
and the Spanish girls laughing in their shawls and their tall combs and the auctions 15
in the morning the Greeks and the jews and the Arabs and the devil knows who
else from all the ends of Europe and Duke street and the fowl market all clucking 16
outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague 17
fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade on the steps and the bigs wheels of the
carts of the bulls and the old castle thousands of years old yes and those handsome 18

Moors all in white and turbans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit
1-3 of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice
hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the
4 castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algeciras the watchman going about
5-6 serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea
7 crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda
gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and
8 the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a
girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like
9 the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the
10 Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with
my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain
flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he
could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I
said yes I will Yes.

Trieste-Zürich-Paris, 1914–1921.

Notes

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Annotating *Ulysses* is a potentially endless task. From the perspective of a first-time reader annotations can also be somewhat dangerous and distracting.

For these annotations I have tried to keep matters as brief as possible and to limit myself to strictly factual as opposed to interpretive material, although in many cases the line between the factual and the interpretive can be somewhat blurry. Even the mere act of annotating is itself an interpretive gesture, since it might lead the reader into thinking that *Ulysses* is a book that *needs to be* annotated. A quick glance at these annotations will show that *Ulysses* is a book filled with (among other things) allusions to Shakespeare, Aristotle, music-hall songs and references to Dublin topography precise enough for a directory. Certainly, *Ulysses* is all those things, but it is also *more* than all that. The joys of *Ulysses* belong to the reader (and not necessarily to the annotator). So, my first suggestion is that these annotations are here to either be consulted or ignored as the reader sees fit.

For those who will consult these annotations, these should only be considered as a starting point for your own interpretations. Fritz Senn has remarked that annotations either provide too much information or too little. My goal here has been consistently to provide 'too little': the rationale being that the annotations should not overwhelm the reader's own initiative.

I will note 'errors' in the present edition (whether introduced in the Odyssey Press edition or inherited from an earlier edition), but only when this discrepancy affects an annotation. It is not always easy properly to distinguish between errors and Joyce's own artistic plans, and so I have tried to be as conservative as possible in such notes. I do not make any reference to positive emendations (or corrections) introduced in the Odyssey Press edition.

The 'Oxen of the Sun' episode presents a specific challenge to reader and annotator alike, in that its narrative is conveyed through a series of burlesques that trace out a genealogy of English prose styles from their beginnings in Latinate forms. Previous annotators have identified each stylistic imitation. I have refrained from providing such identifications, because such a task requires a degree of interpretation and also runs the risk of being misleading.

I have refrained from providing monetary equivalents, since there are many different ways to translate 1904 prices to contemporary figures. As a simple point of comparison, in 1904 a pint of beer cost two pence and the annual rent on the Blooms' house was £28.

After each annotation I provide the corresponding citation reference to Gabler's edition of *Ulysses*.

Overleaf is a list of abbreviations for sources that are frequently cited in these annotations. Additional sources consulted are listed in the back.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Bennett	Bennett, Douglas, ed., *The Encyclopaedia of Dublin*, 2nd. ed. (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2005)
Bowen	Bowen, Zack, *Musical Allusions in the Works of James Joyce*, (Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 1974)
Brewer's	Evans, Ivor H., ed., *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, rev. edn. (New York, NY: Harper and Row, 1981)
Catholic Encyclopedia	*Catholic Encyclopedia* (New York, NY: Robert Appleton, 1907)
Dent	Dent, R.W., *Colloquial Language in 'Ulysses'* (Newark, DE: University of Delaware Press, 1994)
DIB	McGuire, James and James Quinn, eds., *Dictionary of Irish Biography* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press,-2009)
Dolan	Dolan, Terence Patrick, ed., *A Dictionary of Hiberno-English*, 2nd edn. (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 2004)
Dubliners	Joyce, James, *Dubliners*, ed. Robert Scholes and A. Walton Litz (New York, NY: Viking Press, 1969)
EB11	*The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th edn. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1910–11)
EDD	Wright, Joseph, ed., *English Dialect Dictionary* (London: Oxford University Press, 1970)
Ellmann	Ellmann, Richard, *James Joyce*, rev. edn. (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1982)
Gifford	Gifford, Don, with Robert J. Seidman, *'Ulysses' Annotated*, 2nd edn. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988)
Gilbert	Gilbert, Stuart, *James Joyce's 'Ulysses'* (New York, NY: Vintage, 1955)
Grove	*The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, eds. Stanley Sadie and John Tyrrell, 2nd edn. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001)
Hyman	Hyman, Louis, *The Jews of Ireland* (Shannon: Irish University Press, 1972)
JJD	Gunn, Ian and Clive Hart, *James Joyce's Dublin* (London: Thames and Hudson, 2004)
JJMU	Budgen, Frank, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses'* (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1989)
NHI	*A New History of Ireland* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976–2005)
OCPW	Joyce, James, *Occasional, Critical, and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000)
ODEP	*The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, compiled by William George Smith, 2nd edn., revised by Sir Paul Harvey (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948)
ODNR	Opie, Iona and Opie, Peter, eds., *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952)
Odyssey	Homer, *The Odyssey*, tr. Richmond Lattimore (New York, NY: Harper, 1975)
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary*, online, www.oed.com
Partridge	Beale, Paul, ed., *Partridge's Dictionary of Slang*, 8th edn. (London: Routledge, 1984)
Portrait	Joyce, James, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, ed. Chester G. Anderson (New York, NY: Viking Press, 1968)
PSW	Joyce, James, *Poems and Shorter Writings*, ed. Richard Ellmann, A. Walton Litz and John Whittier-Ferguson (London: Faber and Faber, 1991)
PWJ	Joyce, P.W., *English as We Speak It in Ireland* (London: Longmans, Green, 1910)
Skeat	Skeat, W.W., ed., *Etymological English Dictionary*, rev. edn. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1910)
SS	Adams, Robert M., *Surface and Symbol* (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1962)
Stephen Hero	Joyce James, *Stephen Hero*, eds. Theodore Spencer, John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon (New York, NY: New Directions, 1963)
Thom's	*Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland* (Dublin: Thom's, 1904) (Other years will be specified in the citation.)

'TELEMACHUS'
Time: 8–9 a.m.
Location: Martello Tower, Sandycove

5 1 Buck 'A man of spirit and gay conduct; a dandy' (Partridge). (1.1) **2 Mulligan** Malachi 'Buck' Mulligan is modelled after Oliver St John Gogarty (1878–1957), surgeon, man of letters and senator (1922–36). (1.1) **3** ***Introibo ad altare Dei*** Latin, 'I will go unto the altar of God'; from Psalm 42:4 (43:4 in King James); this line begins the Ordinary (main body) of the Latin Mass. (1.5) **4 body and soul and blood and ouns** Blood and 'ouns: abbreviation of the oath 'God's blood and wounds!' (Partridge). Lesson 26 of the *Maynooth Catechism*: 'Q. What is the Blessed Eucharist? A. The Blessed Eucharist is the sacrament of the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearances of bread and wine' (p. 49). (1.22) **5 Chrysostomos** Greek, 'golden-mouthed'; that is, eloquent. This was the epithet of both Dion Chrysostomos, a Greek rhetorician (*c.*50–*c.*117), and St John Chrysostomos (*c.*345–407), a patriarch of Constantinople and Church Father. (1.26) **6 Your absurd name, an ancient Greek** According to Greek and Roman mythology, the primary source being Book VIII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Daedalus was a great engineer and inventor. He created both the labyrinth and wings out of wax and feathers, which he and his son Icarus used to escape from the labyrinth. Icarus did not heed his father's advice and flew too close to the sun, which melted his wings and caused him to plummet to his death. (1.34)

6 1 Malachi Hebrew, 'my messenger'; that is, God's messenger. The Old Testament prophet Malachi foretells the return of 'Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord' (Mal. 4:5). (1.41) **2 two dactyls** In prosody, a dactyl is a foot consisting of one stressed (or long) syllable followed by two unstressed (or short). Homer's poems are written in dactylic hexameter, a meter made up of six feet of dactyls and spondees (two long). (1.41) **3 Haines** Haines is modelled on Samuel Chenevix Trench (1881–1909), an Anglo-Irish enthusiast of the Celtic Revival. Trench changed his first name to Dermot by deed poll in 1905. Trench was educated at Eton College and Balliol College, Oxford (Ellmann, pp. 172–73). (1.49) **4 Kinch, the knifeblade** According to Seán Ó Faoláin, 'Kinch' was the nickname Oliver St John Gogarty gave to Joyce, 'in imitation of the cutting-sound of a knife' (Ellmann, p. 131). (1.55) **5 black panther** Gogarty records that Trench, the model for Haines, had a nightmare about a black panther while he was staying at the Martello Tower with Gogarty and Joyce. This led him to fire a gun, which so unnerved Joyce, according to Gogarty, that he left the following morning (*Mourning Became Mrs. Spendlove*, p. 56). (1.57) **6 You saved men from drowning** Gogarty saved the life of a would-be suicide named Max Harris from drowning in the River Liffey on 27th July 1901 (Ulick O'Connor, *Oliver St John Gogarty*, p. 42). (1.62) **7 Scutter** A 'variant of *squitter*, "to have diarrhoea"' (*OED*). (1.66) **8 Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother?** For 'grey', read 'great' (this mistake was introduced in the 1926 edition). Algernon Charles Swinburne (English poet and critic, 1837–1909); his poem 'The Triumph of Time' (1866) contains the phrase Mulligan quotes (l. 257). (1.77) **9** ***Epi oinopa ponton*** Homeric Greek, 'on the winedark sea'; a famous recurrent formula in Homer's works. (1.78) **10** ***Thalatta! Thalatta!*** Attic Greek, 'The sea! The sea!'; from Xenophon's (*c.*434–355 BC), *Anabasis* (IV, 7, 24). The Homeric Greek word for 'sea' is *thalassa*. (1.80) **11 mailboat** The Royal Mail had two mailboats leaving Kingstown Harbour each day, one at 8:15 a.m. and the second at 8:15 p.m.; on Sundays the second boat left at 3:15 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 1717). (1.83) **12 Kingstown** Kingstown Harbour is where two curved piers, the West and the East, create a man-made harbour south-east of Dublin and about 1.5 km north-west of the tower. Kingstown is now called Dún Laoghaire (pronounced 'Dunleary'). (1.84) **13 Our mighty mother** 'Mighty mother' is a phrase used by A.E. (George Russell, Irish poet and mystic, 1867–1935) to describe the Earth in his poem 'To One Consecrated': 'The Mighty Mother nourished you' (l. 5). (1.85) **14 hyperborean** Greek, 'beyond the north wind'; that is, distanced, at a remove. In Greek mythology the Hyperboreans are a race of people from beyond the north wind. (1.92)

7 1 mummer 'One who mutters or mumbles'; also a contemptuous term for an actor (*OED*). (1.97) **2 breeks** Scottish dialect, breeches or britches or trousers (Partridge). (1.113) **3 the Ship** A pub at 5 Lower Abbey Street, in the north-east quarter of Dublin near the Liffey (*Thom's*, p. 2010). (1.127) **4 g. p. i.** Acronym for general paralysis of the insane, that is, syphilis

of the central nervous system (tertiary syphilis). This term is also a medical students' expression for 'eccentricity' (Partridge). (1.128) **5 Conolly Norman** Conolly Norman (1853–1908): Irish psychiatrist and superintendent of Dublin's Richmond Lunatic Asylum (1886–1908) (*DIB*). (1.128) **6 As he and others see me** After Robert Burns's (Scottish poet, 1759–96) poem 'To a Louse': 'To see oursels as ithers see us!' (l. 44). (1.136) **7 Lead him not into temptation** From the Lord's Prayer: 'And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil' (Matt. 6:13; Luke 11:4). (1.139) **8 Ursula** St Ursula: a third-century saint associated with chastity. (1.140) **9 The rage of Caliban at not seeing his face in a mirror** Caliban is the ugly savage in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* who serves the wizard Prospero. Oscar Wilde wrote in the preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891): 'The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass. The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass' (*Complete Works*, p. 17). (1.143)

8 1 The cracked lookingglass of a servant From Oscar Wilde's 'The Decay of Lying' (1889): '*Cyril*: I can quite understand your objection to art being treated as a mirror. You think it would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking glass. But you don't mean to say that you seriously believe Life imitates Art, that Life in fact is the mirror and Art the reality? *Vivian*: Certainly I do' (*Complete Works*, p. 1082). (1.146) **2 made his tin by selling jalap** Tin: money (*OED*). Jalap: 'A purgative drug obtained from the tuberous roots of *Exogonium* (*Ipomœa*) *Purga* and some other convolvulaceous plants' (*OED*). (1.156) **3 Hellenise it** Matthew Arnold identifies the Hebraic and the Hellenic as the two modes of the Western temperament: the former is practical, disciplined and dogmatic, whereas the latter disinterested and flexible, 'full of sweetness and light' (*Culture and Anarchy*, p. 132). Arnold thought England had gone too far in the Hebraic direction and needed to Hellenize itself. (1.158) **4 Cranly's arm** Cranly: Stephen's close friend in Chapter 5 of *Portrait*. (1.159) **5 Magdalen** A college at Oxford, founded in 1458. (1.169) **6 I don't want to be debagged!** To debag: Oxford and (less commonly) Cambridge expression, from *circa* 1890, to remove the 'bags' or trousers of an objectionable student (Partridge). (1.170) **7 play the giddy ox** To act the fool, to behave in an irresponsible manner (*Brewer's*). (1.171) **8 Matthew Arnold's face** Matthew Arnold (1822–88): English poet and critic and, from 1857, a professor at Oxford. (1.173) **9 grasshalms** Stems or stalks of grass (*OED*, s.v. haulm). (1.174) **10 To ourselves** A toast, as made by well-fed Oxford narcissists. (1.176) **11 new paganism** New paganism was a slogan of the turn-of-the-century aesthetes, appropriate to Swinburne, Wilde, Arnold, Walter Pater and their followers (such as Mulligan). (1.176) **12 omphalos** Greek, navel, centre point. The oracle at Delphi was marked by an *omphalos*, a conically shaped stone. (1.176) **13 cape of Bray Head** Bray Head is a promontory 241 metres high, 11 km downshore from the Sandycove tower. It cannot usually be seen from the tower. (1.181)

9 1 Mater and Richmond Two Dublin hospitals: the Mater Misericordiae ('Mother of Mercy') Hospital is on Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1482) and the Richmond Lunatic Asylum is on North Brunswick Street (p. 1433). (1.205) **2 Sir Peter Teazle** A character from Richard Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* (1777). Teazle is the husband of a young and frivolous wife whose fidelity he tests. (1.211) **3 Lalouette's** Funeral home, 68 Marlborough Street (*Thom's*, p. 1925). (1.214) **4 Loyola** St Ignatius of Loyola (1491–1556), founder of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits). (1.231) **5 Sassenach** Hiberno-English, an English person; from the Irish word for 'Saxon' (Dolan). (1.232) **6 *And no more turn aside and brood*** [...] From the second stanza of William Butler Yeats's 'Who Goes With Fergus?', a poem from his play *The Countess Cathleen* (1892). (1.239)

10 1 Royce Edward William Royce (1841–1926; real surname Reddall): a leading English pantomime performer. (1.257) **2 Turko the terrible** A pantomime based on William Bough's *Turko the Terrible; or, The Fairy Roses*. First put on in London in 1868, *Turko* debuted in Dublin in 1873 and was the first of many Gaiety Theatre pantomimes. (1.258) **3 *I am the boy*** [...] The chorus of a song sung by E.W. Royce, playing the lead role in *Turko the Terrible*. (1.260) **4 ghost-candle** Ghostcandles are set burning around the corpse to keep away ghosts (*OED*, s.v. ghost). (1.274) **5 *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum*** [...] Latin, 'May the lilied multitude of glowing confessors circle around you. May the choir of jubilant virgins receive you'; from the 'Ordo Commendationis Animæ' (found in the *Rituale Romanum*, Titulus 5, Caput 7, 128); the prayer said over dying people. (1.276) **6 mosey** Idiot or fool (*EDD*). (1.284) **7 kip** Hiberno-English, job (Partridge). Mulligan is fond of this word and uses it in a variety of senses. (1.293)

11 **1** ***O, won't we have a merry time*** [...] From an English song written in anticipation of Edward VII's coronation in 1901. (1.300) **2** **Clongowes** Clongowes Wood College: a Jesuit boys' school; it is the oldest and most elite Catholic school in Ireland. Stephen (and Joyce) were students there. (1.311) **3** **A server of a servant** After Noah's curse on his son Ham, who saw Noah naked and drunk: 'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren' (Gen. 9:25). (1.312) **4** ***In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti*** Latin, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit'. (1.351)

12 **1** **mother Grogan** A character from the anonymous Irish song 'Ned Grogan'. (1.357) **2** **fishgods of Dundrum. Printed by the weird sisters in the year of the big wind** Fishgods: possibly the Fomorians, an evil race from Irish mythology. Dundrum: a village 6.5 km south of Dublin; it is not associated with the legends of the Fomorians. This line alludes to the colophon of Yeats's *In the Seven Woods*, which was published by Dun Emer Press. Dun Emer Press was founded by Yeats's sister Elizabeth in Dundrum, where her sister Lily was working. The 'weird sisters' is a reference to the witches of *Macbeth* (Act I, Sc. 3, 32). The phrase 'in the year of the big wind' is printed in the Yeats colophon and refers to the huge storm of 26–27th February 1903. (1.366) **3** **Mabinogion** A collection of eleven anonymous medieval Welsh prose tales of mythology and Arthurian romance. These were translated into English by Lady Charlotte Guest in 1838–49. The name derives from the Welsh *mabinogi*, 'instructions to young bards' (*EB11*). (1.371) **4** **Upanishads** Speculative mystical scriptures that are regarded as the touchstone of Hindu religion and philosophy. In 1896, Charles Johnson, a prominent Dublin mystic, translated portions of the Upanishads into English. There was much interest in them in Dublin and London at this time. (1.371) **5** ***For old Mary Ann*** [...] Mulligan is singing a variant of the song 'McGilligan's Daughter Mary Ann', an anonymous and bawdy song. Hising: to lift, especially to raise a sail (*OED*). (1.382) **6** **collector of prepuces** Prepuce: foreskin (*OED*); since God commanded Jewish males to be circumcised (Gen. 17:12), God is the collector of prepuces. (1.394) **7** **tilly** Hiberno-English, 'an additional article or amount unpaid for by the purchaser, as a gift from the vendor' (*OED*). (1.399)

13 **1** **Silk of the kine and poor old woman** Two common epithets for Ireland (see also note at **15:10**). Kine: archaic plural of cow; so 'silk of the kine' means 'finest of cattle'. (1.403) **2** **cuckquean** A female cuckold (*OED*). (1.405) **3** **woman's unclean loins** In the Old Testament, women who have just delivered a baby and women who are menstruating are described as 'unclean' (Lev. 12:2, 5 and Lev. 15:19–33). In Genesis, Eve was made from man's flesh (Adam's rib) while Adam was made from clay in God's image. She, and then Adam, fell prey to the serpent's temptation to eat the forbidden fruit (Gen. 3). (1.421) **4** **Is there Gaelic on you?** An over-literal, but incorrect translation of the Irish expression *An bhfuil Gaeilge agat?* A more accurate, but still over-literal translation would be 'Is there Irish at you?' In other words, 'Do you speak Irish?' (1.427) **5** **Are you from west, sir?** In some coastal areas in the west of Ireland at the turn of the century, Irish was still spoken by over eighty per cent of the population (R.F. Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 517). (1.428)

14 **1** **Ask nothing more of me, sweet. All I can give you I give.** The first two lines of Swinburne's poem 'The Oblation' (*Songs before Sunrise*, 1871). (1.455) **2** ***Heart of my heart, were it more*** [...] Lines three and four of Swinburne's 'The Oblation'. (1.463) **3** **stony** From 'stony-broke': out of money (Partridge). (1.466) **4** **Ireland expects that every man this day will do his duty** After Lord Nelson's line before the battle of Trafalgar (1805): 'England expects every man to do his duty' (Robert Southey, *Life of Nelson*, p. 294). (1.467) **5** **national library** The National Library of Ireland was founded in 1877 (Bennett). The National Library and the National Museum are matching buildings on either side of Leinster House on Kildare Street. (1.469) **6** **Agenbite of inwit** Middle English, 'remorse of conscience'. *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (1340): a moral tract translated into Kentish dialect by Dan Michel of Northgate from a French work, *Le Somme des Vices et de Virtues* (1279), by Frère Lorens (or Laurentius Gallus). The *Ayenbite of Inwyt* was translated into English in 1889 by A.J. Wyatt. (1.481) **7** **here's a spot** From Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking scene in *Macbeth* (Act V, Sc. 1, 35). (1.482)

15 **1** **the kip** Lodging (Partridge), see also note at **10:7**. (1.507) **2** **Mulligan is stripped of his garments** After the tenth Station of the Cross: 'Christ is stripped of his garments' (Matt. 27:28; John 19:23–24). (1.510) **3** **Do I contradict myself?** From Walt Whitman's 'Song of Myself' (1855). (1.517) **4** **And going forth he met Butterly** After a line from the Gospels: 'And going forth, he wept bitterly' (Matt. 26:75,

Douay version). A number of individuals named Butterly are listed in *Thom's* (p. 1821); see also note at **346:11**. (1.527) **5 ashplant** An inexpensive cane made from the unbarked sapling of an ash tree. Joyce himself owned such a walking stick. (1.528) **6 leader shoots** Shoots which grow off from the top of the stems of principal branches of plants (*OED*). (1.535) **7 To the secretary of state for war** By the terms of the lease, rent for the No. 11 Martello Tower, Sandycove, was paid in quarterly instalments to His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department at the War Office, London. (1.540) **8 Martello** A circular, tapering stone tower. Between 1804 and 1806 the British built twenty-one such towers along the coast of Ireland as fortification against a possible landing of Napoleonic troops (Bennett). Joyce lived for about a week in the Sandycove tower with Mulligan and Trench in September 1904. The Sandycove tower was decommissioned in 1900; it opened as the Joyce Museum in 1962. (1.542) **9 Billy Pitt** William Pitt, or Pitt the Younger (1759–1806): British prime minister (1783–1801 and 1804–6). In 1800, Pitt supported the Act of Union, which was passed with the help of many bribes to corrupt members of the Irish Parliament. (1.543) **10 when the French were on the sea** The French made four unsuccessful attempts between 1796 and 1798 to liberate Ireland from English rule (*NHI*, vol. 4, pp. 350–51). Mulligan's phrase alludes in particular to a ballad from the 1790s, 'The Shan Van Vocht' (Irish: 'The Poor Old Woman', an epithet for Ireland itself). (1.543) **11 Thomas Aquinas** St Thomas Aquinas (1225–74): Scholastic philosopher and member of the Dominican order. In Chapter 5 of *Portrait*, Stephen relates an aesthetic theory he calls 'applied Aquinas' (p. 209). In his satirical broadside 'The Holy Office' (1904), Joyce says of himself that he is 'Steeled in the school of old Aquinas'. (1.546)

16 **1 stolewise** That is, hanging down around the neck like the priest's stole in the Mass. Stole: 'A vestment consisting of a narrow strip of silk or linen, worn over the shoulders (by deacons over the left shoulder only) and hanging down to the knee or lower' (*OED*). (1.559) **2 Japhet in search of a father!** The title of a novel from 1836 by Capt. Frederick Marryat (1792–1848). It is about an orphan's ultimately successful search for his father. Japheth was one of Noah's three sons. (1.561) **3 Elsinore.** ***That beetles o'er his base into the sea*** Elsinore: Hamlet's castle. The lines are from Horatio's warning to Hamlet against following the Ghost (*Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 4, 71). Beetles: extends out or overhangs (*OED*). (1.567) **4 The seas' ruler** This refers to Haines, an Englishman. This phrase alludes in general to Britain's long-standing naval might and to James Thomson's song 'Rule Britannia' (1740), music by Thomas Arne. (1.574) **5 Muglins** A ridge of rocks north of Dalkey Island at the southern extreme of Dublin Bay. (1.576) **6** ***I'm the queerest young fellow*** [...] From a poem by Gogarty, 'The Song of the Cheerful (but slightly sarcastic) Jesus'; Joyce here presents an almost unmodified version of the first, second and final stanzas. (1.584) **7** ***my father's a bird*** The Holy Spirit is conventionally depicted as a dove and is, in a sense, Jesus's father. (1.585) **8** ***Joseph the joiner*** Joiner: a carpenter (i.e. someone who joins pieces of wood together); this was Joseph's trade, as well as Jesus's. (1.586) **9** ***Calvary*** The hill of Jesus's crucifixion (Luke 23:33; see also Matt. 27:33, Mark 15:22 and John 19:17). (1.587) **10** ***drink water and wish it were plain*** Plain: stout beer (Dent). A reference to Jesus's miracle of turning water into wine (John 2:1–11). (1.591)

17 **1** ***Olivet's breezy*** The Mount of Olives (*OED*), a high hill to the east of Jerusalem from which Jesus ascended into heaven (Luke 24:50; Acts 1:12). (1.599) **2 fortyfoot hole** A bathing and swimming hole in the sea just down the path from the tower. The name comes from the Fortieth Foot Regiment, who were once stationed here and used the spot for swimming. (1.600) **3 silver case in which twinkled a green stone** Ireland, the Emerald Isle, is the green stone and England is the silver case, as in Shakespeare's phrase for England in *Richard II*: 'This precious stone set in the silver sea' (Act II, Sc. 1, 46), see also note at **93:2**. (1.615) **4 free thought** Freethinking was the name given to a secular and liberal movement both within and outside the Church. Although it implies atheism, not all practitioners of freethinking were atheists, but rather they were united in challenging the authority and hegemony of the Church. (1.626) **5 familiar** One's attendant spirit, either an angel or a devil. (1.628) **6 Now I eat his salt bread** This combines two expressions. 'To eat a man's salt': 'to partake of his hospitality'; 'salt bread': 'the bread of affliction or humiliation' (*Brewer's*, s.vv. salt; salt bread). (1.631) **7 I am the servant of two masters** A translation of the title of an Italian play, *Il servitore di due padroni* by Carlo Goldoni (Italian dramatist, 1707–93), which is itself a reference to the Sermon on the Mount: 'No man can serve two masters' (Matt. 6:24). (1.638)

18 **1** ***et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*** Latin, 'and [I believe

in] one holy, Catholic and apostolic church'; from the Nicene Creed (after the Council of Nicaea, which met in 325). The Nicene Creed defined the Son and the Father as consubstantial (of the same being). (1.651) **2 Symbol of the apostles** Symbol: creed (*OED*). This is the Apostles' Creed, which came into use in the Roman Catholic Church in the eleventh century. The creed's name comes from the convention of associating each of its twelve clauses with one of the twelve apostles. (1.653) **3 the mass for pope Marcellus** Pope Marcellus II (1501–55) died just twenty-two days after being elected. Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli* was first performed in 1565, ten years after Marcellus's death, and is the most famous of his 102 masses. It had its first Dublin performance in 1898 at St Theresa's Church. (1.653) **4 behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant** The Archangel Michael is 'the angel of the Church Militant', since he leads the Church in its struggles against heretics and the devil. Michael was invoked by Church leaders as a holy warrior in their fight against the Protestant movement. (1.654) **5 Photius** Photius (*c.*820–*c.*891): appointed patriarch of Constantinople in 857. He was excommunicated by Rome in 863, and in 867 he retaliated by excommunicating the Pope. He was later readmitted to the Church, only to be excommunicated again. Photius objected to the '*filioque*' ('and from the son') clause of the Nicene Creed, which makes Father and Son equal in power, by claiming that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and* from the Son. Following his lead the Eastern Church began to separate itself from Rome, culminating in the schism of 1054 (*EB11*). (1.656) **6 Arius** Arius (d.336): Alexandrian priest and heretic. He held that the distinctive quality of God is to be unbegotten and uncreated. From this he deduced that Jesus, as the Son of the Father, was not truly God but rather of a similar yet unequal being. The first Council of Nicaea was called in 325 to settle the dispute over Arius's views. The council formulated the Nicene Creed, which defined the Son and the Father as consubstantial (of the same being), thereby rejecting Arius's notion that the Son was inferior (*EB11*). (1.657) **7 consubstantiality** The doctrine that the Son, Jesus Christ, is of the same essence and being as God, the Father as opposed to His having merely a secondary relation to God. Literally the word consubstantial means 'of one and the same substance or essence' (*OED*). Consubstantiality was made an official Christian doctrine in the Nicene Creed. (1.658) **8 Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body** Valentinus (*c.*135–*c.*160): the most prominent leader of the Gnostic movement in the second century AD. He denied that Christ could have had a body of flesh ('terrene': earthly) and, instead, must be pure spirit (*EB11*). (1.658) **9 Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son** Sabellius, likely born in Africa, taught in Rome *circa* 215. His heresy was to claim that the Trinity is but one substance with three modes (thus, his is called the 'modalist' heresy). While modalism did not originate with Sabellius, he was its greatest exponent (*EB11*). (1.659) **10 Idle mockery** Echoes Matthew 12:36: 'But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall render an account for it on the day of judgment'. (1.661) **11 Michael's host** The Archangel Michael's army. Michael leads the Church in its struggles against heretics and the devil. (1.663) **12 *Zut! Nom de Dieu!*** French, 'Damn! In the name of God!' (1.665) **13 Bullock harbour** Bullock Harbour is immediately to the east of the Sandycove Martello Tower. (1.671) **14 five fathoms out there** There is a 'five fathoms line' of Dublin Bay and is marked as such on some maps. The line runs roughly from the Lion's Head at Howth across the bay to Kingstown Harbour. At Sandycove the line is within 1.5 km of the shore. 5 fathoms = 9.1 metres. (1.673) **15 when the tide comes in about one** On 16th June 1904, the high tides in Dublin were at 12:18 a.m. and 12:42 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 15). (1.674) **16 It's nine days today** According to a superstition, 'Drowned bodies float on the ninth day' (Edwin and Mona A. Radford, *Encyclopedia of Superstitions*, p. 106). (1.674) **17 Westmeath** County Westmeath: about 64 km to the west of Dublin. (1.683)

19

1 Spooning To spoon: to court, in a sentimental or silly fashion (Partridge). (1.700) **2 rotto** Jocular variant of 'rotten'. (1.700) **3 up the pole** 'Pregnant but unmarried' (*OED*). (1.701) **4 I'm the *Uebermensch*** The *Übermensch*, or 'superman' (also translated as 'overman'), is the subject of Friedrich Nietzsche's (German philosopher, 1844–1900) *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (1883–91). According to Nietzsche, the *Übermensch* is the being who is able to create his own values without reference to a God. (1.708) **5 He who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord** Inverts Proverbs 19:17: 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord'. (1.727) **6 Thus spake Zarathustra** The translated title of Nietzsche's book *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. The name Zarathustra is the Greek version of Zoroaster (*c.*600 BC), the Persian founder of the Zoroastrian religion. (1.727) **7 wild Irish** The name given to 'the less civilised Irish; formerly,

those not subject to English rule' (*OED*). (1.731) **8 Horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon** Proverbial in Ireland for the things an Irishman must beware of: a cow's horn, a horse's hoof, a dog's snarl and an Englishman. (1.732) **9 The Ship** See note at 7:3. (1.733) **10** ***Liliata rutilantium*** [...] See note at 10:5. (1.736)

'NESTOR'
Time: 10–11 a.m.
Location: Boys' school, Dalkey

20 1 Tarentum A coastal colony in southern Italy founded by the Greeks in the eighth century BC. In 281 BC an embassy from Tarentum was sent to request aid from Pyrrhus (*c.*318–272 BC), the King of Epirus, against Roman aggression. (2.2) **2 Fabled by the daughters of memory** In Greek mythology, the daughters of memory are the nine muses, the daughters of Mnemosyne (Memory) and Zeus. Also alludes to William Blake's *A Vision of the Last Judgment* (1810): 'Fable or Allegory are a totally distinct & inferior kind of poetry. Vision or imagination is a representation of what eternally exists, really and unchangeably. Fable or allegory is formed by the Daughters of Memory. Imagination is surrounded by the Daughters of Inspiration' (*William Blake*, ed. Michael Mason, p. 36). (2.7) **3 A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings of excess** Combines two of Blake's 'Proverbs of Hell' from *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790–93): 'The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom' and 'No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings' (*William Blake*, ed. Michael Mason, pp. 10–11). (2.8) **4 Asculum** Asculum (Ascoli Satriano), near Foggia, in Italy. In 279 BC Pyrrhus defeated the Roman army at Asculum, but at so heavy a cost as to ultimately deny him victory in the war. His less-than-triumphant success led to the phrase 'Pyrrhic victory', a victory whose cost far exceeds its benefit (*Brewer's*). (2.12) **5** ***Another victory like that and we are done for*** Plutarch (Greek essayist and biographer, *c.*46–*c.*120 AD), in his life of Pyrrhus, records that after the battle of Asculum 'Pyrrhus replied to one that gave him joy of his victory, that one other such would utterly undo him' (*Lives*, 'Pyrrhus', vol. 3, p. 29). (2.14) **6 What was the end of Pyrrhus?** After the battle of Asculum, Pyrrhus continued on as a warrior and empire-builder. In 272 BC Pyrrhus fought against Antigonus II of Macedon in Argos. During a night-time battle, Pyrrhus was hit on the head by a roof tile thrown down at him by an old woman. As Pyrrhus was knocked off his horse one of Antigonus's warriors decapitated him (*EB11*). (2.18) **7 Vico Road, Dalkey** Dalkey: an affluent coastal village about 13 km south-east of Dublin. Vico Road in Dalkey follows the coast. (2.25)

21 1 Julius Caesar not been knifed to death Julius Caesar (*c.*102–44 BC) was stabbed to death by Brutus, Cassius and a group of conspirators at the senate house in Rome on the ides of March, causing another civil war. (2.48) **2 infinite possibilities they have ousted** According to Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, of all the possibilities that exist for any single future event, only one can become actual. Once this actuality comes to pass, all other possibilities are removed or ousted (*Complete Works*, ed. Jonathan Barnes, tr. W.D. Ross, 1050b6–22). (2.50) **3** ***Weep no more*** [...] From John Milton's poem 'Lycidas' (1638), an elegy for his school friend Edward King, who drowned in the Irish Sea. (2.57) **4 It must be a movement then, an actuality of the possible as possible** In the *Physics*, Aristotle writes: 'the fulfilment of what is potentially, as such, is motion – e.g. the fulfilment of what is alterable, as alterable, is alteration' (*Complete Works*, ed. Jonathan Barnes, tr. R.P. Hardie and R.K. Gaye, 201a11). (2.67) **5 library of Sainte Geneviève** The Bibliothèque (library) Geneviève is at the Place du Panthéon in Paris. (2.69) **6 Thought is the thought of thought** From Aristotle's *Metaphysics*: 'it must be itself that thought thinks (since it is the most excellent of things), and its thinking is a thinking on thinking' (1074b34). (2.74) **7 The soul is in a manner all that is: the soul is the form of forms** From Aristotle's *On the Soul*: 'the soul is in a certain way all existing things [...] as the hand is a tool of tools, so thought is the form of forms and sense the form of sensible things' (*Complete Works*, tr. J.A. Smith, 432a1). (2.75) **8** ***of Him that walked the waves*** From Milton's 'Lycidas'; a reference to Jesus, who walks on water in three of the Gospels (Matt. 14:24-33, Mark 6:47-52, John 6:16-21). (2.78) **9 To Caesar what is Caesar's, to God what is God's** From Jesus's claims that tribute is due to God alone (Matt. 22:15-22, also Mark 12:17 and Luke 20:25). (2.86)

22 1 ***Riddle me, riddle me, randy ro*** [...] This riddle has been printed as: 'Riddle me, riddle me, randy-bow, / My father gave me seed to sow, / The seed was black and the ground was white. / Riddle me that and I'll give you a pipe (or, pint). / Answer: Writing a letter' (Archer Taylor, *English Riddles from Oral Tradition*, p. 439). (2.88) **2** ***The cock crew*** [...] In *English as We*

Speak It in Ireland, P.W. Joyce includes a version of this as an example of a nonsense riddle, that is, a riddle that is not meant to be solved. In P.W. Joyce's version, the fox buries his mother, not grandmother (PWJ, p. 187). (2.102)

23 **1** **The only true thing in life?** In *Portrait*, Cranly says to Stephen: 'Whatever else is unsure in this stinking dunghill of a world a mother's love is not' (p. 241). (2.143) **2** **fiery Columbanus** Columbanus (Irish saint, 543–615) left his mother to follow his ministry on the Continent. The King of Burgundy invited him and other Irish monks to come to France and establish monasteries based on the Irish model. Joyce wrote of 'fiery Columbanus' in his essay 'Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages' (*OCPW*, p. 111). (2.144) **3** **morrice** Or morris (from 'moorish'): an English dance (*OED*). (2.155) **4** **imps of fancy of the Moors** 'The medieval Arabians invented our system of numeration and developed algebra' (*EB11*, mathematics). (2.157) **5** **Averroes** Averroës (1126–98): Arabic philosopher. Averroës wrote commentaries on most of Aristotle's works which were of great influence during the Middle Ages. Aquinas's work on Aristotle follows from Averroës. (2.158) **6** **Moses Maimonides** Moses Maimonides (1135–1204): Jewish philosopher and Talmudic scholar. Like Averroës, he tried to reconcile the teachings of Aristotle with his own religious faith. His most famous work is *The Guide for the Perplexed* (1190), which was written in Arabic. (2.158) **7** **soul of the world** From the works of Giordano Bruno (Italian philosopher, 1548–1600). Bruno considers the *anima del mondo* (Italian, 'soul of the world') as the unifying principle underlying nature itself. (2.159) **8** **darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend** Reverses John the Evangelist's statement about Christ: 'In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not' (John 1:4–5). (2.160) **9** ***Amor matris*: subjective and objective genitive** Latin, 'mother's love'; the phrase can mean either the love a mother has for her child, the love *of* the mother (subjective genitive case) or the love a child has for the mother, the love *for* the mother (objective genitive case). See also note at **23:1**. (2.165)

24 **1** **As it was in the beginning, is now** The conclusion of the *Gloria patri*: 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen'. (2.200) **2** **Stuart coins, base treasure of a bog** Copper and brass coins minted in Ireland in the late 1680s by James II (1633–1701, r.1685–88), a Stuart. The last Catholic monarch to rule in the British Isles, James was deposed by Protestants in 1688 and tried to make Ireland his new centre of power. He debased the currency by minting coins from 'base metals' (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 146). (2.201) **3** **snug in their spooncase** Apostle spoons: 'Old-fashioned silver spoons, the handles of which end in figures of the Apostles. They were the usual present of sponsors at baptisms' (*OED*). In Matthew 10:5–6 Jesus says: 'Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel'. However, the apostles did preach to gentiles. (2.202) **4** **leopard shells** Shells with black spots (*OED*). Leopard: a gold coin minted during the reign of Edward III (*c.*1344) bearing a lion on the obverse side (*OED*). (2.214) **5** **scallop of Saint James** Scallop shells are associated with pilgrimage and specifically with pilgrims who visit the shrine of St James the Greater in Compostela, Spain (*EB11*, s.v. pilgrim). (2.215)

25 **1** **If youth but knew** An English proverb advocating parsimony: 'If youth but knew what age would crave, it would both get and save' (*ODEP*). (2.238) **2** ***Put but money in thy purse*** In *Othello*, Iago implores Roderigo to 'put but money in thy purse' (Act I, Sc. 3, 347). (2.239) **3** **He made money** See note at **147:28**. (2.242) **4** **A French Celt said that** The phrase 'The sun never sets on the British Empire' is commonly attributed to a Scottish – not French – Celt, Christopher North (pen-name of John Wilson, Scottish writer and journalist, 1785–1854). A variant phrase is also attributed to Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor (1500–58, r.1519–58), a Habsburg and not a French Celt, although perhaps he is being confused with Charles V, the Wise, King of France (1337–80, r.1364–80). (2.249) **5** **McCann** From Chapter 5 of *Portrait*. MacCann was based on Francis Sheehy-Skeffington (1876–1916), a friend of Joyce's from his college days (the inconsistency of spelling McCann/MacCann is Joyce's). (2.256) **6** **Fred Ryan** Fred Ryan (1876–1913): Irish journalist, playwright, economist and co-editor (with John Eglinton, pseudonym of W.K. Magee) of *Dana*, a magazine begun in 1904. (2.256) **7** **Temple** The hot-headed anarchist in Chapter 5 of *Portrait*. He is based on the real-life John Elwood, a medical student (Ellmann, p. 131). (2.257) **8** **Russell** George William Russell (1867–1935), known by his pseudonym A.E.: a prominent figure in the Irish Literary Revival. He was deeply involved in mysticism and Theosophy, but he also worked as

a poet, editor, political activist and economist (*DIB*). (2.257) **9 Cousins** James H. Cousins (1873–1956): poet and member of the Irish National Literary Society. A Dublin friend of Joyce's with whom he lived briefly in 1904 (Ellmann, p. 178). (2.257) **10 Köhler** Thomas G. Keohler (now spelt 'Keller'): a Dublin literary man and author of *Songs of a Devotee* (1906). He refused a loan to Joyce (Ellmann, p. 164). Joyce misspelt his name as 'Koehler' and a typist changed it to 'Köhler'. (2.258) **11 Mrs McKernan** During the spring and summer of 1904 Joyce rented from a Mrs McKernan (Ellmann, p. 151), who lived at 60 Shelbourne Road (*Thom's*, p. 1592). (2.258) **12 fillibegs** Filibeg: from the Irish *filleadh beag*, which literally means 'little fold' and is used as the name for a kilt. (2.266) **13 Albert Edward, Prince of Wales** King Edward VII (1841–1910, r.1901–10): Queen Victoria's eldest son and heir upon her death in 1901. As Prince of Wales, he was known as Albert Edward. (2.266) **14 tory** A conservative, pro-English loyalist. The word derives from the Irish *tóraidhe*; pursuer, the name given in the seventeenth century to 'the dispossessed Irish, who became outlaws, subsisting by plundering and killing the English settlers and soldiers' (*OED*). Later, the word was applied to 'those who opposed the exclusion of James, Duke of York (a Roman Catholic) from the succession to the Crown' and this led to the word being used as the nickname for the Conservative Party (*OED*). (2.268) **15 O'Connell's time** Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847): Irish Catholic political leader known as 'the Liberator'. He succeeded in getting Parliament to pass the Catholic Emancipation Act (1829), which repealed many of the official discriminations Irish Catholics suffered. He then won a seat in the Parliament and worked, unsuccessfully, to repeal the Act of Union of 1800 (*DIB*). (2.269) **16 famine** Starting in 1845, peaking in 1846 and lasting for the rest of the 1840s, a blight destroyed the potato crop in Ireland; the potato being the staple food for most Irish people. Through starvation, disease and emigration, the population of Ireland decreased dramatically. The census of 1841 counted 8.2 million people, but by 1851 there were 6.5 million; by 1911, 4.4 million (R.F. Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 323). The impact of the blight was aggravated by the policies of the British government. (2.269) **17 orange lodges** The Orange Lodge (or Order): an anti-Catholic organization, founded in 1795, whose main purpose was to keep Ireland under Protestant control (*NHI*, vol. 4, p. 347). The name probably derives from William of Orange, the Protestant who succeeded the Catholic James II as King of England (*OED*, s.v. orange). (2.270) **18 repeal of the union** The Act of Union, passed by the English parliament in 1800, subsumed Ireland into Great Britain and obliged the Irish parliament to vote for its own dismissal, which it did once a sufficient number of its members had been bribed. Repeal of the Act of Union became the cause of Irish patriots; 'even the Orange order showed great hostility' to it at the time of its signing (Edmund Curtis, *A History of Ireland*, p. 349). Although, shortly after it passed, the Orange Order became virulently pro-Union. (2.270) **19 prelates of your communion denounced him as a demagogue** Irish Catholic bishops were enthusiastic supporters of Daniel O'Connell's drive for Catholic Emancipation. However, because of his liberalism and his advocacy of a secular state, they were less willing to offer their assistance in his campaign to repeal the Act of Union (Denis Gwynn, *Daniel O'Connell*, p. 83). However, it is an exaggeration to claim he was 'denounced' by the Catholic Church. (2.271) **20 You fenians** The Fenian Society (Irish Republican Brotherhood) was a secret organization that believed that Irish independence could only be achieved through terrorism and violence instead of through constitutional means. They were established by James Stephens (1825–1901) in 1858. The name derives from the *Fianna*, who accompanied the mythical Irish hero Finn MacCool. Deasy is using the term in a more general sense and is applying it to any Irish Catholic who advocates independence. (2.272) **21 Glorious, pious and immortal memory** A Protestant toast to William of Orange (William III, 1650–1702, r.1689–1702). The Protestant William defeated the deposed Catholic James II at the Battle of Boyne in 1690. The complete toast is: 'To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the Great and Good King William III, who saved us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money and wooden shoes' (D.A. Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 264). (2.273) **22 The lodge of Diamond in Armagh the splendid behung with corpses of papishes** In the early 1790s the Protestants began a campaign of driving all Catholics out of Armagh. In turn, the Catholic tenants formed a resistance league known as the Defenders who engaged in acts of agrarian violence. Some twenty or more Defenders were massacred at one of their meetings in the Diamond Lodge in Armagh on 21st September 1795 (*NHI*, vol. 4, p. 347). Papish: Papist, i.e. Catholic (*OED*). The phrase 'Armagh the Splendid' comes from line 13 of James Clarence Mangan's (Irish poet, 1803–49) translation of *Aldfrid's Itinerary*, a poem in Irish by Aldfrid, a

seventeenth-century King of Northumbria. (2.273) **23 planters' covenant** The plantation system began in Ireland under the reign of Elizabeth I (1533–1603, r.1558–1603). Land was forfeited from the Irish Catholics and given over to the English and Scottish Protestant settlers, known as Planters, to control in a quasi-feudal manner. Plantation intensified under the reign of James I (1566–1625, r.1603–25) and the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658). In 1639 the Planters were forced to take the 'Black Oath', a covenant of loyalty to the King accepting him as the head of their church (*NHI*, vol. 3, p. 268). Plantation was most heavily employed in Ulster. (2.275) **24 The black north and true blue bible** True blue: a term 'specifically applied to the Scottish Presbyterian or Whig party in the 17th *c.* (the Covenanters having adopted blue as their colour in contradistinction to the royal red)' (*OED*, s.v. blue). Much of the population of Ulster is Scottish Presbyterian. Ulster is sometimes pejoratively called 'the Black North'. (2.275) **25 Croppies lie down** Croppy: nickname for the Catholic Wexford rebels of 1798, who wore their hair close-cropped in emulation of French revolutionaries. 'Croppies Lie Down' is a vitriolic Orange ballad that exists in many forms that date between 1798 and 1824. (2.276) **26 On the spindle side** That is, on the female line of descent, so-called because the shape of the spindle, cylindrical with a taper at both ends, is similar to the form of a woman (*OED*). (2.278) **27 sir John Blackwood** Sir John Blackwood (1722–99): a member of the Irish Parliament for, variously, Killeigh and Bangor. Blackwood was actually anti-Union but died on 27th February 1799 before he could cast his vote against the Act of Union (*DIB*). (2.279) **28 We are all Irish, all kings' sons** Such an expression would derive from the fact that ancient Ireland was divided into so many petty kingdoms that all subsequent Irishmen can claim at least one king as an ancestor. (2.279) **29 *Per vias rectas*** The motto of the Blackwoods of County Down, whom Deasy claims as ancestors, was *Per vias rectas*: Latin, 'through straight roads' (*Burke's Landed Gentry of Ireland*, p. 83). (2.282) **30 Ards of Down** A narrow and hilly peninsula in Down, one of the six Ulster counties. It is very close to Belfast, the stronghold of the Orange League. Ard: Irish and Hiberno-English, high (Dolan). (2.283)

26 **1** ***Lal the ral the ra*** [...] From an anonymous ballad called 'The Rocky Road to Dublin'. The song tells of the adventures of a young Catholic peasant from Connacht who travels to Liverpool via Dublin. (2.284) **2 Soft day** A common Hiberno-English salute on rainy days (PWJ, p. 331). (2.286) **3 lord Hastings' Repulse** Henry Weysford Rawdon-Hastings (1842–68), Marquess of Hastings, owned the filly Repulse, which won the One Thousand Guineas race in Newmarket, England, in 1866. Repulse was a mediocre horse and never won again (Henry Blyth, *The Pocket Venus*, p. 175). (2.301) **4 the duke of Westminster's Shotover** Hugh Lupus Grosvenor (1825–99), the first Duke of Westminster, owned the filly Shotover, which won the Two Thousand Guineas (another Newmarket race) and the Derby race at Epsom Downs in 1882. (2.301) **5 the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, *prix de Paris*, 1866** Ceylon, owned by Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset (1824–99), eighth Duke of Beaufort, won the *Prix de Paris* (the Paris prize, the most prestigious event in the horse-racing season) in 1866 (*EB11*, s.v. Horse-Racing). (2.302) **6 Even money Fair Rebel: ten to one the field** Fair Rebel won the Curragh Plate, an annual race at Leopardstown, near Dublin, on 4th June 1902. The odds on Fair Rebel, the favourite, were even. In horse racing, 'the field' is all the horses aside from the favourites (*OED*). (2.309) **7 thimbleriggers** Con artists who run a game played with three thimbles and a pea. Sometimes this con is called 'the shell game' (*OED*). (2.310) **8 crawsick** To be 'ill in the morning after a drunken bout' (PWJ, p. 241). (2.316) **9 foot and mouth disease** Properly known as aphthous fever, a viral disease that attacks not only cattle but other livestock and humans. In 1904 there was no good cure for the disease. There was no epidemic of the disease in Ireland in 1904, but there was an outbreak in 1912, the year Henry Blackwood Price (see note at **27:6**) approached Joyce to write an editorial on the matter (Ellmann, pp. 325–27). The editorial appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* on 10th September 1912 (p. 6); see *OCPW*, pp. 206–8. (2.321) **10 Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme** In the 1850s efforts were made to establish a major transatlantic port in Galway harbour, on Ireland's western coast. The project was beset by accidents and mismanagement before it closed in 1864. Jockey: 'to cheat or do out of' (*OED*). There is no evidence that Liverpool shipbuilding interests undermined the Galway Harbour scheme (*SS*, p. 23). (2.326) **11 European conflagration. Grain supplies** If there were a working harbour in Galway, ships would not need to negotiate the narrow passage through St George's channel, which separates Ireland from Wales, nor through the North channel, which separates Ireland from Scotland. (2.327) **12 pluterperfect** A jocular neologism that means 'more than perfect'.

(2.328) **13 Cassandra** The daughter of Priam, the King of Troy. She spurned Apollo's love, so he gave her the gift of prophecy with an attendant curse that no one ever would believe or heed her warnings, one of which foretold the fall of Troy. (2.329) **14 a woman who was no better than she should be** That is, Helen of Troy, see note at **28:3**. (2.329)

27 1 Koch's preparation In 1882 Robert Koch (1843–1910) developed an inoculation against anthrax, which attacks sheep, horses and other livestock as well as humans. At the beginning of the 1900s, his assistants attempted to formulate an inoculation against foot-and-mouth disease, but they were not entirely successful (*EB11*, s.v. Robert Koch). (2.332) **2 Serum and virus** At the time, these were new methods for developing antitoxins to diseases. Blood serum is taken from an animal that has been inoculated with the virus and then used to immunize humans who, exposed to a weakened dosage of the virus, develop antibodies to combat it and thus form an immunity (*EB11*, s.v. Pharmacology). (2.332) **3 salted horses** Horses that have weathered disease successfully (*OED*). (2.333) **4 Rinderpest** A virulent cattle plague; the term comes from *rinder*, the German word for 'oxen' (*OED*). (2.333) **5 Emperor's horses at Mürzsteg, lower Austria** H.N. Blackwood Price writes 'Herr E. Boehme [...] is now looking after some cases of foot and mouth disease near the Emperor's shooting lodge at Mürzsteg' (quoted in Ellmann, p. 327). (2.333) **6 Mr Henry Blackwood Price** Within the reading of Deasy's letter, Joyce includes the name of the man who actually put him up to the task of propagandizing on foot-and-mouth disease (see Ellmann, pp. 325–27). Blackwood Price was an Ulsterite who lived in Trieste at the same time as Joyce. He worked as the Assistant Manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company. He was also descended from Sir John Blackwood, whom Deasy claims as his own ancestor (see note at **25:27**). (2.334) **7 Old England is dying** From the introduction to Thomas Carlyle's *Past and Present* (1843): 'England is full of wealth, or multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition' (p. 1). One of the causes of this attrition that Carlyle identifies is the usury of the Jews: 'every fresh Jew sticking on him like a fresh horseleech, sucking his and our life out; crying continually, Give, give!' (p. 61). (2.350) **8** ***The harlot's cry from street to street*** [...] From William Blake's 'Auguries of Innocence' (*c.*1804), ll. 115–16 (*William Blake*, ed. Michael Mason, p. 30). (2.355) **9 They sinned against the light** That is, they sinned against Jesus. John the Baptist was 'sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' (John 1:8–9). (2.361) **10 wanderers on the earth** The Jews are called 'wanderers' in part because of the various captivities they have endured. After the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews fled throughout Europe, Africa and Asia in what is called the Diaspora. More specifically, Deasy's phrase alludes to the non-biblical Christian story of the Wandering Jew, of which many versions exist. The Wandering Jew, frequently named Ahasuerus, mocked and taunted Christ when he was weighted down by the Cross on the way to Calvary. As punishment, he was condemned to wander the earth until Judgement Day (*Brewer's*, s.v. Wandering Jew). (2.362) **11 They swarmed loud, uncouth about the temple** From the account of Jesus turning over the tables of the moneychangers in the temple of Jerusalem (Matt. 21:12–13; Mark 11:15–17; Luke 19:45–46; John 2:13–16): 'and Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves [...] saying unto them, "Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves"' (Matt. 11:15, 17). (2.365) **12 History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake** Two possible antecedents exist for this line: Jules Laforgue's (French poet and writer, 1860–87) 'Lettres à Mme.?': 'Life is too sad, too coarse. History is a dolled-up old nightmare that doesn't suspect that the best jokes are the most curt' (*Mélanges posthumes*, p. 279). Or, from Karl Marx's (German philosopher, 1818–83) *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* (1852): 'The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living' (p. 15). (2.377) **13 All history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God** Follows from George Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel's (German philosopher, 1770–1831) notion of human history as always moving towards the manifestation of Spirit or Mind: 'world history is the necessary development, out of the concept of mind's freedom alone, of the moments of reason and so of the self-consciousness and freedom of mind' (*Philosophy of Right*, §342, p. 216). (2.380)

28 1 shout in the street Two possible antecedents exist for this line. The first is biblical: 'Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets [...] saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate

knowledge?' (Proverbs 1:20–22). The second is Shakespearean, from *Henry IV, Part One*. Falstaff tells Prince Hal that he had just encountered 'an old lord of the Council' (Act I, Sc. 2, 81) who pestered him for information about Hal. Falstaff reassures Hal that he did not tell the lord of his whereabouts even though 'he talk'd wisely, and in the street too' (Act I, Sc. 2, 85). Hal then says: 'Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it' (Act I, Sc. 2, 86). (2.386) **2 A woman brought sin into the world** A reference to Eve's transgression in the Garden of Eden (Gen. 3:1–6). (2.390) **3 Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus** According to Greek mythology, the Trojan prince Paris was asked to arbitrate a feud between Athena, Hera and Aphrodite as to who was the most beautiful goddess. He picked Aphrodite, since she had promised to give him Helen as a reward. Helen was already married to Menelaus, a Spartan king. After Helen was abducted by Paris, Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon assembled troops to attack Troy. Helen is thus typically perceived as the cause of the Trojan war, which lasted for ten years. (2.391) **4 the strangers** Stranger: 'One who belongs to another country, a foreigner; chiefly (now exclusively), one who resides in or comes to a country to which he is a foreigner; an alien' (*OED*). (2.392) **5 MacMurrough's wife and her leman O'Rourke, prince of Breffni** Leman: lover (*OED*). Deasy's account confuses the husband with the lover. Devorghil was the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni. She left him in 1152 in favour of her 'leman', Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster (1135–71). Roderick O'Connor, High King of Ireland, sided with the outraged O'Rourke and defeated MacMurrough. MacMurrough then escaped to England, where he sought help from King Henry II, who invaded Ireland in 1171. Thus, the struggle that this triangle set in motion played a role in initiating England's subjugation of Ireland (Seumas MacManus, *The Story of the Irish Race*, pp. 321–28). (2.393) **6 A woman too brought Parnell low** Charles Stewart Parnell (1846–91): Irish politician and advocate of Home Rule. In 1889 he was named a co-respondent in the divorce suit brought by Capt. William Henry O'Shea (1840–1905) against his wife, Katharine O'Shea (known as Kitty in the press that excoriated her). She and Parnell had carried on an affair that lasted ten years and had been an open secret. Parnell's career was ruined in the scandal which ensued, and he died shortly afterwards (*DIB*, s.v. C.S. Parnell). (2.394) **7** ***For Ulster will fight*** [...] A phrase made famous by Lord Randolph Churchill (British politician, Winston's father, 1849–95) in a letter of 7th May 1886, when he was rigorously campaigning against Home Rule in Ireland (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 67). (2.397) **8** ***Telegraph*** The *Evening Telegraph*: a Dublin daily (evening) newspaper of four large-tabloid pages, published by the Freeman's Journal, Inc. The last edition is called the 'last pink' because it is printed on light-pink pages. (2.411) **9** ***Irish Homestead*** A Dublin weekly newspaper concerned mostly with agrarian reform and rural issues. George Russell (see note at **25:8**) was a contributor to the paper from the late 1890s and edited it from 1905–23. (2.412) **10 Mr Field, M. P.** William Field (1843–1935): member of Parliament and, in 1904, the president of the Irish Cattle Traders and Stock Owners Association (*DIB*). (2.415) **11 meeting of the cattletraders' association today at the City Arms Hotel** The Irish Cattle Traders and Stock Owners Association met on Thursdays at the City Arms Hotel, Prussia Street (*Thom's*, p. 1869); see also note at **125:13**. 16th June 1904 was a Thursday. (2.416) **12 break a lance** 'Enter into competition' (*OED*). (2.425) **13 The lions couchant on the pillars** In heraldry, 'couchant' designates an animal lying with its body resting on its legs and its head lifted up (*OED*). Since 1194, the Royal Arms of England have been three couchant lions. (2.429)

29 **1 Because she never let them in** Not entirely accurate. There were 3,898 Jews in Ireland at the 1901 census, 2,119 more than in 1891 (*Thom's*, p. 693). There were some anti-Jewish demonstrations in Cork in 1838. Charles Stewart Parnell intervened and put them to a halt. In Limerick in 1884, some anti-Semitic protests were prompted by the local Jewish merchants' refusal to close their shops on St Patrick's day. In January 1904 there was another outburst of anti-Semitism in Limerick, this time incited by Father Creagh, a Redemptorist (Cormac Ó Grada, *Jewish Ireland in the Age of Joyce*, pp. 191–95). (2.442)

'PROTEUS'
Time: 11–12 a.m.
Location: Sandymount Strand

30 **1 Ineluctable modality of the visible** 'Ineluctable modality of the visible' means 'that which is inevitably certain of being seen'. Stephen is thinking about Aristotle's theory of perception. For Aristotle the ineluctable modality of the visible is colour, since 'the object of sight is the visible, and what is visible is colour' (*On the Soul*, 418a27–30). (3.1) **2 Signatures of**

all things I am here to read *The Signature of All Things* by Jacob Boehme (German cobbler and mystic, 1575–1624), first published in 1621 as *Signatura Rerum* and translated into English by Clifford Bax in 1912. According to Boehme, God's word endures within all earthly things, and thus humans are beholden to read or decipher the trace of God's word, His signature, within the physical objects that surround them. (3.2) **3 seawrack** Wrack: both fragments of wreckage (especially from a shipwreck) and marine vegetation, such as seaweed, that grows on the seashore (*OED*). (3.3) **4 Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies** Diaphane: 'A transparent body or substance; a transparency' (*OED*). 'He' refers to Aristotle. In *On the Soul*, Aristotle states that while the eye can only perceive colours, those colours can exist solely by virtue of an underlying transparency that is itself invisible (419a1–24). (3.4) **5 By knocking his sconce against them** Sconce: the skull, the wits (*OED*). After Samuel Johnson's (1709–84) rebuttal of George Berkeley (Anglo-Irish philosopher and Bishop of Cloyne, 1685–1753): 'After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that everything in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied [Berkeley's] doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, "I refute it *thus*"' (James Boswell, *Life of Samuel Johnson*, vol. I, p. 403). (3.5) **6 Bald he was and a millionaire** According to Medieval lore, Aristotle was bald and had thin legs, small eyes and a lisp, although there is little evidence to support these claims. As for his wealth, the Greek historian Athenaeus wrote that Alexander the Great paid Aristotle 800 talents, which in 1904 would have been worth about £200,000 (George Henry Lewes, *Aristotle*, p. 7). (3.6) **7** ***maestro di color che sanno*** Italian, 'master among those who know'; the epithet Dante Alighieri applies to Aristotle (*Inferno*, IV, 131). (3.6) **8 adiaphane** Neologism (though the *OED* does list the adjectival form 'adiaphanous'), un-diaphane, that is, non-transparent or opaque. (3.8) **9** ***nacheinander*** [...] *Nacheinander*: German, one after another. *Nebeneinander*: side by side. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (German philosopher and dramatist, 1729–81) used these terms in his aesthetic treatise *Laocoön* (1766) to distinguish poetry from the plastic arts. Lessing maintains that poetry deals with subjects that exist one after another (*nacheinander*) and are juxtaposed in time, whereas the objects of painting and sculpture are presented one beside the other (*nebeneinander*) and are juxtaposed in space. Stephen mentioned Lessing and *Laocoön* in *Portrait* (p. 211). (3.13) **10 If I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base** The lines are Horatio's, warning Hamlet against following the Ghost over 'the cliff / That beetles o'er his base into the sea' (Act I, Sc. 4, 70–71). Beetles: extends out or overhangs (*OED*). (3.14) **11** ***nebeneinander*** See note at **30:9**. (3.15) **12 the mallet of** ***Los Demiurgos*** *Demiurgos*: Greek, the creator of the world (in English, Demiurge). Los is an important symbolic character in the mystic and poetic mythology of William Blake; he is 'the prophet / Of Eternity' (*The Book of Los*, ll. 144–45) and functions as a demiurge. Los's tool is a hammer with which he created a globe that is perhaps the earth itself. (3.18) **13 Sandymount strand** A beach just south of the Liffey's mouth and approximately 8 km north of the Martello Tower in Sandycove and 9.5 km north of the Clifton school in Dalkey. The swath of beach that Stephen is traversing in this chapter has since been filled in and urbanized. (3.18) **14 Dominie Deasy kens them a'** Scottish English dialect, 'Schoolmaster Deasy knows them all'. To ken: to know. Dominie: schoolmaster (both *OED*). (3.19) **15** ***Madeline the mare*** Gifford suggests that this might be a pun on one or the other of two historical French people: Madeleine Lemaire (1845–1928), a watercolourist, or Philippe-Joseph Henri Lemaire (1798–1880), a sculptor who designed a relief for the Madeleine (a famous church) in Paris. (3.22) **16 A catalectic tetrameter of iambs marching** In prosody a line that consists of four feet is a tetrameter, a foot being a syllable or group of syllables that constitutes the metrical unit in verse. An iamb is a metrical foot consisting of one short and one long syllable. A catalectic line has an incomplete final foot. However, the two lines that Stephen has just recited are not catalectic iambic tetrameter, instead they are catalectic trochaic tetrameter and catalectic trochaic trimeter (a trochee is a foot that consists of a stressed and an unstressed syllable – the inverse of an iamb). (3.23) **17** ***Basta!*** Italian, 'Enough!' (3.26) **18 and ever shall be, world without end** From the ending of the lesser doxology, the *Gloria patri* (see note at **24:1**). (3.27) **19 Leahy's terrace** A short road that connects Sandymount Road and Beach Road between Sandymount and Irishtown. (3.29) **20** ***Frauenzimmer*** A colloquial, old-fashioned German word, *Frauenzimmer* means 'women' and is slightly pejorative. (3.30) **21 like Algy, coming down to our mighty mother** See note at **6:8**. (3.31) **22 lourdily** Sluggishly, dully, stupidly (*OED*). (3.32) **23 gamp** An umbrella (*OED*).

(3.32) **24 the liberties** In 1904 the Liberties was a slum area in south-central Dublin, so called because these lands were once free of Dublin's taxation and authority, as the area was originally owned by Dublin's two medieval cathedrals, Saint Patrick's and Christ Church, and by the earl of Meath (Bennett). (3.33) **25 Mrs Florence MacCabe, relict of the late Patk MacCabe** Relict: 'The widow of a man' (*OED*). P.J. McCabe was the High Sheriff in 1902; he lived at 8 Talbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1604). (3.33) **26 Bride Street** A street in the Liberties. (3.34) **27 Will you be as gods?** From Satan's temptation of Eve in Genesis 3:5: 'ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil'. (3.38)

31 **1 Gaze in your omphalos** See note at **8:12**. (3.38) **2 Aleph, alpha** The first letters of, respectively, the Hebrew and the Greek alphabets. (3.39) **3 Adam Kadmon** In Jewish mysticism Adam Kadmon is the primordial man. The Adam of Genesis (Adam Ha-Rishon) is considered to be the earthly manifestation of Adam Kadmon. The figure of Adam Kadmon was taken up by the Theosophists in their cosmogony 'as a pure and perfect spiritual being' (H.P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, vol. I, p. 297). (3.41) **4 Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish** Heva: Latin name for Eve. According to cabbalistic tradition, Eve had no navel, since she had no mother. (3.41) **5 whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting** From a childhood vision of Eden in Thomas Traherne's (1637–74) *Centuries of Meditations*: 'The Corn was Orient and Immortal Wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting' (p. 152). The image of a wheaten belly occurs in Song of Songs 7:2: 'Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies'. (3.43) **6 Womb of sin** That is, Eve's womb, because sin originated through her (Gen: 3.1–6). (3.44) **7 made not begotten** Whereas humans are made by God, Jesus Christ was 'begotten' from the Father's own nature and substance. This phrase reverses the formulation of the Nicene Creed, which states that Jesus was 'begotten not made'. (3.45) **8 By them, the man with my voice and my eyes** In the *Odyssey*, Nestor tells Telemachus that his manner of speaking is like his father's (III, 124) and later Menelaus tells Telemachus that his eyes are like his father's (IV, 150). (3.45) **9 He willed me and now may not will me away or ever** According to Catholic theology, the human soul is necessarily eternal and cannot be annihilated by man or by God. (3.48) **10 A *lex eterna* stays about Him** *Lex eterna*: Latin, eternal law. Aquinas writes: 'the eternal law is nothing else than the type of Divine Wisdom, as directing all actions and movements' (*Summa Theologica*, II.I, q. 93, a. 1). On the question of God's relation to His law Aquinas says: 'God's will is His very Essence, it is subject neither to the Divine government, nor to the eternal law, but is the same thing as the eternal law' (II.I, q. 93, a. 4). (3.48) **11 divine substance wherein Father and Son are consubstantial** A reference to the Nicene Creed, which proclaims that Jesus is 'consubstantial to the Father' – that is, of the same kind of being. (3.49) **12 Arius to try conclusions** Arius denied that God and Christ are consubstantial, see note at **18:6**. 'To try conclusions' alludes to a passage in *Hamlet*. The prince is in his mother's closet, mocking her for being likely to tell Claudius everything she has learned. With some irony he says to her: 'Unpeg the basket on the house's top, / Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, / To try conclusions, in the basket creep, / And break your own neck down' (Act III, Sc. 4, 193–96). (3.50) **13 contransmagnificandjewbangtantiality** A portmanteau word that contains: consubstantiality, transubstantiality, *Magnificat* (and magnificent and magnify), Jew and bang. Transubstantiality is the doctrine of the changing of bread and wine into Christ's body and blood at Mass. The *Magnificat* is Mary's song in Luke 1:46–55, where she thanks God for exalting her. (3.51) **14 In a Greek watercloset he breathed his last** According to the fifth-century church historian Sozomen, Arius died of a haemorrhage of the bowels in a public toilet in Constantinople on the eve of being reinstated back into the Church (*Ecclesiastical History*, pp. 98–99). (3.52) **15 euthanasia** 'Gentle and easy death' (*OED*). (3.52) **16 throne, widower of a widowed see** Throne: a lavatory seat (Partridge). See: the seat of a bishop in his church (*OED*). (3.53) **17 omophorion** 'A vestment worn by patriarchs and bishops, corresponding to and resembling the pallium of the Latin Church' (*OED*). (3.54) **18 nipping and eager airs** In *Hamlet*, Horatio says to Hamlet, when they await the Ghost outdoors: 'It is a nipping and an eager air' (Act I, Sc. 4, 2). (3.55) **19 The whitemaned seahorses, champing, brightwindbridled, the steeds of Mananaan** Mananaan MacLir: the Irish god of the sea. Like Proteus, he is able to change shape. In Ireland, white-crested waves are often called 'the Horses of Mananaan'. (3.56) **20 The Ship** See note at **7:3**. (3.58) **21 Aunt Sara's** Sara (Sally) Goulding: the wife of Richard (Richie) Goulding, Stephen's maternal uncle.

Sara is modelled after Joyce's aunt Josephine Giltrap Murray (1862–1924). (3.61) **22 Strasburg terrace** Strasburg Terrace, Irishtown, is slightly to the north of Leahy's Terrace. (3.63) **23 costdrawer** A solicitor's clerk. Costs: 'The expenses of litigation, prosecution, or other legal transaction'; drawer: one who writes up bills (both *OED*). (3.66) **24 his brother, the cornet player** John Goulding, the brother of Richie Goulding and of Mrs Dedalus (born Goulding); based on Joyce's uncle John Murray (1856–1910). (3.66) **25 Highly respectable gondoliers** From Act I of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *The Gondoliers* (1889). (3.67) **26 dun** A debt-collector (*OED*). (3.71) **27 peer out from a coign of vantage** A coign: a corner or wedge, usually spelt 'quoin' (*OED*, s.vv coin; coign; quoin). The phrase 'coign of vantage' comes from *Macbeth* (Act I, Sc. 6, 13); although the *OED* states that the currency of this phrase is due to Sir Walter Scott (Scottish novelist, 1771–1832). (3.71) **28 uncle Richie** Based on Joyce's maternal uncle William Murray (1858–1912). (3.76) **29 moiety** One half (*OED*). (3.78) **30 Master Goff and Master Shapland Tandy** James Goff, esq., and Shapland Morris Tandy: taxing masters of the Consolidated Taxing Office for the Supreme Court (*Thom's*, p. 898). (3.81) **31** ***Duces Tecum*** Latin, 'you shall bring with you'. In English legal use, *Duces tecum* is the name of a writ ordering a party summoned to court to bring with himself an item of evidence, a document, etc. (*Black's Law Dictionary*). (3.82) **32** ***Requiescat*** Latin, 'may she rest'; the title of the poem Oscar Wilde wrote in 1881 for his dead sister Isola (1857–1867). (3.83) **33 Lump of love** Murray's nickname for his daughter (Ellmann, p. 45). (3.88) **34 by the law Harry** By the law: a less blasphemous version of the oath 'by the Lord'. Old Harry: a nickname for Satan (Partridge). (3.92)

32 **1 lawdeedaw** Pretentious (Partridge, s.v. la-di-da). (3.96) **2 backache pills** See note at **199:9**. (3.98) **3** ***All'erta!*** Italian, 'Look out!' or 'On guard!' (3.99) **4 He drones bars of Ferrando's** ***aria di sortita*** *Aria di sortita*: Italian, 'exit aria'; the first song sung by a leading character in an opera, usually at the end of a scene just before the character leaves the stage. *All'erta* is the first word of Ferrando's *aria di sortita* in scene 1 of Giuseppe Verdi's (Italian composer, 1813–1901) *Il trovatore* (1852). (3.100) **5 You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge** 'Nasty Roche had asked: "What is your father?" Stephen had answered: "A gentleman". Then Nasty Roche had asked: "Is he a magistrate?"' (*Portrait*, p. 9). (3.105) **6 Marsh's library** Marsh's Library is on the grounds of St Patrick's Cathedral in south-central Dublin. Built in 1701, it was the first public library in Ireland (Bennett). (3.107) **7 Joachim Abbas** Joachim of Flora (*c.*1135–1202): Italian mystic Abbot. *Abbas*: Ecclesiastical Latin, abbot. Joachim taught that history would have three parts, each corresponding to the members of the Trinity: 1) from creation to the birth of Jesus (the age of the Father); 2) from Jesus's time to 1260 AD (the age of the Son); 3) from 1260 until Doomsday (the age of the Holy Spirit). (3.108) **8 A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness** This is Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), dean of St Patrick's (Protestant) Cathedral, Dublin. In 1742 Swift was judged insane, but it now seems that this madness was misdiagnosed. (3.109) **9 Houyhnhnm** The Houyhnhnms are a race of intelligent horses in Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). (3.111) **10 Temple** See note at **25:7**. (3.112) **11 Foxy Campbell. Lantern jaws** These are two nicknames the boys of Belvedere College gave to their teacher Fr Richard Campbell, S.J. (*Portrait*, p. 161). (3.112) **12 Abbas father** Abbas: Ecclesiastical Latin, abbot (abbots are not referred to as 'father'). Abba: Hebrew, father. (3.112) **13 furious dean** Jonathan Swift, dean of St Patrick's Cathedral. (3.113) **14** ***Descende, calve, ut ne nimium decalveris*** Latin, 'Come down, bald one, lest you become too bald'; from a book spuriously attributed to Joachim Abbas, *Vaticinia* (1589), which begins: '*Ascende, calve, ut ne amplius decalveris*' ('Come up, bald one, lest you become balder'). This phrase is an allusion to 2 Kings 2:23. (3.113) **15 A garland of grey hair on his comminated head** To comminate: to threaten with divine vengeance (*OED*). Here the word refers to the posthumous censure of Joachim's teachings by the Lateran Council in 1215. (3.114) **16 footpace** 'A raised portion of a floor [...] e.g., the step or raised floor on which an altar stands' (*OED*). (3.115) **17 monstrance** 'An open or transparent receptacle, now usually consisting of a holder or lunette set behind a circular pane of glass in a cross of gold or silver, in which the consecrated host is exposed for veneration' (*OED*). (3.116) **18 altar's horns** The two outer corners of the altar in some churches (*OED*). These are frequently associated with sacrifice. (3.117) **19 jackpriests** Jack: 'often used as a term of reproach' (Skeat). (3.117) **20 albs** Ecclesiastical vestments of white cloth that reach down to the feet (*OED*). (3.118) **21 fat of kidneys of wheat** This phrase, which means 'finest of wheat' (*OED*), comes from Deuteronomy 32:14, on God's generosity to Jacob: '[Jacob was given] Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Ba-shan, and goats, with the fat of

kidneys of wheat; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape'. (3.118) **22 ladychapel** 'A chapel dedicated to the Virgin, attached to large churches, generally situated eastward of the high altar' (*OED*). (3.122) **23 taking housel all to his own cheek** Housel: 'The consecrated elements at the Communion; the Mass or Eucharis' (*OED*). All to his own cheek: 'all to himself' (Partridge, s.vv. cheek; to one's own cheek). (3.122) **24 Dan Occam thought of that, invincible doctor** Dan: an obsolete honorific used in addressing or speaking of members of the religious orders (*OED*). William of Occam (*c.*1285–1349): English Franciscan schoolman, known chiefly for his axiom that the simplest explanation of phenomena is more cogent than complex ones ('Occam's razor'). 'Invincible Doctor' was his epithet. Occam addressed the question of the location of the body and blood of Christ in complete form on more than one altar at once in the *Reportatio Occam* (Book 4, question 4, marginal letter H). (3.123) **25 A misty English morning** From the first line of the fifteenth stanza of *Wiltshire Wedding*, a broadside ballad published *circa* 1680 (*ODNR*). (3.124) **26 hypostasis** 'That which subsists, or underlies anything; substance: (a) as opposed to qualities, attributes, or "accidents"; (b) as distinguished from what is unsubstantial, as a shadow or reflection' and, in Theology, 'Personality, personal existence, person: (a) distinguished from nature, as in the one "hypostasis" of Christ as distinguished from his two natures (human and divine), (b) distinguished from substance, as in the three "hypostases" or "persons" of the Godhead, which are said to be the same in "substance"' (*OED*). (3.124) **27 Cousin Stephen, you will never be a saint** Echoes John Dryden's (English poet, 1631–1700) charge against Jonathan Swift: 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet' (Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets*, vol. 3, p. 7). (3.128) **28 Isle of saints** After the medieval expression for Ireland, *Insula sanctorum et doctorum* (usually translated as 'island of saints and scholars'). In Trieste in 1907, Joyce delivered a lecture on his home country, 'Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages'. (3.128) **29 You were awfully holy, weren't you?** Refers to young Stephen's bout with piety in Chapter 4 of *Portrait*. (3.128) **30 You prayed to the devil in Serpentine avenue that the fubsy widow** Fubsy: fat and squat (*OED*). Serpentine Avenue is a street in Sandymount, to the south-east of Dublin. In *Portrait*, Stephen loses his virginity to a prostitute in the Jewish quarter of Dublin, which is quite far from Serpentine Avenue. (3.129) **31** ***O si, certo!*** Italian, 'Oh yes, certainly!'. '*Si*' should be spelt '*sì*'. (3.131) **32 On the top of the Howth tram** The Hill of Howth, or Howth Head, is a high promontory extending into Dublin Bay north-east of the city; Howth is accessible from the city centre by tram. (3.133) **33 epiphanies** In *Stephen Hero* Stephen defined an epiphany as a 'sudden spiritual manifestation [...]. He believed that it was for the man of letters to record these epiphanies with extreme care, seeing that they themselves are the most delicate and evanescent of moments' (p. 211). He also says that he is going to collect 'many such moments together in a book of epiphanies' (p. 211). This was a practice that Joyce shared: from 1901 to 1904 he wrote as many as 71 epiphanies, of which only forty survive. These have been collected posthumously (*PSW*, pp. 161–200). Joyce does not use the term 'epiphany' in *Portrait*. (3.141) **34 Alexandria** The greatest library of antiquity, at Alexandria in Egypt, was said by various writers to have had 100,000–700,000 volumes. It was established by the Greek emperor Ptolemy I (*c.*367–*c.*283 BC) and was destroyed by fire in 641 AD. (3.143) **35 mahamanvantara** Hindu, great year; the term for an age of Brahma, the supreme soul and deity in Hinduism, equivalent to 4,320 million years. (3.144) **36 Pico della Mirandola** Pico della Mirandola (1463–94): Renaissance humanist who studied both orthodox and esoteric sciences (such as alchemy and kabbala) and tried to link Christian beliefs to Neo-Platonic mysticism. (3.144) **37 Ay, very like a whale** From *Hamlet*, when the prince manages to convince Polonius to accede to an absurd series of similes for a cloud, culminating with a comparison to a whale (Act III, Sc. 2, 393–99). (3.144)

33 1 that on the unnumbered pebbles beats In *King Lear*, Edgar, disguised as a beggar in order to save his blind and suicidal father, misleads him into thinking that Dover cliff is near: 'The murmuring surge / That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes / Cannot be heard so high' (Act IV, Sc. 6, 20–22). (3.148) **2 lost Armada** The Spanish armada of 1588, after its defeat by English forces, was scattered by storms and many ships were wrecked on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. (3.149) **3 Unwholesome sandflats** At the time, untreated sewage was commonly released into the Liffey and its tributaries, and so these waterways, as well as the coastal areas of Dublin Bay, were highly polluted. (3.150) **4 stogged** 'To be stuck in mud, mire, bog or the like; to be bogged' (*OED*). (3.153) **5 Ringsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners** In 1904, Ringsend was a waterfront neighbourhood. Wigwam: 'A lodge, cabin, tent, or hut of the North American Indian peoples

of the region of the Great Lakes and eastward'; 'Humorously applied to a house or dwelling in general' (*OED*). (3.156) **6 Pigeonhouse** The Dublin electric power station, previously a fortress. It is situated on a breakwater jutting into Dublin Bay from the south bank of the Liffey. (3.160) **7** ***Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?*** [...] French, 'Who has put you in this wretched condition? – It's the pigeon, Joseph'; from *La Vie de Jésus* (The Life of Jesus, p. 15) by Léo Taxil (see note at **33:15**). In the novel, Mary's pregnancy inspires Joseph's suspicions. She assures him that she has not been touched by another man, and so he asks how she got pregnant, to which she replies: 'It's the pigeon', that is, the Holy Spirit, which is usually depicted as a dove. The grammar is faulty: the line should read *'Qui vous a* mise *dans cette fichue position'*, since it is addressed to a woman. However the mistake is in Taxil's book. (3.161) **8 Patrice** Patrice Egan is based on Patrice Casey, one of Joyce's friends in Paris in 1902 (Ellmann, p. 127). (3.163) **9 bar MacMahon** The bar MacMahon was a Parisian bar named after a notable descendant of the Irish Wild Geese (see the following note and also the note at **216:34**). (3.163) **10 Son of the wild goose, Kevin Egan of Paris** Wild Geese: the name given to Irishmen who emigrated to the continent in order to live apart from English rule. Originally this term referred to the Irish Catholic insurgents who fled after the 1690 defeat of the Catholic monarch James II at Boyne. Kevin Egan is based on Joseph Casey (1846–*c.*1907), a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who moved to Paris in the early 1870s (*DIB*). When Joyce was in Paris he often lunched with Casey (Ellmann, p. 125). (3.164) **11** ***lait chaud*** French, hot milk. (3.165) **12** ***lapin*** French, rabbit. (3.166) **13** ***gros lots*** French, the jackpot in a lottery; literally 'great prize'. (3.166) **14 Michelet** Jules Michelet (French historian, 1798–1874): known for his multi-volume, anecdotal *History of France*; he also wrote *La Femme* ('Woman', 1860), a romantic history of women. (3.167) **15** ***La Vie de Jésus*** **by M. Léo Taxil** Léo Taxil (pseudonym for G.S. Jogand-Pages, 1854–1907): French writer. Taxil's novel *La Vie de Jésus* is written in a burlesque style and tries to show the absurdities of the Christian tradition through the life of Jesus. The book's radical anticlericalism was so controversial that Taxil publicly retracted it in 1885 and travelled to Rome to obtain a papal absolution. See also note at **33:7**. (3.167) **16** ***C'est tordant, vous savez.*** [...] French, 'It's screamingly funny, you know. Myself, I'm a socialist. I don't believe in the existence of God. Don't tell this to my father.' 'He's a believer?' 'My father, yes.' (3.169) **17** ***Schluss*** German, 'Finish up!', 'Close it!' (3.173) **18 Paysayenn. P. C. N., you know:** ***physiques, chimiques et naturelles*** Paysayenn: the French pronunciation of the initials PCN, a standard abbreviation for 'physiques, chimiques et naturelles', physics, chemistry and biology, which are the courses that comprise the first year of medical study. (3.176) **19 groatsworth** A small amount (*OED*). (3.177) **20** ***mou en civet*** Also known as *mou de veau en civet*: an inexpensive stew made from the lungs of a calf. (3.177) **21 fleshpots of Egypt** Fleshpots: 'luxuries or advantages regarded with regret or envy'; literally, they are pots for cooking flesh, signifying an abundance of flesh (*OED*). From Exodus 16:3, where the Israelites regret having left Egypt with Moses: 'And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger'. (3.177) **22** ***boul' Mich'*** Turn-of-the-century Parisian expression for the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the principal artery of traffic on the Latin Quarter in the Left Bank. (3.179) **23** ***Lui, c'est moi*** French, 'Him, it's me'. This might be an allusion to either Louis XIV (1638–1715, r.1643–1715) or Gustave Flaubert (French writer, 1821–80). Louis claimed: 'L'état c'est moi' ('The state is me'). Flaubert said, in defence of his novel *Madame Bovary* (1857): 'Mme Bovary, c'est moi' ('Mme Bovary, she is me'). (3.182) **24** ***Encore deux minutes*** French, 'Another two minutes'. (3.187) **25** ***Fermé*** French, 'closed'. (3.187) **26 fiery Columbanus** See note at **23:2**. (3.193) **27 Fiacre and Scotus** St Fiacre (d.*c.*670) and John Duns Scotus (*c.*1266–1308): Irish churchmen who, like Columbanus, went to the Continent for religious work. St Fiacre moved to France and won fame for his exemplary life. John Duns Scotus was an opponent of St Thomas Aquinas. In his essay 'Ireland: Isle of Saints and Sages', Joyce believed Duns Scotus to be Irish, but, in fact, he seems to have come from the town of Dunse in Scotland, hence his name (*Brewer's*). (Scotus: medieval Latin for both Scottish and Irish.) (3.193) **28 creepystools** Creepystool (or creepiestool): Scottish, a low stool; sometimes used to denote 'the stool of repentance' (*OED*). (3.193) **29** ***Euge! Euge!*** Latin, 'Bravo! Bravo!' or 'Aha! Aha!' These words occur in the Litany of the Saints. They also appear in the Bible, where they are spoken by a mocker whom God is then called upon to chastise (Psalms 40:15, see also Psalms 35:21, 35:25, 70:3 and Ezekiel 25:3). (3.194) **30 Newhaven** A major seaport on the southern coast of England by the English channel. At the time it was the main conduit for travel between the British Isles

and the Continent. (3.195) **31** ***Comment?*** French, How? (3.195) **32** ***Le Tutu*, five tattered numbers of *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*** *Le Tutu* (ballerina skirt): a weekly Parisian magazine that began publication in 1901. *Pantalon Blanc et Culotte Rouge*: French, 'white pants and red bloomers'. There was no magazine called *Pantalon Blanc;* this name seems to be Joyce's variant for *La Vie en culotte rouge* ('Life in red bloomers'), another Parisian magazine. (3.195)

34 **1** ***Then here's a health to Mulligan's aunt*** [...] A variation of some lines from the song 'Matthew Hanigan's Aunt' by the Irish poet and songwriter Percy French (1854–1920). (3.201) **2** **south wall** A breakwater which begins at the southern mouth of the Liffey and continues out into Dublin Bay (Bennett). (3.206) **3** **pith** The pith of a piece of bread is the soft part inside, as opposed to the crust (*OED*). (3.209) **4** **farls of bread** Farl: 'Originally, the fourth part of a thin cake made either of flour or oatmeal; now applied to a cake of similar kind and size, whether quadrant-shaped or not' (*OED*). (3.210) **5** **froggreen wormwood** The strong green liqueur absinthe, which is distilled from wormwood. (3.210) **6** **Belluomo** Italian, literally, 'good-looking man'; in general, 'a seducer'. (3.211) **7** **Rodot's** A patisserie operating at the turn of the century, located at 9 Boulevard Saint-Michel, Paris, in the Latin Quarter. (3.212) **8** ***chaussons*** Round, flat, light pastry sometimes filled with jam. (3.214) **9** ***pus*** French, pus, yellow liquid. (3.214) **10** ***flan breton*** A custard-and-cream flan; a specialty of Brittany. (3.214) **11** **fingers smeared with printer's ink** Joseph Casey, the model for Kevin Egan, worked as a typesetter for the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* (*DIB*). (3.217) **12** **green fairy** Absinthe (in French, *fée verte*). (3.217) **13** ***Un demi setier*** French, a quarter-pint. (3.218) **14** ***Il est irlandais*** [...] French, 'He's Irish' 'Dutch?' 'Not cheese. Two Irishmen, we, Ireland, you know?' 'Oh yes!' (3.220) **15** ***slainte!*** An Irish toast, 'health!' (3.224) **16** **Dalcassians** A tribe of the medieval Irish dynasty of Munster that provided household troops for the king. It is also a tribal name of the O'Briens, whose patrimony was County Clare on the west coast of Ireland. (3.227) **17** **Arthur Griffith** Arthur Griffith (1871–1922): nationalist journalist and founder of *Sinn Féin*, *The United Irishman* (a nationalist newspaper) and the Celtic Literary Society (*DIB*). (3.227) **18** **To yoke me as his yokefellow, our crimes our common cause** After *Henry V*, where Pistol, joining Henry's effort to claim France, cries: 'Yokefellows in arms, / Let us to France, like horseleeches, my boys, / To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!' (Act II, Sc. 2, 56–58). (3.228) **19** **You're your father's son. I know the voice** See note at **31:8**. (3.229) **20** **M. Drumont, famous journalist** Edouard Adolphe Drumont (1844–1917): anti-Semitic French journalist and author of *La France juive* ('Jewish France', 1866). In the early 1890s, Léo Taxil (see note at **33:15**) brought Drumont to court on charges of launching a conspiracy to exterminate the Jews. Drumont, in turn, argued that Taxil was not a credible witness, since he had written the blasphemous book *La Vie de Jésus*. The court sided with Drumont, but Taxil persisted in his struggle with Drumont. (3.230) **21** ***Vieille ogresse* with the *dents jaunes*** French, 'old hag with the yellow teeth'; Edouard Drumont's (see previous note) description of Queen Victoria (1819–1901, r.1837–1901). (3.232) **22** **Maud Gonne** Maud Gonne (1866–1953): Irish aristocrat and revolutionary. To W.B. Yeats she became a symbol for all Ireland. At this time, she lived in Paris. She and Lucien Millevoye (see following note) were lovers, and she had two children by him: a boy who died young and a girl, Iseult Gonne (1895–1954). (3.233) **23** ***La Patrie*, M. Millevoye** In 1894, Lucien Millevoye (1850–1918), Maud Gonne's lover, became the editor of *La Patrie* ('The Fatherland'), a prominent political journal with a strong anti-Semitic slant. (3.233) **24** **Félix Faure, know how he died?** François-Félix Faure (1841–99, usually referred to as Félix Faure), President of France (1895–99), died of a cerebral haemorrhage in the French presidential palace. It was widely rumoured that he died in bed with his considerably younger mistress. (3.233) **25** **froeken** *Frøken* or *froeken*: Swedish, an unmarried woman, a young lady. (3.234) **26** ***bonne à tout faire*** French, 'maid of all work'. (3.234) **27** **Upsala** A university city in Sweden about 70 km north of Stockholm; commonly spelt 'Uppsala'. (3.235) **28** ***Moi faire*, she said. *Tous les messieurs*** Broken French, 'Me does. All the gentlemen'. (3.235) **29** **peep of day boy's hat** The Peep of Day Boys (so called because they attacked at dawn): an anti-Catholic secret society of Ulster Protestants formed in Ireland in about 1785 (*NHI*, vol. 4, p. 347). (3.241) **30** **How the head centre got away, authentic version** James Stephens (1825–1901): the founder and Head Centre, or leader, of the Fenians (see note at **25:20**). Imprisoned in Richmond jail in Dublin in 1865, he escaped that same year and, after hiding out in Ballybough, fled Ireland in 1866. The story was that he eluded recapture by being disguised as a bride, although Joyce regarded this story as just a 'legend' (*OCPW*, p. 139). (3.241) **31** **Malahide** A maritime town 14 km north of

Dublin on the Irish Sea. In 1904 its population was 649 (*Thom's*, p. 1733). James Stephens escaped overseas via Malahide (see previous note). (3.243)

35 **1 gossoon** Hiberno-English, a youth; derives from the French *garçon* (*OED*). (3.245) **2 colonel Richard Burke** Richard O'Sullivan Burke (1838–1922): an Irish-American who had been a colonel in the US Army during the Civil War. A Fenian sympathizer, then activist, Burke led an effort with Joseph Casey (the model for Kevin Egan) and several others to free two Fenian leaders from a Manchester prison in September 1867. Though the rescue mission was successful, shortly afterwards he was arrested and jailed in Clerkenwell prison. He was finally released in 1872 and returned to America in 1874, where he remained active in Republican political causes (Patrick Quinlivan and Paul Rose, *The Fenians in England*, pp. 9–14). (3.247) **3 tanist of his sept** Tanist: 'The successor apparent to a Celtic chief, usually the most vigorous adult of his kin, elected during the lifetime of the chief'; from the Irish word *Tánaiste* (*OED*). Sept: 'a division of a nation or tribe; a clan: originally in reference to Ireland' (*OED*). (3.247) **4 under the walls of Clerkenwell** Fenians attempted to spring Richard Burke and Joseph Casey from Clerkenwell prison in London on 13th December 1867, just three months after the two men had themselves rescued their Fenian comrades in Manchester. An informer leaked the plan to prison authorities and the rescue failed; however an explosion set at the prison wall killed six and wounded many others (Quinlivan and Rose, *The Fenians in England*, pp. 76–93). (3.247) **5 Montmartre** Montmartre is an area of north-central Paris which, at the turn-of-the-century, was populated by bohemians and artists. (3.251) **6 rue de la Goutte-d'Or** A street in Montmartre. Joseph Casey, the model for Kevin Egan, lived on this street (Ellmann, p. 125; *DIB*). (3.252) **7 rue Gît-le-Cœur** A street on Paris's Left Bank, roughly parallel to the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Its name means 'Here Lies the Heart'. (3.254) **8 canary** Mistress or harlot (Partridge). (3.254) **9** ***Mon fils*** French, my son. (3.257) **10** ***The boys of Kilkenny are stout roaring blades*** From 'The Boys of Kilkenny', an anonymous Irish ballad. (3.257) **11 Old Kilkenny** The county town of County Kilkenny, by the River Nore in south-eastern Ireland. Its name derives from the Irish word for church, *Cill*, combined with the name of St Cainnech, or Canice (see following note). Because of its strategic location, this town played an important role in Anglo-Irish affairs throughout the Middle Ages. From 1642 to 1648 it served as the capital of Catholic Ireland (Seumas MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, pp. 415–21). (3.258) **12 saint Canice** Canice (or Cainnech, or St Kenny): Irish saint (d.*c.*599). He preached in Ireland and undertook a mission with St Columba (Columcille) to convert Brude, king of the Picts in Scotland. (3.259) **13 Strongbow's castle on the Nore** Richard FitzGilbert de Clare, the Norman-Welsh earl of Pembroke (d.1176), popularly known as Strongbow, was a key player in the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland in 1171. Strongbow's military prowess secured victory for the English during the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1172 he built a castle in Kilkenny, near St Canice's monastery, to command the crossing of the River Nore, which runs through Kilkenny (*DIB*). (3.259) **14 He takes me, Napper Tandy, by the hand** James Napper Tandy (1740–1803): an Irish nationalist and co-founder of the United Irishmen, the rebel movement of the 1790s. With troops from France, he landed at Donegal in 1798. He then 'issued a proclamation and became insensibly drunk; [was] carried back to his ship; [was] captured in Hamburg' (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 239). This line comes from 'The Wearing of the Green', an Irish street song of the 1798 rebellion: 'I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk [*sic*] me by the hand'. (3.259) **15** ***O, O the boys of*** [...] From the ballad 'The Boys of Kilkenny' (see **35:10**). (3.261) **16 Remembering thee, O Sion** After Psalm 137:1, the complaint of the Jews on their exile and captivity in Babylonia. (3.264) **17 Kish lightship** A lighthouse on a boat, anchored on the north end of the Kish Bank in Dublin Bay, about 24 km from Sandymount strand. (3.267) **18 panthersahib and his pointer** That is, Haines and Mulligan. Sahib: 'a respectful title used by the natives of India in addressing an Englishman' (*OED*). Panther, after Haines's dream (see note at **6:5**). Pointer: a pointer dog. (3.277) **19 mole of boulders** Mole: a breakwater, from the Latin *moles*, a great heap (*OED*). The South Wall was built to protect Dublin's harbour from east winds (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 298). (3.279) **20 form of forms** See note at **21:7**. (3.280) **21 in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore's tempting flood** Combines two phrases from Hamlet. Horatio tells Hamlet of the Ghost's 'sable silver'd' beard (Act I, Sc. 2, 242). Later, Horatio warns Hamlet against following the Ghost: 'What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, / Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff / That beetles o'er his base into the sea, / And there assume some other horrible form, / Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason / And draw you into madness?' (Act I, Sc. 4, 69–74). (3.281) **22 Poolbeg road** Poolbeg road runs on

the Liffey's southern breakwater east towards the Poolbeg Light in Dublin Bay. (3.283) **23** ***Un coche ensablé*** French, 'A stage coach stuck in sand'; from an essay by Louis Veuillot (see following note), 'Le Vrai poète Parisien' ('The True Parisian Poet'), which appeared in his book *Les Odeurs de Paris* (*The Scents of Paris*). In this study, Veuillot vehemently attacked the Romantic poets, especially Théophile Gautier (see note at **35:25**). Veuillot urged aspiring poets to shun 'all those superlatives [of Gautier's] which give to a sentence the look of a stage coach stuck in sand' (p. 235). (3.287) **24** **Louis Veuillot** Louis Veuillot (1813–83): French journalist and leader of the Ultramontane party, which advocated papal supremacy and resisted all efforts to separate church from state. Veuillot deplored the French Revolution and opposed its supporters among literary Romantics (who were anti-clerical). In *Portrait*, the director of the Jesuits calls Veuillot one of the greatest French stylists (p. 156). (3.287) **25** **Gautier's** Théophile Gautier (1811–72): French poet and a central figure in the Romantic movement in France in the 1830s and after. His contempt for convention did not endear him to the more religious types in France (see the preceding two notes). (3.288) **26** **Sir Lout's toys** Budgen records a conversation with Joyce about this passage: '"Who are Sir Lout and his family?" I said. "The people who did the rough work at the beginning?" "Yes", said Joyce. "They were giants right enough, but weak reproductively. Fasolt and Fafnir in [Wagner's] Das Rheingold are of the same breed, sexually weak as the music tells us. My Sir Lout has rocks in his mouth instead of teeth. He articulates badly"' (*JJMU*, p. 52). (3.291) **27** **Feefawfum. I zmellz de bloodz oldz an Iridzman** From the nursery rhyme 'Jack and the Beanstalk', with 'Englishman' changed to 'Irishman'. (3.293)

36 **1** **The two maries** The two Maries are Mary Magdalene and Mary, mother of James and Joses, two of Jesus's followers present at His crucifixion. These two Maries are explicitly associated together in Matt. 27:56, 27:61, 28:1, and Mark 15:47, 16:1. The second Mary would not be Blessed Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus and James, since she never appears together with Mary Magdalene in the Bible. (3.297) **2** **They have tucked it safe among the bulrushes** This recalls Moses's mother hiding her infant son from the Pharaoh's scourge in an ark made of bulrushes (Exod. 2:3). (3.297) **3** **Galleys of the Lochlanns** Lochlanns: Irish, 'lake dwellers'; the name given to the Norwegians who invaded Ireland starting in the late eighth century. The Lochlanns arrived in fleets, although these were not specifically galleys. (3.300) **4** **Dane vikings** After the Norwegian invasion of Ireland, subsequent attacks came from Denmark. The Danes were in large part responsible for establishing settlements in the eastern coast of Ireland. (3.301) **5** **torcs** Torc: 'A collar, necklace, bracelet, or similar ornament consisting of a twisted narrow band or strip, usually of precious metal, worn especially by the ancient Gauls and Britons' (*OED*, s.v. torque). (3.301) **6** **when Malachi wore the collar of gold** From Thomas Moore's (Irish poet, 1779–1852) song 'Let Erin Remember the Days of Old', which tells of Malachi II (948–1022), King of Meath and High King of all Ireland, who liberated the Irish from the Viking invaders. Malachi freed Dublin from the Vikings in 996 and took the golden collar of the Norwegian prince Tomar. (3.302) **7** **school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon** Turlehide or turlehyde: variants of thurlhead and thirlepoll, whale (*OED*). *Thom's* Dublin Annals entry for the year 1331 writes of 'A great famine relieved by a prodigious shoal of fish, called Turlehydes, being cast on shore at the mouth of the Dodder. They were from 30 to 40 feet long, and so thick that men standing on each side of one of them, could not see those on the other. Upwards of 200 of them were killed by the people' (p. 2092). The event occurred just where Stephen stands, as the Dodder's mouth is near the south wall. (3.303) **8** **cagework city** In his account of the famine of 1331, Walter Harris applies the adjective 'cagework' to Dublin as a description of its predominant architectural style (*History and Antiquities of the City of Dublin*, 1766, vol. 4, p. 1). The full Irish name for Dublin is *Baile Átha Cliath*, which means 'town of the chequered ford'. (3.304) **9** **Famine, plague and slaughters** Dublin has endured all three. Besides the famine mentioned in the note at **36:7**, the fourteenth century saw outbreaks of the plague. *Thom's* Dublin Annals entry for the year 1348 states: 'A great pestilence raged through many parts of the world, and carried off vast numbers in Dublin' (*Thom's*, p. 2092). Slaughters have occurred frequently in Irish history. In the years just before the plague hit, there were slaughters resulting from Bruce's invasion (see note at **36:14**). (3.306) **10** **the frozen Liffey** The River Liffey froze in 1338 (and again in 1739). In 1338 there was 'a severe frost from the beginning of December to the beginning of February, in which the Liffey was frozen so hard that the citizens played at foot-ball, and lit fires on the ice' (*Thom's*, p. 2092). (3.307) **11** **I just simply stood pale, silent, bayed about** Stephen imagines himself as Actaeon,

who, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was transformed into a deer and hunted after and killed by his own hounds as punishment for seeing the goddess Diana naked (III, 138–257). (3.311) **12** ***Terribilia meditans*** Latin, 'Meditating terrible things'. (3.311) **13** **fortune's knave** From Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where, after Antony's death, Cleopatra says: '"Tis paltry to be Caesar. / Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave, / A minister of her will' (Act V, Sc. 2, 2–4). (3.312) **14** **The Bruce's brother** Edward Bruce (d.1318): younger brother of Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland (1274–1329, r. 1306–1329). In 1315, Edward, emboldened by his brother's success in securing Scotland's independence from England, accepted an invitation from some Irish chieftains to free Ireland from English rule. After some initial successes, he died in battle against the English in 1318 (*EB11*). (3.313) **15** **Thomas Fitzgerald, silken knight** Lord Thomas Fitzgerald (1513–37): tenth earl of Kildare; called 'Silken Thomas' because his helmet was adorned with silk fringes. In 1534 Henry VIII's enemies sent him false news that his father had been killed in London, thereby prompting Thomas to declare war on England. Lacking supplies, his rebellion failed and Thomas and five of his uncles were executed by the English (*EB11*). (3.314) **16** **Perkin Warbeck** Perkin Warbeck (*c.*1474–1499): a peasant from Antwerp in Flanders. In 1491 he was the servant to a silk merchant in Cork. Because he often wore his master's silk clothes, he was mistaken for royalty. Such flamboyance caught the attention of some Yorkists. They coaxed him into assuming the role of Richard, Duke of York, son of Edward IV (the younger of the two royal brothers Richard III imprisoned and, reputedly, murdered). In 1497 he landed in Cornwall in an attempt to take the throne, but he met with no support and was easily captured by the English troops (*EB11*). (3.314) **17** **Lambert Simnel** Simnel (*c.*1475–*c.*1534): another Yorkist pretender to the throne of Henry VII. He was the ward of Richard Symonds, a Yorkist conspirator who put him forth as Edward, earl of Warwick, the 'rightful heir' to the throne. On 24th May 1487 he was crowned King Edward VI in the cathedral of Dublin. That year he invaded England with Irish and German troops, but was captured by Henry's forces. Symonds was imprisoned, but since King Henry recognized that he had only been a pawn in this conspiracy, he showed leniency and took him into his own service as a scullion (the lowest ranking domestic servant). He was eventually promoted and became the royal falconer (*EB11*). (3.315) **18** **nans and sutlers** Nans: serving maids (*OED*). Sutlers: private vendors who supply food to troops (*OED*). (3.316) **19** **All kings' sons** See note at **25:28**. (3.316) **20** **He saved men from drowning** See note at **6:6**. (3.317) **21** **courtiers who mocked Guido in Or san Michele were in their own house** From a story in Giovanni Boccaccio's (Italian writer, 1313–75) *Decameron* about Guido Cavalcanti (Italian poet, *c.*1250–1300). One day in the garden (in Italian, *orto*) of the Church of San Michele in Florence, Cavalcanti's friends teased him for brooding near the tombs, 'Guido, you spurn our company; but supposing you find that God doesn't exist, what good will it do you?' Guido replied: 'Gentlemen, in your own house you may say whatever you like to me'. They grasp his wit only after he has left: 'By describing [the abode of the dead] as our house, he wanted to show us that [...] all men who are as uncouth and unlettered as ourselves are worse off than the dead' (p. 468). (3.318) **22** **abstrusiosities** A neologism that combines 'abstruse' (obscure) and 'curiosity'. (3.320) **23** ***Natürlich*** German, naturally. (3.321) **24** **man that was drowned nine days ago** See note at **18:16**. (3.322) **25** **Maiden's rock** Maiden's Rock is one of several rocks that lies near the north side of Dalkey Island, in Dublin Bay, about 275 metres offshore from Dalkey. (3.322) **26** **shellcocoacoloured** Shell cocoa: a kind of degraded cocoa drink (*EB11*, s.v. cocoa). There was a cheap and inferior brand of cocoa called Trinidad shell cocoa. (3.327) **27** **On a field tenney a buck, trippant, proper, unattired** Heraldic terms. Tenney: orange-brown. Tripping, in heraldry, is used of bucks and stags, meaning 'Walking, and looking towards the dexter side, with three paws on the ground and one fore-paw raised'. Proper: in its natural colours. Unattired: without antlers (*OED*). (3.336) **28** **seamorse** Walrus (*OED*). (3.339) **29** **every ninth** Supposedly, every tenth wave in a series is bigger than the previous nine. Although most folklore focuses on the tenth wave, *Brewer's* (s.v. Wave. The Tenth Wave) notes that Tennyson claimed the ninth wave is the large one (*Idylls of the King, The Coming of Arthur*). (3.340)

37 **1** **moves to one great goal** See note at **27:13**. (3.351) **2** **Tatters!** In Dion Boucicault's (Irish playwright, 1820–1890) comedy *The Shaughraun* (1875), Tatters is the name of the dog that belongs to Conn the Shaughraun. (3.353) **3** **Something he buried there, his grandmother** See note at **22:2**. (3.360) **4** **spousebreach** Adultery (*OED*). The *OED* entry for 'spouse-breach' quotes John de Trevisa's English translation (1495) of Bartholomeus Anglicus's (Franciscan encyclopedist, fl. *c.*1220–1240) *De Proprietatibus Rerum* (*On the Properties of Things*): 'Leopardus is a cruel beeste

and is gendred in spowsebreche of a parde and of a lionas' (18.66). (3.363) **5 Haroun al Raschid** Haroun al Raschid (763–809, r.786–809): the greatest caliph of Baghdad. Many of the *Arabian Nights* are set in his kingdom, and he appears in some of the stories himself. He is famous for walking around the streets of Baghdad in disguise better to know his subjects first-hand. (3.366) **6 I am almosting it** When asked by Frank Budgen about this word, Joyce replied: 'That's all in the Protean character of the thing. Everything changes: land, water, dog, time of day. Parts of speech change, too. Adverb becomes verb' (*JJMU*, p. 55). (3.366) **7 That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid.** Stephen's dream recalls Deuteronomy 26:2–11, where God demands of the Hebrews that the 'first fruits of the land were to be brought to the holy place of God's choice and there presented to the priest'. During their wanderings in the wilderness 'the people lust for flesh' and 'the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic' (Numbers 11:4–6). (3.367) **8 Egyptians** A humorous word for gypsies (*OED*). (3.370) **9 the ruffian and his strolling mort** Mort: thieves' cant, 'woman', sometimes with the connotation of 'harlot' (*OED*). This phrase alludes to the title of the verses Stephen quotes a few lines on, 'The Rogue's Delight in Praise of His Strolling Mort', for which see the note at **37:18**. (3.372) **10 bing awast, to Romeville** Sixteenth-century thieves' cant, 'Go away to London' (*OED*, s.vv. bing; rum). This phrase appears in the seventh stanza of 'The Rogue's Delight in Praise of His Strolling Mort'; see note at **37:18**. (3.375) **11 fancyman** A woman's sweetheart, but also a pimp (*OED*). (3.377) **12 two Royal Dublins** That is, two soldiers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers (established 1881, disbanded 1922): an English military regiment. In 1904, three battalions of the RDF were stationed in Ireland. (3.377) **13 O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts** Context suggests that this was an unlicensed bar on Blackpitts, a street in the Liberties. There is no O'Loughlin listed on Blackpitts in *Thom's*. (3.377) **14 Buss** To kiss (*OED*). (3.378) **15 wap in rogue's rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell** Wap: thieves' cant, to copulate. Rum lingo: thieves' cant, excellent talk (both Partridge). Dimber wapping dell: thieves' cant, a pretty, love-making wench (*OED*). The phrase 'O, my dimber wapping dell' comes from the seventh stanza of 'The Rogue's Delight in Praise of His Strolling Mort'; see note at **37:18**. (3.378) **16 Fumbally's lane** Fumbally's lane is located off Blackpitts, in the Liberties of south-central Dublin. (3.379) **17 tanyard** This would be the tanyard (or tannery) of Kelly, Dunne and Co. at 26 & 27 New Row South, around the corner from Fumbally's Lane (*Thom's*, p. 1555). (3.380) **18 *White thy fambles, red thy gan* [...]** Fambles: hands; gan: mouth; quarrons: body; couch a hogshead: lie down to sleep; darkmans: night-time; clip: to embrace (*OED*). This is the second verse of the song 'The Rogue's Delight in Praise of His Strolling Mort', which is written in thieves' cant. This is found in Richard Head's *The Canting Academy* (1673). Head's translation of this stanza: 'Thy hand is white and red thy lip / Thy dainty body I will clip. / Let's down to sleep our selves then lay / Hug in the dark and kiss and play'. (3.381) **19 Morose delectation** A literal translation of the Latin phrase '*delectatio morosa*', 'the pleasure taken in a sinful thought or imagination without even desiring it' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). This is one of the three internal sins (a sin in the mind as opposed to a sin in action). Thomas Aquinas discusses this sin in *Summa Theologica* II.1, q. 31, a. 2; q. 74, a. 6; and q. 88, a. 5. (3.385) **20 tunbelly** A belly like a tun (a large cask), i.e. a particularly large and round belly. St Thomas Aquinas was so fat that, according to popular legend, a dent had to be cut into his dinner table so that he could be seated. (3.385) **21 *frate porcospino*** Italian, 'friar porcupine'. (3.385) **22 Unfallen Adam rode and not rutted** According to Thomas Aquinas, since sexual intercourse before the Fall was pure and untainted by lust, Adam could not, by definition, suffer from morose delectation (*Summa Theologica* II.1, q. 31, a. 2). (3.386) **23 sun's flaming sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands** 'Trekking to evening lands' echoes Percy Bysshe Shelley's (English poet, 1792–1822) verse drama *Hellas* (1821): 'Let Freedom and Peace flee far / To a sunnier strand, / And follow Love's folding star / To the Evening land!' (ll. 1027–30). The 'sun's flaming sword' refers to the Fall: 'So he [God] drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life' (Gen. 3:24). (3.391) **24 She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load** All synonyms. *Schlepp*: German and Yiddish, to trudge or drag. *Train*: Anglicized French, to trudge or drag. *Trascine*: Anglicized Italian, to trudge or drag. (3.392) **25 *oinopa ponton*** See note at **6:9**. (3.394) **26 Behold the handmaid of the moon** After Luke 1:38, where Mary tells the angel, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord'. (3.395)

38 **1 In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise** Possibly a reference to Horatio's description of the moon in *Hamlet*: 'the moist star / Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands' (Act I, Sc. 1, 118–19).

(3.395) **2 ghostcandled** See note at 10:4. (3.396) **3** ***Omnis caro ad te veniet*** Latin, 'All flesh will come to You [i.e. God]'; from Psalm 64 in the Vulgate (Psalm 65 in the King James). The opening lines of the psalm form part of the entrance chant in the Requiem Mass. (3.396) **4 He comes, pale vampire** Stephen's poem is not necessarily original; it appears to be freely modified from the last verse of an anonymous poem in Irish, 'My Grief on the Sea', as translated by Douglas Hyde (Irish folklorist, poet, dramatist, 1860–1949) in his collection *The Love Songs of Connacht*: 'And my love came behind me – / He came from the South; / His breast to my bosom, / His mouth to my mouth' (p. 31). (3.397) **5 Put a pin in that chap, will you? My tablets** To put in the pin: to cease doing something, especially an activity of questionable merit (Partridge). The tablets are possibly an allusion to *Hamlet*. After encountering the ghost of his father, Hamlet announces that he will write in his 'tables' (tablets) about the unrepentant villainy of Claudius: 'My tables – meet it is I set it down / That one may smile and smile and be a villain' (Act I, Sc. 5, 107–8). (3.399) **6 darkness shining in the brightness** See note at **23:8**. (3.409) **7 delta of Cassiopeia** A not very bright star in the lower left of the W-shaped constellation Cassiopeia. On 11th November 1572 Tycho Brahe (Danish astronomer, 1546–1601) discovered a supernova shining near the delta of Cassiopeia; see also note at **154:13**. (3.410) **8 augur's rod of ash** Stephen imagines that his ashplant cane is a lituus, the rod of a Roman augur. The lituus was a symbol of the augur's powers and was used to demarcate the templum, the holy area within which the augury would take place (*OED*). In Chapter 5 of *Portrait*, Stephen tried to perform augury: 'The colonnade above him made him think vaguely of an ancient temple and the ashplant on which he leaned wearily of the curved stick of an augur' (p. 225). (3.410) **9 form of my form?** See note at **21:7**. (3.414) **10 bishop of Cloyne** George Berkeley (1685–1753): Irish philosopher and Protestant Bishop of Cloyne from 1734. Cloyne is a small village in county Cork with a fourteenth-century cathedral. (3.416) **11 veil of the temple** The veil of the temple at Jerusalem serves to 'divide unto you between the holy place and the most holy' (Exod. 26:33). When Jesus died the veil was torn by God (Matt. 27:51). Stephen is also paraphrasing George Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge* (1710): 'it is the *searching after, and endeavouring to understand those signs* (this language, if I may so call it) *instituted by the author of nature*, that ought to be the employment of the natural philosopher' (section 66). (3.416) **12 shovel hat** 'A stiff broad-brimmed hat, turned up at the sides and projecting with a shovel-like curve in front and behind, worn by some ecclesiastics' (*OED*). (3.417) **13 Coloured on a flat: yes, that's right** Berkeley argued that rather than seeing objects as such, humans perceive coloured signs which are only subsequently interpreted as physical objects (*A New Theory of Vision*, section 130). (3.418) **14 Flat I see, then think distance** According to Berkeley's *A New Theory of Vision*, the eye only perceives objects two-dimensionally (i.e. as if the world was completely flat before the eyes). Distance is then inferred into the field of vision by a mental operation. Distance is thus not seen but thought (section 11). (3.418) **15 stereoscope** According the theories of vision more modern than Berkeley's, the most important factor for the perception of depth and distance is stereoscopic sight, or simultaneous vision with both eyes. (3.420) **16 Hodges Figgis' window** Hodges, Figgis and Co.: a bookstore and publisher at 104 Grafton Street, south-east Dublin, between St Stephen's Green and Trinity College (*Thom's*, p. 1899); now located on Dawson Street. (3.426) **17 jess** 'A short strap of leather, silk, or other material' fastened around the legs of a hawk in falconry (*OED*). Evidently Joyce has in mind here a parasol's strap. (3.428) **18 Leeson park** A residential street in Ranelagh, south of the Grand Canal. (3.429) **19 kickshaws** Kickshaw: 'Something dainty or elegant, but unsubstantial or comparatively valueless' (*OED*). (3.429) **20 Talk that to some else, Stevie: a pickmeup.** Recalls Stephen's friend Davin from *Portrait* who, alone among Stephen's classmates, addressed him familiarly as 'Stevie'. Davin tells a long-winded story of a 'pickmeup' in *Portrait* (pp. 181–83). A pick-me-up is 'A stimulating liquid [...] Hence any person or thing [...] with a bracing effect' and also a 'chance (esp. if carnal) acquaintance (gen. female)' (Partridge). (3.430) **21** ***piuttosto*** Italian, 'rather' or 'somewhat'. (3.432) **22** ***Et vidit Deus. Et erant valde bona*** Latin, 'And God saw. And they were exceedingly good'; after the Vulgate Bible, at the end of God's sixth day of creation: '*viditque Deus cuncta quæ fecit et erant valde bona*' ('God saw all that he made and they were exceedingly good') (Gen. 1:31). Stephen leaves out the phrase '*cuncta fecit*' ('all that he had made'). On the seventh day God had 'sabbath sleep' (Gen. 2:2). (3.439) **23** ***Bonjour*** French, 'hello', 'good day'. (3.440) **24 he watched through peacocktwittering lashes** Recalls the dreamlike lassitude of several lines from Stéphane Mallarmé's (French poet, 1842–98) eclogue 'L'Après-midi d'un faune' (1865–77, 'The Afternoon of a Faun'): 'Inert, everything burns in the tawny hour / under an

antique flood of light / of a pure flank followed by my closed looks'. (3.441) **25 Pan's hour, the faunal noon** This also refers to Mallarmé's eclogue 'L'Après-midi d'un faune', which evokes an atmosphere of foliage, heat and sexual desire. The faun falls asleep and dreams of nymphs. According to Greek mythology, 'Pan's hour' is noon, when the Greek God of nature is at his most energetic. It is also the hour of Proteus's rest when, in book four of the *Odyssey*, Menelaus captures him (*Odyssey*, IV, 400–3). (3.442) **26** ***And no more turn aside and brood*** See note at **9:6**. (3.445)

39 1 ***nebeneinander*** See note at 30:9. (3.447) **2 tripudium** Latin, a religious or war dance, literally 'a triple beat' (*OED*). (3.448) **3** ***Tiens, quel petit pied!*** French, 'My, what a small foot!' (3.450) **4 Wilde's love that dare not speak its name** That is, homosexuality. The phrase comes from the poem, 'Two Loves', by Oscar Wilde's lover, Lord Alfred Douglas (1870–1945). (3.451) **5 Cock lake** A tidal inlet just off Sandymount strand, near to Stephen's position. (3.453) **6 hising up their petticoats** See note at **12:5**. (3.462) **7 Saint Ambrose** St Ambrose (*c.*340–97): bishop of Milan and doctor of the Church. He was particularly known for his zealous defence of the Church against Arianism and paganism (*EB11*). He was also famous for composing many hymns and for having been the teacher of St Augustine. (3.465) **8** ***diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit*** Latin, 'It groans, days and nights, suffering violences'; from St Ambrose's commentary on Romans 8:22. (3.466) **9 Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies** At Dublin Bay, the five fathoms line runs roughly from the Lion's Head at Howth across the bay to Kingstown Harbour. A boatman in 'Telemachus' noted that the drowned man's corpse should surface about there today at high tide. Stephen uses the boatman's words to evoke Ariel's song in Shakespeare's *Tempest* (Act I, Sc. 2, 396–402). (3.470) **10 At one he said. Found drowned. High water at Dublin bar** High tide in Dublin on the afternoon of 16th June 1904 was at 12:42 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 15). The phrase 'High Water at Dublin Bar' derives from the index heading 'Bar, High Water at [Dublin City]' in *Thom's* (p. xxii). (3.470) **11 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor** Line 167 from John Milton's poem 'Lycidas'; see note at **21:3**. (3.474) **12 God becomes man becomes fish** 'God becomes man' is God's incarnation as Jesus Christ; 'man becomes fish' is Christ being symbolized by a fish; 'fish becomes barnacle goose' refers to the medieval legend which held that barnacle geese are the offspring of the barnacles that cling to wet timber (*Brewer's*); and from geese come the feathers for a featherbed. There is a peak south of Dublin called Featherbed Mountain. This passage also echoes Hamlet's thoughts on the recycling of corpses: 'Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?' (Act V, Sc. 1, 201–7). (3.477) **13 Seadeath, mildest of all deaths** Tiresias tells Odysseus he will die at sea (*Odyssey*, XI, 134). (3.482) **14 Old Father Ocean** This recalls Homer's epithet for Proteus, 'the old man of the sea' (*Odyssey*, IV, 365, *et passim*). (3.483) **15** ***Prix de Paris*** See note at **26:5**. (3.483) **16 I thirst** Jesus, on the cross, says 'I thirst […]' (John 19:28) 'that the scripture might be fulfilled' (John 19:36). (3.485) **17 Allbright he falls, proud lightning of the intellect** The name Lucifer means light-bearer, from the Latin *lux*, light + *ferre*, to bear (*OED*). He fell because of his pride. 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning' (Isa. 14:12); 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven' (Luke 10:18). (3.486) **18** ***Lucifer, dico, qui nescit occasum*** Latin, 'Lucifer, I say, who does not know a fall'; or: 'The morning star, I say, which does not know a setting'. This plays on both meanings of the name Lucifer (literally 'light-bearer'): the morning-star (Venus) and the Devil. The phrase derives from the *Exsultet*, St Ambrose's Holy Saturday prayer. The deacon admires the paschal candle's flame and says: '*Flammas eius lucifer matutinus inveniat. Ille, inquam, lucifer qui nescit occasum*' ('May the morning star find its flame'). (3.486) **19 My cockle hat and staff and his my sandal shoon** After a song Ophelia sings in her madness: 'How should I your true love know / From another one? / By his cockle hat and staff / And his sandal shoon' (*Hamlet*, Act IV, Sc. 5, 23–26). The 'cockle hat and staff' invokes an old figure of the lover as a pilgrim. The scallop shell is worn by those who have made the great pilgrimage to the shrine of St James at Compostela, Spain. Shoon: the archaic/poetic plural of shoe (*OED*). (3.487) **20 To evening lands** See note at **37:23**. (3.488) **21 Tuesday will be the longest day** The first day of summer (and, thus, the longest day of the year) in 1904 was Tuesday, 21st June. Sunrise for 21st June 1904 was at 3:33 a.m. and sunset was at 8:29 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 14). (3.491) **22 Of all the glad new year, mother** Line 3 of 'The May Queen' (1833) by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (English poet, 1809–92). (3.491) **23 Lawn Tennyson** Lawn tennis, preceded by the more demanding court tennis, was designed to be played on ordinary lawns and is the basis of the game as generally

played today (*OED*). Alfred, Lord Tennyson was the most esteemed poet of his day, but in *Portrait* Stephen professed his dislike for the poet: 'Tennyson a poet! Why, he's only a rhymester!' (p. 80). (3.492) **24** ***Già.*** Italian, 'already', 'indeed', 'yes', 'of course'. (3.493) **25** **For the old hag with the yellow teeth** See note at **34:21**. (3.493) **26** **Monsieur Drumont** See note at **34:20**. (3.493)

40 **1** **Toothless Kinch, the superman** See note at **19:4**. (3.496) **2** **rere regardant** For 'rere', see note at **61:24**. Regardant: looking backward. In heraldry the term 'rere regardant' describes an animal (especially a lion) with its head turned and looking over its shoulder, towards its tail. (3.503) **3** **a threemaster, her sails brailed up on the crosstrees** The three crosstree masts recall Jesus, flanked by the thieves atop Calvary (see Matthew 27:38). Brailed means that the sails are hauled by small ropes attached to their edges (*OED*). Budgen tells how he, an old sailor, attempted to correct Joyce's inexact 'crosstrees' with the right word, 'yards', but Joyce said he couldn't change the word because 'crosstree' comes in later, adding, 'After all, a yard is also a crosstree for the onlooking landlubber' (*JJMU*, p. 57). (3.504)

'CALYPSO'
Time: 8–9 a.m.
Location: 7 Eccles Street and environs

43 **1** **three, four: right** Bloom is thinking of Pythagoras's (Greek philosopher, *c.*582–*c.*507 BC) theorem: in a right-angled triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two other sides. (4.11) **2** **They understand what we say better than we understand them** After the 'Apology for Raimond Sebond' (1568) in the second book of *Essays* by Michel de Montaigne (French essayist, 1533–92): 'When I am playing with my Cat, who knowes whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with her?' (vol. 2, p. 144). (4.26) **3** **chookchooks** Chook: a chicken or chickens collectively (Partridge). (4.31) **4** **Hanlon's milkman** In 1904, Hanlon was the surname of three different proprietors of registered dairies in Dublin. The nearest to the Blooms' house on Eccles Street was operated by S. Hanlon, at 26 Lower Dorset Street, with another outlet at Kelly's Row (*Thom's*, p. 2058). (4.36) **5** **Wonder is it true if you clip them they can't mouse after** A popular myth of the time held that a cat's ability to catch a mouse depended on its whiskers. Though a cat's whiskers do serve as 'feelers', they do not shine in the dark, as he also wonders here. (4.40)

44 **1** **drouth** There is no record of a drought (or drouth) in Ireland in 1904. According to the 1905 edition of *Thom's*, the total rainfall in Dublin for 1904 was 63.5 cm, about 7.6 cm below average. In May 1904 there was an above-average rainfall of 6.8 cm and in June there was a below-average rainfall of 2.7 cm (*Thom's 1905*, p. 797). (4.44) **2** **mutton kidney at Buckley's** John Buckley: victualler, 48 Upper Dorset Street (*Thom's*, p. 1819), a short distance from Bloom's house. (4.45) **3** **Dlugacz's** Dlugacz's is the only commercial establishment mentioned in *Ulysses* that did not exist in Dublin in 1904. There was a pork butcher at 55a Upper Dorset Street, near Eccles Street, named Michael Brunton (*Thom's*, p. 1479). The novel's butcher takes his name from Moses Dlugacz (1884–1943), a young Zionist intellectual who was an English student of Joyce's in Trieste (Ellmann, p. 308). (4.46) **4** **then licking the saucer clean** This phrase recalls a line from the nursery rhyme 'Jack Sprat': 'Jack Sprat could eat no fat, / His wife could eat no lean, / And so between them both, you see / They licked the platter clean' (*ODNR*). (4.47) **5** **To lap better, all porous holes** Bloom is wrong: the roughness of the cat's tongue is not for drinking but for eating. (4.47) **6** **Thin bread and butter** Possibly drawn from a version of the nursery rhyme 'Little Tommy Tucker': 'Little Tommy Tucker, / Sings for his supper: / What shall we give him? / White bread and butter. / How shall he cut it / Without a knife? / How will he be married / Without a wife?' (*ODNR*). (4.50) **7** **quoits** Metal discs or rings (*OED*). (4.59) **8** **All the way from Gibraltar** Gibraltar, Molly's birthplace, is a British colony just off the southern coast of the Iberian peninsula at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. It was first seized by the British in 1704 (*EB11*). (4.60) **9** **old Tweedy** Molly's father Brian Cooper Tweedy held a military title in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who were stationed in Gibraltar from January 1884 to February 1885. (4.63) **10** **Plevna** Plevna, Bulgaria, was the site of three major battles in the Russo-Turkish War (1877–78). Bloom believes that Major Tweedy served in that campaign, although the British position was neutral at the time (*EB11*, s.v. Plevna). (4.63) **11** **in the swim** To be 'in the swim with': to be in league with (Partridge). (4.68) **12** **Plasto's high grade ha** That is, 'hat': the label has partly faded away. John Plasto, hatter, 1 Great Brunswick Street (now Pearse Street), in south-eastern Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1987). (4.69) **13** **Potato I have**

Bloom's talisman, a gift from his mother. (4.73) **14 avoiding the loose cellarflap of number seventyfive** Cellar flap: 'a flap on hinges, level with the surface of the ground, opening into a cellar' (*OED*). Joyce's representation of Dublin is not always accurate. Presumably, Joyce thought that number 75 was directly opposite Bloom's house, but it was across the street and slightly to the right and therefore the loose cellar flap was not directly in his trajectory towards Dorset Street (*JJD*, pp. 32–33). (4.77) **15 George's church** St George's Church (Protestant) is in Hardwicke Place, just east of Bloom's house at the end of Eccles Street (Bennett). (4.78) **16 Black conducts, reflects (refracts is it?), the heat** Bloom is incorrect: black clothes absorb the light of the sun, producing warmth. (4.79) **17 Boland's breadvan** Bolands', Ltd: a baking company, 133–36 Capel Street and Grand Canal Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1811). (4.82) **18 our daily** A fragment of the phrase 'Give us this day our daily bread', from the Lord's Prayer and Matthew 6:9–13. (4.82) **19 ranker** A soldier in the ranks, or an officer who has risen from the ranks (*OED*). (4.87) **20 Turko the terrible** See note at **10:2**. (4.89)

45 **1 in the track of the sun** The title of a book Bloom owns, see note at **500:5**. (4.99) **2 Sunburst on the titlepage** Not only is there no sunburst on the title page of *In the Track of the Sun*, but Bloom's copy lacks a title page (see note at **500:5**). The title page, actually, is of a maid playing a dulcimer. (4.100) **3 Arthur Griffith** See note at **34:17**. (4.101) **4 headpiece over the *Freeman* leader: a homerule sun rising up in the northwest** The headpiece of the *Freeman's Journal*, the paper where Bloom works, shows a sunburst over the Bank of Ireland in College Green. Since this building had been the seat of the Irish Parliament before the Act of Union of 1800, the image is supposed to represent the sun rising over a new dawn of Irish Home Rule. However, this symbolism is geographically incongruous, since the sunburst is over the north-west of the building and thus the sun would be setting. See also note at **56:6**. (4.101) **5 Ikey** Alert, wide-awake, artful (Partridge). (4.103) **6 Larry O'Rourke's** Laurence O'Rourke: grocer and tea, wine and spirit merchant (publican), 72 & 73 Upper Dorset Street, on the corner of Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1980). (4.105) **7 M'Auley's** Thomas McAuley: grocer and wine merchant (publican), 39 and 82 Lower Dorset Street, just north of Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1936). M' (or M') is a convention for representing Mc names (M'Auley for McAuley); this is how *Thom's* represents such names. (4.108) **8 n. g.** Abbreviation for 'no good' or 'no go' (Partridge). (4.108) **9 tramline along the North Circular from the cattle market to the quays** The Dublin cattle market was at the corner of Aughrim Street and the North Circular Road in west Dublin (Bennett, s.v. Circular Road, North). The North Circular Road is a semicircle (matched by a corresponding South Circular Road) with both ends going towards the Liffey (one in west Dublin and the other in East Dublin at the river's mouth). (4.109) **10 curate** Dublin slang, barman, assistant to the publican (*OED*; Dolan). (4.114) **11 Do you know what I'm going to tell you?** 'Sometimes an unusual or unexpected statement is introduced in the following manner, the introductory words being usually spoken quickly: – *Now do you know what I'm going to tell you* – that ragged old chap has £210 in the bank' (PWJ, p. 13). (4.115) **12 The Russians, they'd only be an eight o'clock breakfast for the Japanese** The Russo-Japanese war lasted from February 1904 to September 1905. The Japanese had greater forces than the Russians and enjoyed a logistical advantage in the region. (4.116) **13 Dignam** Paddy Dignam: an acquaintance of Bloom's whose funeral will be held later in the day. (4.119) **14 county Leitrim** A north-central Irish county. Its population was rural and Dubliners tended to think its people unsophisticated. (4.127) **15 old man** 'That part of the beer engine in which the surplus beer collects' (Partridge). (4.127) **16 Adam Findlaters** Adam Seaton Findlater, Jr (1855–1911): a successful wine merchant and grocer. Findlater's main store was located at 29–32 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street, and there were six other branches in County Dublin, of which five were in the city proper (*Thom's*, p. 1869). The shop was founded by his great uncle Alexander Findlater (1797–1873). Adam Findlater was famous for his philanthropy and political aspirations (*DIB*). (4.128) **17 Dan Tallons** Daniel Tallon (1836–1908): a prosperous publican, with pubs at 46 George's Street South and 57 Stephen Street (*Thom's*, p. 2022). Like Adam Findlater (see previous note), Tallon harboured political aspirations. He was lord mayor of Dublin from 1897 to 1900 (*DIB*). (4.128) **18 bob** One shilling (one twentieth of a pound). (4.131) **19 Doing a double shuffle with the town travellers** Double shuffle: a trick or a con (Partridge). Town traveller: a travelling salesman (here, a wholesale liquor salesman) 'whose operations are confined to the town which is his employer's place of business' (*OED*). Doing a double shuffle, then, involves overcharging for wholesale liquor in league with the travelling salesman. (4.132) **20 Saint Joseph's, National**

school St Joseph's National School: 81–84 Upper Dorset Street (*Thom's*, p. 1479). The National Schools served the lower middle class and were more vocational than academic. The Protestant government ran the National Schools, and they were thus held in suspicion by Irish Catholic nationalists. (4.136) **21 Inishturk. Inishark. Inishboffin** Three little islands off the west Irish coast of Galway's Joyce Country region. *Inis* (frequently Anglicized as Inish): Irish, island. (4.138) **22 Slieve Bloom** Mountains 89 km west and south-west of Dublin, on the borders of Counties Laois (formerly Queen's County) and Offaly (formerly King's County) in central Ireland. Slieve: from the Irish *sliabh*: mountain. Bloom: from the Irish *Bladhm* (Flame) or *Bládh* (Flower). (4.139)

46 1 Denny's sausages Henry Denny and Son: a Limerick meat-processing firm. (4.148) **2 Woods** A Mr R. Woods lived at 8 Eccles Street, next door to Bloom (*Thom's*, p. 1482); while *Thom's* listing is for a Mr R. Woods, the 1901 census lists the household as Patrick Woods, carrier, his wife Rose and daughter Katie. (4.148) **3 model farm at Kinnereth on the lakeshore of Tiberias** Tiberias: another name for the sea of Galilee (see John 6:1). Kinnereth (spelt 'Cenereth' in the Douay Bible and 'Chinnereth' or 'Cinneroth' in the King James Bible): a fortified city on the south-western side of the lake and a stronghold of the tribe of Naphtali. Its existence is noted in Joshua 19:35, and its destruction is mentioned in 1 Kings 15:20. The Palestine Land Development Company founded a model farm at Kinnereth in June 1908 (Hyman, p. 338). See also note at 47:1. (4.154) **4 Moses Montefiore** Sir Moses Haim Montefiore (1784–1885): English Jew of Italian origin, a philanthropist who helped the cause of Jews in England and Europe and promoted Jewish settlement in Palestine. (4.156) **5 mornings in the cattlemarket** See note at 74:21. (4.159) **6 Brown scapulars** Scapular: 'an article of devotion composed of two small squares of woollen cloth, fastened together by two strings passing over the shoulders, worn as a badge of affiliation to the religious order which presents it' (*OED*). Brown scapulars are worn by Lay Carmelites, although a scapular medal made entirely of wool may be worn instead. It is meant to evoke the habit of a Carmelite monk. (4.176) **7 Eccles Lane** Eccles Lane runs parallel to most of the length of Eccles Street. The lane opens onto Eccles Street at the Mater Misericordiae hospital. (4.178) **8 O please, Mr Policeman, I'm lost in the wood** The title of the music-hall song 'Oh Please, Mr. P'liceman, Oh! Oh! Oh!', written by E. Andrews and popularized in the 1890s, is combined with the expression 'lost in the wood', i.e. confused. (4.179)

47 1 Agendath Netaim: planter's company *Agudath netaim*: Hebrew, a society of planters. An agricultural settlement in Palestine. Joyce incorrectly calls it 'Agendath' (perhaps a transliteration error or perhaps deliberately). Agudath Netaim 'was established in Palestine only in the summer of 1905 by Aaron Eisenberg, of Rehovoth. Incorporated as a Turkish company under the name of "Societé Ottomane de Commerce, d'Agriculture, et d'Industrie", its aim was to save the prospective settler the initial hardships involved in setting up a farm by itself buying land, developing it, and planting trees for him' (Hyman, p. 339, n. 194). (4.191) **2 Turkish government** From 1516 until the end of the First World War, Palestine was part of the Turkish empire. In the late nineteenth century, Theodore Herzl (1860–1904) founded the modern Zionist movement, which was devoted to securing land in Palestine and establishing Jewish settlements there. (4.192) **3 Jaffa** Jaffa, or Joppa: a port city in Palestine with a fruit-growing industry (*EB11*). Jaffa was incorporated into the city of Tel Aviv in 1950, and in 1965 its port was closed. (4.194) **4 eight marks** Should read 'eighty marks' (the typist missed the 'y'). In 1904 the German mark was worth about one English shilling. (4.195) **5 dunam** 1,000 square metres, a land measure used in Palestine and today in Israel (*OED*). (4.195) **6 citrons** The citron (*etrog*): a citrus fruit similar to a lemon; an essential element in the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles (Sukkoth). (4.196) **7 Bleibtreustrasse 34, Berlin, W. 15** Beginning in 1909, a variety of Palestine-oriented firms are listed at 34 Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W.15 (the building itself did not exist until 1908), however the Agudath Netaim whose advert Bloom sees was never associated with this address (Hyman, p. 188). (4.199) **8 Andrews** Andrews and Co.: tea, coffee, wine and spirit merchants, 19–22 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1798). (4.203) **9 Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citron still alive in Saint Kevin's parade** *Thom's* lists a J. Citron at 17 St Kevin's Parade (p. 1589), around the corner from Lombard Street West, which is where Bloom lived in 1892–93. This neighbourhood, known as 'Little Jerusalem', was one of the main Jewish sections of Dublin in 1904. The listing 'J. Citron' in *Thom's* is a misprint for I[srael] Citron (Hyman, pp. 168, 329). (4.204) **10 Mastiansky** *Thom's* lists P. Mastiansky, a grocer at 16 St Kevin's Parade (p. 1589) – thus, once a neighbour of Bloom's. *Thom's* entry is a misprint for P. Masliansky, 'who in 1896 lived at 2 Martin Street, in 1899–1900 at 63 Lombard Street

West and from 1901–1906 at 16 St Kevin's Parade' (Hyman, p. 189). (4.205) **11 Moisel told me. Arbutus place: Pleasants street** Arbutus Place and Pleasants Street are near Bloom's old address at Lombard Street West. *Thom's* lists a 'M. Moisel' living at 20 Arbutus Place in 1904 (p. 1415); this is a misprint for N[isan] Moisel (Hyman, p. 168). (4.209) **12 Must be without a flaw** A flawless citron is part of the Feast of the Tabernacles (Sukkoth), which occurs in the seventh month (Tishri) of the Hebrew calendar. (4.210) **13 His back is like that Norwegian captain's** That is, he is hunchbacked. Joyce's father, John, and his godfather, Philip McCann, used to tell a joke about a hunchbacked Norwegian captain who ordered a suit from a Dublin tailor. When the suit did not fit properly, the captain upbraided the tailor, telling him he did not know how to sew. The tailor retorted by telling the captain he was impossible to fit because he was so deformed. John Joyce told this story in a particularly humorous way, embellishing it with all manner of farcical details (Ellmann, p. 23). In addition to being mentioned in *Ulysses*, this story appears in *Finnegans Wake*. (4.215) **14 On earth as it is in heaven** From the Lord's Prayer: 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven'. (4.216) **15 Vulcanic lake, the dead sea** The Dead Sea is a salt-rich lake in what was then called Palestine. The Jordan river empties into this lake, which has a shoreline sitting almost 400 metres below sea level. In ancient times, people believed that nothing could live in its waters (*Brewer's*). (4.219) **16 the cities of the plain: Sodom, Gomorrah, Edom** The proper list of the cities of the plain is: Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboiim and Bela (Zoar) (Gen. 14:2). The inclusion of Edom in this list is Bloom's mistake. Edom was the new name of Esau (Gen. 25:30), Isaac's son who squandered his birthright to his brother Jacob for a cup of lentil soup and subsequently became father of the Edomites (Gen. 36:9). The story of God punishing Sodom and Gomorrah with destruction by brimstone and fire is told in Genesis 19. (4.222) **17 first race** The book of Genesis traces the genealogy of the Israelites back through Noah to Adam, the first man. Therefore the Israelites, or Jews, would be the first race. However this first race was not actually born and bred in the land of Israel as Bloom here claims. Until the story of Abraham who migrated to Canaan from Haran, all the events in Genesis take place in Babylonia and Assyria. (4.223) **18 Cassidy's** James Cassidy: wine and spirit merchant, 71 Upper Dorset Street (*Thom's*, p. 1829). (4.224) **19 naggin** Variant of 'noggin', a quarter-pint or so of liquor (*OED*). (4.224) **20 captivity to captivity** See note at 27:10. (4.225) **21 age crusting him with a salt cloak** Alludes to the biblical story of Lot's wife. God permitted Lot and his family to leave Sodom, before He destroyed it, but He ordered them not to look back at the city (Gen. 19:17). 'But [Lot's] wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt' (Gen. 19:26). (4.232) **22 Sandow's exercises** Eugen Sandow (1867–1925, real name Frederick Muller): an internationally known strongman. Sandow staged a vaudeville performance in Dublin from 2–14th May 1898 at the Empire Palace. Bloom owns a book by Sandow (see note at 500:7), *Strength and How to Obtain It*, which provides a regimen of exercises. (4.234) **23 Number eighty still unlet. Why is that? Valuation is only twentyeight** 80 Eccles Street was valued at £17 and was not vacant in 1904: it was rented by a Mr Timothy McKeon. Bloom's own house, however, was vacant in 1904 and valued at £28 (*Thom's*, p. 1482). (4.235) **24 Towers, Battersby, North, MacArthur** Four Dublin real-estate agents: Towers, Fitzgerald and Co., 63 Middle Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 2027); Battersby & Co., 39 Westmoreland Street (p. 1804); North, Jas. H. and Co., 110 Grafton Street and London and Glasgow (p. 1971); MacArthur & Co., 43 Lower Gardiner Street and 79 Talbot Street (p. 1936). (4.236) **25 Berkeley Road** Berkeley Road is north-west of Eccles Street. (4.240)

48 **1 Mullingar** The county town (county capital) of County Westmeath; about 74 km west-north-west of Dublin. (4.250) **2 Give her too much meat she won't mouse** It is a common superstition that cats will not chase mice after being fed meat. Bloom's belief that they won't eat pork – and thus observe the strictures of kosher cuisine – is somewhat idiosyncratic. (4.276) **3 Kosher** Hebrew, food that is fit or allowed to be eaten. Jewish dietary laws and restrictions are called Kashrut and derive from the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, and have been expanded through oral and rabbinical tradition. Food prepared according to the Kashrut is deemed kosher. (4.277) **4 tam** Short for Tam o'Shanter, a soft bonnet with a flat crown originally worn by Scotsmen, but from the late nineteenth century popular, in modified form, among women. The name comes from the hero of Robert Burns's (Scottish poet, 1759–96) poem 'Tam o'Shanter' (*OED*). (4.281) **5 Mr Coghlan** Milly Bloom's employer, a Mullingar photographer. (4.281) **6 lough Owel** A lake just north-west of Mullingar in County Westmeath. (4.281) **7 Blazes Boylan's** Hugh 'Blazes' Boylan: Molly's manager, an advertising man and

impresario of singers and prizefighters. (4.281) **8 seaside girls** 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls': a song, with a polka rhythm, written by Harry B. Norris in 1899. The song is in part about the practice of mixed bathing, which was considered scandalous in 1904. (4.282) **9 moustachecup, sham crown Derby** Moustachecup: 'a cup with a partial cover to protect the moustache when drinking' (*OED*). Sham Crown Derby refers to an imitation of a costlier English china made by the Crown Derby company. (4.283) **10** ***O, Milly Bloom, you are my darling*** [...] Modified from Samuel Lover (Irish novelist and songwriter, 1787–1868): 'O Thady Brady you are my darlin', / You are my looking glass from night till mornin', / I love you better without one fardin' / Than Brian Gallagher wid house and garden' (*Legends and Stories of Ireland*, vol. 2, p. 206). The father of Joyce's childhood playmate Eileen Vance sent young Joyce a parody of this quatrain (Ellmann, p. 31). (4.287)

49 **1 professor Goodwin** Goodwin was Molly's accompanist on the piano from 1888 or 1889 to 1895. See note at **114:31**. (4.291) **2 The warmth of her couched body** From The *Odyssey*, as Hermes approaches Calypso's cave: 'a great fire blazing on the hearth, and the smell of cedar / split in billets, and sweetwood burning, spread all over / the island. She was singing inside the cave with a sweet voice / as she went up and down the loom and wove with a golden shuttle' (v, 59–62). (4.304) **3** ***Là ci darem*** *Là ci darem la mano*: Italian, 'Then with thy hand in mine'; a famous duet in Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's (Austrian composer, 1756–91) *Don Giovanni* (1787), Act I, scene 8. Molly is to sing this song in her upcoming musical programme. The song begins when the Don sees a group of peasants and is taken with Zerlina, whom he woos, even though she is engaged. Ultimately she resists his advances. (4.314) **4 J. C. Doyle** John C. Doyle (d.1939): baritone and one of the most highly regarded Irish musicians of his time. Doyle sang at the Carmelite Church on Whitefriars Street from 1901 until he retired in 1936. (4.314) **5** ***Love's Old Sweet Song*** 'Love's Old Sweet Song' (1884), words by G. Clifton Bingham (1859–1913), music by James Lyman Molloy (1837–1909). Another song from Molly's upcoming musical program. The words of the song were written by Bingham in 1882 as a poem; the popularity of those verses led the Dublin-born Molloy to set it to music. (4.314) **6** ***Voglio e non vorrei.*** **Wonder if she pronounces that right:** ***voglio*** *Voglio e non vorrei*: Italian, 'I would like to and I wouldn't like to'; a misquotation of Zerlina's response to Don Giovanni's advances in the duet *'Là ci darem la mano'* from Mozart's opera. Zerlina's actual line is *'Vorrei, e non vorrei'* ('I would, and yet I would not'). In Italian, the word *voglio* is pronounced 'vol'yo'. (4.327) **7 orangekeyed chamberpot** The chamber pot bears an orange-key pattern – or meander – popular in Greek art and sculpture. A meander resembles a maze: it is a series of continuous, interlocking lines patterned in rectangular forms (*OED* s.vv. key-pattern; meander). (4.330) **8 Show here** 'All through Ireland you will hear *show* used instead of give or *hand* (verb), in such phrases as "Show me the knife", i.e. hand it to me. "Show me the cream, please", says an Irish gentleman at a London restaurant; and he could not see why his English friends were laughing' (PWJ, pp. 37–38). (4.331) **9 held by nothandle** An unconventional way of saying that Molly is holding the cup by its body and not by its handle. (4.333) **10 Metempsychosis?** Bloom's initial definition is correct: metempsychosis means the transmigration of souls or, more simply, reincarnation. This word does not actually appear in the book that Molly has in hand (see note at **50:2**). (4.339) **11 Who's he when he's at home?** 'When it's [or he's] at home': 'A derisive tag implying contempt or incredulity' (Partridge). This expression can be read as an accurate paraphrase of Pythagoras's (Greek philosopher, *c.*582–*c.*507 BC) definition of metempsychosis from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*: 'All things are always changing, / But nothing dies. The spirit comes and goes, / Is housed wherever it wills, shifts residence / From beasts to men, from men to beasts, but always / It keeps on living' (XV, 169–73). (4.340)

50 **1 Dolphin's Barn** Molly and her father lived in Rehoboth Terrace in Dolphin's Barn, a south-western part of Dublin, at the time she and Bloom first met. The name might derive from a thirteenth-century inn belonging to a family named Dolfyn (Bennett). (4.345) **2** ***Ruby: the Pride of the Ring*** Joyce derives this title and other details from *Ruby. A Novel. Founded on the Life of a Circus Girl* by Amye Reade (1889). The eponymous Ruby comes from a broken home and is sold into slavery at the age of thirteen to Signor Enrico, a villainous circus master. Although he never molests the girls sexually, he does have a penchant for beating them in the nude as punishment for not performing adequately. The novel ends with Ruby reunited with her father, who has returned from Australia, just as she is dying from injuries sustained during a performance. He then frees one of Ruby's friends from Enrico's circus and marries her. (4.346) **3 Illustration. Fierce Italian with carriagewhip** An illustration from

the book *Ruby. A Novel.* The illustrations for *Ruby* were done by Talbot Hughes. The description of the picture is accurate, however the unclothed girl on the floor is not the title character, as Bloom thinks it is, but rather Victoria Melton, a friend of Ruby's and fellow circus performer (Victoria is the friend who marries Ruby's father at the novel's conclusion). The 'fierce Italian' is Signor Enrico. See also the following note. (4.346) **4** ***The monster Maffei*** Signor Maffei is how Joyce has renamed the character Signor Enrico (Mister Henry) from *Ruby. A Novel.* This line is a slight modification of the caption for the picture in the book. The actual caption is: '"The monster desisted and threw his victim from him with an oath" Chap. xxxi'. (4.348) **5** **Hengler's** A very popular English circus which served Dublin. Run by the Hengler family, it began operation in the mid-nineteenth century (Ruth Manning-Sanders, *The English Circus*, pp. 84–87). (4.349) **6** **Bone** 'To study intensely and quickly' (*OED*). (4.351) **7** **Is she in love with the first fellow all the time?** In terms of the novel *Ruby*, this question refers to Ruby's mother. The first third of *Ruby* details the troubled marriage between Ruby's parents, Cynthia and Jack Hayward. (4.355) **8** **Paul de Kock's** Charles-Paul de Kock (1793–1871): a popular French novelist. He was widely translated into English by the early twentieth century. (4.358) **9** **Capel street library** 106 Capel Street, north-central Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1443). (4.360) **10** **Kearney, my guarantor** Joseph Kearney: book and music dealer whose store was just across the street from the library at 14 Capel Street (*Thom's*, p. 1916). In order to obtain a reader's card at the Capel Street Library, one needed to have a property-owner act as a guarantor (Joseph O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. ix). (4.361) **11** ***Photo Bits*** A London weekly magazine, published on Tuesdays (price: 1 shilling), which blended photography with light pornography. From 1902 until 1909 the magazine offered free colour-picture supplements twice a year, in the summer and Christmas issues. The Easter issue did not, as claimed here, include such a supplement. Furthermore, *Photo Bits* never included a picture entitled 'The Bath of the Nymph'. However many of the pictures that ran in the magazine had similar titles. (4.370) **12** **changed into an animal or a tree** Bloom's explanation here is more appropriate as an example of Ovidian metamorphosis than of metempsychosis. Metamorphosis involves permanent transformations (including people turning into animals or trees and vice versa) or temporary disguises. (4.376)

51 **1** **Papli** A term of endearment used by Hungarian children for either their fathers or their grandfathers (Bloom's father was Hungarian). (4.397) **2** **swimming** Very well; to be 'in the swim' is a colloquial expression for being 'in luck, doing a good business' (Partridge). (4.401) **3** **Fair day** Mullingar had no fairs in the month of June in 1904. 4th July was the closest (*Thom's*, p. 41). (4.402) **4** **the beef to the heels** 'Beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer': a Hiberno-English expression for a heavyset woman: 'The plains of Westmeath round Mullingar are noted for fattening cattle' (PWJ, p. 136). (4.403) **5** **lough Owel** See note at **48:6**. (4.403) **6** **Greville Arms** A Mullingar hotel, located a short distance from the train station. (4.406) **7** **those seaside girls** See note at **48:8**. (4.409) **8** **Mrs Thornton in Denzille street** Mrs Thornton, a midwife, lived at 19a Denzille Street, near the Holles Street maternity hospital. *Thom's* lists 'Tenements' at 18–20 Denzille Street in 1904 (p. 1474). (4.417) **9** **She knew from the first poor little Rudy wouldn't live** The Blooms' son Rudy was born on 29th December 1893 and died on 9th January 1894. (4.418) **10** **Row with her in the XL Café** A café and restaurant at 84 Grafton Street in south-east Dublin (*Thom's*, pp. 1507, 2044). (4.422) **11** **Saucébox** An impudent or impertinent person (Partridge). (4.423) **12** **Anæmic a little. Was given milk too long** Anaemic: 'ill-supplied with blood, or having blood of poor quality' (*OED*). Milk is a poor source of iron, and so anaemia can be a risk if a baby is fed milk exclusively for too long. (4.433) **13** ***Erin's King* that day round the Kish** The *Erin's King*: a sightseeing boat that left from Custom House Quay to a variety of tours around Dublin. See note at **35:17** for the Kish lightship. (4.434) **14** **funky** Afraid, timid, very nervous (Partridge). (4.435) **15** ***All dimpled cheeks and curls*** [...] Lyrics from 'Seaside Girls'; see note at **48:8**. (4.437)

52 **1** **jarvey** A hackney-cab driver, 'now frequently applied to the driver of an Irish car' (*OED*). (4.439) **2** **Pier with lamps, summer evening, band** See note at **6:12**. (4.440) **3** **August bank holiday** By an 1871 statute, the first Monday in August was made a bank holiday in England and Ireland. (4.452) **4** **M'Coy** McCoy previously appeared in 'Grace' in *Dubliners*. There we are told that he had been a clerk in the Midland Railway (p. 157). (4.454) **5** **to fag** 'To do something that wearies on; to work hard; to labour, strain, toil' (*OED*). (4.463) **6** ***Titbits*** *Tit-Bits from all the most interesting books, periodicals, and contributors in the world*: a sensationalist tabloid-digest specializing in human-interest stories;

first published in 1881. It sold for one penny. (4.467) **7 The maid was in the garden** From the nursery rhyme 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' (*ODNR*). (4.474) **8 Scarlet runners** Scarlet runner: 'a red- or white-flowered climbing bean, *Phaseolus coccineus*, or its edible pods' (*OED*). (4.476) **9 Virginia creepers** Common climbing plants of the *Vitaceae* family (*OED*). (4.476) **10 scabby soil** That is, soil which is not rich in nutrients for growing plants: bad soil. Literally, the term 'scabby' indicates the condition of being covered in scabs, but the figurative sense seems to fit best: 'Contemptible, mean, vile; stingy, "shabby"' (*OED*). (4.477) **11 liver of sulphur** 'A substance made by heating potassium and sulphur which consists chiefly of the sulphide, polysulphides, and thiosulphate of potassium, used in metalworking to form patinas and formerly in pharmacy' (*OED*). (4.477) **12 oilcakes** Husks left by seeds (cottonseed, rapeseed, etc.) pressed for oil; used as fertilizer and for fattening livestock (*OED*). (4.480) **13 Dirty cleans** Although dung easily soils clothing, it can also be used effectively as a cleansing agent on leather. (4.481) **14 That bee or bluebottle here Whitmonday** Whitmonday: the day following Whitsunday (or Pentecost, the seventh Sunday after Easter). In 1904, Whitmonday was 23rd May. Bloom suffered a bee sting on that day. The bluebottle is a fly (*Musca vomitoria*) with a large bluish body (*OED*). (4.483) **15 Drago's** Adolphe Drago: Parisian perfumer and hairdresser, at 17 Dawson Street and 36 Henry Street (*Thom's*, p. 1472; although on p. 1857 *Thom's* lists Mrs Drago, wigmaker and hairdresser, as the proprietor of these addresses). (4.488)

53 **1 Tara street** Tara Street (just south of the Liffey) was the location for the Dublin Corporation Public Baths, Wash Houses and Public Swimming Baths, J.P. O'Brien, superintendent (*Thom's*, p. 1606). (4.490) **2 Chap in the paybox there got away James Stephens they say. O'Brien** J.P. O'Brien, the superintendent of the Tara Street baths, did not help the Fenian James Stephens in his escape from Richmond Jail (see note at **34:30**). In fact, though two O'Briens were associates of Stephens – William Smith O'Brien and James Francis Xavier O'Brien (see note at **505:13**) – neither was involved in the escape. (4.490) **3 Enthusiast** 'One who is (really or seemingly) possessed by a god; one who is under the influence of prophetic frenzy' (*OED*). (4.493) **4 crazy** Unsound, frail, shaky (*OED*). (4.494) **5 jakes** Outhouse (*OED*). (4.494) **6 The king was in his countinghouse** From 'Sing a Song of Sixpence'; see note at **52:7**. (4.498) **7 cuckstool** The outhouse seat. Cuck: 'to void excrement' (*OED*). (4.500) **8 *Matcham's Masterstroke*** In each issue, *Tit-Bits* magazine (see note at **52:6**) published a 'Prize Tit-Bit', a reader-submitted story. The author of this particular piece, Philip Beaufoy, was a successful *Tit-Bits* contributor (see the following note), but the title comes from Joyce's own unsuccessful youthful attempt to contribute to *Tit-Bits*. 'The plot concerned a man who goes to a masked ball disguised as a prominent Russian diplomat, and when returning home on foot, narrowly escapes assassination at the hands of a Nihilist outside the Russian Embassy' (Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, p. 105). (4.502) **9 Written by Mr Philip Beaufoy, Playgoers' club, London** Beaufoy was a real author and he signed his *Tit-Bits* pieces 'Mr. Philip Beaufoy, Playgoers' Club, Strand, W.C. [London]'. Beaufoy wrote such stories for *Tit-Bits* as 'A Mysterious Post-Card' (7th November 1903) and 'For Vera's Sake' (1st May 1897). (4.502) **10 Payment at the rate of one guinea a column has been made to the writer** *Tit-Bits'* Prize Tit-Bits story bore the notice 'Payment at the rate of One Guinea per column has been sent to the author'. (4.503) **11 Three and a half. Three pounds three. Three pounds thirteen and six** Bloom calculates Beaufoy's earnings from the story. The story is 'Three and a half' columns long. In order to determine Beaufoy's take, Bloom will multiply the 'Three and a half' columns by 1 guinea per column. (A guinea is £1 and 1 shilling.) First, he multiplies the three whole columns by 1 guinea: 'Three pounds three'. Then he adds to this money from the final 1/2 column. Half a guinea is ten shillings and sixpence: thus Bloom concludes 'Three pounds thirteen and six'. (4.504) **12 Costive one tabloid of cascara sagrada** Costive: constipated (*OED*). Bloom is thinking of a prescription to treat this condition: *cascara sagrada*: Spanish, literally 'sacred bark'; a laxative extracted from the bark of the Californian buckthorn tree (*OED*). The word tabloid was trademarked in 1884 by Burroughs, Wellcome for their concentrated pharmaceutical tablets. Soon after, the word accrued a figurative meaning and was eventually used in reference to single-section newspapers (*OED*). (4.510) **13 Invent a story for some proverb which?** This phrase was added to the text on the galleys, but the typesetters misread it, thereby creating an unhelpful ambiguity; this should read: 'Invent a story for some proverb. Which?' (4.518) **14 Roberts** Possibly an allusion to George Roberts (1873–1953), who co-founded Dublin's Maunsel & Co. publishing house. As the house's managing editor, he contracted with Joyce to publish *Dubliners*, but did not make

good on his promise. Joyce was so enraged by Roberts's behaviour that he wrote the bitter broadside 'Gas from a Burner' (1912) (Ellmann, p. 336). (4.522) **15 Gretta Conroy** An important character in the *Dubliners* story 'The Dead'. (4.522) **16 May's band** A band operated by May & Sons, professors of music, pianoforte and music sellers. Their store was at 130 St Stephen's Green West, in south-east Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1598). (4.526) **17 Ponchielli's dance of the hours** A very popular ballet number in Amilcare Ponchielli's (1834–86) opera *La Gioconda* (*The Joyful Girl*, 1876). Molly and Boylan first met at a performance of this ballet. (4.526)

54 **1** ***Heigho! Heigho!*** [...] Bloom hears the church bells of St George's Church chime the Winchester pattern: four beats (or two 'heigh-hos') for each quarter-hour. It is now 8:45 a.m., since Bloom says to himself 'Quarter to'. (4.546) **2 There again: the overtone following through the air. A third** A 'third' is a musical interval: a difference in pitch between a keynote and the third note of a particular musical scale, according to the Western system of using major scales as the standard measurement. (C to E, for instance, is a major third.) Any note created by an instrument produces accompanying sounds which are called overtones (or harmonics). Normally, these overtones are not detectable to the untrained ear, but in the case of a bell they can sometimes be heard more easily than the fundamental note which is struck (*Grove*). (4.549)

'Lotus Eaters'
Time: 10–11 a.m.
Location: Around the Westland Row station

55 **1 Sir John Rogerson's quay** Sir John Rogerson's quay is on the south bank of the Liffey near the river's mouth. (5.1) **2 Windmill lane** Windmill lane is an L-shaped road that intersects with Sir John Rogerson's quay. Thus, Bloom sees it on his right as he walks eastward. (5.2) **3 Leask's the linseed crusher's** H.M. Leask & Co.: linseed crushers, oil and linseed-cake manufacturers, 14–15 Rogerson's Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1579). (5.2) **4 postal telegraph office** 'Postal Telegraph Office' and 'Town Sub-Post Office, Savings Bank, and Money Order Office': 18 Rogerson's Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1579). (5.2) **5 sailors' home** The Sailors' Home and Shipwrecked Mariners' Society: 19 Rogerson's Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1579). (5.3) **6 Lime street** Bloom has turned right off the quay, proceeding south down Lime Street. Both Lime Street and Windmill Lane run south from Rogerson's Quay, connecting the quay with Hanover Street. (5.4) **7 Brady's cottages** Brady's cottages were located on a lane intersecting Lime Street (*Thom's*, p. 1533). (5.5) **8 skins** Tanner (Partridge). (5.5) **9 Townsend street** Bloom has turned right off Lime Street onto Hanover Street East, which turns into Townsend Street as it passes Lombard Street East. Once there, Bloom will turn left, proceeding south on Lombard Street. (5.10) **10 Bethel. El, yes: house of: Aleph, Beth** Bethel: Hebrew, 'House of God'. Bethel was the name of the Salvation Army hall near the intersection of Townsend Street and Lombard Street East, located between 19 and 20 Lombard Street East (*Thom's*, p. 1535). In Hebrew *bet* means house, which sounds like the second letter of the Hebrew alphabet *beth* (*aleph* is the first letter). (5.11) **11 Nichols' the undertaker's** J. and C. Nichols, funeral- and job-carriage proprietors and undertakers: 26–31 Lombard Street (*Thom's*, p. 1535). (5.11) **12 Daresay Corny Kelleher bagged that job for O'Neill's** To bag: 'to obtain for oneself, especially anything advantageous' (Partridge). Corny (Cornelius) Kelleher is a fictional character in *Ulysses*. He works for Henry J. O'Neill, a carriage maker and undertaker based at 164 North Strand Road, in the north-east quadrant of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1978). (5.12) **13 tout** A spy or informer (*OED*). (5.14) **14 with my tooraloom tooraloom tay** From the song 'I Vowed that I Never Would Leave Her' (1862) by Arthur Lloyd, associated here and elsewhere with Corny Kelleher (with thanks to Aida Yared). (5.14) **15 Westland row** Lombard Street East becomes Westland Row as the road continues south past the east side of Trinity College. (5.17) **16 Belfast and Oriental Tea Company** The Belfast and Oriental Tea Company at 6 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1618). (5.17) **17 Must get some from Tom Kernan** Tom Kernan first appears as a character in the story 'Grace', from *Dubliners*. A Protestant who converted to Catholicism in order to marry, Kernan works as a tea salesman for Pulbrook Robertson & Co (see note at **512:14**). (5.19) **18 high grade ha** See note at **44:12**. (5.24) **19 Cinghalese** Variously spelt 'Cingalese', 'Sinhalese' or 'Singhalese', the largest ethnic group of Ceylon, now Sri Lanka (*OED*). (5.32) **20 lobbing** Lob: 'to droop; sprawl' (Partridge). (5.32) **21** ***dolce far niente*** Italian, 'delightful idleness', literally 'sweet doing nothing' (*OED*). (5.32) **22 Sleep six months out of twelve** Stephanus of Byzantium (sixth century), wrote in his geographic dictionary *Ethnika* that Aristotle had claimed, in *On Wonderful Things*,

that the Lotus-Eaters sleep for six months (he also claimed that the Lotus-Eaters were a Celtic race). This is inaccurate; Aristotle never wrote a work with this title, and Stephanus was the first writer since Homer to say anything new about the Lotus-Eaters (Denys Page, *Folktales in Homer's 'Odyssey'*, p. 6). (5.33) **23 Flowers of idleness** After Lord Byron's (English poet, 1788–1824) first published volume of verse, *Hours of Idleness* (1807). (5.34) **24 Azotes** Azote: French, nitrogen (*OED*). In English there is no plural for this word. French chemist Antoine Lavoisier (1743–94) called nitrogen 'azote' (after the Greek *azoos*, 'no life') because, unlike oxygen, it was unable to sustain life, even though it makes up most of the atmosphere. (5.34) **25 Botanic gardens** The National Botanic Gardens on Botanic Road in Glasnevin, north Dublin. These occupy some forty acres (*Thom's*, pp. 1697–98). (5.35) **26 Sensitive plants** Sensitive plant: 'a shrub (*Mimosa pudica*, or *M. sensitiva*) possessing a high degree of irritability, causing the leaflets of the bipinnate leaves to fold together at the slightest touch' (*OED*). Also the title of the poem 'The Sensitive Plant' (1820) by Percy Bysshe Shelley (English poet, 1792–1822). (5.35) **27 cowheel** A dish prepared from the stewed foot of a cow or oxen (*OED*). (5.37) **28 dead sea** See note at **47:15**. (5.38)

56 **1 It's a law something like that** Archimedes's principle, from the findings of the Greek scientist and inventor (*c.*287–*c.*212 BC): 'the excess of bulk occasioned by the introduction of alloy could be measured by putting the crown and an equal weight of gold separately into a vessel filled with water, and observing the difference of overflow' (*EB11*). (5.41) **2 Vance in High school cracking his fingerjoints, teaching** Erasmus Smith High School, founded in 1870, 40 Harcourt Street (*Thom's*, p. 1513). Bloom was a student there until 1880 (the date he started is not mentioned). Peter Costello suggests that the name of Bloom's science teacher at Erasmus Smith High School was taken from James Noy Vance, a pharmacist and friend of the Joyce family. 'The Vance family were connected with the High School – some cousins went there though Vance himself never taught there' (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 90). (5.42) **3 The college curriculum** Though the national school system was not primarily intended as preparatory to university study, the notion of a college curriculum became more realistic with the establishment of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland in 1878 (Kevin Sullivan, *Joyce among the Jesuits*, p. 71). (5.43) **4 Thirtytwo feet per second, per second. Law of falling bodies** 32 feet per second squared (9.8 m/s^2): the rate at which falling bodies accelerate. (5.44) **5 It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight** Weight: the force of the earth's gravitational pull on an object. This is distinct from an object's mass, although colloquially the two terms are used interchangeably. Whereas weight is dependant on the force of gravity upon the earth, mass is independent of gravity. An object would have a different weight on another planet, but its mass would remain constant. (5.45) **6** ***Freeman*** The *Freeman's Journal*: a Dublin daily newspaper; Bloom is employed there. The *Freeman's Journal* claimed to be pro-Home Rule, but was perceived as being only mildly so. The *Freeman* closed in 1924. (5.49) **7 Per second for every second it means** Galileo's law of falling bodies: a body accelerates at a rate of thirty-two feet per second. Bloom is distinguishing acceleration (change of velocity over time) from velocity (speed in a certain direction). (5.51) **8 postoffice** The Postal Telegraph office at 49–50 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1619). (5.53) **9 Henry Flower, Esq,** Bloom's pseudonym. (5.62) **10 No, he's a grenadier** Bloom is looking at a military recruiting poster with pictures of soldiers from different regiments. Major Tweedy, Molly's father, was in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The full dress uniforms of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the Grenadier Guards were quite similar, with the main differences being the cuffs and hats. The Grenadiers wore bearskin hats with a white plume (*EB11*, s.v. uniforms). (5.67) **11 royal Dublin fusiliers** The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, established in 1881 and disbanded 1922. (5.68) **12 Maud Gonne's letter** During the Boer War (1899–1902) the British government suspended the requirement that soldiers spending the night in Dublin be restricted to their barracks. This led to a deluge of soldiers seeking the company of prostitutes. In response, Maud Gonne (see note at **34:22**) and the woman's organization she founded, the Daughters of Ireland (*Inghinidhe na hÉireann*), began a campaign against the British army. Pamphlets were distributed, and on 6th June 1904 Gonne wrote a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* in which she laments over the shame of seeing Irish girls consort in plain sight with British soldiers in the heart of Dublin (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, pp. 449–50). (5.70) **13 O'Connell street** Originally named Sackville Street, this is the main avenue in the centre of Dublin on the north side, running perpendicular from the Liffey to Rutland Square. In 1874, a monument to Daniel O'Connell (see note at **25:15**) was erected at the southern end of the street, and in 1884 the Dublin Corporation voted to change its name to O'Connell Street, but were

prevented from doing so by a court injunction. It was unofficially known as 'O'Connell Street' among some quarters, and its name was officially changed to O'Connell Street in 1924 (Bennett). In *Ulysses* Joyce uses the name Sackville Street only once (see note at **503:8**). (5.70) **14 Griffith's paper** Arthur Griffith (see the note at **34:17**) was a co-founder of the *United Irishman* newspaper and became its editor in 1898. Griffith, like Maud Gonne (see note at **34:22**), was an outspoken critic of the British army. (5.71) **15 army rotten with venereal disease** The British army had the infamous distinction of having one of the highest rates of venereal disease among world armies at the turn of the century (Joseph O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 118). (5.72) **16 halfseasover** 'Half or almost drunk' (Partridge). (5.72) **17 The King's own** A regiment in the British army is entitled to be called 'the King's own' if it has received the king's colours or it has made the king an honorary member. (5.74) **18 A mason, yes** From 1875 until he ascended the throne in 1901, Edward VII (1841–1910) was Grand Master of English Freemasons (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). (5.75) **19 M'Coy** See note at **52:4**. (5.82) **20 How's the body?** Hiberno-English, 'How are you – how do you feel?' (Partridge). (5.86)

57 **1 Holohan** In *Dubliners*, Holohan is mentioned in the story 'Two Gallants' and appears as a character in 'A Mother': 'Mr Holohan, assistant secretary of the *Eire Abu* Society […]. He had a game leg and for this his friends called him Hoppy Holohan' (p. 136). (5.96) **2 outsider** A jaunting car, or horse-drawn carriage, in which the passengers sit back-to-back, facing sideways or 'outside', not ahead (*OED*). (5.98) **3 the Grosvenor** The Grosvenor, 'Mitchell and Co. Proprietors': a stylish hotel at 5 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1618). (5.99) **4 Handsome is and handsome does** After the proverb 'handsome is that handsome does' (*ODEP*). (5.104) **5 Brutus is an honourable man** From Mark Antony's funeral oration in *Julius Caesar* (Act III, Sc. 2, 98–99). (5.105) **6 Bob Doran** Bob Doran appears in the story 'The Boarding House' in *Dubliners*, in which he is forced into a loveless marriage with Polly Mooney; see also note at **220:13**. (5.107) **7 bends** To be on a bend: to be on a drinking spree (Partridge). (5.107) **8 Bantam Lyons** Frederick J. 'Bantam' Lyons is first mentioned in 'The Boarding House' and appears as a character in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' in *Dubliners*. (5.108) **9 Conway's** James Conway & Co.: grocers and wine merchants, 31–32 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1618). (5.109) **10 Having a wet** Having a drink (*Brewer's*, s.v. wet). (5.110) **11 veiled eyelids** Should read 'vailed eyelids' (the mistake was made in the Odyssey Press edition). Vail: to lower (*OED*). Echoes Gertrude's admonition to Hamlet: 'Do not for ever with thy vailed lids / Seek for thy noble father in the dust' (Act I, Sc. 2, 70–71). (5.111) **12 Broadstone** The railway terminal of the Midland Great Western & Royal Canal Railway on North Broadstone in north-west Dublin, off Phibsborough Road (*Thom's*, p. 1435). It was the point of departure for Dubliners venturing into the west of Ireland. (5.117) **13 fostering** Should read 'foostering' (the mistake was made on the page proofs for the first edition). Fooster: Hiberno-English, 'to bustle about fussily' (Dolan). (5.118) **14 the Arch** A public house located at 32 Henry Street, off Sackville (O'Connell) Street. It is listed in *Thom's* as 'Molloy and O'Reilly, grocers and spirit merchants' (p. 1517). (5.128) **15 Paradise and the peri** Peris: 'delicate, gentle, fairy-like beings of Eastern mythology, begotten by fallen spirits' (*Brewer's*). 'Paradise and the Peri': the title of a verse story from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance* (1817), which tells of the Peri lamenting the expulsion of her race from heaven. (5.132) **16 Eustace street** A street in south-central Dublin, about 800 metres west of Westland Row. (5.133) **17 *Esprit de corps*** French, 'spirit of the body' (as in a body of people), though it is more generally defined as 'the regard entertained by the members of a body for the honour and interests of the body as a whole, and of each other as belonging to it' (*OED*). (5.135) **18 Loop Line bridge** The Loop Line bridge supports the elevated train that traverses Dublin from the Westland Row Station to the Amiens Street Station over the Liffey. (5.138)

58 **1 *What is home without*** […] G.W. Plumtree: potted-meat manufacturer, 23 Merchants' Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1543). Plumtree used similar advertising slogans, such as: 'LADIES […] / HAVE YOU TRIED / PLUMTREE'S / HOME-POTTED MEATS / FOR SANDWICHES?' (Cyril Pearl, *Dublin in Bloomtime*, p. 67). (5.144) **2 My missus** Mrs McCoy is mentioned in 'Grace' in *Dubliners*: 'His wife, who had been a soprano, still taught young children to play the piano at low terms' (p. 158). (5.148) **3 Valise tack again** From *Dubliners*: 'Mr M'Coy had recently made a crusade in search of valises and portmanteaus to enable Mrs M'Coy to fulfil imaginary engagements [to sing] in the country' (p. 160). (5.149) **4 By the way** Hiberno-English, pretending (PWJ, p. 38). (5.149) **5 Ulster hall, Belfast** A concert hall and meeting room built in 1861. The hall could seat some 2,000 spectators and accommodate an

orchestra of 300. (5.151) **6 Queen was in her bedroom eating bread and** From the nursery rhyme 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' (*ODNR*). (5.154) **7 Blackened court cards laid along her thigh by sevens** Court cards: corruption of 'coat-card' (*OED*); they are jacks, queens and kings. Although Molly's cards are laid out 'by sevens', she is not playing solitaire but fortune-telling. The cards, in Bloom's version, report on the meeting of a dark lady and a fair man. See note at **546:14**. (5.155) **8** *Love's* [...] See note at **49:5**. (5.157) **9 drowning case at Sandycove** See note at **39:10**. (5.170) **10 coroner and myself** McCoy is secretary to the Dublin coroner (*Dubliners*, p. 157). (5.171) **11 Didn't catch me napping that wheeze** To be caught napping: 'to suffer some disadvantage while off one's guard' (*Brewer's*). Wheeze: a trick (Partridge). (5.178) **12 The quick touch** To touch: to take or receive something (especially money) 'by underhand means' (*OED*). (5.178) **13 Soft mark** Mark: a prospective victim of a swindle; thus, a 'soft mark' is an easy victim (Partridge). (5.178) **14 Bob Cowley** See note at **178:8**. (5.180) **15 Wicklow regatta** An annual event held during the August bank holiday in Wicklow, a seaside town 42 km south of Dublin. (5.181) **16 Brunswick street** Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street. Bloom will turn to the right off Westland Row and head east along Great Brunswick Street, which heads towards Irishtown. (5.183) **17 don't you know?** 'We have in Ireland an inveterate habit – from the highest to the lowest – educated and uneducated – of constantly interjecting the words "you know" into our conversation as a mere expletive, without any particular meaning' (PWJ, p. 135). (5.185) **18 Softsoaping.** Soft-soap: 'to flatter' (*OED*). (5.186) **19 Give you the needle** Give the needle: to annoy or irritate (Partridge). (5.186) **20 that smallpox up there** In May and June of 1904 there was an outbreak of smallpox in Belfast. (5.188)

59 **1 Wonder is he pimping after me?** To pimp: 'To mock, insult; to cheat, deceive; to take advantage of' or Hiberno-English, 'To spy on lovers; to engage in voyeurism' (*OED*). Both senses are appropriate here. (5.191) **2 Cantrell and Cochrane's** A British mineral-water company with bottling operations in Dublin at 2–4 Nassau Place (*Thom's*, p. 1825). (5.193) **3 Clery's** A large department store at 21–27 Lower Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1833). (5.194) **4** *Leah* **tonight** *Leah the Forsaken* (1862): a play by John Augustin Daly (American writer, 1838–99), and was based on a previous play, *Deborah*, written by Salomon Hermann Mosenthal (1821–77), a German-Austrian Jew. In the play, Leah leads a group of wandering Hungarian Jews that encounters anti-Semitic prejudice. (5.194) **5 Mrs Bandman Palmer** Should read 'Bandmann-Palmer' (Joyce spelt the name variously, and the first edition picked up the incorrect form). Millicent Bandmann-Palmer (1865–1926): popular American actress who is listed in the 16th June 1904 *Freeman's Journal* as performing in *Leah* at the Gaiety Theatre (p. 4, col. a). In the week of 16th June alone she was featured in four plays in addition to *Leah*. (5.194) **6** *Hamlet* **she played last night** Bandmann-Palmer played Hamlet on 15th June in a performance at the Gaiety Theatre that was well reviewed in the 16th June *Freeman's Journal* (p. 2, col. g). It was not unusual at this time for actresses to play male roles in Shakespearean plays. (5.195) **7 Perhaps he was a woman** See note at **145:14**. (5.196) **8 Kate Bateman in that! Outside the Adelphi in London** Kate Bateman (1842–1917), born in Baltimore to a British theatrical family: a noted actress of her day. She appeared in the title role of a successful production of John Augustin Daly's *Leah the Forsaken* at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on 1st October 1863 (not in 1865 as *Ulysses* would have it). Daly wrote the play as a vehicle for Bateman. (5.197) **9 And Ristori in Vienna** Adelaide Ristori (1822–1906), after 1846 the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo: a famous Italian-born actress. Ristori played in *Deborah* – the play upon which *Leah* was based – in Vienna in 1859 at the request of the Italian residents of the city. (5.199) **10 By Mosenthal it is. Rachel, is it?** Salomon Hermann Mosenthal (1821–77) wrote *Deborah* (1850), the play upon which *Leah the Forsaken* is based. Bloom is searching for the name of the original play and incorrectly comes up with 'Rachel'. Bloom's error may be due to either or both of two factors: first, that Rachel is the sister of Leah in Genesis, or second, by association with the French actress Elisa Rachel, of whom Ristori was considered to be a great rival in Paris in the 1850s (*EB11*, s.v. Ristori, Adelaide). (5.200) **11 Nathan's voice! His son's voice!** This takes place in Augustin Daly's *Leah, the Forsaken*, Act III, scene 2 (see note at **59:4**). Abraham, an old blind Jewish man, divines the identity of Nathan, a converted Jew who has been trying to conceal his background. (5.203) **12 hazard** 'A cab-stand (in Ireland)' (*OED*). There was a hazard near Westland Row on Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street. (5.211) **13 Eldorado** Spanish, 'the City of Gold'. 'The name of a fictitious country (according to others a city) abounding in gold, believed by the Spaniards and by Sir W. Raleigh to exist upon the Amazon within the jurisdiction of

the governor of Guiana' (*OED*). (5.215) **14 Poor jugginses!** Juggins: a fool (Partridge). (5.215) **15 guttapercha** 'The inspissated [thickened] juice of various trees found chiefly in the Malayan archipelago [...] now extensively used in the arts' (*OED*). (5.218) **16 The lane is safer** The part of Cumberland Street South that passes under the Westland Row Station. (5.222) **17 cabman's shelter** The Cabman's Shelter and Coffee Stand, Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street, between Cumberland Street South and Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1436). (5.223) **18** ***Voglio e non*** See note at **49:6**. (5.224) **19** ***Là ci darem la mano*** See note at **49:3**. (5.227) **20 Cumberland street** Bloom turns to the right off Great Brunswick (now Pearse Street) and heads south onto Cumberland Street South. Cumberland Street runs parallel to Westland Row, and is the location of the back entrance to St Andrew's Roman Catholic Church. The front of the church is at 45 and 46 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1619). (5.229) **21 Meade's timberyard** Michael Meade & Son: 'builders and contractors, sawing, planing, and moulding mills, and joinery works', 153–59 Great Brunswick Street, at the intersection with Cumberland Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1436). (5.230) **22 Piled balks** Balk: 'A roughly squared beam of timber; sometimes used technically to designate Baltic timber, which is roughly dressed before shipment' (*OED*). (5.230) **23 pickeystone** Pickey: Scottish and Hiberno-English dialect for hopscotch; Pickeystone: the stone used in playing hopscotch (both *OED*). (5.232) **24 shooting the taw with a cunnythumb** Taw: 'a large choice or fancy marble' (*OED*). Cunny: pejorative for a woman. This follows from the stereotype that women clench their fists to punch with the thumb enclosed in their fingers (Partridge, s.v. cunny, cunny-thumbed). When applied to marbles, a boy who shoots with a cunnythumb shoots like a girl. (5.233) **25 Mohammed cut a piece out of his mantle not to wake her** Mohammed 'had a special liking for cats. Did he not cut the sleeve from his coat when he had to get up for prayer and yet did not want to disturb the cat that was sleeping on the sleeve?' (Annemarie Schimmel, *And Muhammad Is His Messenger*, p. 49). (5.235) **26 mignonette** A plant (*reseda odorata*) native to northern Africa cultivated for its attractive and fragrant greenish-white blossoms. It is also used to refer to a kind of lace (*OED*). (5.237) **27 Mrs Ellis's. And Mr?** Mrs Ellis ran the nursery school that Bloom attended as a child (see also note at **502:4**). (5.237)

60

1 Why did you enclose the stamps? Stamps could be tendered as currency for inexpensive goods. (5.243) **2 Language of flowers** While the tradition of associating symbolic meanings to different flowers goes back to the ancient Greeks, the Victorians approached the subject enthusiastically. In the nineteenth century several volumes appeared which codified the meanings of hundreds of flowers, such as Frederic Shoberl's *The Language of Flowers; With Illustrative Poetry* (1834). (5.261) **3 Sunday after the rosary** In Irish practice at the time, a parish said rosaries on Sunday evenings at about 7 p.m. (5.270) **4 Flat Dublin voices** The flat Dublin accent is believed to have originated in the Liberties, a poor and working-class neighbourhood (Bernard Share, *Dublinese*, p. 71). An example would be Mr Fitzpatrick's pronunciation 'Cometty' for 'Committee' in the story 'A Mother' (*Dubliners*, p. 139). (5.279) **5 the Coombe** The Coombe is the name of a street and of the impoverished surrounding district in south-central Dublin to the south of the Protestant St Patrick's Cathedral. (5.280) **6** ***O, Mairy lost the pin of her drawers*** [...] No record of this song outside *Ulysses* is known to exist. (5.281) **7 roses** English and Irish expression, menstruation (Partridge). (5.285)

61

1 Martha, Mary. I saw that picture somewhere A painting by Peter Paul Rubens (Flemish painter, 1577–1640) in the National Gallery of Dublin: *Christ at the House of Martha and Mary* (1620). Martha and Mary are the sisters of Lazarus, who Christ raised from the dead (see John 11). In the painting Mary sits at the feet of Jesus, listening to his teachings, while Martha prepares the meal. Martha resents Mary's apparent idleness and complains to Jesus, but he rebukes her (see Luke 10). (5.289) **2 water out of the well stonecold like the hole in the wall at Ashtown** Ashtown is on the north side of Phoenix Park. There is a pub on Blackhorse Lane, near the Ashtown Gate to the Park, called the Hole in the Wall. A small water hand-pump is right by this pub. (5.296) **3 trottingmatches** At the time, trotting-pony races were run on the Phoenix Park Race Course (right off the Ashtown Gate) in association with the Dublin Horse Show, an annual event in Ballsbridge, outside Dublin. (5.298) **4 railway arch** Bloom passes beneath the Westland Row Station: the railway arch supports the elevated train tracks. (5.300) **5 Lord Iveagh** Edward Cecil Guinness (1847–1927): son of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness (1798–1868) and largest shareholder in the Guinness Brewery. He was made Baron Iveagh in 1891. He founded the Iveagh Trust in 1903 for the purpose of providing housing for working- and artist-class citizens (*DIB*). (5.304)

6 bank of Ireland The Bank of Ireland was established in 1783. After the Act of Union in 1800, the Irish Parliament on College Green lay vacant and shortly thereafter was acquired by the Bank for its headquarters (Bennett). (5.305) **7 lord Ardilaun** Arthur Edward Guinness (1840–1915): Baron Ardilaun and older brother of Lord Iveagh (see note at **61:5**). He and his brother were both partners in the Guinness brewery. He was a noted philanthropist, conservative politician and one-time president of the Royal Dublin Society (*DIB*). It is not known if there is any truth to the story Bloom thinks about here. (5.306) **8 All Hallows** St Andrew's (Roman Catholic) Church, also known as All Hallows: 45 & 46 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1619). Bloom enters by the rear door on Cumberland Street. (5.318) **9 the very reverend John Conmee S. J.** John Conmee (1847–1910): a Jesuit priest and Joyce's teacher at Clongowes (rector, 1885–91) and again at University College Dublin (prefect of studies then dean, 1898–1904). In 1898 he was also appointed as superior of St Francis Xavier's Church in Gardiner Street (*DIB*). He appears in *Portrait*. (5.322) **10 saint Peter Claver** St Peter Claver (*c.*1581–1654, canonized 1888): a Spanish Jesuit. He left Spain in 1610 to convert African slaves in Colombia as they arrived on slave ships. Claver worked not only for the conversion of slaves, but also for the abolition of slavery. (5.323) **11 heathen Chinee** From Bret Harte's (American poet, 1836–1902) poem 'Plain Language from Truthful James' (l. 5 *et passim*). (5.327) **12 Prefer an ounce of opium** Inverts Karl Marx's famous claim that Religion 'is the *opium* of the people' ('Critique of Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*', *Early Writings*, p. 244). (5.327) **13 Celestials** In English a humorous term for the Chinese; one of China's names for itself was 'the Celestial Empire' (*OED*). (5.327) **14 Prayers for the conversion of Gladstone** William Ewart Gladstone (1809–98): four-time prime minister of the UK. He proposed Irish Home Rule bills in 1886 and again in 1893, both of which were unsuccessful. In 1898, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, William Walsh (see following note), wrote a letter to his diocese suggesting prayers for Gladstone on his deathbed. While not explicitly requesting prayers for his conversion, it could be seen to suggest as much (David Williamson, *William Ewart Gladstone*, pp. 416–17). (5.323) **15 Dr. William J. Walsh. D. D.** William Walsh (1841–1921): Doctor of Divinity and Catholic Archbishop of Dublin (1885–1921). After the defeat of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 Walsh became an outspoken opponent of Parnell. This opposition increased when news of Parnell's illicit relationship with Katherine O'Shea became public; see note at **456:14** (*DIB*). (5.325) **16 Buddha their god lying on his side in the museum** In 1891, the National Museum of Ireland acquired a statue of Buddha reclining. Buddha (the title of Siddhartha Gautama, *c.*563–*c.*483 BC) is not the god of Buddhism, but rather its founder. (5.328) **17 Joss-sticks** Joss stick: 'a thin cylinder or stick of fragrant tinder mixed with clay, used by the Chinese as incense' (*OED*). (5.329) **18 Not like Ecce Homo. Crown of thorns and cross** *Ecce homo*: Latin, 'Behold the man'. Pilate uttered these words to the people when Jesus was brought before him (John 19:5). Matthew (27:29*ff.*), Mark (15:16*ff.*) and John (19:2*ff.*) describe the crown of thorns that was placed on Jesus's head. A painting of the crucifixion entitled *Ecce Homo* by the Hungarian artist Michael Munkácsy (1844–1900) was exhibited at the Royal Hibernian Academy in Dublin in 1899. Joyce wrote about this painting (*OCPW*, pp. 17–22). (5.329) **19 Clever idea Saint Patrick the shamrock** According to legend, St Patrick (*c.*385–*c.*461) converted the Irish chieftain king King Loigaire by using the three leaves of shamrocks to illustrate the three persons of the Trinity as distinct yet united. (5.330) **20 Martin Cunningham knows him** Martin Cunningham first appears in the story 'Grace' in *Dubliners*, in which he and his friends attempt to convert Tom Kernan to a more active Catholicism. He is based on Matthew Kane, a friend of Joyce's father, who worked as the principal assistant of the Chief Crown Solicitor's Department at Dublin Castle. Kane died by drowning on 10th July 1904 in Dublin Bay off Kingstown, and his funeral was the model for Dignam's funeral in 'Hades' (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 228). (5.331) **21 getting Molly into the choir** Molly had been in the choir at St Francis Xavier Church, Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1500), near the Blooms' house, but had to leave because of the papal decree of 22nd November 1903, which forbade women from singing in church choirs (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. church music). (5.332) **22 Father Farley** Father Charles Farrelly lived with Father Conmee and other priests at the Presbytery of St Francis Xavier Church, Upper Gardiner Street. Joyce changed the surname to Farley; *Thom's* lists him as Farrelly (pp. 1012, 1500, 1868). (5.332) **23 bluey specs** Sunglasses. (5.334) **24 rere** Hiberno-English, rear, as in the back of a house; the preferred spelling in Ireland (Dolan). (5.339)

62 1 sodality 'In the Roman Catholic Church, a religious guild or brotherhood established for purposes of devotion or mutual help or action; the body of persons forming such a society' (*OED*). (5.340) **2 Who is my neighbour?**

In the tenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, a lawyer asks Jesus this question after Jesus has told him he must love his neighbour as himself. Jesus explains what he means by telling the parable of the Good Samaritan. (5.341) **3 halters** Nooses or noose-like pieces of leather for harnessing a horse (*OED*); here used to describe the membership sashes worn by the ladies of the sodality. (5.343) **4 holding the thing in his hands** The ciborium: the cup which holds the communion wafers that a priest dispenses to his congregation (*OED*). (5.344) **5 (are they in water?)** The communion wafers are not in water; before administering the wafers to the congregation, the priest makes the sign of the cross, which makes it seem as if he is shaking water from the wafer. (5.346) **6 put it into her mouth, murmuring all the time. Latin** The priest recites a standard blessing to each parishioner receiving communion: *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam. Amen.* ('May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep your soul and bring it to everlasting life. Amen'). (5.348) **7 Shut your eyes and open your mouth** After a rhyme for reluctant children at mealtimes: 'Open your mouth / And close your eyes / And I'll give you something / To make you wise'. (5.349) **8 *Corpus*** Latin, body; the root of the English word 'corpse'. (5.350) **9 Hospice for the dying** Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, in Harold's Cross (a suburb south of Dublin), kept by the Catholic Sisters of Charity (*Thom's*, p. 1704). (5.351) **10 They don't seem to chew it; only swallow it down** The host was commonly broken against the roof of the mouth by the tongue and not chewed. (5.351) **11 mazzoth: it's that sort of bread: unleavened shewbread** Mazzoth (one of several spellings): unleavened bread eaten as part of the Jewish ceremony of Passover (*OED*). Shewbread is something different: unleavened bread placed upon the golden altar of the Temple, where it was only on 'show' for the congregation (see Lev. 24:5–9, Ex. 25:30). (5.358) **12 bread of angels** A literal translation of the Latin name for the Eucharist, *panis angelorum*. (5.360) **13 kind of kingdom of God is within you feel** An allusion to the Gospel of Luke: 'behold, the kingdom of God is within you' (17:21). (5.361) **14 Hokypoky penny a lump** Hokypoky: deception; derives from 'hocus-pocus'; in its definition of the term, the *OED* cites John Tillotson (1630–94): 'In all probability those common juggling words of *hocus pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome in their trick of Transubstantiation'. Hokypoky is also the name of a cheap ice cream sold by Italian street vendors. The phrase 'Hokypoky penny a lump' derives from their sales cries (Partridge). (5.362) **15 Then come out a bit spreeish** Spreeish: slightly intoxicated (*OED*). This was a common Protestant opinion of Catholics leaving Mass. (5.364) **16 Lourdes cure, waters of oblivion** Lourdes: the south-western French town where the Virgin Mary appeared in 1858 to St Bernadette. It is a major Catholic pilgrimage destination. The waters of a spring near the site of the Virgin's appearance are thought to have healing powers for those who bathe in them. (5.365) **17 Knock apparition** The village of Knock is near Claremorris in County Mayo (western Ireland). On 21st August 1879 Mary Beirne and Mary McLoughlin saw apparitions of the Virgin, St Joseph and St John the Evangelist near their parish church. Since then, thousands of pilgrims have visited the site. (5.365) **18 Safe in the arms of kingdom come** After a Protestant hymn, 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' (1869), words by Frances Crosby van Alstyne, music by W.H. Doane. The phrase 'Kingdom come' is from the Lord's Prayer. (5.367) **19 Suppose he lost the pin of his. He wouldn't know what to do to** See note at **60:6**. (5.371) **20 I. N. R. I?** *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudæorum*: Latin, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews'. This was the sign placed by Pilate's command at the top of Jesus's cross (John 19:19). (5.372) **21 I. H. S.** A Christian sign designating the first three letters of Jesus's name in Greek, Ihsous (in which the 'h' is the letter *eta*, a long 'e'). Not 'I have sinned' and not 'I have suffered'. (5.372) **22 Sunday after the rosary** See note at **60:3**. (5.375) **23 Dusk and the light behind her** From Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* (1876). (5.376) **24 That fellow that turned queen's evidence on the invincibles** The Invincibles were a small faction of Fenians who organized in December 1881 for the purpose of assassinating agents of English colonial power. On 6th May 1882 in Phoenix Park near the Viceregal lodge, the Invincibles murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary of Ireland, and Thomas Henry Burke, an Irishman and Undersecretary, an event known as the 'Phoenix Park murders'. Invincibles Joe Brady and Tim Kelly performed the killings, while James Carey was a co-conspirator and witness to the murders. See Tom Corfe, *The Phoenix Park Murders*. (5.378) **25 Carey** At the trial of the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Burke in February 1883, James Carey (1845–83), a builder, town councillor and member of the Invincibles, testified against his fellow conspirators (*SS*, p. 162). (5.379) **26 Peter Carey** Peter Carey, a bricklayer, was James Carey's brother. Though

not directly involved in the Phoenix Park plot, he was among those initially accused of the murders, and later gave testimony at the trial (*SS*, p. 162). (5.380) **27 Peter Claver** See note at **61:10**. (5.380) **28 Denis Carey** Bloom is trying, unsuccessfully for now, to remember James Carey's first name. There was no Denis Carey involved in the Phoenix Park murders. (5.381) **29 Wife and six children at home** James Carey (see note at **62:25**) did have a wife and six children when the Phoenix Park murders took place in May 1882; a seventh was born later that year (London *Times*, 20th February 1883, p. 10, col. c). (5.381) **30 crawthumpers** Craw-thumper: 'one who beats his breast (at confession); applied derisively to Roman Catholic devotees' (*OED*). (5.382) **31 The priest was rinsing out the chalice** That is, performing the ablution. Near the end of Mass, the priest washes out the chalice (which had contained consecrated wine) with unconsecrated wine, which he subsequently drinks. (5.386) **32 Guinness's** The largest brewery in Europe, making stout and porter. The Guinness brewery, Dublin's largest industry in 1904, is located on forty acres in south-west Dublin. By 1920, the brewery was responsible for two thirds of the total beer production in Ireland. (5.388) **33 Wheatley's Dublin hop bitters** Wheatley and Bates: hop-bitter brewers, 65 Middle Abbey Street and Sheffield (*Thom's*, p. 2037). Hop bitters: 'a kind of unfermented liquor flavoured with hops' (*OED*); that is, an alcohol-free beer substitute. (5.389) **34 Cantrell and Cochrane's** See note at **59:2**. (5.389) **35 Doesn't give them any of it: shew wine: only the other.** 'Shew wine' is a coinage by analogy with shewbread (see note at **62:11**), that is wine that is shown to the congregation and consecrated, but drunk only by the priest. (5.390)

63 **1 cadging** An extreme form of begging (Partridge). (5.392) **2 Old Glynn** Joseph Glynn, soloist, 15 South Frederick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1882); see also note at **354:15**. (5.395) **3 in Gardiner street** The Church of St Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1500), near Bloom's house. (5.396) **4 *Stabat Mater* of Rossini** Gioacchino Rossini's (Italian composer, 1792–1868) *Stabat Mater* (1832–41) for soloists, chorus and orchestra. The piece takes its name from the opening line of the medieval hymn text *Stabat Mater dolorosa*: Latin, 'the grieving Mother was standing'. This piece portrays Mary's grief while standing at the foot of Jesus's cross. (5.397) **5 Father Bernard Vaughan's sermon first. Christ or Pilate?** Father Vaughan (1847–1922): English Jesuit, well known for his animated sermons. Ellmann refers to Vaughan as the model for Father Purdon in 'Grace' in *Dubliners* (p. 133 n). For the sermon on Pilate, see note at **161:19**. (5.398) **6 *Quis est homo?*** Latin, 'Who is the man?'; the beginning of the third stanza of the *Stabat Mater* (see note at **63:4**). In Rossini's version it is arranged as a duet for sopranos. (5.402) **7 Mercadante: seven last words** Saverio Mercadante (1795–1870): Italian composer, wrote a Lenten oratorio *Le sette ultime parole di Nostro Signore* (*The Seven Last Words of Our Lord*). (5.403) **8 Mozart's twelfth mass: the Gloria in that** Mozart's Twelfth Mass (K.262) is ordinarily called the 'Missa Longa'. A different work by Wenzel Müller (1767–1835), popularly called the *Gloria*, was widely distributed by Novello music publishers as Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Köchel discredited this attribution in his listing of Mozart's works. The *Gloria* (Greater Doxology, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, 'Glory be to God on high') is a movement of the Mass Ordinary deriving from Luke 2:14 (Landon, *The Mozart Compendium*, p. 352). (5.404) **9 Palestrina** Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525–94): one of the most famous and prolific composers of the Renaissance. See note at **18:3**. (5.405) **10 chanting, regular hours** The Monastic Day and the Divine Office are prayers chanted at specific times of the day. See also note at **164:19**. (5.406) **11 Benedictine. Green Chartreuse** Liqueurs originally distilled by monks. (5.407) **12 eunuchs in their choir** Castrati (boys castrated before puberty to preserve the quality of their voices) were a common feature of choirs until the nineteenth century. They were finally dismissed from the pope's choir in 1878 by the newly elected Leo XIII. (5.408) **13 Fall into flesh don't they?** Eunuchs who are castrated before they reached puberty develop excess fat tissue. (5.410) **14 He saw the priest bend down and kiss the altar** The closing rites of the Catholic Mass are being described. (5.413) **15 Stand up at the gospel of course** In the Catholic Mass, the congregation stands at the end of the post-Communion and kneels again during the last Gospel. (5.415) **16 holding the thing out from him** The 'thing' is the missal from which the priest reads the last Gospel. (5.417) **17 O God, our refuge and our strength...** The beginning of the first of two vernacular (not Latin) prayers that conclude the Low Mass. (5.420) **18 How long since your last mass?** The phrase Bloom is trying to remember is: 'How long since your last confession?' (5.422) **19 Gloria and immaculate virgin. Joseph her spouse. Peter and Paul** Bloom is echoing phrases from the priest's prayer, substituting 'Gloria' for 'glorious'. (5.423) **20 Look down at her ring to find an excuse** A variant on an old proverb, 'A

woman need but look on her apron string to find an excuse' (*ODEP*). (5.428) **21 Salvation army blatant imitation** Starting with its founding in 1865, the Salvation Army organized communal public confessions. (5.432) **22 Squareheaded** Sensible (*OED*). (5.434) **23 P. P.** Parish priest (*OED*). (5.435) **24 The priest in the Fermanagh will case in the witness box** County Fermanagh is in Ulster Province. The allusion here, if any, is unidentified. (5.437) **25 doctors of the church** 'Doctor' in Latin, as formerly in English as well, means 'teacher'. The 'Doctors of the Church' are 'certain saints whose doctrinal writings have obtained, by the universal consent of the Church or by papal decree, a special authority' (*EB11*). (5.440)

64 **1 Blessed Michael, archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict** This is, in full, the second of two prayers prescribed for the ending of the Low Mass. The first prayer is given above, see note at **63:17**. (5.443) **2 Brother Buzz** Buzz-bloke: pickpocket (Partridge). (5.450) **3 Pay your Easter duty** Bloom confuses Easter duty with Easter dues. Easter dues: 'money payable at Easter to the parson of a parish by the parishioners' (*OED*). Easter duties: 'the religious duties (viz. of confession and communion) obligatory at Eastertide' (*OED*). (5.451) **4 Glimpses of the moon** Moon: buttocks (*OED*); from Hamlet's speech on first seeing the Ghost: 'What may this mean, / That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel / Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, / Making night hideous' (Act I, Sc. 4, 51–54). (5.455) **5 two worshippers dipped furtive hands in the low tide of holy water** In the vestibules of Catholic churches there are fonts containing holy water. Worshippers dip their fingers into the water and then cross themselves as a blessing on entering and exiting church. (5.459) **6 car of Prescott's dyeworks** Prescott's dyeing and cleaning business: 8 Lower Abbey Street 'and elsewhere' (*Thom's*, p. 1990). (5.460) **7 widow in her weeds** Widow's 'weeds': the mourning costume, such as veils and weepers, of a widow (*OED*). (5.460) **8 Sweny's in Lincoln place** F.W. Sweny, druggists and dispensing chemists: 1 Lincoln Place (*Thom's*, p. 1534). Lincoln Place intersects with Westland Row at its southern end. (5.463) **9 beaconjars** Large ovoid jars containing coloured liquid that stand or hang in chemists' shops. (5.464) **10 Hamilton Long's** Hamilton, Long & Co., Ltd: 'state apothecaries, perfumers, and manufacturers of mineral waters'. They had several shops in the Dublin area, the nearest to Bloom's current position and the Huguenot churchyard being at 107 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1889). (5.464) **11 Huguenot churchyard near there** The old Huguenot churchyard is at 10 Merrion Row (*Thom's*, p. 1544), about 800 metres south from where Bloom is now. The Huguenots were French Calvinist Protestants. The Edict of Nantes (1598) guaranteed them political and religious freedoms. From the late seventeenth century onwards, and especially after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, many Huguenots fled France for Ireland. They settled in Dublin and the Protestant north (Bennett). (5.465) **12 lilypots. Mortar and pestle. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid** Latin abbreviations for chemist's supplies: *Aq. Dist.* (Aqua Distillata): distilled water; *Fol. Laur.* (Folia Laurea): laurel leaves; *Te* [sic] *Virid.* (Thea Viridis, but *Te* is attested): green tea. Lilypot: an ornamental jar decorated with a representation of a lily (all *OED*). (5.477) **13 Electuary or emulsion** Electuary: 'a medicinal conserve or paste, consisting of a powder or other ingredient mixed with honey, preserve, or syrup of some kind' (*OED*). Emulsion: 'a milky liquid, consisting of water holding in suspension minute particles of oil or resin by the aid of some albuminous or gummy material' (*OED*). (5.479) **14 Simples** Medicines 'consisting or composed of one substance, ingredient, or element; uncompounded or unmixed (or nearly so)' (*OED*). (5.480) **15 Test: turns blue litmus paper red. Chloroform** In chemistry experiments, acids turn blue litmus paper into red. Alkalines, on the other hand, turn red litmus paper blue. Chloroform does neither: it is neutral. (5.481) **16 Paragoric poppysyrup bad for cough** Paregoric was used for pain relief (*OED*). It contains small amounts of opium and thus could be called poppy syrup. Paregoric has a constipating effect on the mucous membranes and would therefore inhibit one from being able to cough up phlegm. (The spelling mistake is Joyce's.) (5.482) **17 benzoin** 'A dry and brittle resinous substance, with a fragrant odour and slightly aromatic taste, obtained from the *Styrax benzoin*, a tree of Sumatra, Java, etc. It is used in the preparation of benzoic acid, in medicine, and extensively in perfumery' (*OED*). (5.490)

65 **1 One of the old queen's sons** Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany (1853–84), had haemophilia, 'A constitutional (usually hereditary) tendency to bleeding, either spontaneously or from very slight injuries' (*OED*). 'Only one skin': old wives' diagnosis for haemophilia. (5.497) **2 *Peau d'Espagne*** French, literally 'Spanish leather'. Originally, *peau d'espagne* was a scented leather of Spain, and thus also referred to a perfume

that suggested the aroma of this leather (*OED*). (5.500) **3 Hammam. Turkish. Massage.** The Hammam Family Hotel and Turkish Baths: 11–12 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1890); distant from Bloom. Bloom actually has in mind the Turkish and Warm Baths at 11 Leinster Street, close by, bordering the Trinity College Playing Fields on the south (*Thom's*, p. 1532). (5.502) **4 Tight collar he'll lose his hair** Medical superstition held that tight collars were a cause of baldness. (5.529) **5 Ascot. Gold cup** The Ascot Gold Cup is one of the biggest events on the British horse-racing calendar. In 1904, the race was run on 16th June at 3 p.m. (5.532) **6 Conway's corner** Conway's pub (see note at **57:9**) was on the corner of Westland Row and Lincoln Place (*Thom's*, p. 1618). (5.542) **7 scut** A worthless, contemptible person (*OED*). (5.542) **8 to put on sixpence** That is, to wager sixpence, with a connotation that the bet is a losing one. (5.545)

66 **1 Fleshpots of Egypt** See note at **33:21**. (5.548) **2 mosque of the baths. Remind you of a mosque** Bloom, turning off Lincoln Place, is heading towards the Leinster Street Turkish & Warm Baths, at 11 Leinster Street (*Thom's*, p. 1532), which was ornamented with minarets in the style of a mosque. (5.549) **3 College sports today I see** A combination meeting of the Dublin University (Trinity College) Bicycle and Harrier Club was held on the afternoon of 16th June in College Park (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. i). (5.550) **4 cyclist doubled up like a cod in a pot** From the song 'Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye', which is about an injured soldier home from the wars: 'Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail. / Och! Johnny I hardly knew ye!' (5.551) **5 Hornblower** The gate-porter for the south gate of Trinity College at Lincoln Place. Hornblower is not the porter's name but, rather, a reference to the uniform and hat (see note at **186:9**). (5.555) **6 Keep him on hands** Maintain an acquaintance, especially as a business contact (Partridge). (5.555) **7 on the nod** On credit (*OED*). (5.556) **8 Cricket weather** The cricket grounds at Trinity are near the College's south gate. (5.558) **9 Captain Buller** Captain C.F. Buller (1846–1906): a prominent Irish-born cricket player for Harrow and Middlesex. (5.560) **10 Kildare street club** The Kildare Street Club: 1–3 Kildare Street, near Trinity College Park (*Thom's*, p. 1524); it was the fanciest Anglo-Irishmen's club in all Dublin (Bennett). There was a long-standing rumour that a window of this building was broken by a square leg hit from the College Park, although the identity of the batsman varies in different tellings (Patrick Hone, *Cricket in Ireland*, p. 52). (5.560) **11 slog to square leg** Slog: 'a hard hit at cricket' (*OED*). Square leg: 'the position in the cricket-field to the left of the batsman and nearly in a line with the wicket' (*OED*). (5.561) **12 Donnybrook fair** A raucous fair held in Donnybrook, a south-eastern suburb of Dublin, in the month of August. The fair dated back to the time of King John's reign (1199–1216) and was abolished in 1855 (*Brewer's*). (5.561) **13 And the skulls we were acracking when M'Carthy took the floor** From the song 'Enniscorthy' (1889), written and composed by Robert Martin, about 'Demetrius O'Flannigan McCarthy [...] the pride of balls and parties and the glory of a wake'. (5.562) **14 Always passing, the stream of life** A slight misquotation from the song 'In Happy Moments Day by Day' from the opera *Maritana* (1845), music by Irishman William Vincent Wallace (1814–65), libretto by Edward Fitzball (1792–1873, real name Edward Ball). The words to 'In Happy Moments' are by Alfred Burn. (5.563) **15 This is my body** In the Mass, these words are part of the Consecration of the host, the transubstantiation of bread into Christ's body. The prayer comes from Christ's words of institution at the Last Supper (Luke 22:19; see also Matt. 26:26 and Mark 14:22). (5.566) **16 limp father of thousands, a languid floating flower** The plant *saxifraga sarmentosa*, common to Ireland and England, is called the 'mother of thousands'. (5.571)

'HADES'

Time: 11–12 a.m.

Location: a funeral cortège that starts from Sandymount and travels through the city centre to Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin

67 **1 Martin Cunningham** See note at **61:20**. (6.1) **2 Mr Power** Jack Power first appears in the story 'Grace' in *Dubliners*; he is a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, an agency charged with the suppression of Irish dissent (see note at **215:29**). He is modelled on Tom Devin, a friend of John Joyce. (6.2) **3 lowered blinds of the avenue** The lowering of the blinds and closing of stores is common practice in Ireland during funerals. The street is Newbridge Avenue, in Sandymount; the Dignams live at number 9. (6.12) **4 Huggermugger** Secrecy (*OED*); as in *Hamlet*, where Claudius says, after Polonius has been buried: 'And we have done but greenly / In huggermugger to inter him' (Act IV, Sc. 5, 83–84). (6.15) **5 slipperslappers** Loose slippers (*OED*). Old Mother Slipper Slopper

is a character in the nursery rhyme 'The Fox' (*ODNR*). (6.16) **6 Mrs Fleming making the bed** Mrs Fleming is the Blooms' part-time maid. (6.17) **7 number nine** The Dignams live at 9 Newbridge Avenue in Sandymount (see note at **455:19**). The funeral procession leaves from his house. (6.27) **8 Tritonville road** Tritonville Road runs north from Sandymount to Irishtown, where it becomes Irishtown Road. (6.29) **9 Irishtown, Martin Cunningham said. Ringsend. Brunswick street** Irishtown: a south-eastern suburb of Dublin; so named because in 1454 all citizens of Irish descent were exiled to this area (Bennett). The funeral procession will proceed north-west, roughly parallel to the shore of Dublin Bay, through the city to the cemetery. (6.34) **10 fine old custom** The custom is that a funeral procession will take a route through the centre of the city, thereby giving many a chance to pay their last respects. On any given day, several different funeral processions would run through the city. This custom has since died out. (6.36) **11 Watery lane** Watery Lane (now Dermot O'Hurley Avenue) runs west from Irishtown Road. (6.39)

68 **1** ***fidus Achates*** Latin, 'faithful Achates'; an epithet used in the *Aeneid* (first at 1, 118) in reference to Aeneas's faithful henchman, now used to describe a devoted follower (*OED*). (6.49) **2 aunt Sally** See note at **31:21**. (6.51) **3 drunken little costdrawer** See note at **31:23**. (6.52) **4 wise child that knows her own father** Proverbial (*ODEP*); also plays on a line from *The Merchant of Venice:* the clown Launcelot says of his father, the elderly, short-sighted Old Gobbo, 'It is a wise father that knows his own child' (Act II, Sc. 2, 80). (6.53) **5 Ringsend road** Ringsend Road runs west from the neighbourhood of Ringsend towards Dublin. It crosses the Grand Canal dock and empties onto Great Brunswick Street. (6.54) **6 Wallace Bros the bottleworks** These are two separate firms. Wallace Brothers, Ltd: steamship owners and coal importers, 13 D'Olier Street, with offices in Kingstown, Monkstown, Dalkey and Rathmines, and this one at 3a Ringsend Road (*Thom's*, pp. 1579, 2032). The bottleworks is James Alex King, bottle manufacturer, Ringsend Road (p. 2052). (6.54) **7 Dodder bridge** Dodder Bridge is a stone bridge in Irishtown, where Bridge Street crosses the River Dodder as it flows north to join the River Liffey. (6.55) **8 Goulding, Collis and Ward he calls the firm** The solicitors where Richie Goulding works as a clerk: Collis and Ward, offices at 31 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1468). (6.56) **9 damp** 'Soft-headed, stupid, foolish' (Partridge). (6.57) **10 Stamer street** Stamer Street is located in south-central Dublin near the Grand Canal. (6.58) **11 Ignatius Gallaher** A successful journalist, first seen in the story 'A Little Cloud' in *Dubliners*. Gallaher is based on Fred Gallaher, whose family was friendly with Joyce's (Ellmann, p. 46 n). (6.58) **12 I'll tickle his catastrophe** Catastrophe: buttocks, backside (Partridge). From Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV*: 'Away, you scullion! You rampallian! You fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!' (Act II, Sc. 1, 58). (6.67) **13 counterjumper's** 'Applied in contempt to a shopman or shopkeeper's assistant' (*OED*). (6.70) **14 Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's** Tapes: cloth strips used for tying (*OED*). Peter Paul McSwiney (*c.*1810–84): Joyce's grandmother's cousin; lord mayor of Dublin in 1875 (*DIB*). In May 1852 he opened a shop on Sackville Street, which in 1883 was sold to M.J. Clery and renamed Clery's (see note at **59:3**). (6.71) **15 Eton suit** The old uniform of the younger boys at Eton College, England, consisting of 'a short black broadcloth jacket, with an open front and broad lapels, pointed at the back and cut square at the hips', combined with trousers and a waistcoat (*OED*). (6.76) **16 Raymond terrace** That stretch of the South Circular Road, from street numbers 22–34, which parallels the north bank of the Grand Canal. The Blooms moved to Raymond Terrace from Lombard Street West some time in early 1893, before March or April, when Rudy was conceived. (6.78) **17 cease to do evil** The motto 'Cease to do evil – learn to do well' was posted above the entrance to the Richmond Penitentiary on South Circular Road. The jail is located across from Raymond Terrace. (6.79) **18 Greystones** A fishing village 29 km south of Dublin. (6.82) **19 yoke** Hiberno-English, 'any contrivance or implement; something whose name does not spring immediately to mind' (Dolan). (6.92)

69 **1 Did Tom Kernan turn up?** See note at **55:17**. (6.109) **2 Ned Lambert** Edward J. (Ned) Lambert works at a seed-and-grain establishment in the chapterhouse of the old Mary's Abbey. (6.111) **3 Hynes** Joe Hynes, a sentimental nationalist, first appears in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' in *Dubliners*. (6.111) **4 grand canal** The procession has stopped at Victoria Bridge, which crosses over Dublin's Grand Canal. (6.120) **5 Gasworks** The Alliance and Consumer Gas Company: 110 Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1436). (6.121) **6 Flaxseed tea** The tea and oil of flaxseed (i.e. linseed) are home remedies for various ailments. (6.124) **7 Scarlatina** An alternate name for scarlet fever (*OED*). (6.124) **8 Dogs' home** The Dogs and Cats'

Home: Grand Canal Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1853). (6.125) **9 Athos** Bloom's father's dog. The name comes from one of the three musketeers in Alexandre Dumas's (1802–70) novel *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (*The Three Musketeers*, 1844). (6.125) **10 Thy will be done.** From the Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6:10). (6.126) **11 Paddy Leonard** A character from the story 'Counterparts' in *Dubliners*. (6.142)

70 **1 Ben Dollard's singing of *The Croppy Boy*** Ben Dollard is fictional. For more on this song see note at **206:20**. (6.145) **2 Dan Dawson's speech?** Charles (Dan) Dawson: a member of parliament for County Carlow, lord mayor of Dublin (1882–83) and, in 1904, comptroller in the Office for the Collection of City Rates (taxes) and Water Rents for the Dublin Corporation (*Thom's*, p. 1356). He owned the Dublin Bread Company in Stephen's Street. His speech does not appear in the actual *Freeman's Journal* of 16th June 1904. (6.151) **3 edge of the paper** Obituaries in the *Freeman's Journal* were printed on the first page, in the leftmost column, beneath notices of births and marriages. (6.157) **4 Callan, Coleman, Dignam** These names are not in the obituary section of the actual 16th June 1904 *Freeman's Journal*. (6.158) **5 is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no** C.W. Alleyne practised law at 24 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1468). A lawyer named Mr Alleyne appears in 'Counterparts' in *Dubliners*, where he mentions a partner named Crosbie (Crosbie is not listed in *Thom's*). In 'Counterparts' an employee named Peake was 'hounded [...] out of the office' (p. 88). (6.159) **6 the Little Flower** Terese of Lisieux (1873–97), a Carmelite nun who entered the convent of Lisieux at the age of fifteen. She was canonized in 1925. (6.161) **7 Month's mind** A commemorative requiem mass said one month after a person's death (*OED*). (6.162) **8 National school. Meade's yard. The hazard.** St Andrew's Boys' and Girls' National School: 114–21 Great Brunswick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1436). See note at **59:21** for Meade's yard and note at **59:12** for the hazard. (6.171) **9 Full as a tick** Drunk (Partridge). (6.172) **10 jarvies** See note at **52:1**. (6.173) **11 pointsman's** 'Points' on a railway are tapered rails that can be repositioned to direct trains to another set of rails. A pointsman is thus the one who re-positions the points (*OED*). (6.175) **12 Antient concert rooms** A hall for privately sponsored performances located at 42 Great Brunswick Street, Mrs Gregg, proprietress (*Thom's*, p. 1486). Antient: archaic spelling of 'ancient' (*OED*). This hall 'rapidly became the centre of Dublin's musical life' (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 500). (6.180) **13 bleak pulpit of Saint Mark's** Saint Mark's Church on Mark Street, just off Great Brunswick Street. (6.183) **14 railway bridge** The Loop Line Bridge (see note at **57:18**). (6.183) **15 Queen's theatre** The Queen's Royal Theatre: 209 Great Brunswick Street. One of three major theatres in Dublin at the time. (6.184) **16 Eugene Stratton** The stage name of Eugene Augustus Ruhlmann (1861–1918), an American blackface music-hall performer. Stratton opened at the Theatre Royal in Dublin on 14th June. The *Freeman's Journal* for 16th June 1904 advertises 'Eugene Stratton, the World Renowned Comedian' (p. 4, col. b). (6.184) **17 Mrs Bandman Palmer** See note at **59:5**. (6.185) **18 Could I go to see *Leah* tonight** See note at **59:4**. (6.185) **19 Or the *Lily of Killarney*?** *The Lily of Killarney* (1862): a melodramatic operetta based on Dion Boucicault's (1822–90) play *The Colleen Bawn* (1860), which is in turn based on Gerald Griffin's novel *The Collegians* (1828). The libretto is by Boucicault and John Oxenford (1812–77), with music by Sir Julius Benedict (1804–85). (6.186) **20 Elster Grimes Opera company** The 16th June 1904 edition of the *Freeman's Journal* lists the Elster-Grime Grand Opera Company's performance of *The Lily of Killarney* at the Queen's Royal Theatre (p. 4, col. a). (6.186) **21 Big powerful change** The advertisement for Marie Kendall's appearances at the Empire Palace Theatre in the 16th June 1904 edition of the *Freeman's Journal* promises 'Another Big Powerful Change' (p. 4, col. a). Although Kendall's name is not listed here, her appearance is mentioned later in the text (see note at **168:21**). (6.186) **22 *Fun on the Bristol*** *Fun on the Bristol*; *or, A Night on the Sound*: also at the Theatre Royal on 16th June, on a double-feature bill with Eugene Stratton (*Freeman's Journal*, 16th June 1904, p. 4, col. b). (6.187) **23 the Gaiety** The Gaiety Theatre: 46–49 South King Street (*Thom's*, p. 1528); one of the three principal venues in turn-of-the-century Dublin. This is where *Leah* was being performed (see note at **59:4**). (6.188) **24 Plasto's** Plasto's hat shop: 1 Great Brunswick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1987). See note at **44:12**. (6.191) **25 Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust** Philip Crampton (1777–1858): surgeon general to the British forces in Ireland and surgeon to Queen Victoria. The memorial fountain was located at the intersection of College Street, D'Olier Street, and Great Brunswick Street (Bennett). (6.191)

71 **1 Red Bank** Burton Bindon's Red Bank Restaurant: 19–20 D'Olier Street (*Thom's*, p. 1476). (6.198) **2 county Clare** Each year Bloom goes to Ennis, in County Clare in the west, to visit his father's grave on the anniversary of his

death on 27th June; see also note at **77:8**. (6.216) **3 Mary Anderson** Mary Anderson (1859–1940): a popular American actress, famous for her exceptional beauty. The 16th June 1904 edition of the *Freeman's Journal* contains a listing for Anderson performing the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* at Ulster Hall in Belfast (p. 4, col. a). (6.219) **4 Louis Werner** 'Herr Louis Werner' appeared on the same bill with Mary Anderson in the 16th June 1904 *Freeman's Journal* as her 'Conductor and Accompanist' (p. 4, col. a). (6.221) **5 J. C. Doyle** See note at **49:4**. (6.222) **6 John MacCormack** John MacCormack (1884–1945): a tenor, would become the greatest Irish singer of the century. On 27th August 1904 Joyce sang on the same bill as J.C. Doyle and John MacCormack at the Antient Concert Rooms (Ellmann, p. 168). (6.222) **7 Smith O'Brien** William Smith O'Brien (1803–64): a leader in the Repeal Association, an MP and a hero of radical anti-British politics (*DIB*). His statue was erected in 1870 where Westmoreland and D'Olier streets cross in front of O'Connell Bridge. In 1929 the statue was moved to O'Connell Street (Bennett, s.v. Statues). (6.226) **8 Must be his deathday** William Smith O'Brien died on 18th June 1864 (*DIB*), however, the statue records the date of death as 16th June 1864. (6.227) **9 Farrell's statue** The sculptor of William Smith O'Brien's statue was Sir Thomas Farrell (1827–1900). Farrell made many other Dublin statues (*DIB*). (6.228) **10 Oot** 'A call to horses to go forward' (*EDD*). (6.229) **11 struck off the rolls** Roll: the 'official list of those qualified to practise as solicitors' (*OED*); hence, struck off the rolls: disbarred. (6.232) **12 Hume street. Same house as Molly's namesake. Tweedy, crown solicitor for Waterford** Henry R. Tweedy: Crown solicitor for County Waterford (*Thom's*, p. 915), with offices at 13 Hume Street (*Thom's*, p. 2029). Molly's maiden name is Tweedy. (6.232) **13 Has that silk hat ever since. Relics of old decency** From the chorus to 'The Hat Me Father Wore' by Johnny Patterson: '"Tis the relic of old decency, / The hat my father wore'. (6.234) **14 Kicked about like snuff at a wake** That is, in abundance. In Ireland 'snuff was supplied free at wakes; and the people were not sparing of it as they got it for nothing' (PWJ, p. 139). (6.235) **15 O'Callaghan on his last legs** American playwright William Bayle Bernard (1807–75) wrote a two-act farce entitled *His Last Legs* (1839), the protagonist of which is a stage-Irishman named Felix O'Callaghan. (6.236) **16** ***voglio e non vorrei. No: vorrei e non*** Bloom here correctly remembers the line from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. See note at **49:6**. (6.238) **17** ***Mi trema un poco il*** *Mi trema un poco il cor*: Italian, 'My heart trembles a little'; sung by Zerlina, in her duet with Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera. (6.239) **18 throstle** A thrush (*OED*). (6.240)

72 **1 Crofton** A Conservative Orangeman who appears in 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' in *Dubliners*; modelled after J.T.A. Crofton (1838–1907), who worked with John Joyce in the Rates Office in 1888. In 1904 Crofton was in London. (6.247) **2 Jury's** A 'Commercial and Family Hotel', 7–8 College Green and 1–4 Anglesea Street, run by Henry J. Jury (*Thom's*, p. 1458). (6.248) **3 the Moira** The Moira Hotel: 15 Trinity Street, Mr Peter Nugent, proprietor (*Thom's*, p. 1611). (6.248) **4 huge-cloaked Liberator's form** The statue of Daniel O'Connell, also known as the 'Liberator' (see note at **25:15**). The statue stands at the northern end of Carlisle (O'Connell) Bridge as it leads into Sackville (O'Connell) Street. (6.249) **5 tribe of Reuben** Reuben James Dodd, solicitor, insurance agent for the Patriotic Assurance Co. and Mutual Life Assurance Co. of New York, with offices at 34 Upper Ormond Quay and residence at 90 South Circular Road (*Thom's*, pp. 1564, 1852). Also, an anti-Semitic slur, after Reuben, the eldest son of Jacob and Leah (Gen. 29:32) and head of one of the original twelve tribes of Israel (Num. 1:5 and 21). The real Reuben Dodd was not Jewish, but Irish Catholic (Hyman, p. 164). (6.251) **6 Elvery's elephant house** The name of two shops on 46–47 Lower Sackville Street and 18 1/2 Nassau Street (*Thom's*, p. 1854). They sold clothing for fishing, hunting and riding. An elephant is part of their logo. (6.253) **7 Gray's statue** Sir John Gray (1816–75): Protestant Irish patriot who from 1853–57 owned and edited the *Freeman's Journal*. His statue stands near the middle of O'Connell Street. (6.258) **8 Reuben J. and the son** The story which the men tell is true, although it happened in 1911. The *Irish Worker* of 2nd December 1911, under the headline 'Half-a-Crown for Saving a Life', reports that Reuben J. Dodd's son (Reuben Jr.), having jumped into the Liffey, was saved by a labourer named Moses Goldin, who was rewarded with a paltry sum (p. 1). See also Ellmann, p. 38. (6.264) **9 isle of Man** The Isle of Man, under English rule, is located in the Irish Sea, between Ireland's eastern coast and the north-west coast of England. The island was a stop on Dublin-to-Liverpool steamship routes and was a popular holiday destination. (6.270) **10 hobbledehoy** 'A clumsy or awkward youth' (*OED*). (6.271) **11 Drown Barabbas!** The Jews, given the choice whether to have the thief Barabbas or Jesus released, asked for Barabbas (Matt. 27:20). In Christopher Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta* (1589), the villainous title character,

Barabas, is killed in a cauldron of scalding water. (6.274) **12 piking it** Departing (Partridge). (6.278) **13 chiseller** Dublin slang, also spelt 'chisler', 'a hardy child, usually a boy' (Dolan). (6.279) **14 Nelson's pillar** The 41-metre tall monument of English naval hero Lord Horatio Nelson stood on Sackville (now O'Connell) Street. It was bombed down on 8th March 1966 by Irish patriots celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Easter Rising (Bennett). (6.293)

73 **1 John Barleycorn** Whiskey (*OED*, s.v. barley-corn). (6.307) **2 adelite** A mineral of grey or greyish-yellow calcium and magnesium arsenate. (6.308) **3 best death** Bloom's assertion of a sudden death as the 'best death' is in direct conflict with Christian theology, since a sudden death precludes the possibility of contrition. (6.312) **4 land agents** Land agents represented the often absentee landlords who owned vast amounts of Ireland. With the land reforms of the late nineteenth century, culminating in the 'Wyndham' Act of 1903, which offered economic incentives for land transfer to tenants, the number of land agents drastically dropped (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 96–99). (6.316) **5 temperance hotel** A hotel 'where no intoxicants are sold or provided' (*OED*). The Edinburgh Temperance Hotel: 56 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1586). (6.317) **6 Falconer's railway guide** John Falconer: 'printer, publisher, wholesale stationer, depôt for sale of Irish National school books' and publisher of the *ABC Railway Guide*, 53 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1586). (6.317) **7 civil service college** Maguire's Civil Service College (a cram-school for British civil-service exams) and A.J.G. McGuire and Co., civil-service, university, and commercial tutors: 51 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1586). (6.317) **8 Gill's** M.H. Gill & Son, Ltd., 'wholesale and retail booksellers, publishers, printers, and bookbinders, depot for religious goods': 50 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1586). (6.317) **9 catholic club** The Catholic Commercial Club: 42 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1585). (6.318) **10 industrious blind** The Richmond National Institution for the Industrious Blind: 41 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1585). (6.318) **11 Chummies and slaveys** Chummy: a chimney-sweeper's boy (*OED*). Slavey: a maid-of-all-work (*OED*). (6.319) **12 Father Mathew** Father Theobald Mathew (1790–1856): 'Capuchin priest and temperance crusader' (*DIB*). In 1893 a statue of him was erected on Sackville (O'Connell) Street. (6.319) **13 Foundation stone for Parnell. Breakdown. Heart** A foundation stone for a statue of Charles Stewart Parnell (see note at **28:6**) was laid at the northern end of Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street on 8th October 1899. The statue itself was not completed until 1907. (6.320) **14 White horses with white frontlet plumes** For the burial of a child, Catholic convention directed that 'white and not black should be used in token of mourning' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Christian burial). (6.321) **15 Rotunda corner** At Great Britain Street, Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street passes into Cavendish Row. The Rotunda is at the corner of Great Britain and Cavendish in Rutland (now Parnell) Square. The building holds, among other things, a maternity hospital, a theatre and a concert hall. (6.321) **16 Burial friendly society pays** Friendly Society: 'one of numerous associations, the members of which pay fixed contributions to insure pecuniary help in sickness or old age, and provision for their families in the event of death' (*OED*). (6.327) **17 Rutland square** Rutland (now Parnell) Square: at the top of Sackville (O'Connell) Street. (6.332) **18 Rattle his bones. Over the stones. Only a pauper. Nobody owns** From the song 'The Pauper's Drive' by Thomas Noel, which is about a hearse on its way to a cemetery. (6.332) **19 In the midst of life** 'In the midst of life we are in death': from the First Anthem of the Burial of the Dead in *The Book of Common Prayer*. (6.334) **20 But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the man who takes his own life** For the Catholic Church suicide is a mortal sin, akin to murder. (6.335) **21 Like Shakespeare's face** This similarity was noted in *Dubliners* (p. 157). (6.345)

74 **1 Refuse christian burial** Generally, this has been true in European Christian history. But an English law from 1823 allowed suicides to be buried in churchyards and from 1882 religious funerals were permitted for suicides. (6.346) **2 They used to drive a stake of wood through his heart in the grave** According to *Brewer's*, 'until 1823, a suicide was buried at the cross-roads with a stake thrust through the body'. (6.346) **3 Found in the riverbed clutching rushes** An oblique allusion to Ophelia's death by drowning: 'When down her weedy trophies and herself / Fell in the weeping brook' (*Hamlet* Act IV, Sc. 7, 173–74). Also alludes to Moses (see note at **36:2**). (6.348) **4 *And they call me the jewel of Asia*** From 'The Jewel of Asia', a song by James Philip (music) and Harry Greenbank (lyrics), from the operetta *The Geisha* (1896). (6.355) **5 Rattle his bones** See note at **73:18**. (6.358) **6 Nobody owns** From the refrain of 'The Pauper's Drive'; see note at **73:18**. (6.365) **7 Blessington street** Having crossed

over Upper Dorset Street, the funeral party is no longer on Frederick Street but on Blessington Street, which is close to Bloom's house. (6.366) **8 Over the stones** From the refrain of 'The Pauper's Drive'; see note at **73:18**. (6.366) **9 That will be a great race tomorrow in Germany. The Gordon Bennett** The Gordon Bennett was an annual automobile road race established by the American journalist and racing enthusiast James Gordon Bennett (1841–1918). In 1903, the race was held in Ireland. In 1904 it took place on 17th June at Bad Homburg, near Frankfurt (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 2, cols. f–g). (6.369) **10 Berkeley street** The funeral party turns off Blessington Street and onto Berkeley Street. It will then turn onto Berkeley Road at the intersection with Eccles Street and head north. (6.372) **11 Basin** The City Basin is a reservoir just off Berkeley Street to its west. (6.372) **12 Has anybody here seen Kelly? Kay ee double ell wy** From the music-hall song 'Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly? (Kelly from the Isle of Man)' (1909) by Will Letters (d.1910) and Clarence Wainwright Murphy (d.1913). (6.373) **13 Dead march from *Saul*** The Dead March in Act III of G.F. Handel's (1685–1759) oratorio, *Saul* (1738). (6.374) **14 He's as bad as old Antonio. He left me on my ownio** From the chorus of 'Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?' (see note at **74:12**); this line refers to the song 'Oh! Oh! Antonio', which Murphy had written in 1908 with Dan Lipton. (6.374) **15 The *Mater Misericordiæ*** In 1904 the Mater Misericordiae was Dublin's largest hospital. It was just up the road from Bloom's house, at the corner of Eccles Street and Berkeley Road. (6.375) **16 Our Lady's Hospice for the dying** See note at **62:9**. (6.377) **17 Deadhouse** 'A building or room where the dead are kept for a time' (*OED*). (6.378) **18 Mrs Riordan** Stephen's governess and a prominent character from Chapter 1 of *Portrait*, where she is usually referred to as 'Dante'. In 1893–94, the Blooms lived at the City Arms Hotel, where she also resided. She is based on Mrs 'Dante' Hearn Conway, who acted as governess and teacher to the young James Joyce; see Ellmann, pp. 24–26, 33–44. (6.378) **19 He's gone over to the lying-in hospital** The National Maternity Hospital, 29–31 Holles Street. Lying-in: childbed (*OED*). The 'he' is Dr Dixon, who had treated Bloom's bee sting on 23rd May at the Mater Hospital (see note at **52:14**) and who, by 16th June, has begun working at the Holles Street Hospital. (6.381) **20 drove of branded cattle passed the windows, lowing** During his journey to the underworld, Odysseus sees Orion, the hunter, 'rounding up and driving together / wild animals he himself had killed in the lonely mountains, / holding in his hands a brazen club' (XI, 573–75). (6.385) **21 Cuffe** Joseph Cuffe, with the firm Laurence Cuffe & Sons, sold cattle, corn and wool at 5 Smithfield (*Thom's*, p. 1844), near the cattle market in north-western Dublin. Bloom worked for Cuffe from 1893–94. (6.392) **22 Roast beef for old England** From the song 'The Roast Beef of Old England' (*c.*1730), written by Richard Leveridge (1670–1758). (6.393)

75 **1 dodge** 'A shirker, malingerer' (Partridge). (6.397) **2 Clonsilla** A junction, 11 km to the west of Dublin, on the Midland Great Western Railway (*Thom's*, p. 1655). (6.398) **3 the corporation** The Dublin city government used to be called the Dublin Corporation (it was renamed the Dublin City Council in 2002). (6.400) **4 from the parkgate to the quays** The parkgate at the south-eastern entrance to Phoenix Park lies near the cattle market. See also note at **45:9**. (6.400) **5 municipal funeral trams like they have in Milan** In order to streamline funerals and cut down on traffic, an 11-km-long electric train operated in Milan, taking mourners to cemeteries out of town. Bloom's father lived in Milan some time in the mid-1860s, before moving to Ireland. (6.406) **6 Pullman car** The Pullman car was a luxurious sleeping car invented in 1865 by George Mortimer Pullman (1831–97) and Ben Fields for use on American railroads. (6.409) **7 Dunphy's** The intersection of Phibsborough Road and the North Circular Road was called Dunphy's Corner because a pub there was once owned by a Thomas Dunphy, although in 1904 it was run by John Doyle (*Thom's*, p. 1569). (6.416) **8 Gordon Bennett cup** See note at **74:9**. (6.419) **9 Elixir of life** The Irish word *usquebaugh* literally means 'water of life' and from it we get the English word 'whiskey'. (6.430) **10 Phibsborough road** A north-south road which becomes Prospect Road on the other side of the Royal Canal. (6.436) **11 Crossguns bridge: the royal canal** Crossguns Bridge: at Phibsborough Road and the Royal Canal. (6.438) **12 Aboard of the *Bugabu*** From a song by J.P. Rooney called 'Aboard the Bugaboo', a satirical ballad about the difficulty of navigating a turf barge. (6.441) **13 Athlone, Mullingar, Moyvalley** Three towns on the Royal Canal, listed in an eastward progression towards Dublin. (6.444) **14 Hire some old crock, safety** Crock: a dilapidated bicycle (*OED*). Safety: safety bicycle, a bicycle with a lower seat which supposedly offered greater safety for the rider (*OED*). (6.446)

76 **1 Wren** P. Wren's Auction Rooms: 9 Bachelor's Walk (*Thom's*, p. 2044). (6.446)

2 James M'Cann's hobby to row me o'er the ferry James McCann (1840–1904): stockbroker, politician and chairman of the Grand Canal Company (*DIB*). (6.447) **3 Leixlip, Clonsilla** Two towns to the west of Dublin: Leixlip is on the Liffey and Clonsilla on the Royal Canal. (6.450) **4 Brian Boroimhe house** A pub at 1 Prospect Terrace, on the corner of Prospect Road, north of the Crossguns Bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1700), named after Brian Boroimhe (see note at **216:10**). (6.453) **5 Fogarty** A grocer in 'Grace' from *Dubliners*; he runs 'a small shop on Glasnevin Road' (p. 166). (6.454) **6 Left him weeping I suppose** In 'Grace', 'there was a small account for groceries unsettled between [Kernan] and Mr Fogarty' (p. 166). (6.456) **7 Though lost to sight, Mr Dedalus said, to memory dear** From the song 'To Memory You Are Dear' (*c.*1840), words by George Linley (1798–1865). (6.457) **8 Finglas road** Finglas Road runs along the southern side of Prospect Cemetery, forking north-west from Prospect Road. (6.458) **9 silent shapes appeared, white, sorrowful, holding out calm hands** The funerary statues at Dennany's (see following note). (6.460) **10 Thos. H. Dennany** Thomas H. Dennany ran a tombstone and funerary-sculpture business on Prospect Avenue, Glasnevin, right off Finglas Road (*Thom's*, p. 1850). (6.462) **11 Jimmy Geary the sexton's** J.W. Geary: sexton of Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, lived at 18 Oak Terrace, North Circular Road (*Thom's*, p. 1878). Sexton: a church officer. (6.464) **12 where Childs was murdered** On 2nd September 1899, Thomas Childs, aged seventy-six, was murdered at 5 Bengal Terrace, Glasnevin. His brother, Samuel, was tried but acquitted of the murder. (6.469) **13 Seymour Bushe got him off** Seymour Bushe (1853–1922): Irish barrister and senior Crown Counsel for the county and city of Dublin. Bushe successfully defended Samuel Childs of the charge of having murdered his brother Thomas. Joyce attended the trial (Ellmann, p. 91). (6.470) **14 Only circumstantial** During the Childs trial, Bushe defended Samuel Childs by claiming 'the evidence that Samuel Childs had murdered his brother Thomas rested chiefly on the fact that only Samuel had a key to the house, and that there was no evidence for the murderer's having entered by force' (*Evening Telegraph*, 21st October 1899, quoted in Ellmann, p. 756 n. 49). (6.473) **15 Better for ninetynine guilty to escape** This combines Jesus's claim that 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance' (Luke 15:7, also Matt. 18:12–14) with Sir William Blackstone's (British jurist, 1723–80) assertion that 'it is better that ten guilty persons escape than that one innocent suffer' (*Commentaries on the Laws of England*, vol. 4, p. 352). (6.474) **16 Murderer's ground** After the superstition that the ground where a murder has occurred is doomed to remain infertile and barren. After Cain murders his brother Abel, God curses him: 'When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth' (Gen. 4:12). (6.476) **17 Shuttered, tenantless** In 1904 Thomas Childs's former address, 5 Bengal Terrace, was not tenantless: it was occupied by Richard Moran (*Thom's*, p. 1696). (6.476) **18 unweeded garden** From Hamlet's first soliloquy: "'Tis an unweeded garden, / That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature / Possess it merely" (Act I, Sc. 2, 135–37). (6.477) **19 Murder will out** A proverbial phrase with many antecedents, the earliest being Chaucer's 'Nun's Priest's Tale' from the *Canterbury Tales*: 'Mordre wol out, that se we day by day' (l. 3052). (6.482) **20 Prospects** Should read 'Prospect', as in Prospect Cemetery (this error was introduced in the 1926 edition), the original name for Glasnevin Cemetery. A Catholic cemetery founded in 1832 by Daniel O'Connell in the village of Glasnevin, which is situated to the north-west of the city; it was amalgamated into the city in 1900 (Bennett). (6.486) **21 Dark poplars, rare white forms** The trees at Glasnevin are yews, not poplars. (6.486) **22 felly** The exterior rim of a wheel which is supported by the spokes (*OED*). (6.490)

77 1 Simnel cakes Simnel cake: 'a rich currant cake, usually eaten on Mid-Lent Sunday in certain districts' (*OED*). (6.501) **2 the boy** Dignam's son Patsy. (6.505) **3 Finglas** A small village about 6.5 km north-west of Prospect Cemetery. (6.507) **4 Got here before us, dead as he is** Alludes to the story of Elpenor, a companion of Odysseus, who died drunk when he fell off Circe's roof (*Odyssey*, x, 552–60). Elpenor is the first of the shades Odysseus sees in Hades (xi, 57–58). (6.510) **5 skeowways** Hiberno-English, askew. (6.511) **6 Mount Jerome** The Protestant cemetery in Harold's Cross, south-west of Dublin (Bennett). (6.513) **7 mutes** Hired mourners who remain silent at the ceremony (*OED*). (6.521) **8 Had the Queen's hotel in Ennis. You heard him say he was going to Clare** Ennis: a town in County Clare, 225 km west of Dublin. The Queen's Hotel, which Bloom's father owned, is located on Abbey Street. (6.529) **9 cardinal's mausoleum** The tomb of Cardinal Edward MacCabe (1816–85), archbishop of Dublin (1879–85) and cardinal (1882–85). The mausoleum,

designed by George Copinger Ashlin (1837–1921), is in the shape of a crucifix, with decorated mosaic floors depicting the four Evangelists. (6.534) **10 trying to get the youngster into Artane** Artane: a village in Donnycarney parish, 4.8 km north of Dublin, home of the O'Brien Institute for Destitute Children, which was run by the Christian Brothers (Roman Catholic). (6.537) **11 try to get one of the girls into Todd's** Todd, Burns, & Co., Ltd: 'silk mercers, linen and woolen drapers, tailors, and boot and shoe and furnishing warehouse &c.', 17, 18 and 47 Mary Street, and 24–28 Jervis Street (*Thom's*, p. 2026). (6.539) **12 Wise men say. There are more women than men in the world** From the chorus of the song 'Three Women to Every Man', by Fred Murray and Fred R. Leigh. (6.546) **13 I hope you'll soon follow him. For Hindu widows only** A reference to suttee, the practice of Hindu widows throwing themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres. The word derives from the Sanskrit *sati*, meaning a virtuous wife (*Brewer's*). (6.547) **14 Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died** Queen Victoria was left a widow at the death of her husband, Prince Albert, in 1861. She spent the rest of her life in mourning, a practice which greatly influenced mourning rituals among Victorian aristocracy, particularly women. When she died in 1901, the exaggerated expressions of grief she inspired greatly diminished. (6.549)

78 **1 Victoria and Albert. Frogmore memorial mourning** The tomb in which Prince Albert, Queen Victoria and Victoria's mother are buried is at the Frogmore Lodge at Windsor Castle. (6.550) **2 All for a shadow. Consort not even a king** Victoria's husband Albert was prince-consort, not king. (6.551) **3 Cork's own town** Simon Dedalus is originally from Cork, a seaport and manufacturing centre 260 km south-west of Dublin. 'Cork's Own Town' is the title of an 1825 song by Thomas Crofton Croker (1798–1854). (6.558) **4 Cork park races** An annual series of races on a track in Cork's public park. (6.559) **5 six and eightpence** 'A lawyer's fee' (*OED*). (6.560) **6 Dick Tivy** The 1901 census of Ireland lists a Henry Lawrence Tivy, age 52, as residing in Cork. (6.560) **7 a whip** 'A call or appeal to a number of persons for contributions to a sum or fund' (*OED*). (6.564) **8 John Henry Menton** A solicitor and commissioner of affidavits, with offices at 27 Bachelor's Walk. He lived at 3 Cumberland Place, North Circular Road, and was admitted to the bar in 1884 (*Thom's*, pp. 925, 1955). (6.568) **9 I owe three shillings to O'Grady** An allusion to the song 'I Owe $10 to O'Grady' (1887) by Harry Kennedy. (6.578) **10 Which end is his head?** In a Catholic funeral, the corpse is carried from the house to the church with its feet foremost. Once on the funeral bier inside the Church, the feet are placed nearest the altar, unless the corpse is a priest, in which case it is the reverse. (6.580) **11 brass bucket with something in it** The bucket has holy water and a brush called an aspergill to sprinkle the water over the coffin. (6.589) **12 Who'll read the book? I, said the rook** From the nursery rhyme 'Who Killed Cock Robin?': 'Who'll be the parson? / I said the Rook / With my little book, / I'll be the parson' (*ODNR*). (6.591) **13 Father Coffey** The Reverend Francis Coffey: acting chaplain at Glasnevin (the Very Reverend Henry Murphy was the chaplain); he lived at 65 Dalymount on the North Circular Road (*Thom's*, pp. 1557, 1934). (6.595) **14** ***Dominenamine*** A jumbled version of the priest's Latin, *In nomine Domini* ('In the name of the Lord'). (6.595) **15 Bully about the muzzle** 'Too thick and large in the mouth', an expression of dog fanciers (Partridge). (6.596) **16 Muscular christian** An expression coined about 1857 to ridicule Charles Kingsley's (1819–75) prescription of physical strength and bodily vigour in the education of young Christians (*OED*). (6.596) **17 Thou art Peter** From Matthew 16:18, where Jesus says to his apostle Simon: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'. (6.597) **18 With a belly on him like a poisoned pup** Pot-bellied (Partridge). (6.598)

79 **1** ***Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine*** Latin. 'Do not weigh the deeds of your servant, Lord'; the beginning of the Absolution, which usually follows the Funeral Mass. (6.601) **2 Crape weepers** Crape: a gauzy fabric used to make mourning accessories (*OED*). Weeper: a badge of mourning, usually on a man's sleeve, but also around his hat (*OED*). (6.603) **3 Mervyn Brown** Mervyn A. Browne: 'professor of music and organist', 48 Drumcondra Road (*Thom's*, p. 181). (6.609) **4 vaults of saint Werburgh's** An ancient church on Werburgh Street in central southern Dublin, originally built in 1178. Twenty-seven vaults below the church still exist from the original edifice (Bennett). (6.609) **5 lovely old organ hundred and fifty** After being gutted by fire in 1754, St Werburgh's Church was rebuilt. It reopened in 1759 but did not have a new organ until 1767 (Bennett), thereby making its organ close to 150 years old in 1904. (6.610) **6 you're a goner** Should read 'doner'. Doner: 'one who is done for, ruined,

fated shortly to die: lower classes' (Partridge). The error was made on the proof pages. (6.612) **7 The priest took a stick with a knob at the end** See note at **78:11**. (6.614) **8** ***Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*** Latin, 'And lead us not into temptation'; from the Lord's Prayer. (6.618) **9** ***In paradisum*** Latin, 'Into paradise'; the beginning of the hymn sung or spoken as the coffin is carried off to be buried. (6.628) **10 O'Connell circle** The O'Connell circle is a round area near the centre of Glasnevin; O'Connell was originally buried here after his death in 1847, but in 1869 his remains were relocated to a crypt in the O'Connell Monument, a 51.5-metre-high copy of an Irish round tower near the mortuary chapel the men have just emerged from (Bennett). That the reference is to this monument can be deduced by Mr Power's glance at 'the apex of the lofty cone'. (6.641) **11 But his heart is buried in Rome** Daniel O'Connell died at Genoa in 1847 on the way back from a pilgrimage to Rome. His body was returned to Dublin, but his heart was removed and put in St Agatha's Church (Chiesa di Sant'Agata dei Goti) at the Irish College, Rome (*DIB*). (6.643)

80 **1 the Irish church** That is, the Protestant Church of Ireland. (6.665) **2** ***I am the resurrection and the life*** In the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*, the service for the Burial of the Dead begins with these words from John 11:25, in which Jesus reminds Lazarus's sister Martha that he has the power to raise her brother again to life. These words are also recited in the Catholic service, albeit in Latin. (6.670) **3 Come forth, Lazarus!** 'And when he [Jesus] thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus come forth' (John 11:43). (6.678) **4 Mat Dillon's, in Roundtown** Roundtown is an area named after a circle of houses in Terenure, a village on the outskirts of Dublin. Mathew Dillon (b.*c.*1831) was a friend of the Joyce family. *Thom's* directories from 1880–1895 give his address as Brighton House, Brighton Road, Rathgar. (6.697)

81 **1 Wisdom Hely's** Hely's, Ltd: a Dublin stationer and printer at 27–30 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1895). The managing director was Charles Wisdom Hely. Bloom started work there when he married Molly. (6.703) **2 coon** A person in hopeless difficulty (Partridge). (6.704) **3 John O'Connell** John K. O'Connell: the superintendent of Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin (*Thom's*, p. 1973). (6.710) **4 Mulcahy from the Coombe** Mulcahy's identity is unknown. See note at **60:5** for the Coombe. (6.723) **5 Keys: like Keyes's ad** See note at **88:17**. (6.740) **6** ***Habeat corpus*** Should read '*Habeas corpus*' (the error was made on the proof pages). *Habeas corpus*: Latin, 'you should have the body'; 'A writ issuing out of a court of justice, or awarded by a judge in vacation, requiring the body of a person to be brought before the judge or into the court for the purpose specified in the writ' (*OED*). (6.741) **7 Ballsbridge** A wealthy suburb in the south-east of Dublin. (6.742) **8 Silver threads among the grey** From the title of a popular song of the late nineteenth century, 'Silver Threads among the Gold' (1874), words by Eben E. Rexford and music by Hart Pease Danks. (6.746)

82 **1 when churchyards yawn** From Hamlet's brief soliloquy after his accusatory play, and before he confronts his mother in her chamber about her infidelity to his father: '"Tis now the very witching time of night, / When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out / Contagion to this world' (Act III, Sc. 2, 406–8). (6.750) **2 Daniel O'Connell** See note at **25:15**. (6.750) **3 breedy** 'Breeding readily; prolific' (*OED*). Rumour has it that Daniel O'Connell fathered many illegitimate children. (6.751) **4 Will o' the wisp. Gas of graves** The will-o'-the wisp, or *ignis fatuus*; a phosphorescent light hovering above marshes, which seems to move as its observer moves (*OED*). (6.752) **5 Love among the tombstones** From the title of Robert Browning's 'Love among the Ruins' (1855). (6.758) **6 In the midst of death we are in life** See note at **73:19**. (6.759) **7 frilled beefsteaks** Should read 'grilled beefsteaks'. This mistake was introduced in the Odyssey Press edition. (6.760) **8 to grig** Hiberno-English, to irritate, to annoy, tantalize; from the Irish word *griog* (*OED*). (6.761) **9 Major Gamble** Major George Francis Gamble: the registrar and secretary of Mount Jerome Cemetery (Protestant) at Harold's Cross (*Thom's*, p. 1877). (6.768) **10 Mastiansky** See note at **47:10**. (6.770) **11 Botanic gardens** See note at **55:25**. (6.770) **12 Same idea those jews they said killed the christian boy** A reference to the 'blood accusation' or 'blood libel', based on the belief that Jews murdered Christian children in order to use their blood in rituals. This goes back to at least the fifth century. (6.771) **13 By carcass of William Wilkinson, auditor and accountant** Prospect Cemetery lists two William Wilkinsons. One died in 1865 at the age of sixteen, and another died in 1899 at six months. (6.773) **14 Deathmoths** That is, the death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*), a moth with a thorax marked like a skull (*OED*). (6.780) **15 Your head it simply swurls. Those pretty little seaside gurls** See note at **48:8**. (6.784)

16 Gravediggers in *Hamlet* In *Hamlet* two peasants digging Ophelia's grave indulge in ironic wordplay about death with Hamlet (v, 1). (6.792) **17 *De mortuis nil nisi prius*** Latin, 'Concerning the dead, [speak] nothing [bad] unless first'; *nisi prius* is a legal term for a court held for trials of issues of fact before a jury and a judge. (6.794)

83 1 We come to bury Cæsar From Marc Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar* (Act III, Sc. 2, 74). (6.803) **2 His ides of March or June** Again, after *Julius Caesar* (Act I, Sc. 2, 18): Caesar was killed at the Capitol on the ides (15th) of March. The date of the ides varies from month to month, and in June it is the 13th, the day Dignam died. (6.803) **3 galoot** Awkward fellow (*OED*). (6.805) **4 Robinson Crusoe was true to life. Well then Friday buried him** Daniel Defoe's (1660–1731) *Robinson Crusoe* (1719): Crusoe is marooned on a tropical island and meets a loyal native he names Friday. Crusoe doesn't die on the island. (6.811) **5 *O, poor Robinson Crusoe*** [...] From a nursery rhyme: 'Poor old Robinson Crusoe! / Poor old Robinson Crusoe! / They made him a coat, / Of an old nanny goat, / I wonder how they could do so! / With a ring a ting tang, / And a ring a ting tang, / Poor old Robinson Crusoe!' (*ODNR*). (6.813) **6 Bit of clay from the holy land** From the Jewish custom that the soil of Palestine was holy and so if one could not be buried there, a handful of soil from Palestine would be placed in the coffin. (6.819) **7 Only a mother and deadborn child ever buried in the one coffin** Jewish burial habits allow a mother who has died giving birth to a stillborn child to be buried with the child in a single coffin, although in Jewish customs this is not the only time two people are allowed to be buried together. (6.819) **8 The Irishman's house is his coffin** Inverts the proverb 'an Englishman's house is his castle' (*ODEP*). (6.821) **9 Lombard street west** In the Jewish area known as 'Little Jerusalem' in southern Dublin, near the Grand Canal. The Blooms lived there in 1892–93. (6.829) **10 Mesias** George Robert Mesias: tailor, 5 Eden Quay (*Thom's*, p. 955). (6.831) **11 No such ass. Never see a dead one, they say.** P.W. Joyce lists the following Irish proverb: 'Three things no person ever saw: – a highlander's kneebuckle, a dead ass, a tinker's funeral' (PWJ, p. 111). (6.837)

84 1 Last act of *Lucia. Shall I nevermore behold thee? Lucia di Lammermoor* (1835): an opera by Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) based on Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Bride of Lammermoor* (1819). The story involves two lovers kept apart by the hostilities of their families. (6.852) **2 Even Parnell. Ivy day dying out** Ivy Day: the anniversary of Charles Stewart Parnell's death on 6th October (1891). On that day, Parnell's supporters wore a leaf of ivy (an evergreen, symbolizing faithfulness) in their lapels; see Joyce's 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' in *Dubliners*. (6.855) **3 We are praying now for the repose of his soul** Catholic doctrine since the Council of Trent dictates that the sufferings of the dead in Purgatory are alleviated by prayers offered on their behalf (*EB11*, s.v. Purgatory). (6.857) **4 Someone walking over it** There is an old superstition that when you shiver in the sun (i.e., although it is warm), you are anticipating the moment when someone will walk over your grave. (6.861) **5 towards Finglas** See note at 77:3. (6.862) **6 took heart of grace** Plucked up courage (*OED*). (6.874) **7 job in the morgue under Louis Byrne** Dr Louis A. Byrne: city coroner of Dublin, he lived at 79 Harcourt Street and 3 Store Street (*Thom's*, p. 1822, p. 1349). (6.885) **8 died of a Tuesday** In Hiberno-English, especially in Dublin, 'of' is frequently used in place of 'on' (Dolan). (6.887) **9 Got the run** Was fired (Partridge). (6.887) **10 Levanted with the cash of a few ads** To levant: 'to steal away, to "bolt"' (*OED*). (6.887) **11 Charley, you're my darling** From 'Charlie Is My Darling', a Scottish folk song in honour of Charles Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie, 1720–88, Jacobite pretender to the throne), words by Lady Nairne (1766–1845). McCoy's first name is Charles. (6.888) **12 Has anybody here seen? Kay ee double ell** See note at 74:12. (6.900)

85 1 chief's grave The 'chief' is Parnell. He is buried opposite the chapel at Prospect Cemetery. As of 1904, no tombstone had been placed there. (6.919) **2 Some say he is not in that grave at all** Since Parnell's corpse was never displayed at his wake, it was widely believed that the coffin was actually full of stones and that Parnell had not died but had fled Ireland. (6.923) **3 old Ireland's hearts and hands** The title of a song by Richard F. Harvey. (6.930) **4 Pray for the repose of the soul of** See note at 84:3. (6.931) **5 All souls' day** All Souls' Day: 2nd November; Roman Catholics take this day for the particular remembrance of the souls of those in Purgatory. (6.933) **6 Twentyseventh I'll be at his grave** See note at 71:2. (6.933) **7 Eulogy in a country churchyard** A mistake for Thomas Gray's (1716–71) poem 'Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard' (1751). Bloom's erroneous guesses for the authorship are William Wordsworth (1770–1850) and Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), a Scottish poet. (6.940) **8 Old Dr Murren's. The**

great physician called him home There is no Dr Murren listed as a registered medical professional in *Thom's*. (6.942) **9 God's acre** A graveyard (*OED*). (6.943) **10 *Church Times*** An Anglican weekly, representing the High Church, which carried, as Bloom notes, personal ads. (6.945) **11 Immortelles** French, immortals; the name of 'various flowers of composite texture which retain their texture after being dried' (*OED*). (6.948) **12 alderman Hooper** John Hooper (1846–97): an alderman of the Cork Corporation, for the south ward (1883–90) and an MP for Cork County South East 1885–89. Before entering politics, he worked for the *Freeman's Journal* (*DIB*). (6.950) **13 catapults** Slingshots made from a forked stick and an elastic band (*OED*). (6.951)

86 **1 The Sacred Heart that is: showing it** The Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque (1647–90; canonized in 1920) saw visions of Jesus taking his heart and placing it in hers. She then established the festival of the Sacred Heart (since 1882, the second Sunday in July) and the Litany of the Sacred Heart, a Christian devotion. (6.954) **2 Heart on his sleeve** In representations of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Jesus's heart is shown on the outside of his body. To have one's heart on one's sleeve is an idiom meaning to have the secrets of one's heart on display for general show. (6.954) **3 Apollo that was** Bloom has probably confused the name of the Greek god Apollo, with Apollodorus (fifth century BC), a Greek painter thought to have pioneered the use of shading to give dimension and light contours to his paintings. The myth that Bloom has in mind is associated with Zeuxis (fifth century BC), who is reputed to have painted grapes so realistically that birds tried to eat them. (6.959) **4 Faithful departed** The common phrase is often found on tombstones, in the Requiem Mass, in liturgies of the dead and in meditations on the Stations of the Holy Cross. (6.960) **5 As you are now so once were we** This is a conventional formula in epitaphs, common in Ireland. (6.961) **6 old stager** 'A veteran, an old hand' (*OED*). (6.974) **7 Robert Emery. Robert Emmet** There is no Robert Emery buried at Glasnevin. Robert Emmet (1778–1803): United Irishman who led a group of rebels against Dublin Castle in the summer of 1803. The plot to seize the Castle failed, and Emmet was captured and executed. The location of his final resting place has never been established (*DIB*). See also note at **176:15**. (6.977) **8 *Voyages in China*** A book on Bloom's bookshelf, see note at **499:17**. (6.983) **9 Cremation better. Priests dead against it** Christianity traditionally discouraged cremation, which was associated with pagan beliefs, but cremation was not officially opposed by the Catholic Church until the late nineteenth century (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (6.984) **10 Devilling for the other firm** Devil: a junior lawyer in a barrister's employ (*OED*). (6.984) **11 Time of the plague. Quicklime fever pits to eat them** Outbreaks of the bubonic plague struck Europe in the 1340s and London in 1664–65. Victims' bodies would be burned or buried in pits with quicklime to prevent further contagion. (6.985) **12 Ashes to ashes** From the Burial of the Dead in the *Book of Common Prayer*. (6.986) **13 Where is that Parsee tower of silence? Eaten by birds** The Parsees (or Parsis): a small religious sect in India. They dispose of corpses by placing them in circular towers where they fall prey to vultures that devour them. The name for a Parsee tower for the dead is a 'tower of silence' (*OED*, s.v. silence). (6.987) **14 Drowning they say is the pleasantest** See note at **39:13**. (6.988) **15 Mrs Sinico's funeral** Mrs Sinico's life and death (quasi-suicidal, hit by a train) is told in 'A Painful Case' in *Dubliners*. (6.997)

87 **1 Mat Dillon's long ago** Bloom first met Molly at Mat Dillon's; see also note at **80:4**. (6.1008) **2 Tantalus glasses** An allusion to Homer's Tantalus, who was cursed with thirst and surrounded by water which receded each time he tried to drink from it (*Odyssey*, XI, 582–87). A Tantalus glass is a prank object which frustrates drinking (*OED*, s.v. Tantalus cup). (6.1010) **3 Got his rag out** Grew angry (Partridge). (6.1010) **4 I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias** In lawn bowling a player wins by being closest to the targeted ball, the 'jack'. The ball (bowl) is made with an uneven weight which allows it to travel in an arc, so that one can 'sail inside' one's opponent's bowl and land nearer the jack. 'Bias' refers to the ball's oblique line of motion (*OED*). (6.1011) **5 Floey Dillon** One of Mat Dillon's six daughters; see note at **272:11**. (6.1013) **6 chapfallen** 'With the chap or lower jaw hanging down, as an effect of extreme exhaustion or debility, of a wound received, or *esp.* of death' (*OED*). (6.1027)

'AEOLUS'

Time: 12–1 p.m.
Location: the offices of the *Freeman's Journal*, 4–8 Prince's Street North

88 **1 Nelson's pillar** See note at **72:14**. (7.3) **2 trams** Nelson's Pillar was the central terminus for Dublin's extensive network of trams (Bennett). (7.3) **3 Blackrock, Kingstown and**

Dalkey These are Dublin suburbs on the bay, all serviced by the same tramline. Blackrock is 8 km south-east of Dublin, Kingstown (where the pier stands) is 9.7 km, and Dalkey (where Stephen taught school) is 13 km. (7.4) **4 Clonskea** Clonskea (also spelt 'Clonskeagh'): a village 4.8 km south-south-east of central Dublin, on the River Dodder. It was the terminal stop for one of the tramlines. (7.4) **5 Rathgar and Terenure** Rathgar is 4.5 km south of central Dublin, between Rathmines and Terenure (formerly Roundtown), which is just to the south-west of Rathgar. Rathgar and Terenure were serviced by the same line. (7.4) **6 Palmerston park and upper Rathmines** Rathmines is a suburb 3.2 km south of Nelson's Pillar. Palmerston Park (not to be confused with the town of the same name 8 km west of Dublin centre) is a street and, obviously, a park in Rathmines. (7.5) **7 Sandymount Green** Sandymount Green is near the beach where Stephen walked in 'Proteus' and Bloom will walk in 'Nausicaa'. The tramline to the Green is one of two Sandymount trams. (7.5) **8 Rathmines** A separate tramline with a terminal stop at the Dodder near Milltown via Upper Rathmines. (7.5) **9 Ringsend and Sandymount tower** Ringsend lies on the southern side of the mouth of the Liffey; the Martello Tower in Sandymount is about 800 metres from Sandymount Green. (7.6) **10 Harold's Cross** A neighbourhood 3.6 km south-west of the General Post Office, on the Grand Canal. (7.6) **11 Dublin United Tramway Company's** Dublin United Tramways Company: 9 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1859); established in 1881 (Bennett). (7.6) **12 general post office** On Sackville (O'Connell) Street between Prince's Street North and Henry Street. Nelson's Pillar stood in Sackville Street in front of the G.P.O. (7.15) **13 E. R.** Initials of 'Edward Rex': King Edward VII (1841–1910, r.1901–1910). (7.17) **14 draymen** Dray: a low cart without sides used by brewers (*OED*); therefore, draymen: operators of such carts. (7.21) **15 Prince's stores** A warehouse at 13 Prince's Street North (*Thom's*, p. 1573). (7.21) **16 Red Murray** Joyce's maternal uncle, John Murray (1856–1910), was nicknamed 'Red'. He worked in the accounts department of the *Freeman's Journal* (Ellmann, p. 19). John Murray is also the basis of Stephen's uncle John (see note at **31:24**). (7.25) **17 Alexander Keyes** A well-established grocer in Dublin. In 1904, his shop was at 5–6 Ballsbridge (*Thom's*, p. 2066); however, *Thom's* 'County Dublin Directory' lists the proprietor of 5–6 Ballsbridge as 'Fagan Bros. Grocers, wine and spirit merchants' (p. 1635). (7.25) **18 *Telegraph* office** The *Evening Telegraph* was owned by the same company as the *Freeman's Journal*: Freeman's Journal, Ltd. Its offices were at 83 Middle Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1409). (7.27) **19 Ruttledge's office** According to Ellmann, Ruttledge was the cashier of the *Evening Telegraph* (p. 289). However, Robert Adams says he was the advertising manager (*SS*, p. 216). (7.28) **20 Davy Stephens** Davy Stephens ran a news-stand near the Kingstown mailboat for nearly fifty years. He sold papers to King Edward VII during his visit to Ireland in 1903 (Cyril Pearl, *Dublin in Bloomtime*, p. 49). He lived at 27 Upper George's Street, in Kingstown (*Thom's*, p. 1723). (7.28) **21 Scissors and paste** A standard phrase to describe journalistic editing and the name of one of the newspapers run by Arthur Griffith (see note at **34:17**) from 1914–1915. (7.32) **22 par** Journalistic truncation of 'paragraph' (*OED*). (7.34)

89 **1 WILLIAM BRAYDEN** William Henry Brayden (1865–1933): barrister and editor of the *Freeman's Journal* from 1892–1916 (*DIB*). He lived at Oaklands, Serpentine Avenue, Sandymount (*Thom's*, p. 1815). (7.38) **2 Mary, Martha** See note at **61:1**. (7.52) **3 Mario the tenor** Giovanni Matteo De Candia (1810–83): famous Italian tenor, usually referred to by just his stage name 'Mario'. He frequently played Lionel in von Flotow's *Martha* (see following note). The cover for the music sheet of *Martha* has a picture of him looking very Christ-like. (7.53) **4 *Martha*** *Martha, oder der Markt zu Richmond* (*Martha, or the Richmond Fair*): a light opera (1847) with music by Friedrich von Flotow (1812–83) and libretto by Friedrich Wilhelm von Riese. The male protagonist (and Martha's beleaguered lover) is named Lionel. (7.58) **5 *Co-ome thou lost one*** [...] From Lionel's aria *M'appari* in *Martha*. (7.59) **6 His grace** Archbishop William Walsh of Dublin (see note at **61:15**). The publisher of the *Freeman's Journal*, Thomas Sexton, often feuded with Walsh. (7.62) **7 Nannetti's** Joseph Patrick Nannetti (1851–1915): the foreman printer of the *Freeman's Journal*; born in Ireland of Italian descent. From 1900–1906 he was a Dublin city councillor for the Rotunda Ward and an MP for the College Green Division. In 1904, he lived at 19 Hardwicke Street (*Thom's*, pp. 416f). He was lord mayor of Dublin from 1906–1907. Nannetti was not in Dublin on 16th June 1904, see note at **229:15**. (7.75) **8 Hynes** See note at **69:3**. (7.76)

90 **1 Member for College green** College Green, right in front of Trinity College, was the site of Ireland's Parliament, which was dissolved by the Act of Union in 1800. Nannetti was MP for College Green from 1900–1906.

(7.87) **2 stale news in the official gazette** The *Dublin Gazette* was an official publication of His Majesty's Stationery Office, published twice weekly. (7.89) **3 Queen Anne is dead** A catchphrase for any news reported long after it was already common knowledge (Partridge). (7.90) **4 Demesne situate in the townland of Rosenallis, barony of Tinnachinch** For 'Tinnachinch' read 'Tinnahinch' (the mistake was made on the page proofs). Demesne: legal term for an estate held by its owner (not rented). Situate: legalistic way of saying situated. Townland: in Ireland, a division of land of varying extent. Barony: a division of a county (all *OED*). Rosenallis: a town just off the eastern end of the Slieve Bloom Mountains in County Laois, about 80 km west-south-west of Dublin. Tinnahinch: a barony within County Laois. (7.91) **5 jennets exported from Ballina** Jennet: a 'small Spanish horse' (*OED*). Ballina: a port in County Mayo, on the west coast. (7.93) **6 Nature notes** The *Weekly Freeman* ran a page of farming tips under this name. (7.94) **7 Cartoons** In the *Weekly Freeman*, 'Our Cartoon' was a regular feature; it was not a drawing but, rather, satirical verse. (7.94) **8 Phil Blake's weekly Pat and Bull story** Phil Blake drew cartoons for the *Weekly Freeman* in the 1890s and 1900s. (7.94) **9 Uncle Toby's page for tiny tots** In 1904 the *Weekly Freeman* ran a section entitled 'Uncle Remus's Address to his Nieces and Nephews', which contained diversions and essays for children. (7.94) **10 Country bumpkin's queries** The *Weekly Freeman* ran a section entitled 'Our Letterbox', which offered advice to puzzled readers. (7.95) **11 M. A. P.** Acronym for *Mainly About People*, a penny weekly magazine edited by Thomas Power O'Connor (see note at **102:18**). (7.97) **12 Cuprani too, printer** Menotti Vincent Caprani (here misspelt 'Cuprani', *c.*1869–1932): a member the printers' union of the *Freeman's Journal* in the early 1900s. He and his brother both married sisters named O'Connor. (7.99) **13 More Irish than the Irish** After the Latin phrase *Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior*, which Joyce uses in his essay 'Ireland: Island of Saints and Sages': 'It was the Protestants, who had now become *Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior*, more Irish than the Irish themselves, that were inciting the Irish Catholics to oppose the Calvinist and Lutheran fanatics from across the water' (*OCPW*, p. 115). (7.100) **14 threefour time** The rhythm commonly used in the waltz. (7.101) **15 monkeydoodle** 'Foolish, meddling, mischievous' (*OED*). (7.104) **16 Soon be calling him my lord mayor** This prediction came true: in 1906 Nannetti was elected lord mayor of Dublin. (7.106) **17 Long John** Long John Fanning: the subsheriff of Dublin, described in 'Grace' in *Dubliners* as 'the registration agent and mayor maker of the city' (p. 172). The actual subsheriff in 1904 was John Clancy (*Thom's*, pp. 1347, 1831). Clancy was a neighbour of the Joyces when they lived at 17 North Richmond Street from late 1894–98 (Ellmann, p. 43). (7.106) **18 Meagher's** A pub at 4 Earl Street North (*Thom's*, p. 954), three blocks north of the Liffey and two blocks from the *Freeman's Journal* offices. (7.119)

91 **1 Two crossed keys** Two crossed keys are the symbol of the House of Keys, the lower house of the Manx Parliament (see note at **91:4**). Crossed keys are also a symbol of the papacy, following Matthew 16:18–19. (7.142) **2 tea, wine and spirit merchant** The official and legal designation for a pub keeper. (7.143) **3 round the top in leaded** Leaded type has its lines separated by leads, that is, a thin strip of type-metal or brass which is less than the height of the type (*OED*). (7.145) **4 Manx parliament** The Isle of Man became a dependency of the British crown in 1765, but their parliament, the House of Keys, maintained, in contrast to Ireland, some measure of autonomy. Since the Manx peoples are of Celtic origin, their relative independence from English control was taken as a possible model for the Home Rule movement in Ireland (Erskine Childers, *The Framework of Home Rule*, p. 288). (7.150) **5 that *voglio*** See note at **49:6**. (7.152) **6 Kilkenny** A county and a county town on the River Nore in south-eastern Ireland. Keyes had no businesses in Kilkenny. (7.155)

92 **1 archbishop's letter** The letter is fictional; nothing like this appears in either the *Freeman's Journal* or the *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904; see note at **89:6**. (7.181) **2 Monks** Identity unknown; perhaps the name is a joke since he is the 'dayfather' (see note at **92:5**). (7.185) **3 castingbox** 'A box used in taking a cast for stereotyping' (*OED*). (7.185) **4 August: good idea: horseshow month. Ballsbridge** The horse show, sponsored by the Royal Dublin Society (founded 1731) and held on its Ballsbridge property, was the high point of Dublin's social life. The show is usually held in early August; in 1904, it took place on 23rd–26th August. (7.193) **5 DAYFATHER** The shop steward or foreman of the staff in the printing office. It is related to 'father of the chapel', where a chapel 'is an association of journeymen [printers]' (*Brewer's*, s.v. chapel). (7.195) **6 found drowned** See note at **18:16**. (7.199) **7 Daughter working the machine in the parlour** That is, a sewing machine, suggesting that she took in jobs at home. (7.201) **8 Plain Jane, no damn nonsense**

'A woman who, especially if plain-looking, is staid and capable and unassuming' (Partridge). (7.201) **9 PASSOVER** The feast of Passover commemorates the anniversary of the Jews' exodus from Egypt. This headline echoes the New Testament: 'And it was the preparation of the passover' (John 19:14). (7.203) **10 Reads it backwards first** Bloom is mistaken. He imagines that typesetters proof-read by reading backwards (right to left) and this reminds him of his father reading Hebrew. Actually, typesetters read left to right, but they place the letters in the composing stick upside down. Therefore each word appears left to right but with each letter reversed. (7.205) **11 his hagadah book** Haggadah: Hebrew, Passover story. The Haggadah is the name of the book that contains the text of the service for Passover, known as the Seder (*OED*) and tells of the story of the exodus from Egypt. (7.206) **12 Pessach** Hebrew, Passover. (7.207) **13 Next year in Jerusalem** This phrase concludes the Seder on Passover eve, expressing the desire of the participants to return to the Holy Land. (7.207) **14 that brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage** A misquotation of Exodus 20:2: 'I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage'. This phrase is repeated in the Seder services: 'I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage' (Deut. 5:6). (7.208) **15 *alleluia*** The Latin transliteration of the Greek transliteration of the Hebrew 'Hallelujah', which means 'Praise the Lord' (*OED*). The word appears frequently in the Haggadah. (7.209) **16 *Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu*** Hebrew, 'Hear, oh Israel: the Lord [is] our God'; an incomplete version of the Hebrew sentence *Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad*, 'Hear, oh Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord' (Deut. 6:4). This is the opening phrase of the 'Shema' ('Hear'), a Jewish prayer repeated twice daily to announce God's unity and Israel's faith and loyalty to God and trust in his justice. (7.209) **17 No, that's the other** Bloom correctly remembers that recitation of the 'Shema' is not part of the Seder. (7.209) **18 Then the twelve brothers, Jacob's sons** The Seder performed on the second night of Passover includes a sort of catechism about the twelve tribes of Israel, who are all descended from Jacob's (renamed Israel) twelve sons. (7.210) **19 And then the lamb and the cat** This is the chant called the 'Chad Gadya' ('One Little Goat'), which closes the second Seder. In Bloom's version, the Angel of Death emerges victorious rather than God. (7.210) **20 Justice it means but it's everybody eating everyone else** The 'Chad Gadya' 'was for a long time regarded as an allegorical version of the principle of "jus talionis," a sort of commentary upon Exodus 21:24–25 ["Eye for an eye"]' (*Standard Jewish Encyclopaedia*). (7.213) **21 Same as Citron's house** See note at **47:9**. (7.219) **22 Thom's** Alexander Thom & Co., publishers of *Thom's Official Directory*, the *Dublin Gazette*, etc., with offices at 87–89 Abbey Street Middle, next but one to the *Freeman's Journal* (*Thom's*, p. 1409). Bloom is likely to have worked there in or around 1886. (7.224)

93 1 Ned Lambert See note at **69:2**. (7.233) **2 ERIN, GREEN GEM OF THE SILVER SEA** In Thomas Moore's song 'Let Erin Remember the Days of Old' (see also note at **36:6**), Ireland is called 'the emerald gem of the western world'. The first two lines of John Philpot Curran's (see note at **103:27**) 'Cuisle Mo Chroidhe' ('pulse of my heart') read: 'Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises! / An emerald set in the ring of the sea!' See also note at **17:3**. (7.236) **3 The ghost walks** 'There is money for salaries', used especially in journalistic and theatrical contexts (Partridge). This derives from Horatio's request to the Ghost in *Hamlet*: 'if thou hast uphoarded in thy life / Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, / For which they say, you spirits oft walk in death, / Speak of it' (Act I, Sc. 1, 139–42). (7.237) **4 professor MacHugh** Professor MacHugh is based on Hugh MacNeill, a frequently unemployed scholar who liked to pass his days at the offices of the *Evening Telegraph* (Ellmann, p. 289). He did not have the academic title 'professor', although was often called such. (7.237) **5 And Xenophon looked upon Marathon** After Lord Byron's *Don Juan* (1821): 'The mountains look on Marathon – / And Marathon looks on the sea' (III, 701–2). In 490 BC, Marathon, on the coast near Athens, was the site of a major battle where the Athenians beat the Persians. Xenophon (*c.*434–*c.*354 BC): a Greek historian who fought against the Persians, but did not write about the battle at Marathon. (7.254) **6 Bladderbags** An elaborated version of 'bladder' in the sense of 'An inflated pretentious man: "a wind-bag"' (*OED*). In the *Odyssey*, Aeolus helps Odysseus in his voyages by putting all unfavourable winds into a sealed 'bag' made from the hide of an ox (X, 19–27). (7.260) **7 Old Chatterton, the vice-chancellor** Hedges Eyre Chatterton (1819–1910): a distinguished barrister and MP who became Queen's Counsel (1858), Solicitor-General for Ireland (1866), Attorney-General (1867) and Vice-Chancellor of Ireland (1867). In 1904 he lived at Newpark, Blackrock (*Thom's*, p. 267). (7.262) **8 Subleader** In newspaper

practice, obituaries of notable people consist of the leader (the first paragraph), which is devoted to the specific details of that person's death, and the subleader, the sections that follow, which are edited from file copy compiled in advance, providing that person's biography. (7.263) **9 Johnny, make room for your uncle** Tommy, make room for your uncle: a catchphrase 'addressed to the younger man (men) in a group', after a popular song from about 1883 (Partridge). (7.264) **10 gale days** Days on which payments of rent or instalments must be paid (*OED*). (7.266) **11 fragment of Cicero's** Cicero (Marcus Tullius Cicero, 106–43 BC): a politician and Roman orator. He admonished against the use of grandiloquence. (7.270) **12 Dan Dawson's** See note at **70:2**. (7.276)

94 **1 J. J. O'Molloy** A lawyer in dire financial straits. (7.282) **2 finis** Latin, finished. (7.293) **3 Lenehan** Lenehan first appeared as one of Joyce's 'Two Gallants' in *Dubliners*: 'Most people considered Lenehan a leech but, in spite of this reputation, his adroitness and eloquence had prevented his friends from forming any general policy against him' (p. 44). Joyce took his name from Matt Lenehan, a reporter for the *Irish Times*, but his personality is based on Mick Hart, a friend of Joyce's father's (Ellmann, p. 365). (7.300) **4 pink pages** See note at **28:8**. (7.302) **5 Debts of honour** Debt of honour: 'a debt that cannot be legally enforced, but depends for its validity on the honour of the debtor; usually applied to debts incurred through gambling' (*OED*). (7.303) **6 Reaping the whirlwind** This phrase derives from the Book of Hosea, on the price Israel shall pay for its sins: 'For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind' (Hosea 8:7). (7.304) **7 D. and T. Fitzgerald** David and Thomas Fitzgerald: solicitors with offices at 20 St Andrew's Street, north Dublin. The senior partner was Thomas Fitzgerald, Justice of the Peace, Crown solicitor for Counties Donegal and Londonderry, commissioner for oaths. David Fitzgerald was a county court judge (*Thom's*, p. 1869). (7.304) **8 *Express*** *The Daily Express*: a Dublin newspaper which operated from 1851–1921. The *Express* was, in general, anti-Home Rule, but it did call for the development of the Irish economy. Its offices were at 38–40 Parliament Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1357, 1566). (7.307) **9 Gabriel Conroy** The protagonist of 'The Dead' in *Dubliners*; 'he wrote a literary column every Wednesday in *The Daily Express*' (p. 188). Bloom had thought about Gabriel's wife, Gretta, in 'Calypso' (see note at **53:15**). (7.307) **10 Myles Crawford** Crawford is based on Patrick J. Mead, who, in 1909, became the editor of the *Evening Telegraph*; in 1904 he was only the sub-editor (Ellmann, pp. 288–89). (7.307) **11 *Independent*** Parnell founded the *Irish Daily Independent* shortly before he died in 1891. In 1904 the paper was acquired by a conservative, William Martin Murphy (1844–1919) of Bantry, County Cork. The first issue of the retooled paper appeared on 2nd January 1905. Its offices were at 13 Trinity Street (*Thom's*, p. 1357). (7.308) **12 Go for one another baldheaded** An expression which recalls times when men wore wigs and would cast them off during a fistfight, argument or crisis, thus indicating intense engagement (Partridge, s.v. bald-headed). (7.311) **13 *bosky grove*** Bosky: 'covered with bushes' (*OED*), and thus redundant when used to describe a grove. (7.322)

95 **1 DORIC** 'The broad, hard dialect spoken by the natives of Doris, in Greece. Hence any broad rustic dialect, and especially that of Scotland, of which Robert Burns's verses are a notable example' (*Brewer's*). (7.326) **2 The moon, professor MacHugh said. He forgot Hamlet** That is, Dawson's speech is so formulaic that a Shakespearean reference to moonlight is expected. Indeed, Dawson's following line derives from *Hamlet*: 'But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, / Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill' (Act I, Sc. 1, 166–67). (7.325) **3 shite and onions!** This expression was a favourite of Joyce's father, and Joyce used it in his satirical poem 'Gas from a Burner'. It derives from the expression 'tripe and onions', a dismissive phrase from the nineteenth century. (7.329) **4 welshcombed** Welsh comb: 'The thumb and four fingers' (Partridge). (7.332) **5 Doughy Daw!** Dawson was called 'Doughy Daw' because he owned the Dublin Bread Company; see note at **70:2**. (7.336) **6 WETHERUP** Possibly based on William Weatherup of 37 Gloucester Street Upper, who served with Joyce's father in the office of the Collector-General of Rates (*SS*, p. 217). (7.337) **7 the sham squire** The prototype of the 'sham squire' was Francis Higgins (*c.*1745–1802), a Dublin clerk who, pretending to be of the gentry, managed to marry a wealthy young lady. Eventually, he ran the *Freeman's Journal*. (7.348) **8 North Cork militia** A paramilitary outfit allied to the English Crown in the rebellion of 1798 (Edward Hay, *History of the Irish Insurrection of 1798*, p. 105). (7.359) **9 North Cork and Spanish officers!** There were no Spanish officers in the North Cork Militia; perhaps Crawford is confusing the Militia with the Irish Brigades, Irish expatriates who served with foreign armies in the eighteenth century. (7.360) **10 In Ohio!** In June 1755, during the Seven Years' War, a British contingent of troops that included soldiers

previously affiliated with the Cork and North Cork Militias attempted an invasion of the Ohio Valley. The campaign was a failure and the troops were routed (*EB11*, s.v. Edward Braddock). (7.363) **11 Incipient jigs** An incipient jig would be a jig caused by an extrinsic source; a reference to *delirium tremens*, the jitteriness and mental imbalance suffered by alcoholics during withdrawal. (7.366) **12 A perfect cretic! the professor said. Long, short and long** Cretic: 'a metrical foot consisting of one short syllable between two long' (*OED*). (7.369) **13 O, HARP EOLIAN** Aeolian harp: 'a stringed instrument adapted to produce musical sounds on exposure to a current of air' (*OED*), named after the wind-god Aeolus. (7.370)

96 **1 Is that Canada swindle case on today?** A Dublin man, James Wought, using various aliases, was accused of selling worthless tickets to Canada. This case was reported in the Dublin *Evening Telegraph* on 16th June 1904 (p. 3, col. b). The paper reports that 'the accused was again remanded'. (7.383) **2 *Sports* tissues** *Sport*: a weekly penny paper sold on Saturdays by the Freeman's Journal, Ltd. Lenehan seems to work for *Sport*. (7.387) **3 Sceptre with O. Madden up** A jockey named O. Madden rode the horse Sceptre in the Ascot Gold Cup Race on 16th June (see note at **65:5**). The odds on Sceptre were seven to four against, and he was tipped to win the race in the *Freeman's Journal* that day (p. 7, col. b). (7.388) **4 auction rooms** Dillon's auction rooms, 25 Bachelor's Walk, just west of the O'Connell Bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1420). (7.412) **5 *Pardon, monsieur*** French, 'Excuse me, sir'. (7.417) **6 The accumulation of the *anno Domini*** Anno Domini: Latin, 'in the year of our lord'; used to express 'the passage of the years' (Partridge). (7.422)

97 **1** *We are the boys of Wexford* [...] From the Irish ballad 'The Boys of Wexford' by R. Dwyer Joyce (Irish physician and poet, 1830–83). The song celebrates the victory of the boys of Wexford over North Cork Militia during the 1798 Rebellion. According to the song, after securing victory, the Wexford boys succumbed to alcohol. (7.427) **2 Bachelor's walk** Bachelor's Walk is the first quay west of O'Connell Bridge on the north side of the Liffey. (7.430) **3 spaugs** Spaug: Hiberno-English, 'a big clumsy foot' (PWJ, p. 331). (7.448) **4 the Oval** A pub at 78 Abbey Street Middle, near the *Freeman's Journal* office (*Thom's*, p. 1409). (7.455) **5 Paddy Hooper** Patrick Hooper: a reporter for the *Freeman's Journal*; he was its last editor before it closed in 1924. In 1904, he lived at 43 Rathdown Road (*Thom's* pp. 1576, 1900). His father was John Hooper (see note at **85:12**). (7.456) **6 Jack Hall** J.B. Hall: a well-known Dublin journalist; he lived at 30 Castlewood Avenue in Rathmines (*Thom's*, p. 1888). (7.456) **7 pretty well on** Intoxicated (Partridge). (7.461) **8 CALUMET** The Native American peace pipe. (7.464)

98 **1** *'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee* [...] From an aria in Act III of the opera *The Rose of Castile* (1857) by Michael William Balfe (Anglo-Irish composer, 1808–70). (7.471) **2 *Imperium romanum*** Latin, 'the Roman Empire'. (7.478) **3 THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME** From line 10 of Edgar Allan Poe's (American poet, 1809–49) poem 'To Helen' (1831, 1845). (7.483) **4 Cloacæ** Latin, sewers. See also note at **98:7**. (7.489) **5 *It is meet to be here. Let us build an altar to Jehovah*** Meet: suitable (*OED*). In Matthew 17:4, after Peter, James and John are taken by Jesus to witness his transfiguration, Peter says: 'Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias'. (7.490) **6 (on our shore he never set it)** The Romans limited their involvement in Ireland to trade and never attempted to dominate it militarily. (7.493) **7 cloacal obsession** H.G. Wells (1866–1946) used this phrase in his review of *Portrait*. Joyce countered Wells's charge to Budgen: 'Cloacal obsession![...] Why it's Wells's countrymen who build water-closets wherever they go' (*JJMU*, p. 106). (7.493) **8 first chapter of Guinness's** This common Dublin pun elevates Guinness's brewery (at St James's Gate) to biblical stature. (7.497) **9 nature's gentlemen** 'Nature's Gentleman' is the title of a poem by Eliza Cook (English poet, 1818–89). (7.499) **10 Roman law** The mixture of common law and legislation that governed the citizens of Rome. In the Renaissance, Roman law was revived and applied as modern civil law. Modern English civil law is still based on Roman law. (7.500) **11 Pontius Pilate is its prophet** Pontius Pilate: the Roman prefect of Judaea from 26–36 AD; famous for his involvement in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The formula of MacHugh's remark sounds similar to the Islamic profession of faith: 'There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet'. (7.501) **12 chief Baron Palles** Christopher Palles (1831–1920): Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the highest judge in the Court of Exchequer, a tax court and division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland (*Thom's*, p. 1982). (7.502) **13 royal university** Founded in 1879, the Royal University is now University College Dublin. Joyce's B.A. was from the Royal University. (7.503) **14 Mr O'Madden**

Burke A *Freeman's Journal* reviewer in 'A Mother' from *Dubliners*, where he is described as 'a suave, elderly man who balanced his imposing body, when at rest, upon a large silk umbrella' (p. 145). (7.505) **15 Donegal tweed** Donegal: a county in the north-west, is the capital of Irish tweed production. Donegal tweeds are handwoven and have coarse textures and strands coloured by traditional vegetable dyes. (7.505) **16** ***Entrez, mes enfants!*** French, 'Come in, my children!' (7.507) **17 governor** Father (*OED*). (7.511)

99 **1 That old pelters** Pelter: 'a paltry or peddling person' (*OED*). (7.521) **2 Was he short taken?** To take short: to surprise, to be taken at a disadvantage (*OED*, s.v. short). Partridge adds a corollary definition, 'to soil one's underclothes'. (7.521) **3** ***On swift sail flaming*** [...] The poem Stephen wrote on the paper torn from Deasy's letter in 'Proteus'; see note at **38:4**. (7.522) **4 tartar** 'A savage, irritable, or excessively severe person [...] when applied to a woman it denotes a vixen or shrew' (*Brewer's*). (7.533) **5 Star and Garter** A hotel at 16 D'Olier Street, between Trinity College and the Liffey (*Thom's*, p. 2016). (7.535) **6 A woman brought sin into the world** See note at **28:2**. (7.536) **7 For Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus** See note at **28:3**. (7.536) **8 O'Rourke, prince of Breffni** See note at **28:5**. (7.537) **9 grass one** Grass widower: a married man who does not live with his wife (*OED*). (7.539) **10 Emperor's horses** From Deasy's letter, see note at **27:5**. (7.540) **11 Habsburg** The Habsburgs (or Hapsburgs): the ruling house of Austria from 1282 to 1918 and, prior to its abolition in 1806, the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. In 1904, Francis Joseph (1830–1916, r.1848–1916) was emperor. (7.540) **12 An Irishman saved his life** Maximilian Karl Lamoral Graf von Tirconnel, aide-de-camp to Emperor Francis Joseph, was born in Austria in 1812 to an Irish emigrant family. On 18th February 1853, the Emperor was assaulted by a Hungarian tailor named Lebenyi on the ramparts of Vienna. O'Donnell came to the Emperor's rescue and subdued the would-be assassin. The Emperor said afterwards that von Tirconnel had saved his life (*EB11*). (7.540) **13 Sent his heir over to make the king an Austrian fieldmarshal now** On 31st August 1903, King Edward VII appointed Emperor Francis Joseph as a Field-Marshal in the British Army in the hopes of forging a closer alliance. On 8th June 1904, Francis Joseph reciprocated by sending Archduke Francis Ferdinand (1863–1914), his son and heir, to London to appoint Edward as a Field-Marshal in the Austrian Army (Sidney Lee, *Edward VII*, p. 261). (7.542) **14 Wild geese** See note at **33:10**. Maximilian Karl Lamoral Graf von Tirconnel came from a family of Wild Geese. (7.543) **15 Saving princes is a thank you job** That is, saving princes is an unpleasant task that offers a paltry reward, such as a mere 'thank you'. (7.546) **16 A Hungarian it was** The Hungarian tailor Lebenyi attempted to assassinate Emperor Francis Joseph in 1853; see note at **99:12**. (7.549) **17 LOST CAUSES** A standard expression about Ireland: S.A.O. Fitzpatrick writes: 'Ireland, "home of lost causes"' (*Dublin: A Historical and Topographical Account*, p. 45). (7.551) **18 time is money** This expression can be traced back to Aristotle's disciple Theophrastus (*c.*372–*c.*287 BC). (7.556) **19** ***Dominus*** Latin, Lord, master, owner. (7.557) **20 Lord Jesus! Lord Salisbury** In English, as in Latin, 'Lord' can either be a divine title or a worldly one. Lord Salisbury, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil (1830–1903): third marquess of Salisbury. A Conservative MP from 1853 until his death and prime minister in 1885–86, 1886–92 and 1895–1902, Salisbury was avidly opposed to Irish Home Rule. (7.557) **21 KYRIE ELEISON** Greek, 'Lord have mercy'. This phrase is regularly spoken and chanted as the lesser litany in the Catholic Mass. (7.559) **22** ***Kyrios*** Greek, lord or guardian. (7.562) **23 The vowels the Semite and the Saxon know not** Greek has seven vowels, two more than English and Hebrew (although in Hebrew vowel sounds are indicated by diacritical marks and not letters). Specifically, he refers to the Greek *upsilon* in the word *Kyrios*, which has no direct equivalent in either English or Hebrew. (7.562)

100 **1 catholic chivalry of Europe that foundered at Trafalgar** The battle of Trafalgar was fought on 21st October 1805 off the south-west coast of Spain. Led by Admiral Nelson, the (Protestant) British fleet crushed the (primarily Catholic) French and (avowedly Catholic) Spanish. With this defeat, Irish hopes of liberation by the French were extinguished. (7.566) **2** ***imperium*** Latin, command, control, supremacy, power, empire. (7.567) **3 that went under with the Athenian fleets at Ægospotami** The climactic battle in 405 BC of the Peloponnesian War (431–404 BC). This marked the eclipse of Athenian civilization at the hands of the Spartans. (7.567) **4 Pyrrhus, misled by an oracle, made a last attempt** Pyrrhus was the first Greek to engage the Romans in battle. According to popular legend, before going to war against Rome, an oracle is said to have told him: 'I say, Pyrrhus, that you the Romans can conquer' (*Brewer's*). See also note at **20:4**. (7.568) **5 They went forth to battle** From the title of a poem in W.B. Yeats's 1893 collection

The Rose: 'They went forth to the Battle, but they always fell'; subsequently revised and retitled 'The Rose of Battle'. The original title derives from the epigraph to Matthew Arnold's *Study of Celtic Literature* (1867), which is itself a quotation from the Irish mythical hero Ossian. (7.572) **6** ***matinée*. Poor, poor, poor Pyrrhus** *Matinée*: French, morning. For Pyrrhus, see note at **20:6**. (7.574) **7** ***Joe Miller*** A joke, especially a tired one; after Joseph Miller (1684–1738), a comedian (*OED*). (7.582) **8 Sallust** Gaius Sallustius Crispus (86–34 BC): Roman historian and politician who sided with Caesar against Pompey and the old Roman aristocracy. (7.583) **9 Burke's sphinx face reriddled** The association between the sphinx and riddles comes from the Oedipus saga. Because Oedipus correctly solved the sphinx's riddle, he was proclaimed king of Thebes. (7.589) **10** ***The Rose of Castille*** Should read 'Castile'; the mistake was made in the preparation of the first edition. See note at **98:1**. (7.591) **11 wheeze** A joke (*OED*). (7.591) **12 communards** Adherents of the revolutionary Commune which governed Paris from March to May 1871, from the departure of the Germans after the Franco-Prussian War until the French government managed to reassert itself. (7.599) **13 blown up the bastille** On 14th July 1789 the prison known as the Bastille Saint-Antoine was liberated and demolished by the Parisian people in protest of their subjugation by the French royalty and aristocracy. This event set in motion the French Revolution. (7.600) **14 Or was it you shot the lord lieutenant of Finland** General Nikolai Ivanovich Bobrikoff (1857–1904), the oppressive Russian Governor General of Finland, was shot dead on the morning of 16th June 1904 by Eugen Schaumann, a nationalist Finnish aristocrat. The role of the Russian Governor General in Finland is analogous to that of the English Lord Lieutenant in Ireland. Bobrikoff was shot at 11:00 a.m., Helsinki time, or 8:35 a.m., Dublin time. The story was reported in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* (p. 3, col. g). (7.601) **15 OMNIUM GATHERUM** 'Dog-Latin for a *gathering* or collection of *all* sorts of persons and things; a miscellaneous gathering together without regard to suitability or order' (*Brewer's*). (7.604) **16 The turf** The world of horse-racing (*OED*). (7.606)

101 **1** ***In the lexicon of youth*** From Act III, Sc. 1 of *Richelieu* (1838), a drama by Baron Lytton, or Edward Bulwer-Lytton (English writer and statesman, 1803–73). (7.617) **2 See it in your face. See it in your eye. Lazy idle little schemer** From *Portrait*, when Father Dolan accuses Stephen of falsely trying to get out of having to work (p. 50). (7.618) **3 Great nationalist meeting in Borris-in-Ossory** Borris-in-Ossory: a small town about 105 km south-west of Dublin. In 1843 Daniel O'Connell (see note at **25:15**) held the largest and most important of his 'monster meetings' there for his campaign to repeal the Act of Union. In 1904, the Nationalists considered repeating O'Connell's campaign and staging their own monster meetings. (7.619) **4 Bulldosing** Bullying, intimidating (*OED*). (7.620) **5 Father Son and Holy Ghost and Jakes M'Carthy** Should read 'Father, Son' (the comma was accidentally dropped in the 1926 edition). Jacques (pronounced 'Jakes') McCarthy was a journalist for the *Freeman's Journal* with a noted wit (*SS*, p. 216). (7.622) **6 THE GREAT GALLAHER** See note at **68:11**. (7.626) **7 on the shaughraun** Hiberno-English, 'out of employment and wandering idly about looking for work' (PWJ, p. 320). (7.629) **8 billiardmarking** Billiard-marker: 'a person who marks the "points" made by each player, and keeps account of the progress of the game' (*OED*). (7.629) **9 the Clarence** The Clarence Commercial Hotel: 6–7 Wellington Quay, on the southern bank of the Liffey in central Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1615). (7.629) **10 That was in eightyone, sixth of May** Many of the facts around the Phoenix Park murders (see note at **62:24**) are ambiguous; the date of the murders, however, is not: 6th May 1882, not 1881 as Crawford here claims. Like Joyce, Stephen was born in 1882, although the date is never specified. If, like Joyce, his birthday was 2nd February, then the murders would have occurred after he was born. (7.632) **11** ***New York World*** A New York daily morning paper; it ran lengthy articles on the Phoenix Park murders on 7th and 8th May 1882. (7.635) **12 Tim Kelly, or Kavanagh I mean, Joe Brady and the rest of them** All three men, Kelly, Kavanagh and Joe Brady, were involved in the Phoenix Park murders. Joe Brady and Tim Kelly were the killers and Michael (or Myles) Kavanagh was their getaway driver. (7.639) **13 Where Skin-the-goat drove the car** James 'Skin-the-goat' Fitzharris (1843–1910) drove a second, decoy getaway car, which carried the conspirators Daniel Curley, Michael Fagan and Joseph Hanlon. Fitzharris, a cab driver by trade, drove directly from Phoenix Park to the centre of town. He was sentenced to life imprisonment but was paroled after fifteen years (in 1902). 'It was said that he was [nicknamed "Skin-the-goat"] after killing a goat with his clasp knife when he saw it eating straw out of his horse's collar' (*DIB*). (7.640) **14 cabman's shelter** Upon his release from prison, Skin-the-goat became a nightwatchman for the Dublin Corporation

(*DIB*). (7.642) **15 Butt bridge** At the time, this was the last bridge over the Liffey near its mouth. This bridge is right next to the Loop Line Bridge (see note at **57:18**), although they are distinct structures. (7.642) **16 Holohan** See note at **57:1**. (7.642) **17 Hop and carry one, is it?** After the arithmetic formula 'dot and carry one'. (7.644) **18 Gumley** A Dublin night watchman; identity outside *Ulysses* unknown. (7.644) **19 17 March** St Patrick's day, the feast day of the patron saint of Ireland. In 1882, the year the Phoenix Park murders actually took place, St Patrick's day fell on a Friday. In 1881, the year Crawford claims it occurred, it fell on a Thursday. In either case this is a problem, since the *Weekly Freeman* was published on Sundays. (7.652) **20 Bransome's coffee** Branson's Coffee Extract: a kind of instant coffee syrup, manufactured in London. (7.654)

102 1 A DISTANT VOICE The word telephone literally means 'a distant voice' in Greek. (7.657) **2 B is parkgate** The south-east gate of Phoenix Park, nearest to the city centre. It was marked by four circular limestone piers and three iron vehicular gates and pedestrian entrances. (7.659) **3 T is viceregal lodge** The lord lieutenant's house, in the northern part of the park. The viceregal lodge is now the house of the Irish President. (7.661) **4 K is Knockmaroon gate** The westernmost gate of Phoenix Park. (7.661) **5 route Skin-the-goat drove the car for an alibi** Gallaher cabled to New York the plan of the Skin-the-goat's decoy route by superimposing a map of Dublin over a newspaper advertisement, using the advert to mark the key junctures of the routes. It is not clear how such a scheme would actually work unless the New York office had a map of Dublin at the corresponding scale. (7.667) **6 Inchicore, Roundtown, Windy Arbour, Palmerston Park, Ranelagh** This was actually the route taken by Michael Kavanagh's carriage, the getaway car for the murderers, and not Skin-the-goat's decoy car, which drove directly into the city centre. Inchicore is in south-west Dublin. Roundtown is in Terenure, south-west of Dublin. Windy Arbour is east of Terenure. From there the getaway car drove north towards Palmerston Park and Ranelagh, in south-east Dublin (Tom Corfe, *The Phoenix Park Murders*, pp. 185–90, 230–59). (7.667) **7 X is Davy's publichouse in upper Leeson street** Kavanagh's carload of Invincibles did stop to celebrate their achievement at J. and T. Davy's pub: 110a–111 Upper Leeson Street (*Thom's*, p. 1531), just north-east of Ranelagh. (7.669) **8 X is Burke's publichouse** Instead of 'Burke's publichouse', Crawford means to say 'Davy's publichouse' (see above note), but was distracted by MacHugh. One of the victims of the Phoenix Park murders was Thomas H. Burke, the Under-Secretary in the Irish Office. On an earlier manuscript, Joyce specified that this pub was on Baggot Street, making it Daniel Burke & Co.'s, 50 Lower Baggot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1819). (7.672) **9 Nightmare from which you will never awake** See note at **27:12**. (7.678) **10 Dick Adams** Richard Adams (1846–1908): a journalist with the Cork *Examiner* and then with the *Freeman's Journal*. In 1904, he lived at 24 George Street in Limerick. He was called to the bar in 1873 (*Thom's*, p. 904). (7.679) **11 breath of life** From the King James Bible account of the creation of Adam: 'And the Lord God [...] breathed into his nostrils the breath of life' (Gen. 2:7). (7.680) **12 Madam, I'm Adam. And Able was I ere I saw Elba** Two famous palindromes. The first tells us how Adam presumably introduced himself to Eve; the second tells of Napoleon's thoughts during his first exile, to Elba, the island between Italy and Corsica where he was kept from 1814 until his escape in 1815. (7.683) **13 Old Woman of Prince's street** The nickname of the *Freeman's Journal*; its offices had an entrance on 4–8 Prince's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1573). The *Freeman's Journal* did not score any journalistic scoops in its coverage of the trials for the Phoenix Park murders, but it did publish something that had an effect on the trial (see note at **102:15**). (7.684) **14 weeping and gnashing of teeth** Jesus said: 'But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth' (Matt. 8:12, see also Matt. 13:42, 22:13, 24:51, 25:30, Luke 13:28). (7.685) **15 Out of an advertisement** A key witness for the trial of the Phoenix Park murders, Michael Glynn, was located through an advertisement placed in the *Freeman's Journal*. Glynn was a master builder, and he recognized James Carey (see note at **62:24**) in the Park on the night of the murders as one of his former employees (Corfe, *The Phoenix Park Murders*, p. 246). (7.685) **16 Gregor Grey** An artist who lived at 1 Sherrard Street Lower, Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1886). (7.686) **17 Paddy Hooper** See note at **97:5**. (7.687) **18 Tay Pay** The nickname of Thomas Power O'Connor (1848–1929), an Irish journalist and politician. After working for several Dublin papers, O'Connor emigrated to England and founded and edited several London papers and magazines (*DIB*). (7.687) **19 *Star*** An English paper founded by Thomas Power O'Connor in 1888. (7.687) **20 Blumenfeld** Ralph David Blumenfeld (1864–1948): an American-born journalist who served as the editor of the London *Daily Mail* (1900–2) and the London *Daily Express*

(1904–32). He introduced the practice of the large, attention-grabbing headline to British journalism. (7.688) **21 Pyatt** Félix Pyat (1810–89): a French journalist and revolutionary. He was involved with the Paris Commune of 1871 (see note at **100:12**) and edited two virulently insurrectionist papers. (7.689) **22 Chris Callinan** 'A Dublin journalist famous for his gaffes, bloopers and Irish bulls' (*SS*, p. 216). (7.691) **23 the invincibles** See note at **62:24**. (7.697) **24 some hawkers were up before the recorder** The *Freeman's Journal* for 9th June 1904 reports that some hawkers were brought into Police court (not to the Recorder, Sir Frederick Falkiner) for selling postcards commemorating the Invincibles (p. 2, col. j). (7.697) **25 Lady Dudley** Lady Dudley, born Rachel Gurney: wife to William Humble Ward, Earl of Dudley (1867–1932), the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1902–6). They were married in 1891 and had four children (*Thom's*, p. 301). The newspaper account of the 'hawkers' does not mention her. (7.700) **26 that cyclone last year** There was a great storm on 26–27th February 1903 which caused great damage in Phoenix Park. See also note at **12:2**. (7.701) **27 Joe Brady** See note at **101:12**. (7.703) **28 Number One** The code name for Patrick Joseph Percy Tynan, who claimed to give orders to the Invincibles. Tom Corfe dismisses Tynan's importance in the plot (*Phoenix Park Murders*, p. 135). (7.703) **29 Skin-the-goat** See note at **101:13**. (7.703) **30 in the hook and eye department** That is, inconsequential. (7.705) **31 Whiteside** James Whiteside (1804–76): the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland after 1866. A famous orator, he defended Daniel O'Connell in 1844 (*DIB*). (7.707) **32 Isaac Butt** Isaac Butt (1813–79): an MP, a lawyer and orator. He is considered by some to have inaugurated the Home Rule movement as a structured political programme. In 1877, Parnell ousted Butt from the leadership of the Home Rule Confederation (*DIB*). (7.707) **33 silvertongued O'Hagan** Thomas O'Hagan (1812–85): politician, lawyer and orator. The first Catholic to be made Lord Chancellor of Ireland (1868–74, 1880–81), O'Hagan was made a peer in 1870 (*DIB*). (7.707) **34 Only in the halfpenny place!** That is, second-rate. (7.708)

103 **1** ***la tua pace*** [...] Excerpts from Dante's *Inferno*, v, 92–96. The passage is redacted in order to emphasize the rhyme and cadence of Dante's lines. The full verse, with the lines Stephen cites italicized: 'O, living creature gracious and friendly, / who goest through the murky air visiting us / who stained the world with blood, / if the King of the universe were our friend / we would pray to Him *for thy peace*, / since thou hast pity of our evil plight. / Of that which thou art *pleased to hear and speak* / we will hear and speak with you / *while the wind is quiet, as it is here*'. (7.717) **2 He saw them three by three, approaching girls** Stephen describes Dante's use of rhyme as girls approaching 'three by three'; Dante's *terza rima* is a triple rhyme set in three-line stanzas (ABA, BCB, CDC, etc.). The image of three colourful girls derives from Dante's *Purgatory* (XXIX, 110–31). (7.720) **3 *per l'aer perso* in mauve, in purple** Italian, 'Through the dark air'; from Dante's *Inferno*, v, 89. (7.721) **4 *quella pacifica oriafiamma*** Italian, 'that peaceful oriflamme'; from Dante's *Paradiso* XXXI, 127. 'The Oriflamme (*aurea flamma*) was the standard given by the Angel Gabriel to the ancient kings of France, representing a flame on a golden ground. No one who fought under it could be conquered' (Charles S. Singleton, *The Divine Comedy: Paradiso: Commentary*, p. 529). (7.721) **5 *di rimirar fè più ardenti*** Italian, 'More eager in their gazing'; from Dante's *Paradiso* XXXI, 142. (7.722) **6 SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY** From Jesus's Sermon on the Mount: 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof' (Matt. 6:34). (7.726) **7 gage** 'A pledge (usually a glove thrown on the ground) of a person's appearance to do battle in support of his assertions. Hence, a challenge' (*OED*). (7.727) **8 third profession** That is, law, the other two learned professions being divinity and medicine. (7.730) **9 your Cork legs are running away with you** After the title of an Ulster ballad, 'The Runaway Cork Leg'. (7.730) **10 Henry Grattan** Henry Grattan (1746–1820): Irish lawyer, orator and MP. In 1782 he secured relative independence for Ireland's legislature from the English parliament. In his honour, the new parliament was called 'Grattan's Parliament'. However, this ended with the Act of Union of 1800, which formally dissolved the Irish parliament (*DIB*). (7.731) **11 Flood** Henry Flood (1732–91): Irish orator and politician. Like Grattan, Flood worked for Irish interests against English control over Ireland. However, he and Grattan were bitter rivals (*DIB*). (7.731) **12 Demosthenes** Demosthenes (*c.*383–322 BC): one of the greatest orators of Greece. (7.731) **13 Edmund Burke** Edmund Burke (1729–97): essayist and one of the greatest parliamentary orators of his time. He was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity, but spent most of his career in England (*DIB*). (7.732) **14 his Chapelizod boss, Harmsworth** Alfred C. Harmsworth (1865–1922): Irish publisher and editor; born in the west Dublin suburb of Chapelizod. In 1894 Harmsworth purchased the

London *Evening News* and in 1896 he started the hugely successful and influential London *Daily Mail* (*DIB*). (7.732) **15 farthing press** Pejorative name given to cheap and sensationalistic journalism. (7.733) **16 his American cousin of the Bowery gutter sheet** *Our American Cousin* (1858), by Tom Taylor (1817–80), was the play that Abraham Lincoln was watching when he was assassinated in 1865. Here used to allude to Harmworth's 'American cousin' – that is, associate – the American newspaper publisher Joseph Pulitzer (1847–1911). Pulitzer was the publisher of the *New York World*. The Bowery is an area in downtown Manhattan, then a slum. The *World* is not a Bowery gutter sheet, since its offices were on Park Row. (7.733) **17** ***Paddy Kelly's Budget*** A vulgar Irish comic newspaper of 1832–34 published in Dublin. (7.734) **18** ***Pue's Occurrences*** One of the first daily newspapers in Ireland, *Pue's Occurrences* was first published on Christmas day, 1703 by Richard Pue (d.1758), owner of Dick's Coffee House. Publication continued until about 1792. (7.734) **19 our watchful friend** ***The Skibereen Eagle*** *The Skibbereen Eagle* was a weekly paper published in Skibbereen, County Cork, founded in 1857. O'Molloy calls it 'our watchful friend' because the image of an eagle watching formed part of its slogan. It was widely regarded as a silly, overreaching provincial newspaper. (7.734) **20 forensic eloquence** Forensics (or judicial) is one of the three branches of rhetoric according to Aristotle (the other two are deliberative and epideictic, or ceremonial). Its focus is the proving or disproving of events that have happened in the past. (7.735) **21 Whiteside** Thomas O'Hagan, see note at **102:33**. (7.736) **22 Sufficient for the day is the newspaper thereof** See note at **103:6**. (7.736) **23 Grattan and Flood wrote for this very paper** Henry Flood (see note at **103:11**) did work for the *Freeman's Journal* from its earliest days. Grattan (see note at **103:10**) never worked for the paper, but he has been erroneously associated with it (Richard Robert Madden, *The History of Irish Periodical Literature*, vol. 2, pp. 375–76). (7.738) **24 Irish volunteers** A militia formed first in Belfast in 1778 with private funds to prevent the French from mounting a successful invasion of Ireland. By 1780, the Volunteers became a national militia with some 100,000 (predominantly Protestant) soldiers. After the threat of invasion receded, the Volunteers agitated against the exploitation of the Irish by English trade interests. (7.739) **25 Established 1763** The *Freeman's Journal* was established in 1763. It was founded by John Grant, William Braddell and Edward Tandy, all merchants. (7.739) **26 Dr Lucas** Charles Lucas (1713–71): Irish physician and politician. Henry Grattan said he 'laid the groundwork of Irish liberty'. Lucas contributed to the *Freeman's Journal* from its inception, often under the byline 'A Citizen' or 'Civis'. He is erroneously credited with having created the paper as a vehicle for advocating his political views (Madden, *The History of Irish Periodical Literature*, vol. 2, pp. 373–74). (7.739) **27 John Philpot Curran** John Philpot Curran (1750–1817): Irish orator, barrister and politician. He defended various patriotic political prisoners of the 1790s (*DIB*). (7.740) **28 Bushe K. C.** See note at **76:13**. (7.741) **29 Kendal Bushe** Charles Kendal Bushe (1767–1843): Irish MP and chief justice. (7.743) **30 He would have been on the bench long ago, the professor said, only for** Seymour Bushe's career was cut off because of alcoholism and adultery; he was caught having an affair with a married woman by her husband, who then threatened criminal proceedings. (7.744) **31 It was in that case of fratricide, the Childs murder case** See notes at **76:13** and **76:14**. (7.748) **32** ***And in the porches of mine ear did pour*** From the Ghost telling Hamlet how he came to die at the hand of his brother Claudius: 'Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, / With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, / And in the porches of mine ears did pour / The leperous distilment' (Act I, Sc. 5, 61–64). (7.750)

104 1 beast with two backs Iago's name for sexual intercourse (*Othello*, Act I, Sc. 1, 117). (7.752) **2 ITALIA, MAGISTRA ARTIUM** Latin, 'Italy, Mistress of the Arts'. (7.754) **3 He spoke on the law of evidence** In his defence of Samuel Childs, Bushe contrasted English and Irish legal procedures for presenting evidence: the former would have allowed him to call Mrs Samuel Childs to testify on behalf of her husband, whereas the latter forbade this. He did not speak about Mosaic law and Roman law. The Mosaic code, an 'eye for an eye' (Exod. 21:24), can be characterized as a *lex talionis* (Latin, 'the law of retaliation'). The Roman law code differed from the Jewish in that it standardized punishments and forbade retaliation. The *Evening Telegraph* of 21st October 1899 prints the closing arguments and Bushe's speech (p. 5, cols. g and h and p. 6, col. a). (7.755) **4 the Moses of Michelangelo in the Vatican** Michelangelo Buonarroti's (Italian sculptor, painter, poet, 1475–1564) famous statue of Moses (1513–16) stands in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome, not in the Vatican. (7.756) **5** ***frozen music*** In his *Philosophy of Art* (1803), the German philosopher Frederich von Schelling (1775–1854) said that architecture is 'solidified music' (§116). (7.768) **6** ***horned and terrible*** The Moses of Michelangelo (see note at

104:4) has horns on his head. This follows from an error in translation: 'In Exodus 34:29–30, where we are told that when Moses came down from Mount Sinai "the skin of his face shone", the Hebrew for this shining [*qaran*] may be translated either as "sent forth *beams*" or "sent forth *horns*"; and the Vulgate took the latter as correct' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Moses). (7.768) **7 *the human form divine*** From William Blake's 'The Divine Image' in *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*. (7.768) **8 afflatus** 'Miraculous communication of supernatural knowledge'; from the Latin, a breathing-upon (*OED*). (7.774) **9 Professor Magennis** William Magennis, M.A.: a professor at the Royal University (*Thom's*, p. 858). (7.782) **10 that hermetic crowd** That is, the Theosophists. Theosophy weaves together heterogeneous strands from different religions. At this time, Theosophy was very popular in literary circles in Dublin. (7.783) **11 opal hush poets** 'Opal' and 'hush': two adjectives George Russell (A.E.) particularly liked for poetic purposes. Many of his acolytes developed a similar predilection for these words. (7.783) **12 A. E.** The pseudonym for George Russell (see note at **25:8**). He chose this as an abbreviation for 'Æon', which in Theosophy means 'an emanation from Deity, and the medium of its expression' (Powis Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 4). However a typesetter misunderstood 'Æ' and rendered this as 'A.E.', which is the form that endured (Henry Summerfield, *That Myriad-Minded Man*, p. 30). (7.784) **13 That Blavatsky woman started it** Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–91): Russian mystic and writer. In 1875 she co-founded the Theosophical Society in New York as a means of propagating her interest in occult phenomena. She wrote many books, such as *Isis Unveiled* (1876), a handbook to Theosophical lore. (7.784) **14 A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer** This yankee, a Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Cornelius Weygandt, told of this incident in his book *Irish Plays and Playwrights* (1913). Weygandt met with Russell in the summer of 1902 and found Russell being pestered about literary art by an unnamed young man, who was Joyce (p. 121). (7.785) **15 planes of consciousness** The Theosophists believed that humans were 'sparks of divinity' that resided in a physical world. The distance between the physical world and divinity was divided into seven planes of consciousness through which the soul must be allowed to travel. (7.786) **16 John F. Taylor** John F. Taylor (*c.*1850–1902): a celebrated Irish barrister, orator and journalist. He was considered one of the most eloquent Irishmen of his time. (7.793) **17 college historical society** The Trinity College Historical Society. Taylor delivered his speech to the Law Student Debating Society and not the College Historical Society. (7.793) **18 Mr Justice Fitzgibbon, the present lord justice** Gerald Fitzgibbon (1837–1909): from 1878, the Lord Justice of appeal. He was commissioner of national education and, for his efforts in this area, was suspected of promoting English values in Ireland (*DIB*). He debated with John Taylor on the subject of the revival of the Irish Gaelic language at the Law Student Debating Society on 24th October 1901. (7.794) **19 revival of the Irish tongue** The Gaelic League, established in 1893 by Eoin MacNeill (1867–1945) and Douglas Hyde, attempted to revive the Irish Gaelic language as an attempt to forge an Irish identity distinct from the English. (7.796)

105 **1 Tim Healy** Timothy Michael Healy (1855–1931): Irish nationalist politician. Originally Parnell's chief aide, he became one of the leaders of the anti-Parnellite faction of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the wake of the O'Shea scandal (see note at **28:6**). Along with Seymour Bushe, Healy was one of Samuel Childs's defence lawyers (see notes at **76:13** and **76:14**) (*DIB*). (7.800) **2 Trinity college estates commission** On 9th June 1904 Fitzgibbon and Healy were appointed by the Lord Lieutenant to a Commission to report on the relations between Trinity College and its tenants. Trinity was a substantial landowner and derived much of its income from rents, but land reform dictated that large landholdings be broken up and sold to tenant farmers (London *Times*, 15th June 1904, p. 11, col. e). (7.801) **3 I will not say the vials of his wrath** From Revelation 16:1: 'And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying to the seven angels, Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth'. (7.805) **4 the proud man's contumely** From Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy (Act III, Sc. 1, 71). Contumely: 'scornful rudeness' (*OED*). (7.806) **5 It was then a new movement. We were weak, therefore worthless** This is not quite true. The Gaelic League had been founded in 1893, and so by the time of Taylor and Fitzgibbon's debate on 24th October 1901 it was not exactly a new movement. Furthermore, by 1902 there were at least 400 branches of the League throughout Ireland. (7.807) **6 ferial** 'Of a deadly nature; deadly, fatal' (*OED*). (7.813) **7 from a sick bed** Taylor was ill that night, and his performance was all the more impressive because he managed to speak persuasively in spite of infirmity. (7.814) **8 Briefly, as well as I can bring them to mind,**

his words were these Taylor's speech has been printed, but not precisely as it was delivered; see note at **106:7**. (7.823) **9** ***youthful Moses*** The Book of Exodus tells the story of the young Moses, who was hidden in the bulrushes by his mother (2:3) so as not to be killed by the Pharaoh, who had condemned all the Israelite male children to death (1:22). He was found and raised by the Pharaoh's daughter (2:10). Taylor's allusion is incorrect: Moses was not youthful when he renounced his Egyptian 'heritage' by killing a violent Egyptian soldier (2:11–15). Taylor develops an analogy between Israel and Ireland as spirited victims of their oppressors, Egypt and England. (7.833) **10** ***And let our crooked smokes*** From the closing speech of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* (Act V, Sc. 5, 477). (7.835) **11** **FROM THE FATHERS** That is, from the Fathers of the Church. (7.841) **12** **It was revealed to me that those things are good** An accurate translation of part of the opening sentence of Book 7, Chapter 12 in St Augustine's *Confessions*. (7.842) **13** ***trireme and quadrireme*** Vessels used by the Greeks and Romans, with three and four tiers of oarsmen respectively (*remus*: Latin, oar). The Egyptians of Moses's time (*c.*1200 BC) would not have had such sophisticated vessels. (7.847)

106 **1** **By the Nilebank the babemaries kneel, cradle of bulrushes** Moses's mother and aunt hid him in an 'ark of bulrushes' (Exod. 2:3). By being called the 'babemaries' they are likened to the two Maries who kept watch over Jesus's grave (see note at **36:1**). (7.853) **2** ***local and obscure idol*** nineteenth-century biblical scholarship tended to the conclusion that Jewish monotheism originated with clans that lived near Mount Sinai, and that the Hebrew God 'Yahweh was primitively a nature god' (*EB11*, s.v. Jehovah). (7.855) **3** ***Isis and Osiris*** Both are prominent gods of ancient Egypt. Isis is a nature goddess and Osiris, her husband and brother, is lord of the underworld and of resurrection. (7.856) **4** ***Horus and Ammon Ra*** Horus: a major god for the ancient Egyptians, originally a sky-god and sun-god and associated with the king himself. Ammon Ra: The king of the gods of ancient Egypt. (7.856) **5** ***he would never have brought the chosen people out of their house of bondage*** See note at **92:14**. (7.864) **6** ***nor followed the pillar of the cloud by day*** During the Israelites' escape from Egypt, 'the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night: He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people' (Exod. 13:21–22). (7.865) **7** ***language of the outlaw*** The title of the pamphlet that Taylor published in 1903 which contained a version of his speech, but slightly different in wording (Ellmann, p. 91 n). (7.869) **8** **And yet he died without having entered the land of promise** Deuteronomy 34 describes Moses's ultimate fate. He went alone up to mount Pisgah and saw the promised land from that height, but he was forbidden by God to enter Israel. (7.873) **9** **Gone with the wind** This phrase, later used by Margaret Mitchell as her book's title, is from line 13 of Ernest Dowson's (1867–1900) poem 'Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynaræ' ('I am not the man I was under the sway of the good Cynaræ'). (7.880) **10** **Hosts at Mullaghmast and Tara of the kings** Hosts: multitudes (*OED*). Tara (the seat of the ancient high kings of Ireland) and Mullaghmast (35 km south-west of Dublin) held two of the largest of Daniel O'Connell's 'monster meetings' (see note at **101:3**) on, respectively, 15th August and 1st October 1843. (7.880) **11** **Miles of ears of porches** A mangled allusion to the Ghost of King Hamlet's line: 'And in the porches of mine ears did pour' (Act I, Sc. 5, 63; see note at **103:32**). (7.881) **12** **Akasic records of all that ever anywhere wherever was** Akasic: from the Sanskrit *akasa*, ether, atmosphere (*OED*). This was also a term used by the Theosophists to designate the all-pervading soul of man. Akasic records would thus be a kind of automatic cosmic archive. (7.882) **13** **Love and laud him** From the closing speech of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* (Act V, Sc. 5, 476). (7.883) **14** **may I suggest that the house do now adjourn** This phrase is used to close meetings of the Trinity College Historical Society, which is where the Professor (incorrectly) stated that Taylor made his speech (see note at **104:17**). (7.885) **15** **French compliment** An invitation tendered without an expectation of its being accepted. (7.887) **16** **Mooney's** J.G. Mooney & Co., wine and spirit merchants: 1 Abbey Street Lower (*Thom's*, p. 1959). This is a short walk away from the *Freeman's* offices and just doors away from the Ship, where Stephen was to have met Mulligan (see note at **7:3**). (7.892)

107 **1** **Lay on, Macduff!** From Macbeth's last words before being killed by Macduff (Act V, Sc. 8, 33). (7.898) **2** ***Fuit Ilium*** Latin, 'Ilium was'; from Virgil's *Aeneid* (II, 325). (7.910) **3** **windy Troy** From Alfred Tennyson's poem 'Ulysses' (1842). Ulysses says he has 'drunk delight with my peers, / Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy' (ll. 16–17). (7.910) **4** **fellaheen** Peasants (*OED*). (7.911) **5** **left along Abbey street** Abbey Street runs along the southern side of the *Freeman's Journal* offices on Prince's Street North.

The men walk east to Mooney's, which is just on the other side of O'Connell Street at 1 Abbey Street Lower (*Thom's*, p. 1407). (7.916) **6 DEAR DIRTY DUBLIN** A phrase coined by Lady Sydney Morgan (1780–1859), an Irish poet and novelist best known for her novel *The Wild Irish Girl* (1806). This is a recurrent phrase in Joyce's works. (7.921) **7 Fumbally's lane** See note at **37:16**. (7.924) **8 Akasic records** Akasic records: see note at **106:12**. (7.928) **9 Let there be life** After Genesis 1:3: 'And God said, Let there be light: and there was light'. (7.930) **10 Nelson's pillar** See note at **72:14**. (7.931) **11 Two and three in silver and one and seven in coppers** They have two shillings and threepence in silver coins (sixpence and threepence coins were silver) and one shilling and seven pence in copper coins (the one-pence coin was in copper), for a total of three shillings and ten pence. (7.932) **12 Wise virgins** Jesus tells the parable of the wise and foolish virgins in Matthew (25:1–13). (7.937) **13 brawn** A kind of cheese 'curdled like milk' (*OED*). (7.939) **14 the north city dining rooms in Marlborough street from Miss Kate Collins** Kate Collins ran the North City Dining Rooms, 11 Marlborough Street, parallel to Sackville Street (*Thom's*, p. 1539) and near to Nelson's Pillar. (7.940) **15 four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar** In 'Hades', when the carriage with Bloom *en route* to Dignam's funeral passed by Nelson's Pillar, they overheard one such fruit vendor selling eight plums for one penny. Therefore 24 plums would cost the vestals threepence. (7.941)

108 **1 Anne Kearns and Florence MacCabe** *Thom's* lists a Mrs Kearns, pawnbroker at 7 Great George Street North and 13 Summer Hill and another at 23 Mount Street Lower (p. 1916). For Mrs Florence MacCabe, see note at **30:25**. (7.948) **2 Lourdes water** See note at **62:16**. (7.949) **3 passionist** 'A member of "The Congregation of the Discalced [Barefoot] Clerks of the most Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ"' (*OED*). (7.950) **4 crubeen** Hiberno-English, 'a delicacy made from boiled pig's trotters' (Dolan). (7.951) **5 double X** 'In designations of brands of ale, stout, or porter, XX or double X denotes a medium quality, XXX or treble X the strongest quality' (*OED*). (7.951) **6 Antithesis** In rhetoric, 'An opposition or contrast of ideas, expressed by [...] words which are the opposites of, or strongly contrasted with, each other' (*OED*). (7.952) **7 aureoling** Aureole: 'the celestial crown worn by a martyr, virgin, or doctor [of the church]' (*OED*). (7.957) **8 *Irish Catholic* and *Dublin Penny Journal*** Two weekly newspapers, published on Thursdays and printed by Nation Printing, 90 Abbey Street Middle (*Thom's*, p. 1409). These offices are quite close to those of *Freeman's*. (7.964) **9 *Kilkenny People*** An ardently Nationalist weekly newspaper, published on Saturdays by Messrs. O'Keefe and Keane (*Thom's*, p. 1279). See also note at **91:6**. (7.975) **10 national library** See note at **14:5**. (7.976) **11 House of keys** See notes at **91:1** and **91:4**. (7.976) **12 K. M. A.** Abbreviation of Crawford's curse, 'Kiss my arse'. (7.980) **13 kiss my arse** Partridge calls this a 'contemptuous dismissive, from "time immemorial"'. (7.981) **14 Look out for squalls** Squall: a disturbance or a commotion as well as a strong gust of wind (*OED*). The *OED* states that the warning 'Look out for squalls' is a nautical expression. This suggests the ferocious winds freed from Aeolus's bag of wind that sent Odysseus back to Aeolus's island (*Odyssey*, x, 46–55). (7.983) **15 yachting cap** Joyce retains a detail of Lenehan's outfit from 'Two Gallants': '[Lenehan] was squat and ruddy. A yachting cap was shoved far back from his forehead' (*Dubliners*, p. 49). (7.984) **16 cadge** The practice of begging money (Partridge). (7.984) **17 blarney** A village near Cork and an expression for 'Smoothly flattering or cajoling talk' (*OED*). (7.984) **18 What was he doing in Irishtown?** See note at **67:9**. (7.987)

109 **1 K. M. R. I. A.** Abbreviation of Crawford's curse, 'Kiss my royal Irish arse'. John Wyse Power, the real-life counterpart of John Wyse Nolan, was known for this particular bit of profanity around the offices of the *Evening Telegraph* (Ellmann, p. 289). The initials M.R.I.A. stand for Member of the Royal Irish Academy. (7.990) **2 RAISING THE WIN** Should read 'RAISING THE WIND' (this is an error of the Odyssey Press edition). To raise the wind: to raise money (*OED*). (7.995) **3 *Nulla bona*** Latin, no goods; 'The return made (by a sheriff or other officer) upon an execution for debt when the party has no goods to be seized' (*OED*). (7.996) **4 I've been through the hoop myself** To go through the hoop: 'to pass the Insolvent Debtors' court' (Partridge). (7.997) **5 back a bill** To countersign a warrant or to endorse a bill or cheque (*OED*). (7.997) **6 WADDLER** Someone who walks 'in short steps, swaying alternately from one leg to the other, as is done by a stout short-legged person' (*OED*). (7.1006) **7 Out for the waxies' Dargle** Waxy: cobbler (*OED*). Waxy's Dargle: 'a poor person's (represented by a cobbler) holiday. As such a person could not afford to travel to the actual Dargle river in Co. Wicklow' (Dolan). (7.1008) **8 Rathmines' blue**

dome The Church of Mary Immaculate Refuge of Sinners, on Rathmines Road, about 2.5 km south-east of Nelson's Pillar. 'Its large copper dome is a distinctive landmark' (Bennett). (7.1011) **9 Adam and Eve's** Adam and Eve's Church (officially named the Church of St Francis of Assisi): a Franciscan church off Merchant's Quay on the south bank of the Liffey (*Thom's*, p. 1543). It lies about 800 metres south-west of Nelson's Pillar. See also note at **228:10**. (7.1012) **10 saint Laurence O'Toole's** A Catholic church built in 1832 in Seville Place, about 1.5 km to the east of Nelson's Pillar. St Laurence O'Toole (1132–80) is the patron saint of Dublin. (7.1012) **11 We're in the archdiocese here** In other words, mind your language. The archbishop of Dublin, William Walsh, was currently feuding with the publisher of the *Freeman's Journal* (see note at **89:6**). (7.1015) **12 onehandled adulterer** That is, Lord Nelson (1758–1805), whose right arm was amputated after receiving a wound during the blockade of Cadiz (1797). The statue of Nelson atop the pillar depicted him with his armless right sleeve tucked into the breast of his tunic, thus forming a 'handle'. Nelson carried on an indiscreet affair with Lady Emma Hamilton (*c.*1765–1815), the young wife of Sir William Hamilton (1730–1803), the British envoy to the Kingdom of Naples. (7.1017) **13 DAMES DONATE** After Jesus's parable of the sower and the seed. 'Behold, a sower went forth to sow; And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side.[...] Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of the earth: And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them: But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit' (Matt. 13:3–9). (7.1021)

110

1 SOPHIST WALLOPS HAUGHTY HELEN [...] Antisthenes is the sophist in question who argued for Penelope's superiority over Helen (see the following note). Helen was the queen of Sparta and Penelope, Odysseus's wife, was the queen of Ithaca. 'Pen is champ' suggests the aphorism 'The pen is mightier than the sword'. (7.1032) **2 Antisthenes** Antisthenes (440–370 BC): a pupil of both Socrates and Gorgias (see the following note). In his speech 'Of Helen and Penelope', he argued that Penelope's greater virtue, shown in her loyalty to her husband, made her more beautiful than Helen. (7.1035) **3 Gorgias, the sophist** Gorgias (fl.*c.*427–*c.*399): one of the most important and influential orators and sophists of his day. Plato criticizes him in the dialogue *Gorgias*. (7.1035) **4 Argive Helen** Argive: a generic word for Greek. Usually she is called Helen of Troy. (7.1039) **5 Poor Penelope. Penelope Rich** Penelope Rich (*c.*1562–1607): a noted adulteress of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages. Unhappily married to Lord Rich, she won the love of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated a collection of sonnets to her, *Astrophel and Stella* (1591). After 1594, she maintained an overt affair with Lord Mountjoy. They married in 1605, after the Riches divorced. The phrase 'Poor Penelope Rich' appears in Gerald Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted* (p. 408). (7.1040) **6 O'Connell street** See note at **56:13**. (7.1041) **7 CENTRAL** A telephone exchange (*OED*). (7.1042) **8 Donnybrook** A village 3.2 km south of central Dublin. All the other tramlines listed here are mentioned in the notes for **88:3–88:10**. (7.1046) **9 becalmed in short circuit** In 1904, the Dublin United Tramways Company had only two coal-powered electric plants, which were unable to generate sufficient power for all the tramlines, and so black-outs were common. (7.1047) **10 VIRGILIAN, SAYS PEDAGOGUE** Virgilian because the Professor's (a pedagogue) suggested title derives from Virgil (see the following note). On the other hand, the title Stephen (a 'sophmore') chooses refers to Moses (see note at **110:12**). 'Old Man Moses' is an old song 'about a degraded flower salesman with a red nose who spends his time smelling flowers while he is alive, and when he dies spends eternity smelling the roots' (Bowen, p. 126). (7.1053) **11 *deus nobis hæc otia fecit*** Latin, 'it is a god who wrought for us this rest'; from Virgil's *Eclogues* (1, 6). (7.1056) **12 *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*** Pisgah: the mountain from whose top Moses saw the promised land of Israel-Palestine (Deut. 34:1; see also note at **106:8**). Mount Pisgah is believed to be Ras ed-Siyaghah, which is to the east of the Dead Sea and north-west of Mount Nebo. Stephen's title comes from Thomas Fuller's (English historian, 1608–61) book *A Pisgah-Sight of Palestine and the Confines Thereof with the History of the Old and New Testament Acted Thereon* (1650). (7.1057) **13 *The Parable of the Plums*** Parables, indirect stories, were Jesus's primary means of instruction. See Jesus's parable of the mustard seed as an example (Matt. 13:31–32, Mark 4:30–32 and Luke 13:18–19). Because it is a fruit that can grow in the desert, 'the plum is symbolic of fidelity and independence' (George Ferguson, *Signs and Symbols in Christian Art*, p. 37). (7.1057) **14 HORATIO IS CYNOSURE** Horatio: Lord Horatio Nelson. Cynosure: centre of interest (*OED*). (7.1063) **15 sir John Gray's pavement island** See note at **72:7**. (7.1067) **16 ANNE**

WIMBLES Stuart Gilbert defines the word 'wimbles' as an example of a *hapax legomenon* (p. 198): 'A word or form of which only one instance is recorded in a literature or an author' (*OED*). While the *OED* has an entry for 'wimble', none of its definitions seem pertinent here. Perhaps, as Gifford suggests, 'wimbles' means 'to act giddy or confused', after the Norwegian word *vimmel* (giddy). Wangle: to go unsteadily, to totter (*OED*). (7.1070)

'LESTRYGONIANS'

Time: 1–2 p.m.

Location: Central Dublin, from the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* to the National Museum on Kildare Street, via Davy Byrne's pub on Duke Street

111 1 lemon platt 'A flat sugar-stick, flavoured with lemon' (*OED*). (8.1) **2 christian brother** The Irish Christian Brothers: an organization of Catholic laymen, bound under temporary vows of chastity, poverty and perseverance. They ran schools and were supported by public contributions. (8.2) **3 Lozenge and comfit manufacturer to His Majesty the King** From the sign in the window of Lemon and Co.; see note at **111:6**. Comfit: 'sweetmeat made of some fruit, root, etc. preserved with sugar' (*OED*). (8.3) **4 jujubes** Jujube: 'A lozenge, made of gum-arabic, gelatin, etc., flavoured with, or in imitation of, the [jujube] fruit [from plants of various species of *Zizyphus*]' (*OED*). (8.4) **5 Y. M. C. A.** Young Men's Christian Association, founded in London in 1844; the YMCA had a library with reading rooms at 43 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 2045). (8.5) **6 Graham Lemon's** Lemon and Co: 'wholesale confection, lozenge, and comfit manufacturers to the Queen', 49 Lower Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1584). Bloom has left the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* and is walking south down Sackville Street. (8.6) **7 throwaway** 'A printed sheet or work not intended for preservation after it has been read' (*OED*). (8.6) **8 Blood of the Lamb** From the Book of Revelations (7:14–17), which was the scriptural basis for the revival hymn 'Washed in the Blood', text by T.C. O'Kane, music by the Revd Elisha A. Hoffman. (8.9) **9 foundation of a building** See note at **111:13**. (8.12) **10 kidney burntoffering** In some ancient Jewish rituals, kidneys of certain animals were 'burnt on an altar as the well-being, purification, and reparation, and priestly consecration offerings' (*Harper's Bible Dictionary*). (8.12) **11 druid's altars** The Druids were an enormously powerful priestly caste in ancient Ireland fabled to be intermediaries between humans and divinity. (8.13) **12 Elijah is coming** From the last two verses of the Book of Malachi (4:5–6), which are the basis of the Jewish belief that the prophet Elijah will return before the Day of Judgement to announce the coming of the Messiah. (8.13) **13 John Alexander Dowie, restorer of the church in Zion, is coming** John Alexander Dowie (1847–1907): Scottish-born evangelist who proclaimed himself 'Elijah the Restorer'. Starting in 1900 he raised funds for his 6,000 acre Zion City outside Chicago, which would include a mammoth concrete-and-steel temple. He was in Europe from 11–18th June 1904, although there is no record that he visited Ireland. He claimed that the world would end in the summer of 1904. He died in 1907, 'broken in health and unmistakably insane' (*EB11*). (8.13) **14 Torry and Alexander** Reuben Archer Torrey (1856–1928) and Charles McCallon Alexander (1867–1920): American evangelists. They visited Dublin in March and April 1904. (8.17) **15 Polygamy** In April 1906, the members of Zion City denounced Dowie, charging him with embezzlement and polygamy. (8.17) **16 Pepper's ghost idea** 'The Original Pepper's Ghost and Spectral Opera Company' often played at the Rotunda in Dublin in the late nineteenth century. This was run by an Englishman, John Pepper, who used costumes and props to create the illusion of ghosts on stage (Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of English Drama*, vol. 4, p. 42). (8.20) **17 Iron nails ran in** See note at **62:20**. (8.20) **18 Butler's monument house corner he glanced along Bachelor's walk** George Butler's '*Monument house*, musical instrument warehouse': 34 Bachelor's Walk, on the north quay of the Liffey, at O'Connell Bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1851). Butler's is on a corner adjacent to the O'Connell statue, hence its being called 'monument house corner'. (8.27) **19 Dillon's auctionrooms** Joseph Dillon: auctioneer, 25 Bachelor's Walk, near the Monument House corner (*Thom's*, p. 1851). (8.28) **20 Lobbing** To lob: 'to move heavily or clumsily; to walk along with a slow, lumbering movement' (*OED*). (8.30) **21 priest won't give the poor woman the confession, the absolution** Bloom is incorrect: even though the Catholic Church considers birth control and abortion to be mortal sins, the Church does allow for absolution of mortal sins if confessed with full contrition. (8.32) **22 Increase and multiply** From God's command to 'Be fruitful, and multiply' (Gen. 1:28). (8.33) **23 Eat you out of house and home** From Shakespeare's *2 Henry IV*: 'He hath eaten me out of house and home' (Act II,

Sc. 1, 80); variants of this expression date back to at least 1410 (*ODEP*). (8.33) **24 Living on the fat of the land** In gratitude for preventing a famine in Egypt, Pharaoh rewards Joseph: 'I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat of the fat of the land' (Gen. 45:18). (8.34) **25 black fast Yom Kippur** Black fast: 'a very severe fast' (*OED*). Yom Kippur: Hebrew, 'Day of Atonement'. Jewish law forbids work on Yom Kippur and worshippers abstain from all food, drink and sexual activity. (8.35) **26 Crossbuns** Crossbun: 'a bun indented with a cross, commonly eaten on Good Friday' (*OED*). (8.36)

112 **1 Watching his water** To watch one's water: 'to keep a strict watch on any one's actions' (Partridge). (8.39) **2 O'Connell bridge** Originally named the Carlisle Bridge, this crosses the Liffey and connects Westmoreland Street on the south side with Sackville (O'Connell) Street on the north. It was widened and renamed the O'Connell Bridge in 1880 (Bennett). (8.44) **3 puffball of smoke plumed up from the parapet. Brewery barge** From Guinness's brewery, south of the Liffey in western Dublin, stout would be moved by barge to the docks in eastern Dublin. 'The brewery barges [...] had hinged funnels which were let down when they passed under a low bridge, releasing the "puffball"' (Robert Nicholson, *The 'Ulysses' Guide*, p. 94). (8.44) **4 get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery** Guinness's Brewery, founded by Arthur Guinness and first opened at St James's Gate in 1759, is on forty acres of a south-western section of Dublin called Lowsie Hill, fronting on Thomas Street. (8.46) **5 Drink till they puke again like christians.** Christian: 'a human being as distinguished from one of the lower animals' (PWJ, p. 234). (8.49) **6 Reuben J's son must have swallowed a good bellyful of that sewage** In 1904, the Liffey was used extensively as a sewer. For the story of Reuben J. Dodd's son, see note at **72:8**. (8.52) **7 Elijah thirtytwo feet per sec is com** See note at **56:4**. (8.57) **8 Erin's King** See note at **51:13**. (8.60) **9 Shakespeare has no rhymes** Untrue. (8.64) **10 *Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit*** A misquotation from *Hamlet*: 'I am thy father's spirit, / Doomed for a certain term to walk the night' (Act I, Sc. 5, 9–10). (8.67) **11 Australians they must be this time of year** In 1904 an apple purchased in June would have had to come from the southern hemisphere. (8.71) **12 Banbury cakes** A type of mince pie from Banbury in Oxfordshire. (8.74) **13 The gulls swooped silently** Just as Bloom throws the cake down upon the birds, so too did the Lestrygonians pour boulders from the heights of the cliffs onto Odysseus's ships (*Odyssey*, x, 121–25). (8.76) **14 Manna** In Exodus 16, the children of Israel complain to Moses and Aaron that they should have stayed in Egypt, where at least they had food. God answers their complaint by leaving bread, called manna, with the morning dew (16:11–12). (8.79) **15 Anna Liffey** Anna: from the Irish *abhainn*, 'the common appellative in the spoken language for a river' (P.W. Joyce, *Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 461). (8.80) **16 Wonder what kind is swanmeat. Robinson Crusoe had to live on them** The title character of Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) lists seabirds, whose species he could not identify, among his first meals on the island on which he is shipwrecked. In Hebrew dietary laws, swan meat is not kosher. (8.81) **17 They spread foot and mouth disease too** There is no evidence that seagulls spread foot-and-mouth disease. See also note at **26:9**. (8.84)

113 **1 *Kino's*** J.C. Kino: a London clothier with an outlet in Dublin at 12 College Green (*Thom's*, p. 1924). (8.90) **2 It's always flowing in a stream** See note at **66:14**. (8.94) **3 greenhouses** Public men's urinals in Dublin, so called because they were painted green (Dolan). (8.97) **4 Dr Hy Franks** 'Hy Franks' was one of the pseudonyms of Adam J. Farlow, a 'quack' doctor arrested on 'a charge of endeavouring to procure a lady for immoral purposes' in Dublin in 1893 (*British Medical Journal*, 23 Dec. 1893, p. 1413, col. b). Under the name Hy Franks he sold various purported medicines and cures (John Simpson, 'Will the Real Dr Hy Franks Please Stand Up?', pp. 116–17). Advertisements for cures for venereal disease were illegal in Dublin at this time (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 116). (8.97) **5 a red** A penny (*OED*). (8.98) **6 Maginni the dancing master** Denis J. Maginni: a dance instructor who lived at 32 Great George's Street North (*Thom's*, p. 1948), which is now the James Joyce Centre. He was renowned in Dublin for his flamboyant eccentricity (Ellmann, p. 365). He changed his name from Magin to lend it some continental flair. (8.98) **7 on the q. t.** 'With complete secrecy. "Q.T." Stands for "quiet"' (*Brewer's*). (8.100) **8 dose** Venereal infection (Partridge). (8.101) **9 Timeball on the ballast office is down. Dunsink time** The Ballast Office, the headquarters for the supervision of Dublin Harbour, is at the southern end of the O'Connell Bridge, at the intersection of Westmoreland Street and Aston Quay. The time ball atop the building would be lowered at 1:00 p.m. GMT for the benefit of passing ships, so their chronometers could be set.

In 1904, Dublin time was about 25 minutes behind GMT. The Ballast Office also has a clock, which shows the local time. This was synchronized by a cable from Dunsink Observatory (see note at **122:12**), hence Dunsink time. From Bloom's current position, he cannot see the clock. (8.109) **10 Fascinating little book that is of sir Robert Ball's** Sir Robert Stawell Ball (1840–1913): professor of astronomy at Trinity College and astronomer royal of Ireland (1874–1892). In 1892 he was appointed Lowndean professor of astronomy at Cambridge (*DIB*). He wrote a number of books, including *The Story of the Heavens* (1885), which Bloom owns (see note at **499:11**). In his time at Dunsink Observatory, Sir Robert Ball did a great deal of work on the parallax of stars (see the following note). (8.110) **11 Parallax** 'Difference or change in the apparent position or direction of an object as seen from two different points; (*Astron.*) such a difference or change in the position of a celestial object as seen from different points on the earth's surface or from opposite points in the earth's orbit around the sun' (*OED*). Measurements of the parallax of celestial objects can be used to calculate their distances. (8.110) **12 Par it's Greek** Parallax derives from the Greek *Parallaxis*, 'change, alteration, alternation' (*OED*); the prefix is *para-*. (8.111) **13 Met him pikehoses** Molly's mispronunciation of 'metempsychosis'; see note at **49:10**. (8.112) **14 big Ben** Ben Dollard's nickname is after the nickname for the famous hour-bell in the clock tower (St Stephen's tower) of the English Parliament building. The 13-ton bell was installed in 1858. The name comes from Sir Benjamin Hall, Chief Commissioner of works when the clock was built. The entire clock tower itself is now usually called Big Ben as well (*Brewer's*). (8.119) **15 Get outside of a baron of beef** To get outside of: 'to eat or drink, generally a considerable and specified amount' (Partridge). Baron: 'a joint consisting of two sirloins left uncut at the backbone' (*OED*). (8.120) **16 number one Bass** Bass Pale Ale, which is called 'number one' because its logo, a red triangle, was the first trademark registered in Great Britain (1876). (8.121) **17 we have sinned: we have suffered** See note at **62:21**. (8.125) **18 H. E. L. Y. S. Wisdom Hely's** See note at **81:1**. (8.126) **19 skilly** 'A kind of thin, watery porridge, gruel, or soup, commonly made from oatmeal, and used especially in prisons and workhouses' (*OED*). (8.130) **20 Boyl: no: M'Glade's** B. McGlade, 'advertising agent, poster painter and street advertiser', offices at 42 Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1408). (8.130) **21 Have a finger in the pie** Proverbial, 'to have a part or share in the doing of something' (*OED* s.v. pie). After Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*: 'The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed / From his ambitious finger' (Act I, Sc. 1, 52–53). (8.135) **22 Curiosity. Pillar of salt** Lot's wife ignores God's command not to look back upon Sodom as it is being destroyed and is turned into a pillar of salt as punishment (Gen. 19:24–26). (8.136)

114 1 85 Dame Street Hely's was located at 27–30 Dame street (*Thom's*, p. 1468; see note at **81:1**). In 1904, Dame Street stopped at number 82 (*Thom's*, p. 1470). (8.142) **2 ruck** 'The undistinguished crowd or general run (of persons and things)' (*OED*). (8.142) **3 Tranquilla convent** In Rathmines Terrace; founded in 1833 by Carmelite nuns (*Thom's*, p. 1774). (8.143) **4 Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel** A liturgical feast dedicated to Mary the mother of Jesus; it takes place either on 16th July or the first Sunday thereafter. It celebrates the founding of the Carmelite Order on Mount Carmel in Syria. (8.148) **5 dripping** 'The melted fat that drips from roasting meat, which when cold is used like butter' (*OED*). (8.152) **6 Pat Claffey, the pawnbroker's daughter** Pat Claffey had been a pawnbroker at 65 Amiens Street, with a residence at St Mary's, Merrion Avenue, in Blackrock (*Thom's 1880*, pp. 1338, 1618). The 1904 *Thom's* lists a Mrs M. Claffey (presumably his widow) as a pawnbroker at 65–66 Amiens Street (p. 1412). There is no record in the 1901 census of a daughter. (8.153) **7 It was a nun they say invented barbed wire** Barbed wire was invented and patented almost simultaneously in 1867–68 by three Americans, none of whom were nuns: Lucien B. Smith, William B. Hunt and Michael Kelly (*EB11*). (8.154) **8 Westmoreland street** South of O'Connell Bridge, Sackville (O'Connell) Street splits into Westmoreland Street and D'Olier Street. Westmoreland continues south to the western boundary of Trinity College and College Green. D'Olier Street turns south-east before giving into Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street. (8.155) **9 Rover cycleshop** The Rover Cycle Co., W.G. Wilkinson, manager: 23 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1620). (8.156) **10 Those races are on today** See note at **66:3**. (8.156) **11 Year Phil Gilligan died** The fictional Gilligan died in 1894, see notes at **114:15** and **497:2**. (8.156) **12 We were in Lombard street west** Bloom is wrong: he lived in Lombard Street West in 1892–1893; see note at **83:9**. (8.157) **13 Thom's** See note at **92:22**. (8.157) **14 Got the job in Wisdom Hely's year we married** See note at **81:1**. (8.158) **15 big fire at Arnott's** On 4th May 1894 the block of buildings that extend from Henry Street to Prince's Street, which were

owned by Arnott's, a large store, were completely destroyed by fire (*Thom's*, p. 2105). (8.159) **16 Val Dillon was lord mayor** Valentine Dillon (d.30th March 1904): Dublin's lord mayor, 1894–1895 (*Thom's*, p. 1398). (8.159) **17 The Glencree dinner** The annual fund-raising dinner for the St Kevin's Reformatory, a reformatory school for Catholic boys located in County Wicklow, 16 km south of Dublin. It was managed in 1904 by Revd John O'Carroll (*Thom's*, p. 839). This dinner took place in 1894 or 1895. (8.160) **18 Alderman Robert O'Reilly** 'Merchant tailor and outfitter', 8 Parliament Street (*Thom's*, p. 1565). In the 1890s he served as an alderman on the markets committee of the Dublin Corporation. (8.160) **19 the inner alderman** Inner man: jocular for stomach or appetite (Partridge). (8.161) **20 Milly was a kiddy then** Milly was born on 15th June 1889. (8.163) **21 choir picnic at the Sugarloaf** Sugarloaf is properly two mountains: Great Sugar Loaf (506 metres) and Little Sugar Loaf (341 metres), located about 23 km to the south-east of Dublin. Molly was in the choir at St Francis Xavier Church in Gardiner Street Upper for an unspecified length of time before she was dismissed. (8.166) **22 Dockrell's** Thomas Dockrell & Sons: 'contractors, window glass, oil, colour, cement, and wallpaper dealers, ironmongers, decorators, shop fitters, house, land, and estate agents, auctioneers, and valuators', 47–49 Lower Stephen Street, south-central Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1852). (8.171) **23 daguerreotype atelier** Daguerreotype: 'one of the earliest photographic processes, first published by Daguerre of Paris in 1839' (*OED*). The photo studio was owned by a relative of Bloom's father (see note at **510:10**). (8.174) **24 Stream of life** See note at **66:14**. (8.176) **25 Stopped in Citron's saint Kevin's parade** See note at **47:9**. (8.177) **26 Pendennis?** The name Bloom is trying to remember is Penrose; see note at **132:15**. *The History of Pendennis* (1850) is a novel by William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–63). (8.178) **27 the dayfather's name** See note at **92:5**. (8.180) **28 Bartell D'Arcy** Bartell D'Arcy, a tenor, appears in 'The Dead' in *Dubliners*. (8.181) **29** ***Winds that blow from the south*** The first line of the refrain of 'Whisper, and I Shall Hear' (1891), words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by M. Piccolomini. (8.183) **30 that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets** Bloom was arrested in 1893 or 1894 for selling tickets for a Hungarian lottery but 'he had a friend in court', a member of the Masonic Lodge (see also note at **228:2**). The lodge meeting probably would have been held at the Freemason's Hall at 17 & 18 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 1875), near the Mansion House in Dawson Street, the site of Goodwin's concert. The 16th June 1904 *Illustrated Irish Weekly Independent and Nation* has a story of a printer summoned for selling tickets for 'The Privileged Royal Hungarian Lottery' (p. 4, col. g); Joyce changed the name of this to 'The Royal and Privileged Hungarian Lottery'. (8.184) **31 Goodwin's concert in the supper room or oakroom of the mansion house** Goodwin was Molly's accompanist on the piano. He is based on William G. Goodwin. The Mansion House on Dawson Street is the residence of the lord mayor of Dublin. The Round Room (or supper room) and the Oak Room are used for civic entertainments (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, pp. 243–44). (8.185)

115 1 high school See note at **56:2**. (8.187) **2 May be for months and may be for never** Modified from the song 'Kathleen Mavourneen' (Kathleen Darling), music by Frederick W.N. Crouch: 'It may be for years, and it may be forever'. (8.190) **3 Corner of Harcourt road** The corner of Harcourt Road and Harcourt Street, which runs south from St Stephen's Green. This is just south of Bloom's high school (see note at **56:2**). Bloom is recollecting his trip from the Freemason Lodge at Molesworth Street to his home, then at Lombard Street West. (8.191) **4 Mrs Breen** Josie Breen (née Powell) was in the same social circle as the youthful Leopold and Molly. She and Bloom once had a flirtatious relationship before they each got married. (8.203) **5 on the baker's list** 'I am well and have recovered my appetite' (PWJ, p. 109). (8.211) **6 a bad penny** 'A ne'er do well [...] one who, having failed, returns as he went' (Partridge). (8.216) **7** ***Your funeral's tomorrow*** From two different songs: 'His Funeral's Tomorrow' by Felix McGlennon, and the Scottish ballad 'Comin' through the Rye'. (8.221) **8 don't be talking** A common Hiberno-English exclamation (Dolan, s.v. be). (8.229) **9 He's a caution to rattlesnakes** A caution to snakes: '(something) very surprising, odd, eccentric, or unusual' (Partridge). (8.229) **10 heartscalded** Hiberno-English, to experience 'a great vexation or mortification' (PWJ, p. 273). (8.230) **11 Harrison's** Harrison and Co.: confectioners, 29 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1620). (8.233) **12 Demerara** 'A region of Guyana, used to designate a kind of (raw) cane-sugar' (*OED*). (8.234)

116 1 Penny dinner. Knife and fork chained to the table Free breakfasts for the poor were organized by the Christian Union building at 12 Lower Abbey Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1408, 1831). (8.237) **2 barging** To barge: 'to

abuse or "slang" a person' (*OED*). (8.242) **3 new moon** The new moon appeared above Dublin on Monday, 13th June 1904, at 8:45 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 14). A popular superstition has it that moonlight causes madness (*Brewer's*). (8.245) **4 Indiges** The meaning is unclear. The word 'indiges' suggests 'indigestion' as well 'indigent', which derives from the Latin *indigere*, 'to lack, to want'. (8.252) **5 ace of spades** The ace of spades portends bad luck and death. (8.253) **6 U. P.: up** 'U.P., the spelling pronunciation of UP adverb, = over, finished, beyond remedy' (*OED*, s.vv., U; u.p.). The expression 'U.P.: up' dates at least as far back as Dickens (as quoted in *OED*). (8.258) **7 Mr Menton's office** See note at **78:8**. (8.262) **8 In Luke Doyle's long ago, Dolphin's barn, the charades** Luke Doyle is the friend who held charades parties which the Blooms attended in the late 1880s when they were courting. The real Luke Doyle and his wife Caroline were friends of the Joyce family, and they lived in Dolphin's Barn (Peter Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 60). See also note at **50:1**. (8.274) **9 Mina Purefoy** The fictitious Mrs Wilhemina (Mina) Purefoy and her husband Theodore are friends of the Blooms. Joyce may have taken her last name from Richard Dancer Purefoy, a prominent Dublin obstetrician and one-time Master of the Rotunda Lying-in Hospital (*Thom's*, pp. 880, 1991). (8.277) **10 Philip Beaufoy I was thinking. Playgoers' club. Matcham** See notes at **53:8** and **53:9**. (8.278) **11 lying-in hospital in Holles street** Lying-in: 'in childbed' (*OED*). The National Maternity Hospital, 29–31 Holles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1519). This hospital, opened as a Catholic charity in March 1894, was created to care for poor Dublin women in childbirth (Bennett); see also note at **278:1**. (8.281) **12 Dr Horne** Andrew J. Horne (1856–1924): one of the masters of the National Maternity Hospital in Holles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1519). (8.282)

117 **1 glass** That is, a monocle. (2.296) **2 Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell** Gogarty gives the name of this character as 'James Boyle Tisdell Burke Stewart Fitzsimmons Farrell' and describes him as 'chief of those eccentric and genial characters [Dublin] never fails to produce in every generation' (*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, p. 1; see also Ellmann, p. 365). (8.302) **3 Denis** Josie Powell Breen's husband, Denis. *Thom's* lists a Denis Breen as the owner of the Leinster Billiard Rooms at 53b Rathmines Road (p. 1815), but it is unclear whether the Denis Breen of *Ulysses* is based on this man or on any other real-life figure. (8.304) **4 Harrison's** See note at **115:11**. (8.310) **5 Blown in** One who has blown in: 'a newcomer, esp. one still unaccepted' (Partridge). (8.311) **6 Meshuggah** Yiddish, 'mad, crazy, stupid' (*OED*). (8.314) **7 Off his chump** That is, out of his senses. Chump: head (*OED*). (8.314) **8 mosey** See note at **10:6**. (8.318) **9 Alf Bergan or Richie Goulding** Alf Bergan: a friend of the Joyce family who worked as an assistant to Long John Clancy, the subsheriff of Dublin (Ellmann, p. 24). He lived at 141 Clonliffe Road (*Thom's*, p. 1807). For Richie Goulding, see note at **31:21**. (8.320) **10 Scotch house** A pub at 6 & 7 Burgh Quay, at the corner with Hawkins Street. The pub was run by James Weir & Co., Ltd. (*Thom's*, p. 1439). It is not called the 'Scotch House' in *Thom's*, but was billed as such on its façade (*JJD*, p. 53). It is referred to in the *Dubliners* story 'Counterparts' (p. 90). (8.321) **11 a feast for the gods** From *Julius Caesar*: 'Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods' (Act II, Sc. 1, 173). (8.322) **12 *Irish Times*** The morning paper which Bloom used to place the ad that began his correspondence with Martha Clifford. Its offices were at 31 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1620), which Bloom passes as he heads south. Politically, it was Unionist. (8.323) **13 Lizzie Twigg** Dublin poetess and disciple of George Russell (*SS*, p. 55). (8.330)

118 **1 by long chalks** 'In a great degree, by far' (*OED*). (8.334) **2 Got the provinces now** In the early part of the century, Dublin newspapers such as the *Irish Times*, the *Irish Independent* and the *Freeman's Journal* competed for readers in the provinces surrounding Dublin. The *Times* enjoyed the highest circulation in the provinces. (8.334) **3 James Carlisle** James Carlyle: manager and director of the *Irish Times* in 1904. *Thom's* lists him as 'Carlisle' in one entry and 'Carlyle' in another; Joyce followed the incorrect version (*Thom's*, pp. 1620, 1826). (8.337) **4 Six and a half percent dividend** The 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* reports that the dividend of shares in the *Irish Times* was 5 7/16% (p. 4, col. c). (8.337) **5 Coates's shares** When thread manufacturers James and Peter Coats of Paisley, Scotland, merged with their major competitors, Clark & Co, in 1896, they formed a lucrative monopoly, causing stock dividends to surge (*EB11*, s.v. Paisley). Joyce misspelt their name as 'Coates'. (8.338) **6 Ca'canny** 'To go cautiously, quietly, gently, carefully, warily'; from the Scottish word *can*, 'knowledge, skill' (*OED*, s.v. canny). (8.338) **7 hunks** A miser (*OED*). (8.338) **8 vicereine** The wife of a viceroy (*OED*). Lady Dudley was the vicereine in Ireland in 1904; see also note at **133:21**. (8.339) **9 *Irish Field*** A Dublin weekly racing newspaper, published each Saturday from Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1357). It

was absorbed early in the twentieth century by the *Irish Times*. (8.339) **10 Lady Mountcashel** Edward George Augustus Harcourt Moore (1829–1915), 6th Earl Mount-Cashell and Baron Kelsworth (*Thom's*, p. 416b). According to *Thom's*, he had no wife in 1904. (8.340) **11 Ward Union staghounds** A fox hunt in Ireland, which met twice (or three times) a week during hunting season (November to mid-April). Staghounds are 'close derivatives of the bloodhound' (*EB11*). (8.341) **12 enlargement** In fox-hunting, an enlargement is the moment when the fox which is to be pursued is let go from its cage (*OED*). (8.341) **13 Rathoath** A village 40 km north-west of Dublin, near Fairyhouse, where the Ward Union Staghounds hunt is based. (8.341) **14 Uneatable fox** In Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* (1893), Lord Illingworth quips that fox-hunting is 'the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable' (Act I). (8.342) **15 Pothunters** Pothunter: 'a sportsman who shoots anything he comes across, having more regard to filling his bag than to the rules which regulate the sport' (*OED*). (8.342) **16 Weightcarrying huntress** Weight-carrier: 'a horse that can carry a heavy rider' (*OED*). (8.343) **17 pillion** 'A kind of saddle, *esp*. a woman's light saddle' (*OED*). (8.344) **18 not for Joe** The title of a popular American song of the 1850s, words and music by A. Lloyd. (8.344) **19 while you'd say knife** In before you could say knife: proverbial, 'very quickly, swiftly, or suddenly' (Partridge, s.v. knife). (8.346) **20 the Grosvenor** See note at **57:3**. (8.347) **21 fivebarred gate** Bar gate: a barrier gate (*OED*). In this instance, the term means a high gate, at least 1.5 metres high, over which a horse leaps. (8.348) **22 Mrs Miriam Dandrade** Identity unknown. No one of that name appears in *Thom's* or the 1901 census. (8.350) **23 Shelbourne hotel** Dublin's grandest and most élite hotel, at the corner of Kildare Street and the north side of St Stephen's Green (*Thom's*, p. 2009). (8.351) **24 Didn't take a feather out of her** This expression means 'It didn't bother her at all'. (8.351) **25 Stubbs the park ranger** Henry G. Stubbs: overseer of the Board of Public Works, The Cottage, Phoenix Park, Dublin, until 1901. (8.353) **26 Whelan of the *Express*** Identity unknown. For the *Daily Express*, see note at **94:8**. (8.353) **27 Method in his madness** Polonius, from *Hamlet*: 'Though this be madness, yet there is method in it' (Act II, Sc. 2, 207). (8.358) **28 educational dairy** Educational Dairy Produce's shops served health foods and temperance drinks. *Thom's* lists Produce Stores, Ltd., at 9 Upper Baggot Street, with branches at 10 Nassau Street, 19 Merrion Row and 10 & 11 Castle Markets (p. 1990). (8.359) **29 Theodore's cousin** Theodore Purefoy's cousin is Mortimer Edward Purefoy and works in the Treasury Remembrancer's office in Dublin Castle (see note at **302:11**). (8.361) **30 Dublin Castle** In 1904 Dublin Castle, just off Dame Street, housed the main offices of the British Government in Ireland. It served as the seat of power for the British crown in Ireland, as well as a jail for the Royal Irish Constabulary. It was originally built as a military fortress by King John in 1215 and is one of the oldest buildings in Dublin (Bennett). (8.362) **31 Hardy annuals** Hardy annual: a journalistic phrase, 'a stock subject' (Partridge). (8.362) **32 the Three Jolly Topers** A pub by the River Tolka, north of the city. Toper: 'a hard drinker; a drunkard' (*OED*). (8.363) **33 t.t's** Teetotallers (*OED*). (8.366) **34 Dog in the manger** 'A mean-spirited individual who will not use what is wanted by another, nor yet let the other have it to use; one who prevents another enjoying something without any benefit to himself' (*Brewer's*). (8.366) **35 Fleet street crossing** Fleet Street intersects with Westmoreland Street at its eastern end. (8.368) **36 Rowe's** Andrew Rowe's pub: 2 Great George's Street South, a short walk south and west from where Bloom is standing (*Thom's*, p. 2001). The National Library is about the same distance to the south and east. (8.369) **37 national library** See note at **14:5**. (8.369) **38 the Burton** The Burton Hotel and Billiard Rooms (and restaurant): 18 Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1821). Duke Street runs between Grafton and Dawson Streets and is only a slight detour on Bloom's trip to the National Library. (8.370) **39 Bolton's Westmoreland house** '*Westmoreland House*, Bolton, William, and Co. grocers, tea, wine, and spirit merchants and Italian warehousemen': 35 & 36 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1620). (8.371) **40 Tea. I forgot to tap Tom Kernan** See note at **55:17**. (8.371) **41 Twilightsleep idea: queen Victoria** Twilight sleep: 'a state of semi-consciousness produced by injection of scopolamine and morphia in which a woman can undergo childbirth with comparatively little pain' (*Brewer's*). A chloroform anaesthetic was used on Queen Victoria during the birth of Prince Leopold in April 1853 (Christopher Hibbert, *Queen Victoria*, pp. 216–17). (8.378) **42 Nine she had** Queen Victoria had nine children: four sons and five daughters. (8.379) **43 Old woman that lived in a shoe** From the nursery rhyme: 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, / She had so many children she didn't know what to do' (*ODNR*). (8.379) **44 Suppose he was consumptive** Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, died of typhoid fever, not tuberculosis of the lungs (consumption),

in December 1861. (8.380) **45 Flapdoodle** 'Empty talk; transparent nonsense' (Partridge). (8.382) **46 give every child born five quid at compound interest** £5 invested at five per cent interest, annually compounded, would be worth approximately £13 18s in twenty-one years. Bloom's own figure, 'ten and a bit', is slightly low, because he forgets that interest earned increases with the principal (Mark Osteen, *The Economy of 'Ulysses'*, p. 105). (8.383)

119 **1 Molly and Mrs Moisel** Nisan Moisel was a neighbour of the Blooms when they lived at Lombard Street West (see note at **47:11**). The wife of Nisan's son Elyah, Basseh Moisel (*née* Hodess), gave birth to a daughter, Rebecca Ita, on 28th June 1889, thirteen days after Milly was born (Hyman, p. 190). (8.391) **2 Phthisis retires for the time being, then returns** Phthisis: 'a progressive wasting disease; specifically, pulmonary consumption' (*OED*). It can lie dormant for up to a year before striking. (8.392) **3 Old Mrs Thornton was a jolly old soul** Mrs Thornton was the Blooms' midwife (see note at **51:8**), here placed in the nursery rhyme 'Old King Cole was a merry old soul' (*ODNR*). (8.394) **4 old Tom Wall's** Thomas J. Wall, KC: chief divisional magistrate of the Dublin Police District; he lived at 26 Longford Terrace, Monkstown (*Thom's*, p. 2032). (8.396) **5 Snuffy Dr Murren** See note at **85:8**. Snuffy: drunk (*OED*). (8.397) **6 Irish house of parliament** The Bank of Ireland in College Green occupies the building that had been the Irish House of Parliament; see note at **45:4**. (8.401) **7 Apjohn** Percy Apjohn: see note at **497:1**. (8.404) **8 Owen Goldberg** Goldberg was one of Bloom's childhood playmates; possibly related to Marcus or Henry Goldberg, at 31 Harcourt Street (*Thom's*, p. 1513), close to Erasmus Smith High School. (8.404) **9 Goose green** Goosegreen Avenue in Drumcondra, a suburb north of Dublin. The suburb lies along the main Belfast road, beyond the Royal Canal. (8.404) **10 Mackerel** Besides being a fish, mackerel is 'one who ministers to sexual debauchery; a bawd, pimp, procurer or procuress' (*OED*). (8.405) **11 squad of constables debouched from College street** College Street crosses Westmoreland Street a few blocks south of the Liffey. There is a police station at the eastern end of College Street, where it narrows and turns into Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street. Debouch: 'To issue from a narrow or confined place' (*OED*). (8.406) **12 Policeman's lot is oft a happy one** After Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance* (1880): 'A policeman's lot is not a happy one'. (8.409) **13 He crossed under Tommy Moore's roguish finger** The statue of poet and musician Thomas Moore (1779–1852) stands on an island on College Street by Trinity College. There is a public urinal beneath it. Moore's statue holds out a finger, although the phrase 'roguish finger' also alludes to a tongue-in-cheek article by Francis Mahony, 'Rogueries of Tom Moore', which asserted that some of Moore's most popular songs were copied from French and Latin sources. (8.414) **14 meeting of the waters** 'The Meeting of the Waters': a song in Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies* (1807–34). The poem is about the Avoca Valley in county Wicklow, where the rivers Avonbeg and Avonmore meet. (8.415) **15** ***There is not in this wide world a vallee*** From Thomas Moore's song 'The Meeting of the Waters'. (8.416) **16 Julia Morkan's** Julia Morkan, with her sister Kate, was one of the musical hostesses of the dinner party which is the main setting for 'The Dead' in *Dubliners*. (8.417) **17 Michael Balfe's** Michael William Balfe (1808–70): Dublin-born singer, violinist, conductor and composer of such operas as *The Rose of Castile* (see note at **98:1**). (8.418) **18 Jack Power could a tale unfold** From the Ghost's words to Hamlet: 'I could a tale unfold whose lightest word / Would harrow up thy soul' (Act I, Sc. 5, 15–16). For Jack Power, see note at **67:2**. (8.419) **19 G man** The G division of the DMP was an elite corps of plain-clothes detectives (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 179); they were based at 3 & 4 Exchange Court, near Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1488). (8.420) **20 lagged** Arrested (Partridge). (8.421) **21 bridewell** A generic term for a jail, after a London jail by that name (*OED*). The Dublin 'Metropolitan Police Courts and Bridewell' were located at 27–61 Chancery Street (*Thom's*, p. 1446). (8.421) **22 hornies** Policemen or constables (Partridge). (8.422) **23 day Joe Chamberlain was given his degree in Trinity** Joseph Chamberlain (1836–1914): a member of Gladstone's government who defected in 1886 to form the Liberal Unionist Party over his opposition to Home Rule in Ireland. After uniting his party with the Conservatives, he was made secretary for the colonies and was associated with the Boer War (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, pp. 421–22). Chamberlain was extremely unpopular in Ireland when he was given an honorary degree by Trinity College on 18th December 1899. A pro-Boer meeting was held the previous day at Beresford Place, across the Liffey from Trinity, which was disrupted by the police (R.B. McDowell and D.A. Webb, *Trinity College Dublin*, p. 354). (8.423) **24 Abbey street** Parallel to, and just north of the Liffey, in central Dublin. In 1904, W.B. Yeats and his colleagues founded the

Abbey Theatre at 27 Lower Abbey Street. (8.425) **25 Manning's** T.J. Manning's pub: 41 Upper Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1951). (8.426) **26 souped** Brought to grief (*OED*). (8.426) **27 Trinity jibs** First-year undergraduate students of Trinity College (Partridge). (8.428) **28 Dixon who dressed that sting for me in the Mater** Bloom was stung by a fly on 23rd May (see note at **52:14**). The Mater Misericordiae Hospital is just up the road from Bloom's house, at the corner of Eccles Street and Berkeley Road. (8.429) **29 in Holles street** That is, at the National Maternity Hospital, 29–31 Holles Street; see note at **116:11**. (8.430) **30 Wheels within wheels** Proverbial, 'a complexity of forces or influences' (*ODEP*); from Ezekiel's vision of heaven (Ezekiel 1:16 and 10:9). (8.431) **31 Give me in charge** To give in charge: 'to hand over a person to the charge of a policeman' (*Brewer's*, s.v. charge). (8.432) **32 Up the Boers!** The Boer (Afrikaner) cause was popular in Ireland, because the Irish identified with their struggle (1899–1902) to be free of English colonial rule (Seumas MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 665). Bloom recalls the massive demonstration in favour of the Boers; see note at **119:23**. (8.434) **33 Three cheers for De Wet!** Christiaan Rudolph De Wet (1854–1922): a Boer (Afrikaner) general who led forces from the Orange Free State, an independent Boer state north of South Africa, in the Boer War. With the defeat of the Boer forces, De Wet reluctantly signed the Peace of Vereeniging (31st May 1902), ending the Boer War and returning the Orange Free State to British colonial rule (*EB11*). (8.435) **34 We'll hang Joe Chamberlain on a sourapple tree** After 'John Brown's Body', a Unionist song from the American Civil War; the line in question is 'We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour-apple tree!' For Joe Chamberlain, see note at **119:23**. (8.436) **35 Vinegar hill** A hill at Enniscorthy, County Wexford, where the Wexford rebels of 1798 were based and where they lost to the English on 21st June of that year. The battle at Vinegar Hill is mentioned in the ballad 'The Boys of Wexford' (see note at **97:1**). (8.437) **36 Butter exchange band** A musical band drawn up from the membership of the Butter Exchange, a dairy guild. The band played at the 18th December 1899 protest against the British in the Boer War. (8.438)

120 1 whether on the scaffold high From the chorus of 'God Save Ireland', by Timothy Daniel Sullivan (1827–1914). The song is about a failed rescue attempt of imprisoned Fenian leaders in 1867 (Bowen). (8.440) **2 Harvey Duff** The name of a police informer in Irish-American playwright Dion Boucicault's (1822–90) *The Shaughraun* (1874). (8.441) **3 Peter or Denis or James Carey that blew the gaff on the invincibles** See notes at **62:24**, **62:25**, **62:26** and **62:28**. (8.442) **4 Member of the corporation too** As a Dublin town councillor, Peter Carey (see note at **62:26**) was a member of the Dublin Corporation. (8.443) **5 the castle** That is, Dublin Castle; see note at **118:30**. (8.444) **6 slaveys** See note at **73:11**. (8.446) **7 twig** 'To become aware of by seeing; to perceive, discern, catch sight of; to recognise' (*OED*). (8.446) **8 Squarepushing** Military expression, being romantic with a young woman (*OED*). (8.446) **9 Peeping Tom** A lewd man who espies naked women (*Brewer's*), see also note at **216:84**. (8.449) **10 Decoy duck** 'A person who entices another into danger or mischief' (*OED*). (8.449) **11 James Stephens' idea was the best. He knew them** For Stephens, see note at **34:30**. Stephens organized the Irish Republican Brotherhood into a network of cells or circles, each with ten people, one of whom was its leader or centre. Each member would only have contact with the centre who, in turn, reported to a Division Centre who, in turn, reported to the eleven-member Central Council. This structure was devised to mitigate the damage of betrayal, since any one member's knowledge of the group's plans would be limited. Stephens's precautions proved inadequate during the failed 1867 uprising, which was undermined by leaks from the organization (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, pp. 392–93). (8.457) **12 Sinn Fein** From the Irish *Sinn féin*: 'we ourselves'. The name adopted by a political journal and later an Irish separatist group, both founded by Arthur Griffith (see note at **34:17**). Bloom uses the term Sinn Féin loosely, as was frequently done, to refer to militant separatist factions as well. (8.458) **13 Back out you get the knife. Hidden hand. Stay in. The firing squad** The Irish Republican Brotherhood was one of several nationalist organizations whose members were subject to murder by a vigilance committee should they inform authorities of the organization's plans (Corfe, *Phoenix Park Murders*, p. 151). Should they stay in, though, they were subject to the British firing squad. Hidden hand: 'secret or occult influence, especially of a malignant character' (*OED*); after Tom Taylor's play *The Hidden Hand* (1870). (8.458) **14 Turnkey's daughter got him out of Richmond** For Stephens's escape from Richmond jail, see note at **34:30**. (8.459) **15 Lusk** A coastal village 18 km from Dublin from which Stephens and his party escaped Ireland. Their boat landed in Scotland, whence they travelled to London and then France and America. In London, the escapees stayed at the Palace Hotel, not at the

(fictional) Buckingham Palace Hotel. (8.460) **16 Garibaldi** Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807–82): Italian nationalist hero. Garibaldi was involved in various military campaigns against Austrian forces in Italy and united the fragmented Italian states (*EB11*). (8.461) **17 squareheaded** Level-headed, sensible (*OED*). (8.463) **18 no go in him for the mob. Want to gas about our lovely land** Go: dash, energy, vigour (*OED*). To gas: to 'talk idly or for talking's sake; boast unduly or arrogantly' (Partridge). Griffith lacked Parnell's popular appeal to the broad populace. (8.463) **19 Gammon and spinach** 'Nonsense; humbug; deceit' (Partridge). (8.464) **20 Dublin Bakery Company's tearoom** The Dublin Bread Company: 27 Stephen Street, and with restaurants at 3–4 St Stephen's Green North, 33 Dame Street, the National Library (Kildare Street), and 6–7 Sackville (O'Connell) Street Lower (*Thom's*, p. 1858). (8.464) **21 apron** The apron of a goose is 'the skin covering the belly, which is cut to get at the stuffing' (*OED*). (8.469) **22 Penny roll and a walk with the band** The Salvation Army offered a penny's worth of bread to anyone who would walk in parade as a testament to their conversion. (8.470) **23 Home Rule sun rising up in the northwest** See note at **45:4**. (8.473) **24 surly** 'Masterful, imperious; haughty, arrogant' (*OED*). (8.476) **25 washed in the blood of the lamb** See note at **111:8**. (8.483) **26 notice to quit** 'Danger of dying, esp. from ill-health' (Partridge). (8.487) **27 Built on bread and onions** Bread and onions was a typical meal for the slave labourers who built the great structures of antiquity; see, for example, Herodotus's *History*, II, 125. (8.490)

121 **1 Big stones left. Round towers** The Round Towers are distinctive remains of ancient Irish monasteries from the ninth to the twelfth centuries. By 'big stones', Bloom may have in mind the druid stone circles of Ireland. (8.490) **2 Kerwan's mushroom houses** Michael Kirwan (Joyce's spelling mistake): a building contractor who built low-cost housing for the Dublin Artisans' Dwellings Company (see note at **125:7**). These were small brick cottages with subpar heating and little light, hence 'mushroom houses', dark and cool sheds or cellars used to grow mushrooms. (8.491) **3 Provost's house. The reverend Dr Salmon: tinned salmon** The Trinity provost's house is at the corner of Nassau and Grafton Streets. The Revd George Salmon, D.D. (1819–1904): provost of Trinity from 1888 until his death on 22nd January 1904 (*DIB*). Since Salmon died so early in the year, he is still listed as provost in *Thom's* (pp. 852, 2005). He was succeeded by Anthony Traill (1838–1914). Tinned: wealthy (Partridge, s.v. tin). (8.496) **4 Walter Sexton's window** Walter Sexton, 'goldsmith, jeweller, silversmith, and watchmaker': 118 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 2008), across the street from the provost's house. (8.500) **5 John Howard Parnell** John Howard Parnell (1843–1923): Charles Stewart Parnell's older brother. J.H. Parnell was an MP for South Meath from 1895 to 1900 (*DIB*) and was Dublin's city marshal and registrar of pawnbrokers in 1904, with offices at 3 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1349). (8.500) **6 Must be a corporation meeting today** There is a meeting of the Dublin Corporation later in the day, at which the city marshal is expected to attend (see note at **181:4**). (8.504) **7 Charley Boulger** There was no city marshal named Boulger. When this episode was serialized in *The Little Review*, this name appeared as 'Charley Kavanagh', following from a now lost manuscript; all extant manuscripts read 'Boulger'. Charles Kavanagh: Dublin city marshal from 1891 until his death in June 1894. (8.506) **8 Poached eyes on ghost** A pun on 'poached eggs on toast' based on the German word for egg, *Ei*. (8.508) **9 D. B. C.** The Dublin Bread Company; see note at **120:20**. The branch at 33 Dame Street was frequented by chess players. (8.510) **10 touched** Slightly insane (Partridge). (8.513) **11 Mad Fanny** Fanny Isabel Parnell (1848–82): poetess and one of Parnell's sisters. (8.513) **12 Mrs Dickinson** Emily Parnell Dickinson (1841–1918): one of Parnell's sisters. She married Capt. Arthur Dickinson, a military officer with a drinking problem. Like her brother, Emily was thought to be mentally ill. (8.513) **13 Bolt upright like surgeon M'Ardle** John S. McArdle: surgeon at St Vincent's Hospital in Dublin; he lived at 7 Upper Merrion Street (*Thom's*, pp. 876, 1936). McArdle was a notorious womanizer (John Garvin, *James Joyce's Disunited Kingdom*, p. 76). (8.514) **14 David Sheehy beat him for south Meath** In 1903, David Sheehy (1844–1932) defeated John Howard Parnell in a Parliamentary by-election for South Meath. (8.515) **15 Apply for the Chiltern Hundreds and retire into public life** Because MPs are technically forbidden from resigning, the mechanism by which they can vacate their seat is to apply for the position of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, a now obsolete job. Since MPs cannot hold another paid office in government, their seat is then freed (*EB11*). (8.515) **16 The patriot's banquet. Eating orangepeels in the park** Irish nationalists ate oranges at rallies in Phoenix Park because they thought the symbolism would annoy Protestant Orangemen. (8.516) **17 Of the twoheaded octopus** George Russell (A.E.) is talking here. Without any additional context, the

meaning of this snippet of overheard conversation is unclear. Part of this line might derive from Walter Pater's description of the Mona Lisa in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*: 'Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come" [1 Corinthians 10:11], and the eyelids are a little weary' (p. 70). (8.520) **18 Beard and bicycle** George Russell (A.E.) wore a formidable beard and was well known for his bicycle-riding habits. (8.523) **19 Coming events cast their shadows before** From 'Lochiel's Warning' (1802), a ballad by Thomas Campbell (1777–1844). (8.526) **20 Lizzie Twigg** See note at **117:13**. (8.527) **21 A. E.: what does that mean?** See note at **104:12**. (8.527) **22 Albert Edward** The baptismal name of King Edward VII. (8.528) **23 home-spun** Russell wore clothes of home-spun cloth to promote Irish peasant labour (Summerfield, *That Myriad-Minded Man*, p. 170). (8.533) **24 Coming from the vegetarian** Vegetarianism was encouraged within the Theosophical movement – although, other than for a year in his twenties, Russell was not a strict vegetarian (Summerfield, *That Myriad-Minded Man*, p. 35). The nearest vegetarian restaurant was The McCaughey Restaurant at 3 & 4 College Street, where he had a table reserved regularly (*JJD*, p. 41). (8.534) **25 eyes of that cow will pursue you through all eternity** Theosophist Annie Besant wrote on the dangerous spiritual effects of killing animals for food (*The Ancient Wisdom*, p. 84). (8.535) **26 bloater** A cow with bloat, 'a disease of livestock characterized by an accumulation of gases in the stomach' (*OED*). (8.537) **27 nutsteak** 'A portion of meat substitute made from nuts and shaped like a steak' (*OED*). (8.539) **28 Nutarians. Fruitarians** Nutarian: 'a vegetarian whose diet is based on nut products' (*OED*). Fruitarian: 'one who lives on fruit' (*OED*). (8.539) **29 They cook in soda** In the late nineteenth century, it was believed that vegetables cooked in baking soda retained their original colours and unique characteristics; it has since been discovered that this strips them of their vitamins. (8.540)

122 1 Nassau street Nassau Street intersects Grafton Street and runs along the southern boundary of Trinity College. (8.551) **2 Yeates and Son** Opticians and manufacturers of mathematical instruments for the university and the Dublin Port and Docks Board, 2 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 2044). (8.552) **3 old Harris's** Morris Harris (*c.*1823–1909) ran a jewellery shop at 30 Nassau Street (*Thom's*, p. 1892). Harris was Jewish and his wife was Christian (Ellmann p. 230 n). (8.552) **4 young Sinclair** William and Henry Sinclair were the grandsons of Morris Harris (see previous note), who insisted on being raised Jewish (Hyman, pp. 148–49). (8.553) **5 Gœrz lenses** Goerz: a German optical manufacturer known for its prism binoculars. (8.554) **6 Last year travelling to Ennis** See note at **71:2**. (8.558) **7 Limerick junction** A major railroad junction in County Tipperary, 198 km south-west of Dublin and 77 km south-east of Ennis. (8.560) **8 irides** The irises of the eyes (*OED*, s.v. iris). (8.562) **9 sunspots when we were in Lombard street** In 1894, sunspots were at the peak of their 11-year cycle (Robert Ball, *The Story of the Heavens*, p. 41). Ball associates sunspots with 'violent disturbances on the surface of the sun' (p. 58). (8.568) **10 There will be a total eclipse this year: autumn some time** 'A total Eclipse of the Sun, September 9, 1904, invisible at Dublin' (*Thom's*, p. 2). (8.569) **11 that ball falls at Greenwich time** Bloom now corrects himself; see note at **113:9**. (8.571) **12 It's the clock is worked by an electric wire from Dunsink** Dunsink observatory, part of Trinity College, was located north-west of Phoenix Park. 'The clocks in the Port and Docks office, Westmoreland-street, and in the New Buildings, Trinity College, are controlled by an electric current transmitted each second by the meantime clock at the Observatory' (*Thom's*, p. 887). (8.571) **13 first Saturday of the month** The Dunsink Observatory was open to the public on the first Saturday of each month (*Thom's*, p. 887). (8.573) **14 professor Joly** Charles Jasper Joly (1864–1906): director of the Dunsink observatory as well as astronomer royal of Ireland and Andrews' professor of astronomy at Trinity College (*Thom's*, p. 887). (8.573) **15 Cap in hand goes through the land** Proverbial for humility being more effective than arrogance. (8.577) **16 Gas, then solid, then world, then cold** Pierre-Simon de Laplace's (1749–1827) nebular hypothesis of the universe: the sun was the centre of a rotating nebula of materials which were in different stages of condensation, contraction and cooling. Gaseous material from the nebula concentrated into solid forms, such as planets, which would ultimately cool to the point where life would cease to exist (*EB11*, s.v. Nebular theory). (8.582) **17 new moon** See note at **116:3**. (8.584) **18 la Maison Claire** 'Court Dressmaker', 4 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1505). (8.586) **19 full moon** The moon was full at 8:29 a.m. on 29th May 1904 (*Thom's*, p. 14). (8.587) **20 Tolka. Not bad for a Fairview moon** The River Tolka runs along the northern edge of Dublin and flows into Dublin Bay at Fairview, which in 1904 was a tidal mudflat. (8.588) **21 The young May moon** Thomas Moore's song 'The Young May Moon'. (8.589)

123 **1 Adam court** Adams Court: a narrow street off Grafton Street. (8.593) **2 Bob Doran's bottle shoulders** See note at **57:6**. (8.595) **3 bend** See note at **57:7**. (8.595) **4 *cherchez la femme*** French, 'look for the woman'; used figuratively to mean 'it must be a woman's fault'. (8.596) **5 the Coombe** See note at **60:5**. (8.597) **6 chummies and streetwalkers** In 'Hades', the word 'chummy' is used in the sense of a chimney-sweeper's boy; see note at **73:11**. Here and in 'Eumaeus' (see note at **451:6**) it is paired with words associated with prostitution, suggesting that it denotes either a pimp or a prostitute's client; senses unattested in the *OED* and Partridge. (8.598) **7 Sloping** To slope: 'to wander aimlessly, to move in a slovenly manner' (*OED*). (8.599) **8 the Empire** The Empire Buffet: 1–3 Adam Court, off Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1410). (8.599) **9 Pat Kinsella had his Harp theatre** The building that houses the Empire Buffet at 1–3 Adam Court used to be the Harp Musical Hall, a popular Dublin cabaret and drinking spot owned by Pat Kinsella, a comedian and singer. This closed in 1893. (8.600) **10 before Whitbred ran the Queen's** James W. Whitbread (1847–1916): manager of the Queen's Royal Theatre on Great Brunswick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1433). He held this position from 1884 until 1907. Among the Queen's most popular productions were plays by Dion Boucicault and Whitbread himself. (8.600) **11 Broth of a boy** 'A real, an essential boy [...] the essence of manhood' (Partridge). (8.601) **12 Dion Boucicault business with his harvestmoon face in a poky bonnet** Dion Boucicault (1822–90): Irish-American actor, director and playwright. Poky bonnet: a 'bonnet with a projecting brim' (*OED*, s.v. poke-bonnet). Boucicault wore a wide-brimmed hat (Richard Fawkes, *Dion Boucicault*, p. 62) and was accused of buffoonery. (8.601) **13 Three Purty Maids from School** 'Three Little Maids from School': a song sung by Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing and Peep-Bo (with a chorus) in Act I of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* (1885). (8.602) **14 More power, Pat** From 'more power to your elbow' a catchphrase of Hiberno-English origin intended to give encouragement (Partridge). (8.604) **15 Take off that white hat** A catchphrase of the American minstrel duo Moore and Burgess. They toured London in 1862 and disbanded in 1904. (8.605) **16 The harp that once did starve us all** After the title of Thomas Moore's song 'The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls'. (8.606) **17 Twentyeight I was. She twentythree** Bloom was born between February and May 1866. Molly was born on 8th September 1870. Thus they left Lombard Street West in the summer of 1894. (8.608) **18 Could never like it again after Rudy** Rudy died on 9th January 1894 (see note at **519:2**). (8.610) **19 Grafton street gay with housed awnings** Grafton Street was 'the "smartest" of the shopping thoroughfares of Dublin' (*JJMU*, p. 102). It connects Trinity College to St Stephen's Green. Housed: covered (*OED*). (8.614) **20 chawbacon** 'A yokel' (Partridge). (8.617) **21 All the beef to the heels were in** See note at **51:4**. (8.617) **22 Brown Thomas** Brown, Thomas & Co.: 'silk mercers, milliners, costumiers, mantle makers, and general drapers', 15–17 Grafton Street and 5–7 Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1505). One of the fanciest shops in Dublin. (8.620) **23 The huguenots brought that here** See note at **64:11** for the Huguenots; when they settled in Ireland, the Huguenots brought with them textile machinery and dyes. (8.622) **24 *La causa è santa!* Tara tara. Great chorus that. Tara** Italian, 'The cause is holy'; from the opera *Les Huguenots* (1836) by Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791–1864). Though originally written in French, the opera was frequently performed in Italian. (8.623) **25 Junejuly augseptember eighth** 8th September is Molly's birthday and also the day on which the Catholic Church celebrates the Virgin Mary's birth. (8.629) **26 Women won't pick up pins. Say it cuts lo.** Modification from the nursery rhyme 'See a pin, pick it up / And all day you'll have good luck' (Dent). (8.630) **27 Jaffa** See note at **47:3**. (8.635) **28 Agendath Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (8.635) **29 Duke street. Here we are. Must eat. The Burton** Bloom turns east on Duke Street to the Burton (see note at **118:38**). (8.640) **30 Combridge's corner** Combridge & Co.: 'picture depot, print sellers, and picture frame makers, artists and colourmen', 20 Grafton Street, at the intersection with Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1505). (8.641)

124 **1 See ourselves as others see us** See note at **7:6**. (8.662) **2 Hungry man is an angry man** Proverbial since 1659 (*ODEP*). (8.662) **3 That last pagan king of Ireland Cormac in the schoolpoem** The poem is 'The Burial of King Cormac' by the Irish poet Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–86), which tells of Cormac choking 'At Sletty, southward of the Boyne' (l. 20). Cormac Mac Art is the king who unified Ireland. Legend has him as the first person in Ireland to convert to Christianity. He died *circa* 266, almost 200 years before St Patrick arrived in Ireland (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 52). (8.663) **4 galoptious** Delightful, luscious (*OED*, s.v. goluptious; also spelt 'galumptious' and 'goluptious'). (8.666) **5 tootles** Tootle: Hiberno-English, 'nursery word for a child's tooth' (*EDD*). (8.674) **6 Look on this picture then on that**

After *Hamlet*, when the prince tells Gertrude, 'Look here, upon this picture, and on this' (Act III, Sc. 4, 53). (8.675) **7 Born with a silver knife in his mouth** Born with a silver spoon in his mouth: proverbial for 'born to good luck; born with hereditary wealth' (*Brewer's*). (8.684) **8 Rock, the bailiff** A nickname for a bailiff, after 'Captain Rock', a generic nickname of nineteenth-century land-reform rebels, who harassed and killed bailiffs for evicting poor tenants, made famous in Thomas Moore's novel *Memoirs of Captain Rock* (1824). (8.687) **9 Unchster Bunk** Garbled version of the Munster and Leinster Bank. Headquartered in Cork, the bank had four Dublin offices: in Dame, Baggot, Phibsborough and Sackville Streets. (8.693) **10 Davy Byrne's** David Byrne: wine and spirit merchant, 21 Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1480). (8.697)

125 **1 Gobstuff** Gob: 'a large mouthful of food, esp. of raw, coarse, or fat meat', or the mouth itself (*OED*). (8.701) **2 porringers** Porringer: 'a small basin or similar vessel of metal, earthenware, or wood, from which soup, broth, porridge, children's food, etc., is eaten' (*OED*). (8.705) **3 tommycans** Lunch cans (*OED*). (8.705) **4 every mother's son** 'Absolutely everyone' (Partridge); from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act I, Sc. 2, 80). (8.706) **5 don't talk of your provosts and provost of Trinity** From the song 'Father O'Flynn', for which see note at **125:11**. (8.707) **6 Ailesbury road, Clyde road** Two affluent streets in south-east suburban Dublin. (8.708) **7 artisans' dwellings north Dublin union** The Dublin Artisans' Dwellings Company was founded in 1876 to create housing on a non-charitable basis for the working poor (Bennett). The North Dublin Poor Law Union Workhouse: Brunswick Street North, in north-western Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1433). (8.709) **8 gingerbread coach** Gingerbread: 'showy, tawdry' (*OED*). The lord mayor of Dublin has an especially lavish state coach, built in the late eighteenth century 'in order to show that Dublin could produce as fine work as London' (Bennett). (8.710) **9 old queen in a bathchair** In her old age, Queen Victoria would travel in her bathchair, 'a large chair on wheels for invalids' (*OED*). (8.710) **10 Like sir Philip Crampton's fountain** The fountain beneath the statue of Crampton (see note at **70:25**) was equipped with community drinking cups. (8.711) **11 Father O'Flynn would make hares of them all** From the ballad 'Father O'Flynn' by Alfred Percival Graves (1846–1931), arranged by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. To make a hare of: to show the ignorance of (Partridge). The song describes an anti-intellectual Irish priest. (8.713) **12 flitches** Flitch: 'a side of an animal, now only a hog, salted and cured' (*OED*). (8.715) **13 City Arms hotel** A renter's hotel run by Elizabeth O'Dowd, 55 Prussia Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1831, 1975). The Blooms lived there from 1893 to 1894, when Bloom was working at the cattle market. (8.716) **14 *table d'hôte*** French, 'host's table'; used to indicate a table shared by guests for meals served at a set time. (8.716) **15 feeding on tabloids** That is, feeding on tablets; the word 'tabloid' was originally a trademark for pills (*OED*). (8.719) **16 cattlemarket** See note at **74:21**. (8.723) **17 Staggering bob** A very young calf for slaughter (*OED*). The *OED* entry cites Arthur Young's *A Tour in Ireland* (1776): 'Vast numbers of calves are killed at two or three days old for an execrable veal they call staggering bob, I suppose from the animal not being old enough to stand steady on its legs'. (8.724) **18 Bubble and squeak** Boiled potatoes and cabbage; 'They first bubbled in water when boiled, and afterwards hissed or squeaked in the frying pan' (*Brewer's*). (8.724) **19 lights** Lungs, 'now only applied to the lungs of beasts (sheep, pigs, bullocks), used as food (chiefly for cats and dogs)' (*OED*). (8.725) **20 Rawhead and bloody bones** 'A bogy at one time the terror of children' (*Brewer's*). (8.726) **21 Top and lashers going out** Butcher's expression for both ends of an animal, head and tail (Dent). (8.728) **22 decline** 'Any disease in which the bodily strength gradually fails' (*OED*). (8.729) **23 Shandygaff?** 'A drink composed of a mixture of beer and ginger beer' (*OED*). (8.736) **24 Nosey Flynn** Nosey Flynn appeared in 'Counterparts' in *Dubliners:* 'Nosey Flynn was sitting up in his usual corner of Davy Byrne's' (p. 89). (8.737) **25 Ham and his descendants mustered and bred there** Ham: the son of Noah who saw his father naked and drunk (Gen. 9:20–21); Noah subsequently condemned him and his progeny (Gen. 9:25). Bloom's line derives from Charles C. Bombaugh's *Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Fields of Literature*: 'The tribe of Ham was bred there and mustered' (p. 158). (8.742) **26 up a plumtree** Modified from the expression 'up a tree': 'Cornered; done for; in a serious difficulty' (Partridge). (8.744) **27 Kosher** See note at **48:3**. (8.751)

126 **1 No meat and milk together** Jewish dietary laws preclude mixing milk and meat; this regulation derives from Exodus: 'Thou shalt not boil a kid in his mother's milk' (34:26). (8.751) **2 Hygiene that was what they call now** The Torah does not provide any rationale for the dietary restrictions imposed by the Kashrut. At least some of the restrictions – such

as those against eating carrion eaters – do seem to be motivated by reasons of health and hygiene. (8.751) **3 Yom kippur fast spring cleaning of inside** Yom Kippur is in the autumn, not the spring, but since it is a day of fasting it could be considered a 'spring cleaning of inside'. See also note at **111:25**. (8.752) **4 Slaughter of innocents** The slaughter of the innocents resulted from Herod's attempt to kill the Christ child. Unable to locate Christ, he ordered the execution of all children in Bethlehem (Matt. 2:16–18). Christ survived because an angel warned Joseph. (8.754) **5 Eat, drink and be merry** From Ecclesiastes 8:15, but also proverbial. (8.754) **6 casual wards** Homes for temporary relief for the needy and poor (*OED*). (8.754) **7 Cheese digests all but itself** This expression dates back to at least the sixteenth century and appears in Swift's *Polite Conversation* (p. 160). (8.755) **8 Mighty cheese** Should be 'Mity cheese' (the mistake was made by a typist). The cheese mite: 'the minute arachnid (*Acarus domesticus*) that infests old cheese' (*OED*). (8.755) **9 God made food, the devil the cooks** This expression dates back at least to the English poet John Taylor (1580–1653): 'God sends meat, and the Devil sends the cooks' (*ODEP*). (8.761) **10 curate** See note at **45:10**. (8.774) **11 hauched** Should be 'hanched' (the mistake was made by a typist). Hanch: 'to snatch, snap at, or bite with violent or noisy action of the jaws; said of large dogs, wild beasts, cannibals, or greedy men' (*OED*). (8.789) **12 Jack Mooney** Jack Mooney appears in 'The Boarding House' in *Dubliners*. He is the brother of Polly Mooney, whom Bob Doran (see note at **57:6**) is forced to marry. (8.800) **13 that boxing match Myler Keogh won again that soldier** Again: against (*OED*). For Myler Keogh, see note at **183:26**. (8.801) **14 Portobello barracks** In south suburban Dublin, housing the South Dublin Division of the Dublin Military District (*Thom's*, p. 848); now called the Cathal Brugha Barracks. (8.801) **15 kipper** 'A person, especially a young or small person, a child' (*OED*). (8.802) **16 county Carlow** A small agricultural county, about 80 km to the south of Dublin. (8.802)

127 **1 Herring's blush** Plays with the proverbial expression 'red herring': something that diverts attention away from the main issue (*Brewer's*). (8.810) **2 Whose smile upon each feature plays with such and such replete** Bloom tries to remember a line from the song 'In Happy Moments Day by Day'; see note at **66:14**. (8.811) **3 Too much fat on the parsnips** After the proverb 'Soft or fair words butter no parsnips'; that is, excess causes inferiority. (8.811) **4 Gold Cup** See note at **65:5**. (8.814) **5 Not logwood that** 'The alleged use of logwood in colouring spurious or adulterated port wine was at one time a frequent subject of jocular allusion' (*OED*). (8.820) **6 He's giving Sceptre today** See note at **96:3**. (8.829) **7 Zinfandel's the favourite, lord Howard de Walden's, won at Epsom** On 16th June 1904 the *Freeman's Journal* predicted Zinfandel to win the Gold Cup (p. 6, col. j). Zinfandel, with Mornington Cannon as jockey, won the Coronation Cup at Epsom Downs on 3rd June and Sceptre placed second (*SS*, p. 175). His owner was Thomas Evelyn Ellis (1880–1946), Eighth Baron Howard de Walden, succeeding to his father's title on 3rd November 1899 (*Thom's*, p. 359). (8.830) **8 seven to one against Saint Amant a fortnight before** The Derby, run at Epsom on 2nd June, was won by Saint Amant, who was favoured 5 to 1 over John O'Gaunt (*SS*, p. 175). (8.831) **9 Rothschild's filly** Saint Amant was a colt, not a filly, and was owned by Leopold de Rothschild (see note at **352:16**). Saint Amant was sired by Saint Frusquin, his mother was Lady Loverule. Rothschild's colours were blue and yellow (*SS*, p. 175). (8.838) **10 John O'Gaunt** John O'Gaunt was a horse which, with Saint Amant, ran in the Epsom Derby on 2nd June 1904. Sir John Thursby owned the horse. On the eve of the Derby, John O'Gaunt's odds were listed as 5 to 1 against (*SS*, p. 175). (8.839) **11 Old Mrs Riordan** See note at **74:18**. (8.847)

128 **1 Johnny Magories** Johnny Magorey: Hiberno-English, 'the fruit of the dog rose' (PWJ, p. 278). (8.860) **2 Bleibtreustrasse** The street address of Agendath Netaim; see notes at **47:1** and **47:7**. (8.863) **3 Fizz and Red Bank oysters** Fizz: champagne, a traditional drink with oysters. This meal is supposed to be aphrodisiacal. Red Bank oysters come from the Burren oyster bed near Pooldoody in County Clare. In 'Hades' Bloom saw Boylan in the doorway of Burton Bindon's Red Bank Restaurant; see note at **71:1**. (8.865) **4 June has no ar no oysters** From the proverb 'Never eat an oyster unless there's an R in the month': 'Good advice which limits the eating of native oysters to the months from September to April, the normal marketing time' (*Brewer's*, s.v. oysters). (8.868) **5 Jugged hare** 'Hare stewed with wine and seasoning, properly in a jug or a jar' (*Brewer's*). (8.869) **6 First catch your hare** A stock joke about the first step of cooking, from at least the thirteenth century (*ODEP*). (8.869) **7 Chinese eating eggs fifty years old, blue and green again** The Chinese have a practice of preserving ducks' eggs by burying them

underground for up to a year. The eggs undergo a type of fermentation and the white turns blue and the yolk turns green. (8.869) **8 That archduke Leopold was it** Leopold von Bayern (1821–1912): prince regent of Bavaria from 1872 until his death in 1912. (8.871) **9 Otto one of those Habsburgs** Otto I (1848–1916) was declared insane in 1875. On the death of his brother, Ludwig II, in 1886 he became king of Bavaria. His uncle, Leopold von Bayern, served as prince regent. Leopold was succeeded by his son Ludwig in 1912. In 1913 Ludwig deposed Otto. Otto was not a Habsburg, although the Habsburg emperor of Austria, Franz Joseph I, did have a nephew named Otto. (8.872) **10 Hock in green glasses** Hock: 'the wine called in German Hochheimer, produced at Hochheim on the Main; hence commercially extended to other German white wines' (*OED*). Hock is conventionally served in stained glasses to avoid being spoiled by light. (8.876) **11** ***Crème de la crème*** French, cream of the cream, idiomatic for 'the very best'. (8.878) **12 Royal sturgeon** Sturgeon was classed as a royal fish by Edward II (1284–1327, r.1307–27). The other royal fish are whales and dolphins (despite their status as mammals). 'If caught near the coast they are property of the Crown' (*Brewer's*). (8.880) **13 High sheriff, Coffey, the butcher, right to venisons of the forest** The high sheriff of each county enforces hunting and game regulations. In this mock statement, the sheriff gives the victualler William Coffey of 10 Arran Quay and 25 Cuffe Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1416, 1466) the right to hunt venison in the forests of the lord lieutenant ('his ex[cellency]'). (8.880) **14 Master of the Rolls' kitchen** The Master of the Rolls was the president of the chancery division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland. The Right Honourable Sir Andrew Marshall Porter (1837–1919, Master of Rolls of Ireland 1883–1907) lived at 42 Merrion Square East (*Thom's*, p. 1544). The kitchen at Porter's house was below street level and thus visible from the street. (8.882) **15 Whitehatted *chef* like a rabbi** On high holidays, the *Hazzan* (the cantor who leads the congregation) wears a large, puffy hat that resembles a chef's toque. While technically not rabbis, *Hazzanim* are often considered clergy. (8.882) **16 Combustible duck** Duck coated with brandy and then set on fire just before serving, as in several French recipes for a flambé. (8.883) **17 Curly cabbage *à la duchesse de Parme*** Curly winter cabbage, chopped and served in a mixture of melted butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg and flour; covered with a creamy sauce of cheese, cream, and nutmeg (Alison Armstrong, *The Joyce of Cooking*, p. 32). (8.883) **18 too many drugs spoil the broth** From the proverb 'Too many cooks spoil the broth' (*ODEP*). (8.884) **19 Edwards' desiccated soup** A brand of dehydrated soup manufactured in London and Belfast. (8.885) **20 Geese stuffed silly for them** Geese are force-fed to produce *foie gras* (French, fat liver). (8.886) **21 Do ptake some ptarmigan** Ptarmigan: 'A grouse, *Lagopus mutus*, which lives on rocky slopes and tundra in subarctic and boreal areas of the northern hemisphere, and at high altitudes in the Scottish Highlands' (*OED*). (8.886) **22 lemon sole** 'The name of this flatfish has nothing to do with the lemon but is from Fr[ench] *limande*, a flat board, though it may also be from Lat[in] *limus*, mud, the fish being essentially a bottom fish' (*Brewer's*). (8.889) **23 miss Dubedat?** Du Bedat is a Huguenot name. The misses Du Bedat, at the Wilmount House, Killiney, are listed in *Thom's* (p. 1858); see also note at **64:11**. (8.889) **24 Killiney** A coastal village 14 km south of Dublin. (8.890) **25** ***Du, de la*** Basic rules of French grammar for saying 'of the': *De* ('of') and *le* ('the', masculine) always contract to *du*, while *de la* ('the', feminine) does not contract. (8.890) **26 Micky Hanlon of Moore street** M. and P. Hanlon: 'fishmongers and ice merchants', 20 & 21 Moore Street (*Thom's*, p. 1549). (8.891) **27 kish of brogues** A basket of shoes. Kish (from the Irish *cís*): a 'large wickerwork basket used in Ireland chiefly for carrying turf' (*OED*). The phrase may allude to William Boyle's (1853–1922) book *A Kish of Brogues* (1899). (8.894) **28 Howth** See note at **32:32**. (8.900) **29 purple by the Lion's head. Green by Drumleck. Yellowgreen towards Sutton** The Lion's Head is a point on the south-east slopes of Howth; Drumleck Point is on the southern coast of Howth looking over Dublin Bay; Sutton is on the narrow strip of land linking Howth to the mainland. The variations in colour would be due to different water depths: deep off Lion's Head, shallower off Drumleck Point and very shallow in the tidal pools off Sutton. (8.901) **30 buried cities** According to legend, there is a submerged city in Lough Neagh, in northern Ireland (see note at **512:4**). (8.902) **31 seedcake** 'A cake flavoured with caraway seeds and more or less sweetened' (*OED*). (8.907) **32 Ben Howth** Ben (or *Beinn*): Irish, peak. Ben Howth is the peak of the Howth peninsula (reaching to 170 metres). (8.911)

129 1 library museum standing in the round hall, naked goddesses The National Library (see note at **14:5**) and the National Museum are matching buildings on either side of Leinster House on Kildare Street. The Museum was founded in 1876. In

1904, its lobby, a round hall, contained plaster reproductions of famous Greek statues of gods and goddesses (these were removed in 1927). (8.921) **2 Pygmalion and Galatea** Book X of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* tells of how Pygmalion fell in love with a statue he had made named Galatea. After she was brought to life by Venus, they were married. W.S. Gilbert wrote a play named *Pygmalion and Galatea* (1871, performed at Dublin's Queen's Royal in 1891). (8.924) **3 tanner** Sixpence (*OED*). (8.926) **4 Allsop** Samuel Allsopp & Sons: 30 Bachelor's Walk (*Thom's*, pp. 1420, 1797), manufacturer of an inexpensive brand of beer. The spelling mistake in the name was made on the typescript. (8.927) **5 Nectar** In the *Odyssey*, Calypso feeds Hermes with ambrosia and nectar, the food and drink of the gods (v, 92–94). (8.927) **6 food, chyle, blood, dung, earth, food** Chyle: 'The white milky fluid formed by the action of the pancreatic juice and the bile on the chyme, and contained in the lymphatics of the intestine' (*OED*). This passage derives from Giordano Bruno's (1548–1600) *Cause, Principle and Unity* (1584): 'Don't you see that what was seed becomes stalk, and what was stalk becomes corn, and what was corn becomes bread – that out of bread comes chyle, out of chyle blood, out of blood the seed, out of the seed the embryo, and then man, corpse, earth, stone, or something else in succession – on and on, involving all natural forms?' (p. 102). (8.929) **7 A man and ready he drained his glass to the lees and walked** From Tennyson's poem 'Ulysses': 'I cannot rest from travel; I will drink / Life to the lees' (ll. 5–6). (8.934) **8 manly conscious** That is, goddesses who seduce young men adopt the traditionally male role in courtship. (8.935) **9 Isn't he in the insurance line?** Bloom used to work for David Drimmie's insurance office; see note at **267:7**. (8.939) **10 that Irish farm dairy John Wyse Nolan's wife has in Henry street** John Wyse Nolan is based on John Wyse Power (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 191); his wife was the manager of the Irish Farm Produce Company at 21 Henry Street (*Thom's*, p. 1517). (8.950) **11 Plovers on toast** Plover: game bird (*OED*); also, a loose woman (Partridge). (8.952) **12 You can make bacon of that** That is, 'You can be sure of that'; from the expression 'bring home the bacon' (*OED*, Partridge), bring home money. (8.955) **13 the craft** 'The brotherhood of Freemasons' (*OED*), a secret fraternal organization. (8.960) **14 Ancient free and accepted order. Light, life and love, by God** After a proper name for the Freemasons, the Free and Accepted Masons. One of the mottoes on the Royal Arch jewel of English Freemasonry is 'To the Brethren Love'. The 18th degree of the Scottish rite uses 'Light out of Darkness', while the 20th degree of the same rite uses 'Let there by light' (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*, s.v. mottoes). (8.961)

130 **1 do be doing** 'In the Irish language (but not in English) there is what is called the consuetudinal tense, i.e. denoting habitual action or existence. It is a very convenient tense, so much so that the Irish, feeling the want of it in their English, have created one by use of the word *do* with *be*' (PWJ, p. 86). (8.972) **2 That was one of the Saint Legers of Doneraile** According to Irish legend, the first woman to be initiated into the Freemasons was Elizabeth Aldworth (*c.*1693–1773), daughter of Arthur St Leger, First Viscount Doneraile. When she was about twenty, she was supposedly caught spying on a meeting of a Masonic order. According to some accounts, those present first thought to kill her, but her father persuaded them to initiate her to the order, thereby ensuring secrecy (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). Master mason: the chief officer of a lodge of Freemasons. (8.973) **3 Nothing in black and white** Follows from the (erroneous) superstition that Jews are forbidden from signing legal contracts. (8.988) **4 Tom Rochford** In 1904 Thomas Henry Rochford lived at 2 Howth View, Sandymount (*Thom's*, pp. 1781, 1999). He was an engineer and municipal employee. (8.989) **5 stone ginger** A non-alcoholic temperance drink, 'ginger beer contained in stoneware bottles' (*OED*). (8.997) **6 How is the main drainage?** Main drainage refers to Dublin's attempts to secure a working sewage system to improve the city hygiene, pursuant to the 1878 Public Health Act. 'The first major drainage scheme was begun in 1896 and completed in 1906' (Bennett). Also alludes to an escapade involving Rochford: on 6th May 1905, Rochford and eleven other men attempted to save a sewer worker who collapsed from the bad gas from a sewer at Hawkins Street and Burgh Quay. All twelve of the rescuers fell unconscious and two of them later died. Rochford survived, but his eyes were injured in the rescue (*SS*, pp. 92–94). (8.1000) **7 Two fellows that would suck whisky off a sore leg** Whiskey was used for an antiseptic; thus, to 'suck whiskey off a sore leg' is 'to do anything for a drink'. (8.1007) **8 the Gold cup. A dead snip** Snip: a 'good tip' (Partridge). For the Gold Cup, see note at **65:5**. (8.1008)

131 **1 Jamesons** Irish whiskey made by John Jameson & Sons, 49 & 50 Bow Street, 6–20 Smithfield, stores at 14–16 New Church Street, Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1911). (8.1025)

2 Dawson street Dawson Street intersects Duke Street. Bloom is now heading to the National Library and the National Museum, via Dawson and Molesworth Streets. (8.1028) **3 Then with those Röntgen rays searchlight you could** In 1895, the German physicist Wilhelm Konrad von Röntgen (1845–1923) discovered X rays (*EB11*), which are sometimes called 'Röntgen Rays'. Bloom speculates that the progress of food through the body could be traced with an X ray machine if the food were green. (8.1029) **4 Duke lane** Duke Lane intersects Duke Street on Bloom's way from Davy Byrne's to Dawson Street. (8.1031) **5 that invention of his** See note at **170:2**. (8.1035) **6 *Don Giovanni, a cenar teco*** Italian, 'Don Giovanni, you have invited me to dine with you'; from Act II of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. (8.1040) **7 Who distilled first?** Distillation goes back to ancient times: 'Zosimus of Panopolis, a voluminous writer of the fifth century AD, speaks of the distillation of a "divine water" or "panacea"' (*EB11*). (8.1042) **8 Dutch courage** 'Courage brought about by drink' (Partridge). (8.1043) **9 *Kilkenny People*** See note at **108:9**. (8.1043) **10 closestools** Close-stool: 'a chamber utensil enclosed in a stool or box' (*OED*). (8.1045) **11 William Miller, plumber** Plumber and sanitary contractor, 17 Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1480). (8.1045) **12 *teco*** Italian, 'with you'; see note at **131:6**. (8.1052) **13 Presscott's ad** Should read: 'Prescott's dyeworks van over there. If I get Bill Prescott's ad'; the typesetter missed this line. Presumably Bloom means 'if I get Billy Prescott's ad renewed', because Prescott's ad already appears in the 16th June *Freeman's Journal* (p. 1, col. b). For Prescott see note at **64:6**. (8.1059) **14 On the pig's back** Hiberno-English, 'in luck's way' (Partridge). (8.1060)

132 **1 Brighton, Margate** English seaside resorts. (8.1064) **2 Those lovely seaside girls** See note at **48:8**. (8.1065) **3 John Long's** P.J. Long: grocer and wine merchant, 52 Dawson Street (*Thom's*, p. 1473). (8.1066) **4 turned at Gray's confectioner's window** Katherine Gray: confectioner, 13 Duke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1480). Bloom turns right at the intersection of Duke Street and Dawson Street and then proceeds south on Dawson Street. Gray's was not at the corner; Joyce makes the mistake because of the way *Thom's* street list is formatted (*JJD*, p. 111). (8.1069) **5 the reverend Thomas Connellan's bookstore** The Revd Thomas Connellan, of Elmgrove, Blackrock, ran a bookshop at 51b Dawson Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1473, 1837). The store sold Protestant books for the conversion of Catholics. (8.1070) **6 *Why I left the church of Rome*** A pamphlet of thirty pages (1883) by the Revd Charles Pascal Telesphore Chiniquy (1809–99), a Canadian Presbyterian who was ordained as a Catholic priest in 1833 but switched faiths in 1858. The question mark is a mistake made on a typescript. (8.1070) **7 *Bird's Nest*. Women run him** Should read: 'Birds' nest women run him' (the mistake was made on a typescript). Bird's nest: Dublin slang for a Protestant proselytizing centre (*SS*, p. 206); after the 'Birds' Nest institution' associated with the Presbyterian Church at 19–20 York Street, Kingstown (*Thom's*, p. 1890). (8.1071) **8 They say they used to give pauper children soup** At the height of the famine of the 1840s, soup kitchens were set up to feed the poor. Many of these were run by Protestant groups, at least some of which proselytized, effectively exchanging food for religious conversion (R.F. Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 329). (8.1071) **9 Society over the way papa went to for the conversion of poor jews** The Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, 45 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 2015). (8.1073) **10 Molesworth street** Molesworth Street runs perpendicular to Dawson Street, to the south of Duke Street. It leads directly to the National Library and Museum on Kildare Street. (8.1080) **11 Drago's** See note at **52:15**. (8.1083) **12 drouth** Either a dryness of the earth or thirst (*OED*). (8.1085) **13 South Frederick street** South Frederick Street intersects Molesworth Street. (8.1088) **14 Behind a bull: in front of a horse** After the maxim to walk behind a bull but in front of a horse, since a bull cannot kick backwards but a horse can. (8.1100) **15 Penrose!** Bloom remembers the name he could not recall at **114:26**. See also note at **532:7**. (8.1114)

133 **1 Molly's birthday** See note at **123:25**. (8.1119) **2 Dark** Hiberno-English, blind (Dolan). (8.1120) **3 Stewart institution** The Stewart Institution for Imbecile Children and Hospital for Mental Diseases, 40 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 1548). (8.1126) **4 Postoffice** This post office is at 4 Molesworth Street: a 'Town Sub-Post office, money order and savings bank office', Mrs A. Redmond, sub-postmistress (*Thom's*, p. 1547). (8.1132) **5 Stationer's** E. F. Grant & Co.: 'scriveners, typewriters, law and general stationers', 1–2 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 1547). (8.1133) **6 Levenston's dancing academy piano** Mrs P.M. Levenston's dancing academy, 35 South Frederick Street, just south of Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1497, 1931). Also at the same address were Mr P.M. Levenston, professor of music at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and Miss K. Levenston, teacher of pianoforte.

(8.1139) **7 Doran's public house** Michael Doran's pub, 10 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 1547), on the corner with South Frederick Street. (8.1140) **8 women and children excursion beanfeast burned and drowned in New York** Beanfeast: 'any festive occasion' (*OED*). On 15th June 1904 a steam-ship named the General Slocum caught fire and sank in the East River in New York City, killing 1,030 people, mainly women and children. Many of those on board were taking part in the annual Sunday School excursion of the St Mark's German Lutheran Church. The *Freeman's Journal* of 16th June carried an article on this disaster (p. 5, col. f). (8.1146) **9 Karma they call that transmigration for sins** Karma: 'the sum of a person's actions in one of his successive states of existence', which 'is regarded as determining his fate in the next' (*OED*). See note at **49:10**. (8.1147) **10 Sir Frederick Falkiner** Sir Frederick Falkiner (1831–1908): the Recorder (the highest-ranking judicial officer) in Dublin, from 1876–1905 (*Thom's*, p. 1349). (8.1151) **11 freemasons' hall** On 17–18 Molesworth Street (*Thom's*, p. 1547). (8.1151) **12 Solemn as Troy** A reference not to the ancient city of Troy, but to the Most Reverend John Thomas Troy (1739–1823), Catholic archbishop of Dublin. He condemned the rebellion of 1798 and, in public (but not in private), supported the Act of Union of 1800 (*DIB*). (8.1551) **13 Earlsfort terrace** Sir Frederick Falkiner lived at 4 Earlsfort Terrace, near St Stephen's Green (*Thom's*, p. 1866). (8.1152) **14 Tales of the bench and assizes and annals of the bluecoat school** Assize: regulation. Sir Frederick Falkiner wrote a book called *Literary Miscellanies: Tales of the Bench and Assizes* and another called *The Foundation of the Hospital and Free School of King Charles II, Oxmantown, Dublin, commonly called the Blue Coat School* (1909). He served as the chairman of the board of the Dublin Blue Coat School, otherwise known as King's Hospital, which combined medical facilities with classrooms (Bennett, s.v. King's Hospital). (8.1153) **15 recorder's court** The high court of the city of Dublin. (8.1156) **16 Sends them to the rightabout** To send one to the right about: 'to clear him off, send him packing' (*Brewer's*). (8.1158) **17 Reuben J.** Reuben J. Dodd; see note at **72:5**. (8.1158) **18 strawcalling** To condemn to straw: 'to declare worthy of a madhouse' (*OED*, s.v. straw). (8.1159) **19 topers** See note at **118:32**. (8.1160) **20 Mirus bazaar** The Mirus Bazaar was held in Ballsbridge, a south-eastern suburb west of Sandymount, to raise funds for Mercer's hospital. The Bazaar did not open on 16th June, but on 31st May 1904 (*SS*, p. 7). (8.1162) **21 His excellency the lord lieutenant** William Humble Ward (1867–1932): earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant (viceroy) of Ireland, 1902–6. While he did open the Mirus Bazaar, he did not arrive in a grand cavalcade through Dublin (*SS*, p. 7). (8.1162) **22 Mercer's hospital** A hospital endowed by Mary Mercer and incorporated by Parliament in 1734: 1 & 2 Mercer Street Lower (*Thom's*, p. 1543), one block west of St Stephen's Green. (8.1163) **23 The *Messiah* was first given for that** G.F. Handel's *Messiah* had its world premiere, with Handel at the podium, in Dublin at the Music Hall, Fishamble Street on 13th April 1742. The performance was for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital, among other charities (Bennett, s.v. Music Hall, New). (8.1163) **24 Ballsbridge. Drop in on Keyes** See note at **88:17**. (8.1165) **25 Kildare street. First I must. Library** Molesworth Street ends at Kildare Street. At the intersection the library is to the left and the museum to the right. (8.1167)

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1 quopped To quop: 'to beat, throb, palpitate' (*OED*). (8.1169) **2 Sir Thomas Deane designed** The National Library and National Museum were designed by Sir Thomas Newenham Deane (1828–99) and his son, Sir Thomas Manly Deane (1851–1933). Both buildings were completed in 1890. Sir Thomas Newenham Deane is himself the son of another Irish architect, Sir Thomas Deane (1792–1871). (8.1174) **3 Sir Thomas Deane was the Greek architecture** While Sir Thomas Newenham Deane and Sir Thomas Manly Deane primarily worked in the Gothic style of architecture, their design for the National Library and the National Museum is in the Classic style. (8.1181) **4 Agendath Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (8.1184) **5 Potato** See note at **44:13**. (8.1189)

'SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS'
Time: 2–3 p.m.
Location: the National Library of Ireland, Kildare Street

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1 quaker librarian Thomas William Lyster (1855–1922): head librarian of the National Library (1895–1920). Lyster translated Heinrich Düntzer's *Life of Goethe* (1883) and edited the annual *English Poems for Young Students* (*DIB*). He was not a Quaker but a member of the Church of Ireland (Margot Norris, 'The Stakes of Stephen's Gambit in "Scylla and Charybdis"', p. 31 n. 3). (9.1) **2 *Wilhelm Meister*** In Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's (1749–1832) *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels* (1796),

Wilhelm translates, interprets and performs in *Hamlet* (Book IV, Ch. 13–Book V, Ch. 12). (9.2) **3 hesitating soul taking arms** From Wilhelm Meister's contemplation of Hamlet's indecision (Book IV, Ch. 13). Lyster's comment uses phrases from Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy (Act III, Sc. 1, 57–60). (9.3) **4 sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking** In *Twelfth Night* Sir Toby Belch mentions a dance called the 'sink-a-pace' (Act I, Sc. 3, 139); at the beginning of *Julius Caesar*, a cobbler says, 'As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork' (Act I, Sc. 1, 29–30). Neat's leather also occurs in *The Tempest* (Act II, Sc. 2, 73). Neat's leather: 'leather made from cowhide' (*OED*). (9.5) **5 The beautiful ineffectual dreamer** Goethe's judgement of Hamlet, using terms from Edward Dowden's (1843–1913) characterization of Percy Bysshe Shelley: 'a beautiful *and ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain' (quoted by Matthew Arnold, 'Shelley', *Essays in Criticism: Second Series*, p. 252). (9.9) **6 corantoed** Coranto (or courant): a dance of the Elizabethan period and later (*OED*); see *Twelfth Night* (Act I, Sc. 3, 136). (9.12) **7 Monsieur de la Palisse** Jacques de la Palice (1470–1525): French nobleman and military officer. When he died heroically in his army's defeat at Pavia (1525) his troops said: *'Un quart d'heure avant sa mort il était encore en vie'* ('Fifteen minutes before his death he was alive'); while meant as praise, the line is now taken as a statement of the obvious. The general spelt his name 'Palice' and it appeared as such in the 1922 edition of *Ulysses*, but the 1926 edition changed this to 'Palisse' in accordance with the revised French spelling. (9.16) **8 medicals** Medical students (*OED*). (9.18) **9 John Eglinton** Pseudonym of William Kirkpatrick Magee (1868–1961): assistant librarian of the National Library (1904–22). He co-founded, with Fred Ryan, the influential but short-lived magazine *Dana* (*DIB*). (9.18) **10** ***The Sorrows of Satan*** *The Sorrows of Satan* (1897): a best-selling English novel by Marie Corelli (pseudonym of Mary MacKay, 1855–1924). (9.19) **11 The shining seven W. B. calls them** W.B. Yeats used the phrase 'The Sailing Seven' in 'A Cradle Song' (1895, l. 7): a reference to the number of planets known to the ancient Greeks (Yeats's earlier version of the line reads 'The old planets seven'). (9.28) **12 ollav** Ancient Irish, a sage, a scholar (*OED*). (9.30) **13 sizar's laugh** Sizar: a scholarship student at Trinity College, Dublin (*OED*). (9.31) **14** ***Orchestral Satan, weeping many a rood*** [...] Rood: a unit of measurement of both land and wine; also a crucifix (*OED*). The first two lines, in English, combine lines from two passages in Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1, 196 and 1, 619–20). (9.32) **15** ***Ed egli aveva del cul fatto trombetta*** Italian, 'And he made a trumpet out of his arse [he farted]'; from Dante's *Inferno* (XXI, 139). (9.34)

136 1 Cranly's eleven true Wicklowmen J.F. Byrne (the original of Cranly) – whose family came from County Wicklow – said that he could find twelve true men of Wicklow who could save Ireland (Ellmann, p. 366). (9.36) **2 Gaptoothed Kathleen** [...] After Yeats's play *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* (1902), where the Poor Old Woman says she has 'Too many strangers in the house' and that 'My land that was taken from me.[...] My four beautiful green fields' (W.B. Yeats, *The Plays*, p. 88). These fields represent the four Irish provinces: Ulster, Leinster, Connacht and Munster; the strangers are the English. (9.36) **3** ***ave, rabbi*** Latin, 'Hail, teacher'. After Matthew 23:8, when Judas identifies Jesus to his Roman captors. (9.37) **4 Tinahely** A town in County Wicklow. See note at **136:1**. (9.38) **5 In the shadow of the glen he cooees for them** *In the Shadow of the Glen* (1903): a play by John Millington Synge (1871–1909) set in County Wicklow. Cooee: onomatopoeic for a kind of call Australian aborigines use (*OED*). (9.38) **6 I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry** From Ben Jonson's (1572–1637) *Timber: or Discoveries; Made Upon Men and Matter* (1620): 'I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any'. (9.45) **7 whether Hamlet is Shakespeare or James I or Essex** Various models for Hamlet have been proposed over the years; some critics claim Hamlet is based on Shakespeare himself. The case for James I was made by William Preston Johnson (1831–99) in *The Prototype of Hamlet and Other Shakespearean Problems* (1890). Another proposed Hamlet is Robert Devereux (1567–1601), second earl of Essex. (9.47) **8 historicity of Jesus** The story of Jesus's life as transmitted by the Gospels came to be doubted in the nineteenth century. David Strauss's *Life of Jesus* (1835–36) analysed the myths surrounding Jesus Christ and Ernest Renan's (see note at **143:11**) book of the same title (1863) explored Christ's psychology. (9.48) **9 formless spiritual essences** One of George Russell's (A.E.) pet phrases; from 'Religion and Love' (1904): 'Spirituality is the power of apprehending formless spiritual essences, of seeing the eternal in the transitory, and in the things which are seen the unseen things of which they are the shadow' (p. 47). (9.49) **10 Gustave Moreau** Gustave Moreau (1826–98): French symbolist painter of mythological and biblical subjects. (9.50) **11 Shelley** Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822):

English Romantic poet. (9.51) **12 Plato's world of ideas** Plato posited that the things of this world are but the shadows of the unchanging Ideas (or Forms), which are in themselves impossible to apprehend directly; see Book VII of *The Republic*. (9.52) **13 A. E. has been telling some yankee interviewer** See note at 104:14. (9.54) **14 Aristotle was once Plato's schoolboy** Aristotle (384–322 BC) studied at Plato's Academy from 367 BC until Plato's death in 347 BC. (9.57) **15 Formless spiritual. Father, Word and Holy Breath** See note at 136:9 for 'Formless spiritual'. 'Father, Word and Holy Breath' plays on the Trinity: the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The notion of Jesus as Word goes back to John's Gospel. The word 'spirit' derives from the Greek word for breath. (9.61) **16 Allfather, the heavenly man** Allfather: a Theosophical name for Christ. Heavenly man: Adam-Kadmon, the primordial man (see note at 31:3). In Irish mythology, the Eochaidh Ollathair, or All-Father, is the father of the gods. (9.61) **17 Hiesos Kristos, magician of the beautiful, the Logos** Hiesos Kristos: transliteration of the Greek for Jesus Christ. The literal meaning of Christos is 'the anointed one; the messiah'. *Logos*: Greek, word, discourse, thought. For the Theosophists, Christos is 'that principle of our inner nature which develops in us into the Spiritual Ego' (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 34). (9.62) **18 I am the fire upon the altar. I am the sacrificial butter** From the *Bhagavad Gita*: 'I am the ritual action, I am the sacrifice, I am the ancestral oblation, I am the herb, I am the hymn, I am also the melted butter, I am the fire and I am the offering' (p. 245). A.E.'s poem 'Dawn' includes the phrase 'Fire on the Altar' (l. 3). (9.63) **19 Dunlop** Daniel Nicol Dunlop: editor of the *Irish Theosophist* (1896–1915), for which he wrote under the pseudonym Aretas. In 1896 he was elected permanent chairman of the Theosophical Society of Europe. (9.65) **20 Judge** William Quan Judge (1851–96): born in Dublin, founded the Theosophical Society in New York with Henry Steel Olcott and Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1875. When Blavatsky died in 1891, a conflict broke out between Judge and Olcott and Annie Besant (1847–1933) over the leadership of the movement, resulting in a schism. (9.65) **21 noblest Roman of them all** From Marc Antony's speech for Brutus at the end of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (Act V, Sc. 5, 68). (9.65) **22 Arval** The Arval Brothers: the name for the twelve principal leaders of the Theosophical Society; after 'a college of twelve priests in Ancient Rome, who offered sacrifice to the field Lares to secure the fertility of the soil' (*OED*). (9.65) **23 Name Ineffable** In Jewish tradition, pronunciation of the name of God is prohibited. (9.65) **24 K. H.** The initials of Koot Hoomi, H.P. Blavatsky's spiritual master, who apparently spoke from beyond the grave. Theosophists commonly used only initials to signify their names. (9.66) **25 Brothers of the great white lodge** After his death in 1896, the half of the Theosophical movement that followed William Quan Judge regrouped under the name the Universal Brotherhood Organization. They considered themselves the rightful heirs to the Great White Lodge, the mythic Indo-European source of Theosophical doctrine. (9.67) **26 The Christ with the bridesister** Following from the second-century Gnostic Valentinus (see note at 18:8), the Theosophists held that Christ brought his 'bridesister' Sophia to heaven (Annie Besant, *Esoteric Christianity*, p. 102). (9.68) **27 plane of buddhi** 'A state of bliss in which each is himself, with a clearness and vivid intensity which cannot be approached on lower planes, and yet in which each feels himself to include all others, to be one with them, inseparate and inseparable' (Annie Besant, *Ancient Wisdom*, p. 197). (9.69) **28 O. P. must work off bad karma first** O.P. would stand for 'ordinary person' in the Theosophists' penchant for using initials. For karma see note at 133:9. (9.70) **29 Mrs Cooper Oakley** Isabel Cooper-Oakley (b.1854): a London businesswoman and friend of Blavatsky's. Their association included sojourns to India in the early 1880s and stays in London during the 1890s. (9.70) **30 H. P. B's elemental** H.P.B.: Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; see note at 104:13. In Theosophy, the elemental nature is the lowest, mortal facet of one's being, and is identified with the body (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 46). (9.71) **31 O, fie! Out on't** After Hamlet's 'Fie on't! ah fie!' (Act I, Sc. 2, 135) and 'Fie upon't! Foh! About, my brain!' (Act II, Sc. 2, 617). Fie: 'an exclamation indicating that what is reproved is dirty or indecent' (*Brewer's*). Out on't: a variant of 'out on', an exclamation expressing abhorrence or reproach (*OED*). (9.72) **32 *Pfuiteufel!*** *Pfui*: German, 'for shame'; *Teufel*: German, 'devil'. (9.72) **33 Mr Best** Richard Irvine Best (1872–1959): assistant director (1904–23) and later director (1924–40) of the National Library (*DIB*). (9.74) **34 Hamlet's musings about the afterlife** In the 'To be or not to be' soliloquy, Hamlet, like Plato in the Myth of Er in Book X of *The Republic*, postulates an afterlife free from cares (Act III, Sc. 1, 64–69). In distinction, Aristotle envisioned death as being a complete termination, since the individual soul cannot exist without a body (*On the Soul*, 414a). (9.76) **35 waxing wroth** That is,

becoming angry. Perhaps an allusion to Edmund Spenser's (*c.*1552–99) first 'Mutabilitie' canto: 'Thereat Jove wexèd wroth, and in his spright / Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale' (stanza 35). (9.79) **36 banished me from his commonwealth?** In Book X of *The Republic*, Plato has Socrates banish poets from the model republic he proposes. (9.82)

137 **1 Horseness is the whatness of allhorse** A refutation of Plato's theory of forms. Antisthenes (see note at **110:2**) reputedly said, 'O, Plato, I see a horse, but I do not see horseness'. For Aristotle, universals do not exist independently (as forms do in Plato) but, rather, are the 'whatness' (scholastic *quidditas*) of members of a genus. (9.84) **2 Streams of tendency and eons they worship** According to the Theosophists, 'streams of tendency' go through the 'Planetary Chain – a series of seven globes or worlds which form the field of evolution during the planetary cycle or *manvantara*' (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 101). An aeon means either 'an emanation from Deity, and the medium of its expression' or 'a *kalpa* or age [a Day of Brahma]' (pp. 4, 64). Eon also alludes to George Russell's pseudonym A.E. (see note at **104:12**). (9.85) **3 God: noise in the street: very peripatetic** See note at **28:1**. Peripatetic refers to Aristotle's method of teaching while walking in a *peripatos* (place for walking) in the Lyceum outside Athens (*OED*). (9.85) **4 Space: what you damn well have to see** See note at **30:1**. (9.86) **5 Through spaces smaller** From William Blake's *Milton*: 'For every space larger than a red globule of Man's blood / Is visionary and is created by the hammer of Los; / And every space smaller than a globule of Man's blood opens / Into Eternity, of which this vegetable earth is but a shadow' (1, 1087–90). (9.86) **6 Blake's buttocks** Perhaps a reference to William Blake's illustration to the title page of his *Milton*: a rear view of a naked man walking towards distant clouds and smoke. (9.88) **7 Jubainville's book** Richard Best translated Marie Henri d'Arbois de Jubainville's (1827–1910) *Le Cycle mythologique irlandais* (*The Irish Mythological Cycle and Celtic Mythology*, 1903). (9.93) **8 don't you know** See note at **58:17**. (9.93) **9 Hyde's** Douglas Hyde (1860–1949), also known by his Irish pseudonym *An Craoibhin Aoibhinn* ('Little Sweet Branch'): Irish folklorist, poet, dramatist, politician and a major figure in the Irish Revival. (9.94) **10 *Lovesongs of Connacht*** Hyde's *The Love Songs of Connacht* (1893) was a collection of Irish poems along with Hyde's translations (both literal and verse translations). This collection had a great impact on Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge. See also note at **38:4**. A revised edition was published in April 1904 at the Dun Emer Press, for which see note at **12:2**. (9.94) **11 Gill's** See note at **73:8**. (9.95) **12 *Bound thee forth, my booklet, quick*** [...] The first stanza of a poem by Douglas Hyde, written for the purpose of illustrating the Irish metrical form *deibhidhe*, a bardic form out of use since the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries that employs seven-syllable lines that end alternately in monosyllabic and disyllabic words (Douglas Hyde, *The Story of Gaelic Literature*, p. 173). (9.96) **13 Penitent thief** Alludes to the repentant thief on the cross who asks Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thine kingdom' (Luke 24:42). (9.101) **14 An emerald set in the ring of the sea** See note at **93:2**. (9.102) **15 auric egg** Blavatsky claimed that sentient life originates out of the 'egg-shaped sphere of *aura*, which [...] corresponds to the substance of the germ-cell or *ovum*' (*An Abridgement of the Secret Doctrine*, p. 177). The aura is a sometimes visible emanation of karma, the outward manifestation of one's inner life. (9.103) **16 a peasant's heart on the hillside** After A.E.'s essay 'Nationality and Imperialism': 'The national spirit is [...] shy, hiding itself away in remote valleys, or in haunted mountains, or deep in the quiet of hearts that do not reveal themselves' (*Ideals in Ireland*, p. 22). (9.105) **17 France produces the finest flower of corruption in Mallarmé** Stéphane Mallarmé (1842–98): French symbolist poet. For many he personified the perceived decadence of the period. The phrase 'the flower of corruption' derives from the works of another French symbolist poet, Charles Baudelaire (1821–67), who wrote a book called *Les Fleurs du mal* (1857), usually translated as *The Flowers of Evil*. (9.108) **18 poor of heart** After the language used by Jesus in the Beatitudes: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. [...] Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God' (Matt. 5:3–8). (9.109) **19 Homer's Phæacians** At the end of Book V of the *Odyssey*, Odysseus is washed ashore on the island of the Phaeacians after he leaves Calypso's island and his ship is wrecked. The Phaeacians, ruled by their king Alcinous (Nausicaa's father), live in tranquillity and bliss. (9.110) **20 Stephen MacKenna** Stephen MacKenna (1872–1934): Irish journalist and intellectual, best known for his translations of Plotinus and his witty conversation. From 1896 to 1907 he lived in Paris, where he worked for various newspapers (*DIB*). (9.113) **21 The one about *Hamlet*** Mallarmé's letter-essay 'Hamlet et Fortinbras' (an addendum to his 1886 essay on *Hamlet*) first appeared in the *Revue Blanche* on 15th July 1896. It is not, as Best

says, a prose poem. (9.113) **22** ***il se promène, lisant au livre de lui-même*** French, 'he wanders, reading the book of himself'; from Mallarmé's 'Hamlet et Fortinbras' (*Œuvres çomplètes*, vol. 2, p. 275). (9.114) **23** ***HAMLET ou LE DISTRAIT*** French, '*Hamlet, or the Distracted One*'; in 'Hamlet et Fortinbras' (p. 274), Mallarmé gives this as the title of a provincial production of *Hamlet*. *Le Distrait* is also the title of a 1697 comedy by Jean François Regnard (1655–1709). (9.118) **24** ***Pièce de Shakespeare*** French, 'play by Shakespeare' or 'piece of Shakespeare'; from Mallarmé's 'Hamlet et Fortinbras' (p. 275). (9.121) **25 absentminded beggar** 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' (1899): a propagandistic, fund-raising Boer War song, words by Rudyard Kipling (English author, 1865–1936), set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Because of Kipling's poem, 'absent-minded beggar' became a nickname for a soldier (Partridge). (9.125)

138 **1 Sumptuous and stagnant exaggeration of murder** From Mallarmé's 'Hamlet and Fortinbras' (p. 275). (9.129) **2 A deathsman of the soul Robert Greene called him** In his *Groats-worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance* (1592), playwright, novelist and didactic pamphleteer Robert Greene (*c.*1558–92) attacked Shakespeare vigorously, calling him 'an upstart Crow'. In this pamphlet he calls lust, not Shakespeare, 'the deathsman of the soule'. (9.130) **3 butcher's son** The English antiquarian John Aubrey (1629–97) was the first to claim that John Shakespeare was a butcher – a claim that was reprised in many subsequent biographies. However, according to surviving records John Shakespeare was a glove-maker. (9.131) **4 wielding the sledded poleaxe** After a description of Hamlet's father's ghost, spoken by Horatio (Act I, Sc. 1, 66). (9.131) **5 Nine lives are taken off for his father's one** Counting Fortinbras, who is killed by King Hamlet in a duel before the play begins, nine lives are taken in *Hamlet*; the other deaths are Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Gertrude, Laertes, Claudius and Hamlet. (9.132) **6 Our Father who art in purgatory** A twist on the opening line of The Lord's Prayer, from Matthew 6:9: 'Our Father, which art in Heaven'; used here in reference to King Hamlet (Act I, Sc. 4, 10–13). (9.132) **7 Khaki Hamlets don't hesitate to shoot** Khaki: from the Urdu and Persian, 'dull brownish yellow; drab'; 'used in reference to the South African [Boer] War [...] and the war spirit in England at the time' (*OED*). See also note at **230:5**. (9.133) **8 bloodboltered shambles in act five** Blood-boltered: 'clotted or clogged with blood' (*OED*). Shakespeare used the word only in *Macbeth* (Act IV, Sc. 1, 123). With four deaths, Act V of *Hamlet* is particularly bloody. (9.133) **9 concentration camp sung by Mr Swinburne** Swinburne's sonnet 'On the Death of Colonel Benson' (1901) was condemned for excusing the practice of interning Boer civilians, women and children included, in concentration camps. (9.134) **10** ***Whelps and dams of murderous foes whom none*** [...] Whelp and dams: contemptuous for children and women, since both terms typically refer to animals (*OED*); from Swinburne's 'On the Death of Colonel Benson'. (9.137) **11 Between the Saxon smile and yankee yawp** Yawp: a harsh, hoarse or querulous cry, especially of a bird (*OED*). See also note at **19:8**. (9.139) **12 The devil and the deep sea** To be caught between the devil and the deep sea is proverbial for being, 'Between Scylla and Charybdis; between two evils or alternatives, to be in a hazardous or precarious position' (*Brewer's*). (9.139) **13 behoof** 'Use, benefit, advantage' (*OED*); the word appears once in Shakespeare, in *2 Henry VI* (Act IV, Sc. 7, 74). (9.142) **14 Like the fat boy in Pickwick he wants to make our flesh creep** Joe, the fat boy from Charles Dickens's *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1836–37), prefaces his story about Mr Tupman's (one of the Pickwickians) kissing Rachel Wardle's hand with the phrase 'I wants to make your flesh creep' (vol. 1, p. 163). (9.142) **15** ***List*** Listen (*OED*); from King Hamlet's Ghost (Act I, Sc. 5, 22–25). (9.144) **16 as far from Stratford as corrupt Paris** Stratford, Shakespeare's birthplace, is around 130 km to the north-west of London. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway there in 1582, left in about 1585 to go to London, and retired to Stratford around 1612. Dublin is around 770 km from Paris; however, in Shakespeare's day it took about as long to travel from Stratford to London as it did in 1904 to travel from Dublin to Paris. (9.149) **17** ***limbo patrum*** Latin, from the limbo of the fathers, or the place 'of the just that died before Christ's coming' (*OED*). In *Henry VIII*, *limbo patrum* is used jokingly to refer to jail (Act V, Sc. 4, 66–67). (9.150) **18 It is this hour of a day in mid June** 'The time of beginning was three o'clock punctually, and the performance went straight on, uninterrupted by entr'actes. It lasted, as a rule, for only two hours or two hours and a half' (Georg Brandes, *William Shakespeare: A Critical Study*, p. 101). (9.154) **19 The flag is up on the playhouse by the bankside** 'The days of performance at these theatres were announced by the hoisting of a flag on the roof' (Brandes, p. 101). The Bankside, where the Globe was

located, was the south bank of the Thames, between the Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. (9.155) **20 The bear Sackerson growls in the pit near it, Paris garden** 'Close to the Globe Theatre lay the Bear Garden, the rank smell from which greeted the nostrils even before it came in sight. The famous bear Sackerson, who is mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* [Act I, Sc. 1, 306], now and then broke his chain and put female theatre-goers shrieking with fright' (Brandes, p. 101). Paris Garden: the bear garden at Bankside, Southwark (*OED*). (9.155) **21 Canvasclimbers** Sailors (*Brewer's*); this word is used by Shakespeare in *Pericles* (Act IV, Sc. 1, 62). (9.156) **22 Drake** Sir Francis Drake (*c.*1540–96): English sailor, soldier and politician, the first Englishman to sail around the globe (1577–80). He was vice-admiral of the English fleet that crushed the Spanish Armada (1588). (9.157) **23 chew their sausages among the groundlings** Groundling: 'a frequenter of the "ground" or pit of a theatre; hence, a spectator (reader, etc.) of average or inferior tastes, an uncritical or unrefined person' (*OED*). The Globe Theatre provided refreshment-sellers for the groundlings who sold sausages and ale (Brandes, p. 105). (9.157) **24 Local colour** The heading of a subchapter on *Hamlet* in Brandes's book (pp. 357–60). (9.158) **25 Shakespeare has left the huguenot's house** According to documents discovered by Charles W. Wallace, in 1598–1604 Shakespeare lived at 13 Silver Street, London, in a house owned by the Huguenot Christopher Mountjoy ('New Shakespeare Discoveries', pp. 489–510). (9.159) **26 swanmews** Coops for fattening or breeding swans (*OED*, s.v. mew). (9.160) **27 pen chivying her game of cygnets** Pen: a female swan (*OED*). To chivvy: to pursue (*OED*). (9.160) **28 swan of Avon** Ben Jonson called Shakespeare the 'Sweet Swan of Avon' in 'To the Memory of William Shakespeare', a poem prefatory to the First Folio (1623). (9.161) **29 Composition of place** A concept from Ignatius Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises* (1548): 'The first prelude is a composition, seeing the place' ('The First Exercise', item 47). (9.163) **30 Ignatius Loyola** See note at 9:4. (9.163) **31 make haste to help me!** 'Make haste to help me!' (Psalm 38:22); used in the opening of Vespers (the Catholic evening prayer). (9.163) **32 under the shadow** Elizabethan stage term, the area of the theatre which was partly covered by 'a penthouse or roof over the stage' (*OED*, s.v. shadow). (9.164) **33 castoff mail of a court buck** The Ghost is in full armour, as noted by Horatio (Act I, Sc. 1, 60 and Act I, Sc. 2, 226–29). According to Brandes, acting companies bought their own costumes (p. 104). (9.165) **34 wellset man with a bass voice** According to Frank Harris, Shakespeare was 'probably of middle height, or below it, and pudgy' (*The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life-Story*, p. 268). Harris also claims, contrary to Stephen's assertion, that Shakespeare spoke in 'a high tenor voice' (p. 367). (9.165) **35 a king and no king** The title of a tragicomedy by Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) and John Fletcher (1579–1625) from 1611. According to Brandes, 'Shakespeare might find reminiscences of his own work' in this play (p. 599). (9.166) **36 player is Shakespeare** According to Sidney Lee, Nicholas Rowe (1674–1718), English writer and editor of Shakespeare, claimed that Shakespeare played 'the Ghost in his own Hamlet' (*A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 44). (9.166) **37 all the years of his life which were not vanity** In the Book of Ecclesiastes, Koheleth bemoans the pointlessness of life: 'Vanity of vanities! All is vanity. What does man gain by all the toil he toils under the sun?'(1:2–4). By the end of Ecclesiastes, however, he realizes that the single thing that makes life worth living is God (12:13–14). (9.167) **38 Burbage** Richard Burbage (*c.*1567–1619): an actor in Shakespeare's company, the King's Men. According to Sidney Lee, he won great acclaim for his portrayal of Hamlet (*A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 230). (9.168) **39 beyond the rack of cerecloth** Rack: 'A mass of cloud moving quickly' (*OED*); Shakespeare uses this word in this sense in *Hamlet* (Act II, Sc. 2, 506). Cerecloth: 'cloth smeared or impregnated with wax or some glutinous matter: used for wrapping a dead body in; a waxed winding-sheet or a winding-sheet in general' (*OED*). (9.169) **40 *Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit*** The line is 'I am thy father's spirit' (Act I, Sc. 5, 9); see also note at **112:10**. (9.170)

139 1 bidding him list See note at 138:15. (9.171) **2 Hamnet Shakespeare** Hamnet Shakespeare, William's only son, was born on 2nd February 1585 (with his twin sister, Judith) and died eleven and a half years later, on 11th August 1596 in Stratford. (9.172) **3 in the vesture of buried Denmark** Vesture: 'a garment or vestment' (*OED*). The Ghost appears in the armour 'In which the majesty of buried Denmark / Did sometimes march' (Act I, Sc. 1, 48–49). (9.174) **4 your mother is the guilty queen** In *Hamlet*, Queen Gertrude marries the man who murdered her husband, his brother Claudius. (9.179) **5 Ann Shakespeare, born Hathaway** Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway Shakespeare (*c.*1556–1623). (9.180) **6 Art thou there, truepenny?** When the Ghost echoes Hamlet's demand that Horatio and Marcellus keep silent, Hamlet replies: 'Ah, ha,

boy! say'st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?' (Act I, Sc. 5, 150). Truepenny: 'a trusty person, an honest fellow (compared to a coin of genuine metal)' (*OED*). (9.183) **7 As for living, our servants can do that for us, Villiers de l'Isle has said** From Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's (1838–89) play *Axël*: 'Live? our servants will do that for us'. Yeats used this line as the epigraph to *The Secret Rose* (1897), which was dedicated to A.E. (9.186) **8** ***Flow over them with your waves*** [...] From A.E.'s verse play *Deirdre* (first performed 2nd April 1902). For Mananaan MacLir see note at **31:19**. A.E. performed these lines himself (Gogarty, *As I Was Going down Sackville Street*, p. 292). (9.190) **9 sirrah** 'A term of address used to men or boys, expressing contempt, reprimand, or assumption of authority on the part of the speaker' (*OED*). The term occurs frequently in Shakespeare's works. (9.192) **10 noble** 'A former English gold coin, first minted by Edward III [r.1327–77]' (*OED*). (9.194) **11 Georgina Johnson's** A prostitute, but it is unknown whether she is actual or fictional. (9.195) **12 Agenbite of inwit** See note at **14:6**. (9.196) **13 He's from beyant Boyne water. The northeast corner** Beyant: the Ulster (the north-east corner of Ireland) pronunciation of 'beyond'. A.E. – who was born in Lurgan, County Armagh, in Ulster – spoke 'with a decided Ulster accent' (Eglinton, *A Memoir of A.E.*, p. 183). Boyne water: the Boyne River, a dividing line between the Protestant north and the Catholic south since the Battle of the Boyne (1690), when William III (of Orange) defeated the Irish, who were led by the deposed James II. (9.203) **14 Buzz. Buzz.** Hamlet's mocking response to Polonius's old news that the players have arrived at Elsinore (Act II, Sc. 2, 412); 'Said in the Variorum Shakespeare edition of *Hamlet* (1803) to have been a common exclamation (of impatience or contempt) when any one was telling a well-known story' (*OED*). (9.207) **15 entelechy** 'The condition in which a potentiality has become an actuality' (*OED*); see note at **21:7**. (9.208) **16 I that sinned and prayed and fasted** Refers to Stephen's period of intense religious fervour, after his youthful brushes with lust and sin, as described in *Portrait* from the end of Chapter 2 to the beginning of Chapter 4. (9.210) **17 A child Conmee saved from pandies** Pandy: 'A stroke on the palm of the hand with a tawse, ruler, or rod, given as a punishment to children in schools' (*OED*). In *Portrait*, after Stephen is accused of falsely trying to get out of work by Father Dolan (see also note at **101:2**), he sees Father Conmee, the rector of the college, who assures him that the matter will be taken care of. (9.211) **18 She died, Stephen retorted, sixtyseven years after she was born** Anne Hathaway died, at the age of 67, on 6th August 1623. (9.217)

140 1 The sheeted mirror The *Dictionary of Superstitions* lists instances of covering mirrors with sheets back to 1786. (9.221) **2** ***Liliata rutilantium*** See note at **19:10**. (9.222) **3 tangled glowworm of his lamp** After Thomas Moore's 'The Young May Moon', which begins: 'The young May moon is beaming, love, / The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love'. (9.225) **4 Xanthippe** Socrates's wife; her name has become 'proverbial for a conjugal scold' (*Brewer's*). Shakespeare mentions her in *The Taming of the Shrew*: 'Be she as foul [...] / As Socrates' Xanthippe' (Act I, Sc. 2, 69–71). (9.234) **5 from his mother how to bring thoughts into the world** Socrates's mother, Phaenarete, was a midwife, and in his dialogue with Theaetetus on the subject of knowledge Socrates likens himself to a midwife (150b). (9.235) **6 Myrto** Diogenes Laertius records several different accounts of Socrates's marriages: according to Aristotle, Socrates's first wife was Xanthippe and his second wife was Myrto. Other accounts say Myrto was his first wife (*Lives of the Eminent Philosophers*, II, 26). (9.236) **7** ***(absit nomen!)*** Latin, 'let her name be absent!'; plays on *absit omen*, a standard Latin expression meaning 'may the omen augur no evil'. (9.236) **8 Socratididion's** A diminutive or affectionate form of the name Socrates. Socrates is called by this name in Aristophanes's *The Clouds*. (9.237) **9 Epipsychidion** The title of one Shelley's most famous poems (1821), in which he proposes that an ideal marriage is one in which souls co-exist in perfect harmony. The most common translation of the title is 'the soul out of my soul', a phrase Shelley uses in the poem (l. 238). (9.237) **10 caudlectures** Should read 'caudlelectures' (the change was made in the 1926 edition). Caudle: 'to talk over, lecture (a husband)' (*OED*); from *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* (1846) by Douglas Jerrold (1803–57). (9.238) **11 archons of Sinn Fein** Archon: 'the chief magistrate, and, after the time of Solon, one of the nine chief magistrates of the Athenian republic' (*OED*), the body which condemned Socrates to death for corrupting the young. For Sinn Féin, see note at **120:12**. (9.239) **12 noggin of hemlock** Should read 'naggin' (the mistake was made in the Odyssey Press edition); for naggin see note at **47:19**. Socrates was put to death by hemlock, as is recounted in Plato's *Phaedo*. (9.239) **13 bald-pink lollard costard** Lyster was indeed bald. Lollards: followers of John Wycliffe (*c.*1328–84), a religious reformer and the first translator of the Bible into English; they were persecuted, but

found shelter in England during the Wars of the Roses in the late fifteenth century. Costard: 'a kind of apple of large size [...] applied humorously or derisively to the head' (*OED*). (9.243) **14 good groatsworth of wit** After the title of Robert Greene's work containing an attack on Shakespeare: *Groats-worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance* (1592); see note at **138:2**. (9.245) **15 He carried a memory in his wallet** After Ulysses's assertion in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* about fading memories: 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, / Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,/ A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes' (Act III, Sc. 3, 145–46). (9.246) **16 Romeville** See note at **37:10**. (9.246) **17 *The girl I left behind me*** A popular Irish ballad, with many versions, dating back to at least 1660. (9.246) **18 If the earthquake did not time it** After Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*: 'As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground, / Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes, / Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound' (ll. 1046–48). Although there was an earthquake in England in 1580, 'no scholar [...] attempts to fix the date [of the poem] by Shakespeare's reference to the earthquake' (William Schutte, *Joyce and Shakespeare*, p. 177). (9.247) **19 poor Wat, sitting in his form, the cry of hounds** Wat: a hare (*OED*). Form: 'a nest or lair in which a hare crouches' (*OED*). From *Venus and Adonis*: 'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill, / Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear, / To hearken if his foes pursue him still, / Anon their loud alarums he doth hear' (ll. 697–700). (9.248) **20 studded bridle** From *Venus and Adonis* (l. 37). (9.248) **21 her blue windows** That is, Venus's eyes, from *Venus and Adonis* (l. 482). (9.249) **22 *Venus and Adonis*, lay in the bedchamber of every light-of-love in London** 'Contemporaries aver that [*Venus and Adonis*] lay on the table of every light woman in London' (Brandes, p. 56). Light: 'wanton, unchaste' (*OED*); light-of-love: 'a woman capricious or inconstant in love; also in more unfavourable sense, a wanton, a harlot' (*OED*). The term is used in a humorous exchange in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act III, Sc. 4, 39). (9.249) **23 Is Katharine the shrew illfavoured? Hortensio calls her young and beautiful** After *The Taming of the Shrew*: Hortensio chides his friend Petruchio, who is looking for a wealthy woman to marry: 'Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee / And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?' (Act I, Sc. 2, 59–60). He later reveals to Petruchio that Katharina is 'with wealth enough and young and beauteous' (Act I, Sc. 2, 86). Ill-favoured: 'having a bad or unpleasing appearance' (*OED*). (9.250) **24 passionate pilgrim** *The Passionate Pilgrim*: a book of poems, published 1599, falsely attributed to Shakespeare, although some of the poems are his. Several of his sonnets were published for the first time in this collection. (9.252) **25 doxy** A mistress or kept woman (Partridge). (9.253) **26 Warwickshire** The English county where Stratford is located. (9.253) **27 he left her and gained the world of men** After Robert Browning's 'Meeting At Night; Parting At Morning' (1845): 'And straight was a path of gold for him, / And the need of a world of men for me' (ll. 15–16). (9.254) **28 his boy-women** On the Elizabethan/Jacobean stage all female roles were performed by young men whose voices had not yet broken. (9.254) **29 He was chosen** 'It was [Anne Hathaway's] family that hurried on the marriage [...] This haste is less surprising when we find that the first child, a daughter named Susanna, was born May 1583, only five months and three weeks after the wedding' (Brandes, p. 10). (9.256) **30 If others have their will Ann hath a way** After the proverb, 'when there's a will, there's a way'. Shakespeare puns on his name 'will' in his sonnets (see note at **154:6**). The pun on Anne Hathaway goes back at least to Charles Dibdin's (1745–1814) 'A Love Dittie' in his novel *Hannah Hewit; or, the Female Crusoe* (1792): 'That to be heaven Ann hath a way; / She hath a way, / Ann Hathaway – To be heaven's self Ann hath a way' (quoted in Schutte, p. 62 n. 5). (9.256) **31 By cock, she was to blame** From Ophelia's bawdy song in *Hamlet* (Act IV, Sc. 5, 62). (9.257) **32 comether** Hiberno-English, used 'to denote a sort of spell brought about by coaxing, wheedling, making love, &c' (PWJ, p. 97). (9.257) **33 sweet and twentysix** After the expression 'sweet and twenty' from the clown's song in *Twelfth Night* (Act II, Sc. 3, 52). Anne Hathaway was twenty-six when she married the eighteen-year-old Shakespeare. (9.258) **34 greyeyed goddess** In *Venus and Adonis*, Venus describes her eyes as 'grey and bright and quick in turning' (l. 140). This does not contradict her 'blue windows', or eyes (see note at **140:21**), since in Elizabethan English 'grey eyes' referred to 'blue eyes' (*OED*, s.v. grey). In Homer, the 'grey-eyed' goddess is Athena (1, 44 *et passim*). (9.258) **35 boy Adonis** Adonis, a mortal, is called 'the tender boy' (l. 32) in *Venus and Adonis*. (9.258) **36 stooping to conquer** After Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night* (1773). (9.259) **37 as prologue to the swelling act** From *Macbeth* (Act I, Sc. 3, 128). (9.259) **38 boldfaced Stratford wench who tumbles** To tumble: to overpower and also a euphemism for having sexual intercourse (*OED*); from Ophelia's bawdy song in *Hamlet* (Act IV, Sc. 5, 63). Of Shakespeare's

seduction by Anne Hathaway, Frank Harris writes: 'I, too, Shakespeare tells us practically, was wooed by an older woman against my will' (p. 368). (9.259) **39** ***Between the acres of the rye*** From the Page's song in *As You Like It* (Act V, Sc. 3, 23–25). Best thinks he is correcting Stephen. Stephen had alluded to a 'cornfield', but Best retorts that the actual line is 'acres of rye'. However, 'cornfield' does occur earlier in the Page's song (Act V, Sc. 3, 19). (9.266) **40** **A tall figure in bearded homespun rose from shadow and unveiled its cooperative watch** This is George Russell (A.E.). Russell's extreme punctuality and frequent consultation of his watch is a recurring image in George Moore's memoir *Salve* (1912). 'Cooperative' alludes to Russell's demeanour and his active promotion of farming cooperatives. See also note at **121:23**. (9.269) **41** ***Homestead*** See note at **28:9**. (9.271)

141 **1** **Shall we see you at Moore's tonight?** George Moore (1852–1933): Irish poet, novelist and dramatist. He studied in Paris as a young man and, on his return to Dublin, became an important part of the Irish Revival. He lived in Ely Place (*DIB*). Moore customarily had guests by his house on Sundays, not on Thursdays (Eglinton, *A Memoir of A.E.*, p. 70). (9.273) **2** **Piper is coming** William J. Stanton Pyper (1868–1841): a journalist for the *United Irishman* (under the pseudonym Lugh), a Gaelic enthusiast, a Theosophist and a friend of John Eglinton. (9.274) **3** **Peter Piper pecked a peck of pick of peck of pickled pepper** After the tongue-twister nursery rhyme. (9.276) **4** **Thursday. We have our meeting** On Thursday evenings from 1900–1904, the Hermetic Society met in Dawson Chambers at 11–12 Dawson Street. Russell started the Hermetic Society in 1898 to meet weekly to read and discuss Mme Blavatsky's teachings and other Theosophical texts. (9.277) **5** **Yogibogeybox in Dawson chambers** Stanislaus Joyce writes that Gogarty used the word 'box' for 'any kind of public establishment', and he called the Hermetic Society hall the 'ghost-box' (*The Complete Dublin Diary*, p. 88). (9.279) **6** ***Isis Unveiled*** The title of the major text of the Theosophist movement (1877), written by Mme Blavatsky. Its subtitle is 'A Master Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology'. (9.279) **7** **Pali book** In *Isis Unveiled*, Blavatsky claims that Pali (a form of Sanskrit) was the original language and that myths were first conceived in Pali before they were disseminated into what became widespread ancient cultures (vol. 2, p. 555). (9.279) **8** **umbrel umbershoot** Umbrel: umbrella (*OED*). Umbershoot, from bumbershoot: umbrella (*OED*). (9.280) **9** **Aztec logos** According to Blavatsky, 'a perfect identity of the rites, ceremonies, traditions, and even the names of the deities [exists] among the Mexicans and ancient Babylonians and Egyptians' (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. 1, p. 557) and 'there is a logos in every mythos or a groundwork of truth in every fiction' (p. 560). Thus, 'Aztec logos' refers to a Theosophist version of the Word, or eternal truth. (9.281) **10** **astral levels** 'The name that, from the starry or translucent nature of its substance, has from time immemorial, been given to the kingdom next above (or within) the physical. The astral is the region of the play of all feeling and desire of the human soul, whether incarnate or excarnate, and the region where, or the state in which, it becomes conscious of the passing away of the physical body' (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 15). (9.281) **11** **oversoul** In his essay 'The Over-Soul', Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–82) calls it, 'The Unity [...] within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other'. (9.281) **12** **mahamahatma** A Sanskrit compound word, built out of *maha* (great) and *mahatma* (great soul), thus meaning, 'great, great soul'. (9.281) **13** **chelaship** Chela: 'in esoteric Buddhism, a novice qualifying himself for initiation' (*OED*). Chelaship is thus a kind of spiritual apprenticeship. (9.282) **14** **ringroundabout him** After the nursery rhyme 'Ring-a-round-a-rosey'. (9.282) **15** **Louis H. Victory** Minor Irish poet and essayist at the end of the nineteenth century; his poems were collected in *Imaginations in the Dust* (1903). He also wrote a book on Shakespeare: *The Higher Teaching of Shakespeare* (1896). (9.283) **16** **T. Caulfield Irwin** T. Caulfield Irwin (1823–92): a minor Irish poet. (9.283) **17** **Lotus ladies tend them i'the eyes** In Hindu mythology the Asparas, or lotus ladies, are amorous nymphs who are the ultimate reward for living a perfectly ascetic life on earth. The phrase derives from *Antony and Cleopatra*: 'So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes' (Act II, Sc. 2, 212). (9.283) **18** **pineal glands** Theosophists believed the pineal gland to be a vestige of a third eye which was capable of seeing transcendentally, but it can be 'reactivated' through esoteric methods (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 99). (9.284) **19** **Buddh under plantain** Siddhartha Gautama (Buddha) achieved enlightenment meditating under the Bodhi tree in Buddh Gaya, which lies about 10 km south of Gaya city in Bengal (*EB11*, s.v. Gaya). The Bodhi tree is not of the genus plantain. (9.284) **20** **Gulfer of souls, engulfer** In Theosophical thought, God created souls by casting them out of himself, thereby differentiating them from the

unity of his presence. The task of the living, then, is to recapture the spirit of God that was present from inception. (9.285) **21 Hesouls, shesouls, shoals of souls** After the tongue-twister, 'She sells sea shells by the seashore'. In Theosophy, a shell is 'a name given to Kama-Rupa [the vehicle of desire and passion], from which the higher principles have withdrawn' (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*, p. 129). (9.285) **22** ***In quintessential triviality*** [...] The first two lines of Louis H. Victory's (see note at **141:15**) poem 'Soul-Perturbating Mimicry'. (9.287) **23 Mr Russell, rumour has it, is gathering together** George Russell edited the collection *New Songs; a Lyric Selection* (1904), which included works by many young poets, but not Joyce. Russell's foreword offers the poems as representative of 'a new mood in Irish verse' (p. 5). (9.290) **24 caubeen** Hiberno-English, a shabby old hat, from the Irish *cáibín* (PWJ, p. 338). (9.295) **25 My casque and sword** After *Troilus and Cressida*: 'Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, / My sword should bite it' (Act V, Sc. 2, 170–71). (9.296) **26 Touch lightly with two index fingers** From Aristotle's *Problems*: 'Why is it that an object which is held between two crossed fingers appears to be two? Is it because we touch it at two sense-organs? For when we hold the hand in its natural position we cannot touch an object with the outer sides of the two fingers' (*Complete Works*, tr. E.S. Forster, 965a36–39). (9.296) **27 Necessity is that in virtue of which it is impossible that one can be otherwise** From Aristotle's *Metaphysics*: 'We say that that which cannot be otherwise is necessarily so' (1015a34–35). (9.297) **28 Argal** 'Perversion of Latin ergo, "therefore"; hence, a clumsy piece of reasoning' (*OED*); the gravedigger in *Hamlet* uses the word several times in trying to prove that Ophelia's death was not a suicide (Act V, Sc. 1, 9–20). (9.298) **29 Young Colum** Padraic Colum (1881–1972): Irish man of letters and friend of Joyce. Some of his work was included in Russell's anthology. (9.301) **30 Starkey** James Sullivan Starkey (1879–1958): Irish editor and poet, who changed his name to Seumas O'Sullivan. Five of his poems were included in Russell's anthology. (9.301) **31 George Roberts** George Roberts (1873–1953): a Dublin literary aspirant whose work was included in Russell's anthology; see also note at **53:14**. (9.301) **32 Longworth will give it a good puff in the *Express*** Ernest Victor Longworth (1874–1935): editor of the pro-English *Daily Express* (1901–4). Joyce himself wrote several reviews for the *Express* (see note at **158:23**). (9.302) **33 Colum's *Drover*** Padraic Colum's poem 'A Drover', included in Russell's anthology *New Songs* (p. 42). (9.303) **34 Yeats admired his line: *As in wild earth a Grecian vase*** The last line of Padraic Colum's 'A Portrait', the lead poem in Russell's anthology *New Songs* (p. 9), subsequently retitled 'A Poor Scholar of the Forties'. (9.304) **35 Miss Mitchell's joke about Moore and Martyn** Susan Mitchell (1866–1926), Irish writer and associate editor of the *Irish Homestead*, made a joke about the mismatched friends George Moore and art patron Edward Martyn (1859–1923) to the effect that Moore was Martyn's 'wild oats', a reference to Moore's lecherousness and Martyn's embarrassed servitude. (9.306) **36 They remind one of don Quixote and Sancho Panza** Sancho Panza, a squat, pragmatic pig farmer, was squire to the mad gentleman turned knight-errant, Don Quixote in Miguel de Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. (9.308) **37 Our national epic has yet to be written, Dr Sigerson says** George Sigerson (1838–1925): Irish physician, man of letters and senator. He argued that a new Irish epic was needed: 'We dare not stand still, Ireland's glorious literary past would be our reproach, the future our disgrace' ('Ireland's Influence on European Literature', p. vii). (9.309) **38 A knight of the rueful countenance here in Dublin. With a saffron kilt?** The Knight of the Rueful Countenance: Don Quixote's spurious order (*Don Quixote*, I, 19). Saffron kilt: Irish nationalists were supposed to have worn saffron kilts, the outfit of her heroic age (a fact disproved by subsequent scholarship). John Eglinton also called for an Irish epic in his essay 'Irish Books': 'A hero as loveable as the Great Knight of the Rueful Countenance might be conceived, who in some back street of Dublin had addled his brains with brooding over Ireland's wrongs' (*Anglo-Irish Essays*, p. 88). (9.310) **39 O'Neill Russell?** Thomas O'Neill Russell (1828–1908): author and founder member of the Gaelic League (see note at **142:3**). He advocated the revival of the Irish language (*DIB*). (9.311) **40 O, yes, he must speak the grand old tongue** A reference to Eglinton's essay 'Irish Books'; see note at **141:38**. (9.311) **41 And his Dulcinea?** Dulcinea del Toboso: Don Quixote's name for Aldonza Lorenzo, a peasant girl who Don Quixote elevates in his romantic imagination to the status of a princess. Eglinton describes her Irish equivalent in his essay 'Irish Books'. (9.312) **42 James Stephens** James Stephens (*c.*1880–1950): Irish writer and contributor to the *United Irishman* (*DIB*). (9.312) **43 Cordelia. *Cordoglio*** Cordelia: the youngest of King Lear's daughters, whose scrupulous honesty will not permit her to make an ostentatious display of affection towards her father. *Cordoglio*: Italian, deep sorrow. (9.314) **44 Lir's loneliest daughter** A play on 'Lear's loneliest daughter', that is Cordelia. The phrase

'Lir's lonely daughter' comes from Thomas Moore's 'The Song of Fionnuala'. Lir's daughter Fionnuala is transformed into a swan by Aeife, her jealous foster mother. (9.314) **45 Nookshotten** 'Having many corners, angles, or projections; having an irregular form' (*OED*). (9.315) **46 give the letter to Mr Norman** Harry Felix Norman (1868–1947): editor of the *Irish Homestead* from 1899–1905. The letter is Deasy's. (9.317) **47 God ild you** 'God yield you', that is, 'God reward you' (*OED*, s.vv. God; yield). Touchstone, a clown, uses this phrase twice in *As You Like It* (Act III, Sc. 3, 74–75 and Act V, Sc. 4, 56) and Ophelia uses it once in *Hamlet* (Act IV, Sc. 5, 41). (9.321) **48 The pigs' paper** The *Irish Homestead* was nicknamed 'the pigs' paper' because of its extensive coverage of farming and rural topics. (9.321)

142 1 Synge John Millington Synge (1871–1909): one of Ireland's foremost dramatists. (9.322) **2** ***Dana*** A Dublin magazine edited by John Eglinton and Fred Ryan, which ran from May 1904 to April 1905. It was subtitled 'A Magazine of Independent Thought'. (9.323) **3 Gaelic league** Established in 1893 to offer Gaelic classes and to promote the work of scholars and writers who wanted to revive traditional Irish culture. (9.324) **4 chopine** A women's shoe with a thick cork sole, which added additional height (*OED*). Hamlet uses the word when addressing an actor who plays women's roles (Act II, Sc. 2, 455). (9.330) **5 inward light** A phrase the Society of Friends (Quakers) have long used for the personal, inner experience of God's truth. Quakers are 'taught to believe that the inward light of each individual man was the only true guide for his conduct' (*EB11*, s.v. Friends, Society of). (9.332) **6 Christfox in leather trews, hiding, a runaway** The founder of the Quakers, George Fox (1624–91), spent most of his adult life pursued by those who opposed his preaching, and was several times imprisoned. In Fox's autobiography he describes himself as 'the man in leathern breeches' (ed. Rufus M. Jones, Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach, 1903, vol. 1, p. 139). Trews: 'close-fitting trousers or breeches combined with stockings' (*OED*). The phrase 'hue and cry' comes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act IV, Sc. 5, 86). (9.337) **7 Knowing no vixen** Vixen: a female fox and 'An ill-tempered quarrelsome woman' (*OED*). George Fox was unmarried until the age of forty-five. (9.338) **8 tender people** George Fox frequently used this phrase in his autobiography to refer to people who were seeking the 'inward light' of Christ. (9.339) **9 whore of Babylon** The whore of Babylon, a figure for Rome, appears in Revelation 17–19 and was often invoked by Puritans as an emblem of the Roman Catholic Church, which they felt had become corrupt and evil. (9.339) **10 ladies of justices** George Fox's wife, Margaret Fell, was the widow of Judge Fell of Swarthmoor Hall, Lancashire. (9.339) **11 bully tapsters' wives** Bully: jolly, admirable (*OED*). Shakespeare is alleged to have sired poet laureate Sir William Davenant after sleeping with a woman who was the wife of innkeeper ('tapster') John D'Avenant (Brandes, p. 196). (9.339) **12 Fox and geese** Fox and Geese is both a board game and a children's playground game. In conjunction with the name of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, the word goose would be used in the sense of 'a foolish person' (*OED*) or a woman (Partridge). (9.340) **13 New place** The estate Shakespeare retired to in Stratford-upon-Avon, the largest home in the town at the time (Harris, p. 285). (9.340) **14 once as sweet, as fresh as cinnamon, now her leaves falling** From an old Irish song, 'My Love She Was Born in the North Countrie'. (9.341) **15 frighted of the narrow grave and unforgiven** When he returned to Stratford in around 1612, Shakespeare found Anne Hathaway 'desperately pious and puritanical' (Brandes, p. 671). (9.342) **16 what Caesar would have lived to do had he believed the soothsayer** In *Julius Caesar*, Caesar ignores the soothsayer's warning to 'Beware the Ides of March' (Act I, Sc. 2, 17). (9.348) **17 possibilities of the possible as possible** See note at **21:4**. (9.349) **18 what name Achilles bore when he lived among women** Achilles's mother, Thetis, trying to save her son from the Trojan War, where she knew he would perish, disguised Achilles as a girl and hid him among the daughters of King Lycomedes of Skyros. The question of the name he had whilst in hiding is a famous riddle that has no answer: Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82) lists it among the conundrums in his *Hydriotaphia: Urn-Burial* (1658). (9.350) **19 Thoth, god of libraries, a birdgod, moonycrowned** Thoth: the ancient Egyptian god of learning, wisdom and magic and the inventor of the arts and sciences. He is portrayed with the head of an ibis, a long-billed bird similar to the stork, and his head crowned with an upturned, crescent moon (*Brewer's*). (9.353) **20** ***In painted chambers loaded with tilebooks*** From Richard Jefferies's *The Story of My Heart: My Autobiography* (pp. 101–2). The tilebooks are Assyrian clay tablets marked with cuneiform inscriptions. (9.354) **21 Others abide our question** The first line from Matthew Arnold's sonnet 'Shakespeare' (1849). (9.360) **22** ***Hamlet*** **is so personal, isn't it?** Brandes writes that 'there are in *Hamlet* more direct utterances of the poet's inmost spiritual life than in any of his earlier

works' (p. 366). (9.362) **23** ***Ta an bad ar an tir. Taim imo shagart*** Irish, 'The boat is on the land. I am a priest'; from the Revd Eugene O'Growney's *Simple Lessons in Irish* (1897): 'Ata an bad ar tir', 'There is a boat on the land' (p. 22). (9.366) **24** **beurla** Beurla (*Béarla*): Irish, the English language. 'Put beurla on it' is a literal translation of the Irish '*chuir Béarla air*', 'translate it into English'. (9.367) **25** **littlejohn** 'Littlejohn' was George Moore's name for John Eglinton (*Vale*, p. 260), taken from the name of one of Robin Hood's band. (9.368) **26** **Bear with me** From Marc Antony's speech at the funeral of Julius Caesar (Act III, Sc. 2, 105). (9.372) **27** ***E quando vede l'uomo l'attosca.*** **Messer Brunetto** Italian, 'and when [the basilisk] sees a man, it poisons him'; paraphrased from an Italian translation of *Li Livres dou Tresor*, a compendium of medieval lore by Brunetto Latini (*c.*1210–*c.*1295), Dante's mentor in his youth. (9.374) **28** **I thank thee for the word** From Gratiano's taunting of Shylock at the end of the trial scene in *Merchant of Venice*: 'A Daniel still say. I, a second Daniel, / I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word' (Act IV, Sc. 1, 335–36). (9.375)

143 **1** **mother Dana** In Celtic mythology Dana or Donand was the goddess mother of earth, fertility and knowledge. (9.376) **2** **so does the artist weave and unweave his image** Recalls a passage from Walter Pater's *Renaissance*: 'It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off – that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves' (p. 119). Also suggests the tapestry that Penelope, in the *Odyssey*, weaves by day and unweaves by night to keep the suitors at bay. (9.377) **3** **mole on my right breast** In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, Iachimo hides in Imogen's bedroom and, when she is asleep, notes the mole on her left breast (Act II, Sc. 2, 37–39). (9.378) **4** **instant of imagination, when the mind, Shelley says, is a fading coal** In 'A Defence of Poetry' (1821), Shelley writes: 'the mind in creation is a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness' (*Shelley's Poetry and Prose*, pp. 503–4). Joyce previously cited this passage in his 1902 essay on James Clarence Mangan (*OCPW*, p. 57) and in *Portrait* (p. 213). (9.381) **5** **So in the future, the sister of the past** [...] After 'A Cypress Grove', from the second edition of William Drummond's *Flowers of Sion* (1630): 'If thou dost complain that there shall be a Time in which thou shalt not be, why dost thou not also grieve that there was a time in which thou was not; and so that thou art not as old as that enlivening Planet of Time?[...] That will be after us, which, long long before we were, was'. (9.383) **6** **Drummond of Hawthornden** William Drummond (1585–1649): Scottish poet, second laird of Hawthornden (which is near Edinburgh). (9.386) **7** **I feel Hamlet quite young** In the Folio version of *Hamlet*, the gravedigger says that he began his vocation on 'that very day that young Hamlet was born' (Act V, Sc. 1, 163) and then elaborates that he has worked for 'thirty years' (Act V, Sc. 1, 177), therefore implying that Hamlet is thirty. However, this line does not appear in the First Quarto version of the play. Brandes argues that in the earliest version of the play Shakespeare made Hamlet quite young, but made him older in later versions (pp. 367–68). (9.387) **8** **Has the wrong sow by the lug** To have the wrong sow by the lug: to 'hit upon the wrong thing' (*Brewer's*, s.v. sow). Lug: ear (*OED*). (9.390) **9** **That mole is the last to go** After *Hamlet*, when Hamlet says, awaiting the appearance of the Ghost: 'So, oft it chances in particular men, / That for some vicious mole of nature in them, / As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty /[...] / Shall in the general censure take corruption / From that particular fault' (Act I, Sc. 4, 23–36). Mole: 'a false conception' (*OED*). (9.391) **10** **mow** A grimace, especially a scornful one (*OED*); Hamlet uses this word when he discusses 'those that would make mows' at his uncle the King (Act II, Sc. 2, 82). (9.392) **11** **Renan** Ernest Renan (1823–92): French philosopher and historian of religion. He wrote an adaptation of *The Tempest* called *Caliban*; in his introduction he called Shakespeare 'l'historien de l'éternité' (the historian of eternity) (p. ii). (9.394) **12** **The spirit of reconciliation** Over his career, Shakespeare moved from writing comedies and tragedies to dark tragedies in the early 1600s, but in his later plays (1608–11) he returned to sunnier romances. Of these Harris writes that Shakespeare 'made up his mind to let the dead past bury its dead; he would try to forget and live sanely' (p. 336). (9.396) **13** **hell of time** From line 6 of Shakespeare's sonnet 120. (9.401) **14** **Tried, like another Ulysses, Pericles, prince of Tyre?** Ulysses appears as a character in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, one of Shakespeare's later plays, as is *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. Brandes writes: 'Pericles is a romantic Ulysses, a far-travelled, sorely tried, much-enduring man, who has, little by little, lost all that was dear to him' (p. 585). (9.403) **15** **Head, redconecapped, buffeted, brineblinded** This description retells part of Shakespeare's *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, where Pericles is tossed about on the sea (Act III, Sc. 1, 1–6). This also alludes to the *Odyssey*, where

Odysseus navigates between the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis (XII, 234–61). But this analogy confuses Odysseus with Menelaus, since Menelaus has red hair. (9.405) **16 A child, a girl placed in his arms, Marina** In *Pericles*, Marina, Pericles's daughter, is born during a storm at sea (Act III, Sc. 1, 15–18). (9.406) **17 bypaths of apocrypha** The authorship of *Pericles* is contested: it was not included in the First Folio and it is now generally agreed that it was only in part written by Shakespeare. See also notes at **143:26** and **143:27**. (9.407) **18 The highroads are dreary but they lead to the town** After Samuel Taylor Coleridge's comment that Shakespeare kept to 'the regular high road of human affections' (*Coleridge's Shakespeare Criticism*, p. 228). (9.408) **19 Good Bacon: gone musty** Francis Bacon (English philosopher, 1561–1626) saw the Sophist and later Scholastic methods of reasoning as ways of prolonging unprovable arguments through the making of needlessly small distinctions. In contrast, he proposed a doctrine of inductive reasoning, in which argumentation is based on principles of verifiable evidence. (9.410) **20 Shakespeare Bacon's wild oats** The idea that Francis Bacon actually wrote Shakespeare's plays was first proposed in 1857 by William Henry Smith; for 'wild oats' see note at **141:35**. (9.410) **21 Cypherjugglers** Ignatius Donnelly (1831–1901), author of *The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So-called Shakespeare Plays* (1887) and *The Cipher in the Plays, and on the Tombstone* [of Shakespeare] (1899), tried to prove that Bacon hid his authorship of the plays in numerical ciphers throughout the plays. (9.411) **22 Mummed in names** Mummed: 'silence, especially if connoting a refusal to speak' (Partridge). Both Magee and Russell wrote under pen names: 'John Eglinton' and 'A.E.', respectively. (9.412) **23 A. E., eon** See note at **104:12**. (9.412) **24 East of the sun, west of the moon:** *Tir na n-og East of the Sun, West of the Moon* is a collection of Norse folktales by Peter Christen Asbjörnsen (1842–45; English translation by G.W. Dasent, 1859). *Tír na nÓg* (literally, 'land of youth'): in Irish mythology, an otherworld, a place of eternal joy, youth and leisure (see also note at **182:15**). (9.413) **25** ***How many miles to Dublin?*** [...] Modified from the nursery rhyme 'How many miles to Babylon?' There are numerous versions, many of which substitute other cities for Babylon (*ODNR*). (9.415) **26 Mr Brandes accepts it** 'Let us anticipate the works yet to be written – *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. In this splendid period of his life's young September, his dramatic activity, bearing about it the clear transparent atmosphere of early autumn, is more richly varied now than it has ever been' (Brandes, p. 572). (9.418) **27 Mr Sidney Lee, or Mr Simon Lazarus** Lee writes: 'Shakespeare contributed only Acts III and V and parts of IV [of *Pericles*], which together form a self-contained whole, and do not combine satisfactorily with the remaining scenes' (Lee, p. 251). Sidney Lee (1859–1926) was born Solomon Lazarus Lee and changed his name to Sidney Lee in 1880. (9.419) **28 Marina, Stephen said, a child of storm** Pericles's daughter Marina was born in a storm at sea. Marina comes from the Latin *mare*: the sea (see also note at **143:16**). (9.421) **29 Miranda, a wonder** Miranda is Prospero's daughter in *The Tempest*. When Ferdinand, whom she will eventually marry, first sees her, he exclaims: 'O you wonder!' (Act I, Sc. 2, 426). Miranda comes from the Latin *miranda*: 'she who ought to be admired or wondered at'. (9.421) **30 Perdita, that which was lost** Perdita, Leontes and Hermione's daughter, is lost and then found in *The Winter's Tale*. Perdita is from the Latin *perdere*: to lose. Brandes links Marina, Miranda and Perdita as 'girlish and forsaken creatures [who] are lost and found again, suffer grievous wrongs, and are in no case cherished as they deserve; but their charm, purity, and nobility of nature triumph over everything' (p. 572). (9.421) **31 What was lost is given back to him: his daughter's child** Shakespeare's granddaughter, Elizabeth, was born in 1608, the daughter of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna, who married Dr John Hall of Stratford. The year 1608 is approximately the date of the beginning of the period of the last plays. (9.422) **32** ***My dearest wife,* Pericles says, *was like this maid*** Pericles says this when reunited with Marina, whom he does not yet recognize as his daughter (Act V, Sc. 1, 108). (9.423) **33 Will any man love the daughter if he has not loved the mother?** 'It has long been inferred, from the fact that he made her his heiress, that Susanna was Shakespeare's favourite daughter' (Brandes, p. 677). (9.423) **34** ***L'art d'être grand... L'art d'être grandpère*:** French, the art of being a grandfather; the title of a book of children's poems (1877) by Victor Hugo (1802–85). (9.425)

144 1 Mr George Bernard Shaw George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950): Irish playwright who published commentaries on Shakespeare in the *Saturday Review*, which he served as drama critic (1895–98). (9.439) **2 Mr Frank Harris** Frank Harris (1856–1931): Irish writer and editor of the *Saturday Review* (1894–99). Along with Brandes and Lee, his book on Shakespeare, *The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic*

Life-Story, is one of Joyce's main biographical sources for this episode. (9.440) **3** ***Saturday Review*** A general-interest periodical which discussed literature, politics, science and the arts. Founded in 1855 and based in London, it ran until 1938. (9.441) **4** **he too draws for us an unhappy relation with the dark lady** Frank Harris conjectures that Shakespeare had fallen in love with Mary Fitton – whom he identifies as the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets – and sent a friend, William Herbert, earl of Pembroke (1580–1630), to act as an agent to plead his love. The plan backfired when Fitton fell in love with Pembroke, leaving Shakespeare doubly despondent (Harris, p. 202). Brandes denies that Shakespeare's relationship with Fitton was the occasion of the sonnets, but does agree with Harris that it was an unhappy one (p. 279). (9.442) **5** **our notions of what ought not to have been** A reference to the idea that at least some of Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a man. The most likely candidate proposed for these love poems was William Herbert, earl of Pembroke (see Brandes, pp. 265–301). (9.445) **6** **auk's egg, prize of their fray** The last great auk died in 1844. The auk was flightless, and widely hunted. After its extinction its enormous egg was highly prized by collectors (*EB11*). (9.446) **7** **He thous and thees her with grave husbandwords. Dost love, Miriam?** The practice of addressing a fellow Friend as 'thee' or 'thou' was cultivated by Quakers, in contrast to the 'you' which began to replace 'them' in the fourteenth century. Miriam was the name of Moses's sister in the Bible. (9.448) **8** **Beware of what you wish for in youth because you will get it in middle life** From Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (*Poetry and Truth*): 'The wishes of youth are garnered in age' (vol. I, p. 191). (9.451) **9** ***buonaroba*** From the Italian, 'good stuff'; in Elizabethan English, bonaroba: a harlot, especially a showy one (Partridge). (9.452) **10** **bay where all men ride** From line 6 of Shakespeare's sonnet 137. Harris quotes this line while upholding Mary Fitton as the 'Dark Lady of the Sonnets' in a series of quotes which point to her wantonness (p. 213). He also quotes line 10 of the same sonnet – 'the wide world's common place' – which Stephen renders in Italian as *'buonaroba'* (see previous note). (9.452) **11** **maid of honour with a scandalous girlhood** 'Mary Fitton became a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth in 1595 at the age of seventeen [...] it is fairly certain that she had already been married at the age of sixteen; the union was probably not entirely valid, but the mere fact [...] shows that even as a girl Mistress Fitton was no shrinking, timid, modest maiden' (Harris, p. 213). (9.453) **12** **lordling** 'A little or puny lord; often in contemptuous sense' (*OED*). William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, inherited his title in 1601, and until that time could not properly be called a lord, but could have been disparaged as a lordling. (9.453) **13** **lord of language** From Tennyson's poem 'To Virgil' (l. 5); also in Wilde's 'De Profundis' (1897): 'I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame' (Oscar Wilde, *Complete Works*, p. 1010). (9.454) **14** **coistrel** 'Used as a term of reproach or contempt: knave, base fellow, low varlet' (*OED*). Shakespeare spells it 'coystril' and uses it in *Twelfth Night* (Act I, Sc. 3, 43) and in *Pericles* (Act IV, Sc. 6, 176). (9.455) **15** **had written *Romeo and Juliet*** Frank Harris claimed this play was written in 1597, after Shakespeare had fallen in love with Mary Fitton, but before she and William Herbert had begun their affair. Harris speculates that the character of Rosalind, Romeo's love interest prior to Juliet, is based on Fitton (p. 214). Modern scholarship dates the play at 1596. (9.455) **16** **Belief in himself has been untimely killed** After Macduff's description of himself as being 'from his mother's womb / Untimely ripp'd' (*Macbeth*, Act V, Sc. 7, 15–16). All of Shakespeare's biographers see Anne Hathaway as an essentially negative influence on the life of Shakespeare, but Harris was perhaps the most vehement. He writes that 'she must have injured him, poisoned his life with her jealous nagging' (p. 363). (9.455) **17** **He was overborne in a cornfield first (ryefield, I should say)** After Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*: 'Quoth she, before you tumbled me, / You promised me to wed' (Act IV, Sc. 5, 63–64). See also note at 140:39. (9.456) **18** **game of laugh and lie down** From the seventeenth-century song 'The Art of Loving', collected in Richard Head's *Songs Composed by the Choisest Wits of the Age* (see also note at 37:18 for another of Head's books): 'She'll smile and she'll frown, / She'll laugh and lie down, / At every turn you must tend her'. 'Laugh-and-lay-down' was also the name of a common card game played during the Elizabethan era. (9.458) **19** **dongiovannism** 'It was his [Shakespeare's] ungovernable sensuality which drove him in youth to his untimely marriage; it was his ungovernable sensuality, too, which in his maturity led him to worship Mary Fitton, and threw him into those twelve years of bondage to earthy, coarse service which he regretted so bitterly when the passion-fever had burned itself out' (Harris, p. 383). (9.458) **20** **The tusk of the boar has wounded him there where love lies ableeding** Combines the subtitle of Beaumont and Fletcher's play *Philaster* (1609), *Love Lies Ableeding*, with a passage from *Venus and Adonis*:

'And, being open'd, threw unwilling light / Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd / In his soft flank' (ll. 1051–53). Also, Odysseus had been gored in the thigh by a boar he had hunted in his youth (*Odyssey*, XIX, 388–467). (9.459) **21 If the shrew is worsted** To worst: to defeat (*OED*). In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katherine (the shrew) is tamed by a series of humiliations perpetrated by her betrothed, Petruchio. (9.460) **22 woman's invisible weapon** According to King Lear, woman's weapon is tears (*King Lear*, Act II, Sc. 4, 273–80). (9.461) **23 They list. And in the porches of their ears I pour** After the Ghost in *Hamlet;* see notes at **138:15** and **103:32**. (9.465) **24 manner of their quell** Quell: slaughter (*OED*); used by Lady Macbeth (Act I, Sc. 7, 72). Both King Hamlet and King Duncan (in *Macbeth*) are murdered in their sleep. (9.468) **25 the beast with two backs that urged it** See note at **104:1**. (9.469) **26 what he would but would not** Recalls the line from the duet *'Là ci darem la mano'* in *Don Giovanni*: *'Vorrei e non vorrei'* ('I would, and yet I would not'); see note at **49:6**. (9.473) **27 Lucrece's bluecircled ivory globes** From Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece*: 'Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue' (l. 407). (9.473) **28 Imogen's breast, bare, with its mole cinquespotted** Cinque-spotted: having five spots (*OED*). See note at **143:3**. (9.474) **29 He goes back, weary of the creation he has piled up** 'The truth is, that the passions of lust and jealousy and rage had at length worn out Shakespeare's strength, and after trying in vain to win serenity in "The Tempest", he crept home to Stratford to die' (Harris, p. 404). In contrast, Brandes proposes that Shakespeare was fulfilled when he retired to Stratford (p. 672). (9.474) **30 His beaver is up** Beaver: 'The lower portion of the face-guard of a helmet, when worn with a visor; but occasionally serving the purposes of both' (*OED*) In *Hamlet*, Horatio tells Hamlet that the Ghost is geared for battle: 'O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up' (Act I, Sc. 2, 230). (9.478) **31 Elsinore's rocks or what you will, the sea's voice** Combines the subtitle of *Twelfth Night*, 'Or What You Will', with the castle at Elsinore from *Hamlet* (see also notes at **16:3** and **35:21**). (9.479) **32 son consubstantial with the father** See note at **18:7**. (9.481)

145 **1 Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?** From 1 Kings 21:20. (9.483) **2** ***Entr'acte*** French, 'between the acts', or the musical skit performed during this interlude. (9.484) **3** ***Was Du verlachst wirst Du noch dienen*** German proverb, 'What you mock, you will yet serve'. (9.491) **4 Brood of mockers: Photius, pseudomalachi, Johann Most** For Photius, see note at **18:5**; for Malachi see note at **6:1**. The prefix 'pseudo' implies dubious authenticity and even 'a false apostle or teacher; a hypocrite or pretender' (*OED*). Johann Most (1846–1906): German-American publisher and anarchist. His newspaper *Die Freiheit* (*Freedom*) was suppressed in the British Isles in 1882 because of its support for the people accused of the Phoenix Park murders. (9.492) **5 He Who Himself begot, middler the Holy Ghost, and Himself** A parody of the Apostles' Creed (see note at **18:2**) based on Johann Most's pamphlet *Deistic Pestilence* (1902). Most calls God 'A Godly Charlatan who created himself through the Holy Ghost, and then sent himself a mediator between himself and others'. (9.493) **6 Agenbuyer** To againbuy: to buy back, to ransom (*OED*); see also note at **14:6**. (9.494) **7** ***Glo—o—ri—a in ex —cel —sis De —o*** Latin, 'Glory be to God on high'; from Luke 2:14; used in the Angelic Hymn in the Mass before the recitation of one of the Creeds. The music is here given as it is sung during the Mass from the four-line Plain Chant staff. (9.500) **8 He lifts hands. Veils fall** Describes the action of the priest as he intones the *Gloria:* he raises, joins and lowers his hands in prayer. In Ireland at this time, women in the congregation would lower their veils and the altar boy would ring the bells. (9.501) **9 The chap that writes like Synge** Gogarty tells the story that at a gathering of the Irish theatre, W.B. Yeats, whilst reading a scene of Synge's, exclaimed 'Aeschylus!' Padraic Colum then turned to Gogarty to ask who Aeschylus was, to which Gogarty replied, 'The man who is like Synge!' (*As I Was Going down Sackville Street*, p. 303). (9.510) **10 D. B. C.** The Dublin Bread Company, see note at **120:20**. (9.514) **11 Gill's** See note at **73:8**. (9.514) **12 Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht*** See notes at **137:9** and **137:10**. (9.514) **13 I hear that an actress played Hamlet** See notes at **59:5** and **59:6**. (9.517) **14 Vining held that the prince was a woman** Edward Payson Vining (1847–1920) proposed that Hamlet was really a woman in his book *The Mystery of Hamlet; An Attempt to Solve an Old Problem* (1881). (9.518) **15 Has no-one made him out to be an Irishman? Judge Barton** Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton (1853–1937), a judge of the Irish High Court of Justice, surmised that Hamlet might have been a Danish ruler of Ireland in his book *Links Between Ireland and Shakespeare* (1919), although his evidence for such is not conclusive. (9.519) **16 He swears (His Highness not His Lordship) by saint Patrick** That is, Hamlet ('His Highness'), not Sir Barton ('His Lordship'), swears by St Patrick. After Horatio says, 'There's

no offence, my lord', Hamlet replies, 'Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio' (Act I, Sc. 5, 135–36). (9.520) **17 That *Portrait of Mr W. H.*** Oscar Wilde, in 'The Portrait of Mr. W.H.' (1889), claimed that Shakespeare's sonnets were love poems addressed to a young actor named Willie Hughes, rather than to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The 1609 first edition of the sonnets is dedicated to a 'Mr W.H.' (9.523)

146 1 Or Hughie Wills. Mr William Himself Hughie Wills is a pun on 'Who He Wills', which alludes to the subtitle of *Twelfth Night*, 'or What You Will'. Various candidates have been proposed for 'W.H.' and, according to Wilde, 'a German commentator called Barnstorff [...] insisted that Mr. W.H. was no less a person than "Mr. William Himself"' ('The Portrait of Mr W.H.', *Complete Works*, p. 307). (9.526) **2 usquebaugh** From the Irish *uisge beatha*, whiskey, literally the 'water of life' (*OED*). (9.533) **3 plump** 'A group of people' (*OED*). (9.536) **4 five wits** 'Common sense, imagination, fantasy, estimation and memory; in general, the faculties of the mind; also an alternative expression for the five senses' (*Brewer's*). Mercutio refers to his five wits in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act II, Sc. 4, 71–73). (9.537) **5 youth's proud livery** From Shakespeare's sonnet 2 (l. 3). (9.537) **6 Lineaments of gratified desire** From William Blake's poem 'The Question Answered': 'What is it women do in men require? / The lineaments of Gratified Desire' (ll. 3–4). (9.538) **7 Jove, a cool ruttime send them** After Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: 'Send me a cool rut time, Jove' (Act V, Sc. 5, 15). (9.539) **8 Eve. Naked wheatbellied sin. A snake coils her, fang in's kiss** See notes at **31:4** and **31:5**. (9.541) **9 *The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy*** [...] After George Meredith's (1828–1909) novel *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859): 'Sentimentalists [...] are they who seek to enjoy, without incurring the Immense Debtorship for a thing done' (p. 178). (9.550) **10 kips** Brothels (Partridge); see also note at **10:7**. (9.552) **11 College Green** The Post Office branch and telegraph office at 29 College Green, west of the Trinity College main gate (*Thom's*, p. 1459). (9.552) **12 The Ship, lower Abbey street** See note at **7:3**. (9.554) **13 keened** Keen: Hiberno-English, 'to utter the keen, of Irish lamentation for the dead; to wail or lament bitterly [...] to lament in a shrill wailing tone' (*OED*). (9.556) **14 querulous brogue** Querulous: complaining, peevish (*OED*). Brogue: 'The Irish way of speaking English', from the Irish *barróg*, speech impediment (Dolan). (9.557) **15 It's what I'm telling you, mister honey, it's queer and sick we were** A parody of the Aran Island dialect as employed in Synge's plays. In Hiberno-English, particularly in Ulster, 'Queer and' is an intensifier, therefore 'queer and sick' means 'very sick' (PWJ, p. 309). (9.558) **16 gallus** Obsolete form of 'gallows', used as an intensifier; 'Very great, excellent' (*OED*). (9.560) **17 Connery's** The Ship Hotel at 5 Abbey Street Lower was owned by W. and E. Connery; see note at **7:3**. (9.561) **18 mavrone** Hiberno-English, alas (Dolan). (9.564) **19 drouthy** Thirsty, often as in 'addicted to alcohol' (*OED*). (9.566) **20 do be** See note at **130:1**. (9.566) **21 pussful** Pus: Hiberno-English, mouth; 'always used in dialect in an offensive or contemptuous sense' (PWJ, p. 309). (9.566) **22 tramper Synge** Tramper: 'a tramp, a vagrant' (*OED*). Synge was fond of describing himself as such, and the word occurs near the end of his play *The Tinker's Wedding* (1907). (9.569) **23 Glasthule** Part of Kingstown (now Dún Laoghaire). At this time Synge lived at 31 Crossthwaite Park West (near, but not in Glasthule) with his family. *Thom's* lists Mrs Kathleen Synge at this address (p. 1721). In 1904, but after 16th June, he moved into an apartment in Rathmines, at 15 Maxwell Road (David M. Kiely, *John Millington Synge*, p. 135). (9.570) **24 pampooties** 'Shoes of undressed cow-skin sewn together and tied across the instep, formerly worn in the Aran Islands (the term is not used locally [...])' (Dolan). They are important costume pieces in Synge's play *Riders to the Sea* (1904). (9.570)

147 1 hash of lights in rue Saint-André-des-Arts Hash of lights: a cheap French stew (*OED*). Herbert Gorman recounts that when Joyce was in Paris in 1902, he met with Synge on several occasions 'in the humble bistro-restaurant in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts [...] Synge would thrust his dark crude face across the table and talk volubly, his subject always being literature. He was dogmatic in his convictions, argumentative to the point of rudeness and inclined to lose his temper' (p. 101). (9.576) **2 palabras** Spanish, words; its use here is related to the English 'palaver': 'unnecessary, profuse or idle talk' (*OED*). In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry, a virtuoso at malapropism, admonishes his partner Verges as follows: "Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges" (Act III, Sc. 5, 15–16). (9.577) **3 Oisin with Patrick** The legendary poet Oisin (Irish: faun), or Ossian, and St Patrick converse in Yeats's poem *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889). (9.578) **4 Clamart** A village in France, south of Paris. (9.578) **5 *C'est vendredi saint!*** French, 'It is Good Friday!' (9.579) **6 I met a fool i' the forest** From *As You Like It* (Act II, Sc. 7,

12). (9.580) **7 So Mr Justice Madden in his *Diary of Master William Silence*** *The Diary of Master William Silence: A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport* (1897), by the Right Honourable Dodgson Hamilton Madden (1840–1928), drew together references to hunting and sports in Shakespeare's plays. Through the diary of the fictional William Silence, Madden presented evidence that Shakespeare was a nobleman, possibly the earl of Rutland (1576–1612). Madden was Judge of the High Court of Justice of Ireland from 1892, and was Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College from 1895 (*DIB*). (9.582) **8 *Kilkenny People*** See note at **108:9**. (9.586) **9 galliard** 'A quick and lively dance in triple time' (*OED*). In *Twelfth Night*, Sir Toby Belch says, 'Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto?' (Act I, Sc. 3, 136). (9.592) **10 broadbrim** Nickname for a Quaker (Partridge), after the broad-brimmed hats they wore. (9.594) **11 *Northern Whig, Cork Examiner, Enniscorthy Guardian*** The *Northern Whig* was published daily in Belfast. The *Cork Examiner* was also a daily. Enniscorthy is about 32 km from the sea in County Wexford; the *Guardian* was published there on Saturdays. (9.598) **12 sheeny** Derogatory term for a Jew (Partridge). (9.605) **13 Ikey Moses** Derogatory term for a Jew (Partridge). (9.607) **14 Jehovah, collector of prepuces** See note at **12:6**. (9.609) **15 foamborn Aphrodite** Aphrodite was conceived when Cronus rebelled against his father, Uranus, and cut off his genitals, which fell into the ocean. The genitals created a white foam in the sea, from which Aphrodite was born (Hesiod, *Theogony*, ll. 188–92). 'Foamborn' is the standard translation of *aphrogenea*, Hesiod's epithet for Aphrodite (*Theogony*, l. 195). (9.610) **16 *Life of life, thy lips enkindle*** From Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* (Act II, Sc. 5, 48–53). (9.612) **17 Greeker than the Greeks** Greek: low Irish slang from *c.*1820, an Irishman (Partridge); therefore this phrase suggests the expression 'More Irish than the Irish', for which see note at **90:13**. (9.614) **18 pale Galilean** From Swinburne's poem 'Hymn to Proserpine' (l. 35). Galilean: 'used by pagans as a contemptuous designation for Christ, and hence of Christians' (*OED*). (9.615) **19 mesial groove** Mesial: 'pertaining to, situated in, or directed towards the middle line of the body' (*OED*); hence, mesial groove: midline of the buttocks. (9.615) **20 Venus Kallipyge** *Kallipyge*: Greek, 'beautiful buttocks'. The Callipygian Venus statue was discovered in the Domus Aurea ('Golden House') of Nero in Rome and is now in the Museo Nazionale in Naples. See also note at **129:1**. (9.616) **21 *The god pursuing the maiden hid*** From a chorus in Swinburne's verse play *Atalanta in Calydon* (1865): 'The god pursuing, the maiden hid' (p. 19). Joyce omitted the comma in Swinburne's line. (9.616) **22 patient Griselda** An epithet for a patient and virtuous woman; from Chaucer's 'Clerk's Tale', the plot of which derives from Boccaccio. (9.620) **23 Penelope stayathome** Penelope, in the *Odyssey*, would be an example of a 'patient Griselda' as she waited nineteen years for her husband to return. (9.620) **24 Antisthenes** See note at **110:2**. (9.621) **25 pupil of Gorgias** See note at **110:3**. (9.621) **26 Kyrios Menelaus' brooddam, Argive Helen** *Kyrios*: Greek, lord (see note at **99:22**) Menelaus, prince of Sparta, was Helen's husband. Brood: offspring (*OED*). Dam: female parent, usually used with contempt when applied to a human (*OED*). Hence Menelaus's brooddam would be Helen, the mother of his children. Argive: Greek (*OED*). (9.622) **27 wooden mare of Troy** The wooden mare is the Trojan horse devised by Odysseus as a means of defeating the Trojans and capturing back the adulterous Helen for Menelaus. (9.622) **28 Twenty years he lived in London** The biographies that Stephen has cited place Shakespeare in London from 1592 to 1613. His annual salary, according to Harris, was more than £600, which he claims would be 'nearly five thousand a year of our money' (p. 377). In 1904, the lord chancellor of Ireland made an annual salary of £5,000. (9.623) **29 art of feudalism, as Walt Whitman called it, is the art of surfeit** In 'Notes on British Literature', Walt Whitman writes: 'He is not only the tally of feudalism, but I should say Shakespeare is incarnated, uncompromising feudalism, in literature' (*Complete Writings*, vol. 5, p. 276). (9.626) **30 Hot herringpies, green mugs of sack** [...] Elizabethan sweets and delicacies, some of which are mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. Sack: 'A general name for a class of white wines formerly imported from Spain and the Canaries' (*OED*). In *As You Like It*, Touchstone says 'honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar' (Act III, Sc. 3, 31); Marchpane (marzipan) is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act I, Sc. 5, 9); Ringocandy, not mentioned in Shakespeare, is a sweetened root considered to act as an aphrodisiac (*OED*). (9.626) **31 Sir Walter Raleigh, when they arrested him** [...] According to Brandes, Raleigh 'loved, like a Persian Shah or Indian Rajah of our day, to cover himself [...] with the most precious jewels. When he was arrested in 1603, he had gems to the value of £4,000 (about £20,000 in modern money) on his breast' (p. 416). This £20,000 would equal roughly half a million francs in 1904. (9.628) **32 The gombeen woman Eliza Tudor**

Gombeen: Hiberno-English, a usurer (Dolan). 'Eliza Tudor', that is Queen Elizabeth I, instigated a plantation system in Ireland in which land was forcibly seized from Irish Catholics and given over to English and Scottish Protestants settlers who controlled it in a quasi-feudal manner. (9.630)

148 **1 her of Sheba** The biblical Queen of Sheba's proverbial wealth and admiration of wealth (King Solomon's) is mentioned at 1 Kings 10:2 and 2 Chronicles 9:1. (9.630) **2 between conjugal love and its chaste delights and scortatory love** From the title of one of Emanuel Swedenborg's (Swedish mystic, 1688–1772) books, *Delights of Wisdom Concerning Conjugial Love: after which follow the pleasures of Insanity concerning Scortatory Love* (1794). Scortatory: 'Pertaining to, or consisting in, fornication or lewdness' (*OED*). (9.631) **3 Manningham's story of the burgher's wife** The only known anecdote about Shakespeare by a contemporary is recorded in a diary entry of John Manningham dated 13th March 1602. After performing as Richard III, Richard Burbage (see note at **138:38**) was approached by a woman in the audience who asked that he visit her, but use the name Richard III. Upon hearing this story, Shakespeare commented that William the Conqueror was before Richard III (recounted in Lee, p. 274; Harris, p. 374 and quoted in full in Brandes, p. 196). (9.633) **4 knocking at the gate** After Act II, Sc. 3 in *Macbeth*, in which a drunken porter drowsily responds to a series of loud knocks at the gate of Macbeth's castle. (9.636) **5 gay lakin, mistress Fitton** Lakin: 'an oath, meaning "By our Ladykin", or Little lady, where *little* does not refer to size, but is equivalent to dear' (*Brewer's*). Gay: 'women leading a harlot's life' (Partridge). For Mary Fitton see note at **144:4**. (9.637) **6 mount and cry O** After *Cymbeline* (Act II, Sc. 5, 13–19). (9.638) **7 birdsnies** A contraction of 'bird's eye', used as a term of endearment (*OED*). (9.638) **8 lady Penelope Rich** For Penelope Rich, see **110:5**. Gerald Massey argued that Rich was also the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnet (*Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted*, pp. 347–52). (9.638) **9 punks of the bankside** Punk: a prostitute (*OED*). The Bankside: the area by the Thames that runs around the old theatre district in London. (9.639) **10 Cours-la-Reine** The Cours la Reine ('queen's walk') runs near the Seine in Paris. (9.641) **11 *Encore vingt sous. Nous ferons de petites cochonneries* [...]** French, 'Another twenty francs. Let's do a little something naughty. Pussy? Want some?' (9.641) **12 sir William Davenant of Oxford's mother** See note at **142:11**. (9.643) **13 her cup of canary** After *Twelfth Night*, when Sir Toby says to Sir Andrew: 'O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary' (Act I, Sc. 3, 85). Canary: a light sweet wine made in the Canary Islands (*OED*). (9.644) **14 Blessed Margaret Mary Anycock!** After Marguerite Marie Alacoque, see note at **86:1**. (9.646) **15 Harry of six wives' daughter** That is, Elizabeth I, daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn (his second queen-consort). (9.647) **16 other lady friends from neighbour seats** From the Prologue to Tennyson's *The Princess; A Medley* (1847): 'And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth, / And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends / From neighbour seats' (ll. 96–98) See also note at **39:23**. (9.647) **17 Do and do** In *Macbeth* one witch responds to another's question: 'I'll do, I'll do, I'll do' (Act I, Sc. 3, 10). (9.651) **18 Thing done** See note at **146:9**. (9.651) **19 In a rosery of Fetter lane of Gerard, herbalist, he walks** John Gerard (1545–1612): a herbalist who tended a rose garden, or 'rosery', in Fetter Lane in London. In *A Day with William Shakespeare* (1913), Maurice Clare (pseudonym of May Byron) mentions that the Barber-Surgeons Company, of which Gerard was a member, was across the street from Shakespeare's London lodgings. Clare depicts Shakespeare and Gerard as friends strolling among the roses talking about fruit. (9.651) **20 greyedauburn** In *A Day with William Shakespeare*, Maurice Clare describes Shakespeare as '"a handsome, well-shap't man", in the words of his friend Aubrey, – his eyes light hazel, his hair and beard auburn'. (9.652) **21 An azured harebell like her veins** After *Cymbeline* (Act IV, Sc. 2, 222). Harebell: either the wild hyacinth (*scillanutans*) or the round-leaved bell flower (*Campanula rotundifolia*); both of these flowers are also called bluebell (*OED*). (9.652) **22 Lids of Juno's eyes, violets** After *The Winter's Tale*: 'The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, / But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes' (Act IV, Sc. 4, 120–21). (9.652) **23 Whom do you suspect?** The punchline of a well-known joke, which begins with an elderly Oxford pedant telling a friend that his young wife is pregnant. (9.656) **24 But the court wanton spurned him for a lord** See note at **144:4**. (9.658) **25 Love that dare not speak its name** See note at **39:4**. (9.659) **26 As an Englishman, you mean, John sturdy Eglinton put in, he loved a lord** Frank Harris wrote that 'Shakespeare loved a lord with a passionate admiration, and when he paints himself it is usually as a duke or prince' (p. 230). The expression 'An Englishman loves a lord' is proverbial since 1909 (*ODEP*). (9.660) **27 Charenton** A town south-east of Paris near the meeting of the Seine and the Marne, known for its lunatic asylum, which

once housed the Marquis de Sade. (9.662) **28 uneared wombs** From Shakespeare's Sonnet 3: 'For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb / Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?' (ll. 5–6). Uneared: 'Unplowed, untilled' (*OED*). (9.664) **29 holy office an ostler does for the stallion** Ostler: 'A man who attends to horses at an inn; a stableman, a groom' (*OED*). According to legend, Shakespeare worked as an ostler when he first came to London from Stratford (see note at **150:15**). The implication is that Shakespeare (the ostler) provides a mistress (Mary Fitton, the mare) for the Earl of Pembroke (the stallion). The Holy Office: an ecclesiastical court for the suppression of heresy during the Inquisition and also the title of a satiric poem Joyce wrote in 1904. (9.664) **30 Maybe, like Socrates, he had a midwife to mother** On Socrates's mother and wife see notes at **140:4** and **140:5**. There is no reason to think that Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, was a midwife. Brandes reports that she was the daughter of Robert Arden, 'a well-to-do yeoman' (p. 6). (9.665) **31 But she, the giglot wanton, did not break a bedvow** Giglot: 'A lewd, wanton woman' (*OED*); Shakespeare used the word in *1 Henry VI* when Joan of Arc is called 'a giglot wench' (Act IV, Sc. 7, 41). Sonnet 152 reads: 'In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn, / But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing. / In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn / In vowing new hate after new love bearing' (ll. 1–4). (9.666) **32 fifth scene of *Hamlet*** That is, Act I, scene 5, when the Ghost relates Gertrude's infidelity to Hamlet (Act I, Sc. 5, 41–48). (9.672) **33 no mention of her during the thirtyfour years** Lee writes that Shakespeare did in fact mention his wife during their thirty-four years of marriage, 'as the borrower at an unascertained date (evidently before 1595) of forty shillings from Thomas Whittington, who had formerly been her father's shepherd' (p. 194). (9.673) **34 Mary, her goodman John** John Shakespeare, the playwright's father, died in 1601. Mary (née Arden) Shakespeare died in 1608. Good man: husband (*OED*). (9.675) **35 Ann, her poor dear Willun** Anne Hathaway died in 1623, Shakespeare in 1616. (9.675) **36 Joan, her four brothers** Joan Shakespeare had four brothers: Edmund, Richard, Gilbert and William – all of whom she survived (except, perhaps, Gilbert, whose death date is unknown). She died in 1646 at the age of 88. (9.677) **37 Judith, her husband and all her sons** Judith, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, outlived her husband, sons and sister, dying in 1662 at the age of 77 (Lee, p. 290). (9.677) **38 Susan, her husband too** Shakespeare's older daughter, Susanna, died in 1649. Her husband, Dr John Hall, died in 1635. (9.677) **39 Susan's daughter, Elizabeth** Susanna Hall's daughter Elizabeth was Shakespeare's 'last surviving descendant' (Lee, p. 291). In 1626 she married her first husband, Thomas Nash, and after he died she married John Barnard. She died in 1670 without any children. (9.678) **40 wed her second, having killed her first** In *Hamlet*, the queen in Hamlet's play says: 'None wed the second but who killed the first' (Act III, Sc. 2, 190). (9.679) **41 she had to borrow forty shillings from her father's shepherd** See note at **148:33**. (9.680)

149 **1 swansong** Shakespeare was called the Swan of Avon by Ben Jonson, since he lived in Stratford-upon-Avon (*Brewer's*). Here the phrase refers to Shakespeare's will. (9.682) **2 She was entitled to her widow's dower** When drafting his will, Shakespeare attempted to have his wife's dowry revoked; 'he had barred her dower in the case of his latest purchase of freehold estate, viz. the house at Blackfriars' (Lee, p. 283). (9.686) **3 His legal knowledge was great** 'Our judges': Judge Barton (see note at **145:15**) and Justice Madden (see note at **147:7**). Madden's opinions about Shakespeare's 'legal knowledge' are in *The Diary of Master Silence* (1897). Barton's book on the subject, *Links between Shakespeare and the Law*, was published in 1919. (9.687) **4 fleers** Fleer: 'to grin, grimace' (*OED*); it appears a number of times in Shakespeare, for instance in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act V, Sc. 1, 58). (9.689) **5 And therefore he left out her name** [...] Anne Hathaway is not included in the first draft of Shakespeare's will, but only in the final copy (see the next note). His daughter Susanna inherited the bulk of his property; other beneficiaries were his other daughter Judith, Susanna's daughter Elizabeth, his sister Joan, his 'cronies at Stratford', William Reynolds, Anthony Nash, John Nash and Hamnet Sadler and the actors Heminges, Burbage and Condell. (9.691) **6 Secondbest** The final version of Shakespeare's will reads: 'Item, I gyve unto my wife my second best bed with the furnishings'. (9.698) **7 *Punkt*** German, point, indicating a halt to discussion. (9.700) **8 Pretty countryfolk** See note at **140:39**. (9.708) **9 our peasant plays** Refers to the call from Yeats, Synge and others in the Gaelic League for the creation of dramatic works inspired by Irish peasant life. (9.709) **10 He was a rich countrygentleman** [...] Shakespeare's father, reportedly with the help of his son, was granted a coat of arms in 1599 (see note at **154:8**). The playwright owned the largest house in Stratford – New Place – and other holdings

in Stratford and London (a house in Blackfriars, also known as Ireland Yard). He also owned shares in the Globe Theatre. Shakespeare was a 'bill promoter' in the sense that he promoted the shows ('bills') at the Globe, but this could also refer to Shakespeare's litigiousness with regard to his real-estate holdings. (9.710) **11** ***Separatio a mensa et a thalamo*** Latin, 'separation from board and bedchamber;' signifies a legal separation but not a divorce. (9.716) **12 Antiquity mentions famous beds** In the *Odyssey*, when Odysseus returns home in disguise, he proves his identity to Penelope by describing how he constructed their wedding bed out of a still-rooted tree (XXIII, 181–206). (9.718) **13 Antiquity mentions that Stagyrite schoolurchin and bald heathen sage** Aristotle was born in Stagira. Diogenes Laertius prints Aristotle's will, which freed and endowed some slaves, left money for a statue of his mother, requested burial with his wife, Pythias, and provided that his mistress, Herpyllis, be given use of one of his houses. See also note at **30:6**. (9.720) **14 don't forget Nell Gwynn Herpyllis** Nell Gwynn (*c.*1650–87): English actress and Charles II's mistress. Charles's dying request is recorded as 'Do not, do not let poor Nelly starve' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Dying Sayings). Herpyllis: Aristotle's mistress. (9.723) **15 He died dead drunk** According to a diary entry of John Ward (1629–81), rector of Stratford, Shakespeare died of a fever after a drinking binge with Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson (Harris, p. 403; Brandes, p. 685; Lee, p. 280). (9.726) **16 A quart of ale is a dish for a king** From Autolycus's song 'When daffodils begin to peer' in *The Winter's Tale* (Act IV, Sc. 3, 8). (9.726) **17 Dowden** Edward Dowden (1843–1914): professor of English at Trinity College. In 1875, he published *Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art* (*DIB*). Dowden lived at Highfield House, Highfield Road, Rathgar, County Dublin. (9.727)

150 **1 William Shakespeare and company, limited** While the first edition of *Ulysses* was published by Shakespeare and Company, a bookshop in Paris, Joyce wrote this line on a manuscript dated New Year's Eve 1918 while he was still living in Zurich. This was eighteen months before he moved to Paris and met Sylvia Beach, the proprietor of Shakespeare and Company (which was founded in 1919). (9.729) **2 The people's William** Dowden presents a populist version of Shakespeare: 'Shakespeare recognizes that the heart of the people is sound' (*Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art*, p. 248). William Gladstone was affectionately referred called 'the People's William'. (9.729) **3 charge of pederasty** Conjecture about Shakespeare's sexual preference is based in large part on the homoeroticism of many of the sonnets. (9.732) **4** ***All we can say is that life ran very high in those days*** From Dowden's *Shakespeare*, a primer written for schoolchildren: 'In the closing years of the sixteenth century the life of England ran high' (p. 5). (9.733) **5 sense of beauty leads us astray** During his unsuccessful libel suit against the Marquis of Queensberry (see note at **39:4**), Wilde said that 'a sense of beauty [...] is the highest sense of which a human being is capable' (quoted in H. Montgomery Hyde, *The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*, p. 124). (9.735) **6 The doctor can tell us what those words mean** A reference to Dr Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), famous for his discovery of the unconscious. (9.738) **7 You cannot eat your cake and have it** After the proverb 'you cannot have your cake and eat it'. (9.738) **8 Will they wrest from us, from me the palm of beauty?** Victorious Roman gladiators were awarded a branch of the palm tree as their trophy. (9.740) **9 He drew Shylock out of his own long pocket** 'Shakespeare was attracted by the idea of making a real man and a real Jew out of this intolerable demon [Barabas, from Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*]. It took effect upon his mind because it was at that moment preoccupied with the ideas of acquisition, property, money-making, wealth' (Brandes, p. 151). (9.741) **10 son of a maltjobber and moneylender** Jobber: a wholesaler (*OED*). Shakespeare's father John is believed to have once worked in the malt trade (Brandes, p. 6; Lee, p. 4; Harris, p. 352). He also loaned money to the town of Stratford (Lee, p. 6). (9.742) **11 ten tods of corn hoarded in the famine riots** Tod: 'a load, either generally, or of a definite weight' (*OED*). Shakespeare owned stores of corn during the corn famine of 1598 and is believed to have loaned money. (9.743) **12 divers of worship mentioned by Chettle Falstaff** Henry Chettle (*c.*1560–*c.*1607): London printer and playwright and allegedly the original for Falstaff. He published Greene's *Groats-worth of Witte*, which contained an attack on Shakespeare (see note at **138:2**). He subsequently apologized for this in his book *Kind-Hart's Dreame* (1592): 'Divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his Art' (quoted in Brandes, p. 19). (9.744) **13 sued a fellowplayer** Shakespeare sued Stratfordian Philip Rogers (an apothecary, not an actor) for £1 15s 10d owed for a purchase of malt (Brandes, p. 155; Lee, p. 213). (9.745) **14 pound of flesh** The payment demanded by Shylock of Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* (Act III, Sc. 3, 36 *et passim*). (9.746) **15 Aubrey's ostler and callboy** Ostler:

stableman or groom at an inn (*OED*). Callboy: a prompter's attendant (*OED*). John Aubrey (1626–97) assembled a collection of anecdotes about his contemporaries (not published until 1898). In his entry on Shakespeare he claims that before moving to London he worked as a butcher (see also note at **138:3**); he makes no mention of Shakespeare being either an ostler or a callboy (*Brief Lives*, vol. 2, p. 226); see also note at **148:29**. (9.747) **16 the queen's leech Lopez** Leech: both physician and parasitical person (*OED*). Lee claims that Shylock was inspired by Roderigo Lopez, the Queen's (Jewish) physician, who was hanged, drawn and quartered in June 1594 for allegedly plotting with Spanish agents to poison the Queen (p. 71). (9.749) **17 a Scotch philosophaster with a turn for witchroasting** Philosophaster: 'a smatterer or pretender in philosophy' (*OED*). James I (1566–1625) was interested in witchcraft and even wrote a book on the subject in 1597; he actively promoted the trial and execution of witches. Brandes connects the supernatural elements of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* with James's fascination with the subject (p. 424). (9.751) **18 lost armada is his jeer in *Love's Labour Lost*** Don Adriano de Armado, from *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Elizabethan stereotype of Spanish vanity, gets his name from the Spanish Armada, the fleet which disastrously attempted to invade England in 1588 (Lee, pp. 52–53). (9.752) **19 Mafeking enthusiasm** 'Extravagant and boisterous celebration of an event, especially on an occasion of national rejoicing' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Mafficking); derived from the extraordinary scenes of rejoicing in London on 18th May 1900 over the successful defence of Mafeking, under siege by the Boers for 217 days during the Boer War. (9.753) **20 Warwickshire jesuits are tried and we have a porter's theory of equivocation** Henry Garnet, a Warwickshire Jesuit (1555–1606), was a conspirator in Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot of 5th November 1605 (see note at **169:16**). At his trial, Garnet presented a 'doctrine of equivocation', which Lee suggests is alluded to in the Porter's scene in *Macbeth* (Act II, Sc. 3, 10–14; Lee, p. 247). (9.754) **21 *Sea Venture* comes home** [...] *The Tempest* has long been believed to have been inspired by accounts from the survivors of the *Sea-Adventure*, lost at sea in the Bermudas in 1609. Lee misnames the ship 'Sea Venture' (p. 261). Caliban is dubbed 'Patsy' after the nineteenth-century stage caricatures of Irish immigrants. For Renan see note at **143:11**; for *Our American Cousin*, see note at **103:16**. (9.755) **22 sugared sonnets follow Sidney's** Francis Meres (1565–1647) coined the phrase 'sugared sonnets' for Shakespeare's poems (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598). Shakespeare's sonnets 'follow Sidney's' since they were written by 1598 (published 1609), while Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* sonnet sequence was written in the early 1580s (published 1591). Shakespeare also follows Sidney in matters of form. (9.757) **23 fay Elizabeth, otherwise carroty Bess** Fay: fairy (*OED*). Spenser created an allegorical rendition of red-haired ('carroty') Elizabeth I in *The Faerie Queene* (1590–96). Supposedly she enjoyed coarse humour, hence 'gross virgin'. According to various sources, she requested Shakespeare to write *The Merry Wives of Windsor* because she wanted to see Falstaff in love. (9.757) **24 meinherr from Almany** Meinherr: a German man (*OED*). Almany: Germany (*OED*). See note at **150:6**. (9.759) **25 buckbasket** A washing tub (*OED*); Shakespeare uses the term in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act III, Sc. 3, 2, *et passim*). (9.760) **26 *Mingo, minxi, mictum, mingere*** The four principal parts of the Latin verb *mingere*: first person singular present active indicative (I urinate); first person singular perfect active indicative (I urinated); perfect passive participle (urinated); present active infinitive (to urinate). (9.762) **27 Prove that he was a jew** As with most aspects of Shakespeare's life, his religious convictions have been subject to endless speculation, with no definite historical conclusion. (9.763) **28 Your dean of studies holds he was a holy Roman** Father Joseph Darlington, S.J. (1850–1939), dean of studies at University College Dublin, argued in an essay that Shakespeare was a Catholic, or at least had Catholic leanings ('The Catholicity of Shakespeare's Plays'). (9.763) **29 *Sufflaminandus sum*** Latin, 'I ought to be stopped'; from Ben Jonson's comment in *Timber: or, Discoveries Made upon Man and Matter* (1641) that sometimes it was necessary to stop Shakespeare when 'he flow'd with that facility' of expression (*Works*, vol. 8, p. 584). (9.765) **30 made in Germany** A stock phrase for cheap or valueless (Partridge). (9.766) **31 Italian scandals** Many of Shakespeare's sources and his settings are Italian (*The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*, to name but three). (9.767) **32 A myriadminded man** In the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge writes that his own work could not surpass 'the greatest genius, that perhaps human nature has yet produced, our myriad-minded Shakespeare' (*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, p. 320). (9.768) **33 *Amplius. In societate humana*** [...] Latin, 'Further, in human society it is highly necessary that there be friendship among many'. While not verbatim, the sense parallels one of Aquinas's arguments against incest in *Summa Theologica*: 'The third reason

[incest is wrong] is, because this would hinder a man from having many friends' (II, 2, q. 154, a. 9). (9.770) **34** ***Ora pro nobis*** Latin, 'Pray for us'; a phrase that occurs in *Ave Maria*, among other places in Catholic ritual. (9.773) **35** ***Pogue mahone! Acushla machree!*** *Pogue mahone*: Irish (*pog mo thóin*), 'kiss my arse'. *Acushla machree*: Irish (*cuisle mo chroí*), 'pulse of my heart'; also the title of a poem by John Philpott Curran, for which see note at **103:27**. (9.775) **36** **It's destroyed we are from this day! It's destroyed we are surely!** From Synge's play *Riders to the Sea*, first performed on 25th February 1904 at Dublin's Molesworth Hall. (9.775)

151 **1** **gorbellied works** Gorbellied: 'having a protuberant belly; corpulent' (*OED*); a joke on both the length of Aquinas's *Summa Theologica* and Aquinas's excessive girth (see note at **37:20**). For Aquinas's view of incest, see note at **150:33**. (9.778) **2** **new Viennese school Mr Magee spoke of** Magee (Eglinton's real name) previously alluded to Freud, see note at **150:6**. Although the reference here could also be to Freud's colleague Otto Rank (1884–1939), whose book *Incest Motif in Poetry and Saga* (1912) has two chapters devoted to themes of incest in Shakespeare's works. (9.780) **3** **are of all races the most given to intermarriage** Though prohibited in Judaism by Talmudic law, intermarriage was, and continues to be, quite common. 'Intermarriage was rare before the Emancipation of Jewry, but increased in the nineteenth century with the establishment of civil marriages' (*Blackwell Dictionary of Judaica*). (9.783) **4** **The christian laws which built up the hoards of the jews** The Decree of Gratian (twelfth century) was one of several decrees that prohibited the practice of lending money at interest (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. usury). Because of the economic necessity for moneylenders, Jews were exempt and, as they were prohibited entering many other trades, moneylending became a profession for a small segment of the Jewish population in central Europe at that time. (9.784) **5** **lollards** See note at **140:13**. (9.786) **6** **bound their affections too with hoops of steel** In *Hamlet*, Polonius's parting advice to Laertes includes the injunction, 'Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, / Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel' (Act I, Sc. 3, 62–63). (9.786) **7** **old Nobodaddy** William Blake's version of the Old Testament God of wrath and fire; from his poem 'To Nobodaddy'. His poem 'Let the Brothels of Paris be opened' mentions 'old Nobodaddy aloft' (l. 13). (9.787) **8** **leet** A court held by the lord of a manor (*OED*). (9.788) **9** **sir smile neighbour** From *The Winter's Tale*, where the jealous Leontes speculates about the common predicament of men who have been betrayed by their wives: 'his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by / Sir Smile, his neighbour' (Act I, Sc. 2, 195–96). (9.790) **10** **shall covet his ox or his wife or his manservant** From the last of the Ten Commandments, as given at Exodus 20:17 and Deuteronomy 5:21. (9.790) **11** **jennyass** 'A she ass' (Partridge). (9.792) **12** **antiphoned** Answered (*OED*). (9.792) **13** **Gentle Will** After Ben Jonson's phrase 'Gentle Shakespeare', which is used in two dedicatory poems to the First Folio, 'To the Reader' and 'To the Memory of my Beloved'. (9.793) **14** ***Requiescat*** Latin, 'May she rest'. (9.797) **15** ***What of all the will to do?*** **[...]** The first two lines of A.E.'s poem 'Sung on a By-Way'. (9.798) **16** **mobled** With face muffled (*OED*); one of the actors uses this phrase to describe Hecuba, Priam's wife, in *Hamlet* (Act II, Sc. 2, 524). (9.800) **17** **In old age she takes up with gospellers** Gospeller: a pejorative term for an evangelical (or in this case, Puritan) preacher (*OED*); see also note at **142:15**. (9.802) **18** **one stayed at New Place and drank a quart of sack** For sack, see note at **147:30**. A 1614 entry in the Stratford municipal accounts records: 'Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of clarett wine given to a preacher at the New Place, XX d' (Brandes, p. 679). (9.803) **19** **it skills not to ask** It's no use to ask (*OED*, s.v. skill). (9.804) **20** **jordan** A chamber pot (*OED*). (9.807) **21** ***Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches*** **and** ***The most Spiritual Snuffbox*** Both these titles appear in a review of Octave Delepierre's *History of the Literature of Lunatics* published in the *Irish Independent* (15th June 1904, p. 4, col. a). The first title was an actual Puritan publication (*c.*1650) and the second suggests a 1653 pamphlet, *The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion*. (9.807) **22** **Agenbite of inwit** See note at **14:6**. (9.809) **23** **It is an age of exhausted whoredom groping for its god** A common judgement of Jacobean England; Brandes develops this theme (pp. 488–500). (9.810) **24** ***inquit Eglintonus Chronolologos*** Mock Greek/Latin. *Inquit*: Latin, says. *Chronologos*: Greek, time recorder or chronologer. (9.811) **25** **a man's worst enemies shall be those of his own house and family** After William Blake's preface to Chapter 2 of *Jerusalem*, titled 'To the Jews': 'A man's worst enemies are those / Of his own house & family' (ll. 81–82). Blake's lines, in turn, derive from the Bible: Jesus said, 'And a man's foes shall be they of his own household' (Matt. 10:36 and Luke 12:52–53). (9.812) **26** **fat knight** Sir John Falstaff's girth is referred to many times in Shakespeare, but he is called by

this epithet only twice: in *Henry V* (Act IV, Sc. 7, 48) and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act IV, Sc. 2, 25). (9.815) **27 deny thy kindred** After *Romeo and Juliet*: 'O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? / Deny thy father and refuse thy name' (Act II, Sc. 3, 33–34). (9.817) **28 unco guid** 'Those who are professedly strict in matters of morals and religion' (*OED*, s.v. unco). (9.817) **29 Shy supping with the godless, he sneaks the cup** In *1 Henry IV*, Falstaff, in mock-seriousness, complains that 'villainous company' (Act III, Sc. 3, 12) – Prince Hal and his cohorts – has kept him from going to church. He then calls the Prince a 'sneak-cup' (Act III, Sc. 3, 98), which the *OED* defines as an error for 'sneak-up': 'A mean, servile, or cringing person; a sneak; a shirk'. (9.817) **30 sire in Ultonian Antrim** Ultonian: a person from Ulster. Antrim: a county in north-east Ulster. Off the coast of Antrim is the Island Magee, Magee being Eglinton's real name. However, Magee's immediate family was from Dublin (*DIB*). (9.818) **31 quarter days** The traditional dates which begin the quarters of the year, on which rents and so forth would be due. 'In England and Ireland the quarter-days are Lady Day (March 25), Midsummer Day (June 24), Michaelmas (Sept. 29), and Christmas (Dec. 25)' (*OED*). (9.819) **32 Give me my Wordsworth** Eglinton wrote about Wordsworth at length in his first publication *Two Essays on the Remnant* (1895). 'Magee's sense of the mystic is unusual for a revival writer of the 1890s in that it owes more, as Ernest Boyd suggested, to Wordsworth than to the then influential theosophist, Madame Blavatsky' (*DIB*). (9.820) **33 Magee Mor Matthew** *Mor*: Irish, senior. Magee's father was an Irish Protestant clergyman and superintendent of the Dublin city mission (*DIB*). Matthew is a figure of an old schoolmaster who recurs in some of William Wordsworth's early works, such as 'Expostulation and Reply' (1798). (9.820) **34 rugged rough rugheaded kern** Rugheaded: covered with thick hair (*OED*). Kern: 'a light-armed Irish soldier; one of the poorer classes among the "wild Irish", from whom such soldiers were drawn'; also 'a rustic, peasant, boor' (*OED*). From *Richard II*: 'Now for our Irish wars: / We must supplant those rough rugheaded kerns' (Act II, Sc. 1, 155–56). (9.821) **35 strossers** Trousers (*OED*); from *Henry V*: 'you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers' (Act III, Sc. 7, 56–57). (9.821) **36 nether stocks** Netherstock: 'A stocking' (*OED*); used in *1 Henry IV* (Act II, Sc. 4, 129) and *King Lear* (Act II, Sc. 4, 11). (9.822) **37 clauber of ten forests** Clauber: variant of 'clabber', mud (*OED*, s.v. clabber). After a line from scene 1 of the 1895 version of Yeats's play *The Countess Cathleen*: 'The dead leaves and clauber of four forests cling to my footsole'. (9.822) **38 wand of wilding in his hand** Wilding: 'a wild apple or apple-tree; a crab-apple or crab-tree' (*OED*). After the last stanza of Wordsworth's 'Two April Mornings' (1799, 1800): 'Matthew is in his grave, yet now, / Methinks I see him stand, / As at that moment, with a bough / Of wilding in his hand' (ll. 57–60). (9.822)

152 1 Dr Bob Kenny Doctor Robert J. D. Kenny, 30 Rutland Square West. Kenny was a surgeon at the North Dublin Union Hospital, an extension of the North Dublin Poor Law Union (*Thom's*, pp. 875, 1360, 1921). (9.826) **2 He wrote the play in the months that followed his father's death** *Hamlet* was officially registered on 26th July 1602. Shakespeare's father, John, died on 8th September 1601. As Brandes puts it, Shakespeare's father died, and 'in the same year *Hamlet* began to take shape in Shakespeare's imagination' (p. 341). (9.829) **3 two marriageable daughters** That is, Susanna (born 1583, married in 1607) and Judith (born 1585, married 1616). (9.830) **4 *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*** Italian, 'in the middle of our life's journey'; from Dante's *Inferno* (1, 1). Following from the Bible, Dante measured a human lifetime as seventy years (Ps. 90:10), making the midway point thirty-five years, which was his age in 1300, the year in which the *Divine Comedy* is set. Shakespeare was thirty-seven in 1601. (9.831) **5 beardless undergraduate from Wittenberg** Hamlet was a student at the University of Wittenberg (Act I, Sc. 2, 13 *et passim*). On the question of Hamlet's age, see note at 143:7. (9.832) **6 his seventyyear old mother** It is not known when Mary Shakespeare was born, but as she was married in 1557, it can be assumed that she would have been at least sixty in 1601. (9.833) **7 The corpse of John Shakespeare does not walk the night** See note at 112:10. (9.833) **8 From hour to hour it rots and rots** Jaques, in *As You Like It*: 'And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, / And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; / And thereby hangs a tale' (Act I, Sc. 7, 26–28). (9.834) **9 Boccaccio's Calandrino was the first and last man who felt himself with child** Calandrino is a gullible character from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, where he is fooled into believing that he is pregnant and is cured of his 'condition' at great cost (Day IX, Story 3). (9.836) **10 apostolic succession** 'An uninterrupted transmission of spiritual authority through a succession of bishops from the apostles downward' (*OED*, s.v., apostolical). (9.838) **11 from only begetter to only begotten** Shakespeare

dedicated his sonnets to 'To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets'. On 'begotten' see note at 31:7. (9.838) **12 On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect** The doctrine of Mary's Immaculate Conception was made official dogma by Pope Pius IX, an Italian, in 1854 in his bull *Ineffabilis Deus* (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (9.839) **13 *Amor matris*, subjective and objective genitive** See note at 23:9. (9.842) **14 Paternity may be a legal fiction** Telemachus makes a similar claim in the *Odyssey*: 'Nobody really knows his own father' (I, 216). (9.844) **15 Who is the father of any son that any son should love him or he any son?** After Hamlet's soliloquy on the dangers of portraying emotion falsely: 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to her, / That he should weep for her?' (Act II, Sc. 2, 553–54). (9.844) **16 *Amplius. Adhuc. Iterum. Postea.*** Latin terms employed in Scholastic reasoning. *Amplius*: further; *Adhuc*: hitherto; *Iterum*: again; *Postea*: afterwards. (9.848) **17 loves that dare not speak their name** See note at 39:4. (9.852) **18 queens with prize bulls** In Book VIII of the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid tells how Daedalus (see note at 5:6) made a hollow wooden cow so Pasiphaë could copulate with the wild bull that Zeus had provided for her husband, King Minos II. She gave birth to the Minotaur (half man, half bull). Minos then had Daedalus construct the labyrinth in which to trap the Minotaur. (9.854) **19 rue Monsieur-le-Prince** A street near the Latin Quarter in Paris. (9.858) **20 Sabellius, the African** See note at 18:9. (9.862) **21 subtlest heresiarch of all the beasts of the field** After Genesis 3:1: 'Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made'. (9.862) **22 The bulldog of Aquin** [...] Thomas Aquinas, sometimes called Thomas of Aquin. Aquinas was a Dominican, *Domini canes*, Hounds of the Lord (*Brewer's*, s.v Dominicans). In the *Summa Theologica*, he argues against Sabellius several times: 'To avoid the heresy of Sabellius, we must shun the term "singularity", lest we take away the communicability of the divine essence' (I, q. 31, a. 2). (9.863) **23 Rutlandbaconsouthamptonshakespeare** An amalgam of various people who have been proposed as the 'true' authors of Shakespeare's works: Roger Manners (1576–1612), fifth earl of Rutland; Sir Francis Bacon (see note at 143:20); Henry Wriothesley (1573–1624), third earl of Southampton; and Shakespeare himself. (9.866) **24 another poet of the same name in the comedy of errors** The plot of *The Comedy of Errors* hinges on confusions of identity between long-lost twins, both named Antipholus, and their twin servants, both named Dromio. (9.866) **25 nature, as Mr Magee understands her, abhors perfection** Eglinton (Magee) wrote: 'Nature abhors perfection. Things perfect in their way, whether manners, poetry, painting, scientific methods, philosophical systems, architecture, ritual, are only so by getting into some backwater or shoal out of eternal currents, where life has ceased to circulate' (*Pebbles from a Brook*, p. 45). (9.870) **26 through the twisted eglantine** Eglantine: 'sweet briar' (*OED*). After Milton's poem 'L'Allegro' (1645), when the morning lark greets the speaker, 'Through [...] the twisted Eglantine' (ll. 47–48). (9.873)

153 **1 I have an unborn child in my brain. Pallas Athena!** Zeus gave birth to Pallas Athena (Odysseus's patron, Greek goddess of wisdom) from his forehead. (9.876) **2 The play's the thing!** From *Hamlet* (Act II, Sc. 2, 633). (9.876) **3 Let me parturiate!** 'To bring forth young; to bear fruit' (*OED*). (9.877) **4 his mother's name lives in the forest of Arden** Shakespeare's mother's maiden name was Arden and *As You Like It* is set in the pastoral forest of Arden (an actual forest of Arden existed in Warwickshire). (9.879) **5 Her death brought from him the scene with Volumnia in *Coriolanus*** *Coriolanus* was written about 1608, and Mary Arden Shakespeare died on 9th September that year. Volumnia dies in *Coriolanus* (Act V, Sc. 3) after persuading her son not to conquer Rome for the Volsces. Brandes connects Mary Shakespeare's death with that of Volumnia (p. 532). (9.880) **6 His boyson's death is the deathscene of young Arthur in *King John*** Hamnet Shakespeare's death at the age of eleven in August 1596 roughly corresponds to the accepted dating of *King John*. Brandes parallels the pathos of Arthur's death in the play and the death of Shakespeare's only son (pp. 140–49). (9.881) **7 Hamlet, the black prince, is Hamnet Shakespeare** Although Hamlet's grief over the death of his father caused him to clothe himself in black, he is never called 'the black prince'; this was the epithet of Edward (1330–76), the eldest son of Edward III (1312–77). *Hamlet* was based on the thirteenth-century *Vita Amlethi* (The Life of Amleth) by Saxo Grammaticus. (9.882) **8 Who the girls in *The Tempest*, in *Pericles*, in *Winter's Tale*** 'It was probably his [Shakespeare's] daughter who led him back from the brink of the grave.[...] Judith became a symbol for him, and he lent her the ethereal grace of abstract beauty. In 'Pericles' she is Marina: in 'The Winter's Tale' Perdita; in 'The Tempest' Miranda' (Harris, pp. 336–37). See also note at 143:30. (9.882) **9 Who Cleopatra, fleshpot of Egypt, and Cressid and Venus are we may guess** For fleshpot of Egypt, see note at

33:21. In Shakespeare's plays, Cleopatra, Cressida and Venus are all seductive temptresses. (9.883) **10 They list** See note at **138:15**. (9.890) **11 mess** A group of four (*OED*). In this case: Mulligan, Lyster, Best and Eglinton. (9.892) **12 Gilbert, Edmund, Richard** William Shakespeare's three brothers: Gilbert (1566–?), Edmund (1580–1607) and Richard (1574–1613). (9.894) **13 Gatherer** The ticket vendor at a theatre (*OED*). (9.895) **14 Mass** 'Frequently employed in oaths' (Partridge). (9.896) **15 wrastling play wud a man on's back** In imitation of a Warwickshire accent. After a story, first recorded by William Oldys (1696–1761) in *Biographia Britannica*, that Shakespeare's brother Gilbert had gone to London and saw William appear in *As You Like It*, which contains a wrestling scene (I.ii). Gilbert maintained that he saw his brother in the role of Adam (on a man's back), not of Orlando, who carries Adam on his back (Lee, p. 45). (9.897) **16 playhouse sausage** See note at **138:23**. (9.897) **17 What's in a name?** From *Romeo and Juliet* (Act II, Sc. 2, 43). (9.901) **18 *Piano, diminuendo*** These are both musical terms, from the Italian. *Piano*: soft. *Diminuendo*: an instruction to the performer to reduce the volume of the instrument or voice gradually (both *Grove*). (9.907) **19 *Then outspoke medical Dick*** [...] From Gogarty's bawdy poem 'Medical Dick and Medical Davy', which was included in a letter to Joyce from 1902 or 1903. (9.908) **20 In his trinity of black Wills, the villain shakebags** That is, Shakespeare's three most virulent characters: Iago, the villain of *Othello*; 'Richard Crookback' is Richard III; Edmund is the treacherous bastard son of Gloucester in *King Lear*. The anonymous *Arden of Feversham* (1592, occasionally attributed to Shakespeare) includes two killers named Black Will and Shakebag. Shakebag has since become proverbial for a scoundrel (*OED*). (9.911) **21 being written while his brother Edmund lay dying in Southwark** That 'last play' is *King Lear*, which was first staged in December 1606 (according to the Stationer's Register of 26th November 1607). Edmund Shakespeare (who died at twenty-eight) was buried on 31st December 1607. The length of his illness, however, is unknown. (9.913)

154 **1** *A tempo* A musical instruction which indicates a return to the original tempo after an alteration has occurred (*Grove*). (9.919) **2 But he that filches from me my good name** Said by Iago in *Othello* (Act III, Sc. 3, 159). (9.919) **3 *Stringendo*** A musical term which indicates an acceleration of the tempo (*Grove*). (9.921) **4 He has hidden his own name** There are few characters named William in Shakespeare's works, but none are of any great importance. There is, however, the exchange alluded to here in *As You Like It*, when Touchstone calls the clown William's name 'A fair name' (Act V, Sc. 1, 25). Williams appear in *1* and *2 Henry VI*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *As You Like It*, and *2 Henry IV*. (9.921) **5 super** Supernumerary, a theatrical term for a non-speaking role (*OED*). (9.922) **6 in the sonnets where there is Will in overplus** From Shakespeare's Sonnet 135: 'Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*, / And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus' (ll. 1–2). The pun on 'Will' (desire, penis) is also used in sonnets 136 and 143. (9.923) **7 Like John O'Gaunt his name is dear to him** In *Richard II*, John of Gaunt (Richard's uncle), puns on his name (Act II, Sc. 1, 73–83). (9.924) **8 coat of arms he toadied for** In 1596 John Shakespeare applied for a coat of arms based on claims of dubious merit. This was finally awarded in 1599. Presumably this was done at William's behest (Harris, pp. 378–79; Brandes, pp. 152–53). (9.925) **9 on a bend sable a spear or steeled argent** A description of the Shakespeare family's coat of arms (Brandes, p. 153; Lee, p. 196). It bore the motto *Non sans droict* ('Not without right'). The spear was gold, on a black band diagonally crossing a gold shield. (9.925) **10 honorificabilitudinitatibus** The longest Latin word, 'with heaped up honours'; it appears in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V, Sc. 1, 42–44). (9.926) **11 greatest shakescene in the country** From Robert Greene's attack on Shakespeare in his *Groats-worth of Witte*; see also note at **140:14**. (9.926) **12 What's in a name?** See note at **153:17**. (9.927) **13 A star, a daystar, a firedrake rose at his birth** Firedrake: a fiery meteor (*OED*). On 11th November 1572, the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe (1546–1601) discovered a supernova in the constellation Cassiopeia – which is shaped like a 'W'. Delta is a star at its lower left. The supernova eventually became bright enough to be seen during daylight, only to diminish gradually in brightness; it disappeared after about eighteen months (*EB11*, s.vv. Brahe, Tycho; Cassiopeia). (9.928) **14 eastward of the bear** Ursa Major; *ursa* is Latin for bear (female). Cassiopeia lies to the east of Ursa Major. (9.932) **15 Shottery** Anne Hathaway lived in Shottery, Warwickshire, before marrying Shakespeare. Shottery and Stratford were connected by a series of paths through various fields (Lee, p. 20). (9.934) **16 and from her arms** From the song 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye', by J.L. Hatton: 'For time doth tear me from thine arms'. (9.934) **17 Don't tell them he was nine years old when it was quenched** Tycho's supernova, which Stephen claims was Shakespeare's birth

star, appeared in 1572 and faded in 1573, when Shakespeare, who was born in 1564, was nine years old. (9.936) **18 Wait to be wooed and won** From *1 Henry VI*, Suffolk to Regnier: 'Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king; / Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto' (Act V, Sc. 3, 137–38). (9.938) **19 meacock** An effeminate man (*OED*); used in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Act II, Sc. 1, 315). (9.938) **20 *Autontimerumenos*** Near-Greek, 'self-tormentor'. Properly, this would be *Heauton Timorumenos*, which is the title of a play by the Latin comic playwright Terence (*c.*185–159 BC). Charles Baudelaire has a poem entitled 'L'Héautontimorouménos' from *Les Fleurs du mal* (1857). (9.939) **21 *Bous Stephanoumenos*** Greek, 'Garlanded Ox'. Stephen's classmates use this phrase to taunt him in *Portrait* (p. 168). (9.939) **22 configuration** 'Relative position, apparent or actual, of the planets or other celestial bodies' (*OED*). (9.939) **23 S. D: *sua donna. Già: di lui. Gelindo risolve di non amar S. D.*** Italian: 'S.D.: his lady. Yes: his. Gelindo resolves not to love S.D.' Gelindo is a male Italian name. (9.940) **24 pillar of the cloud by day** During the Israelites' escape from Egypt, 'the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night' (Exod. 13:21). (9.944) **25 *Stephanos*, my crown. My sword** *Stephanos*: Greek, a crown or garland (as in a poet's laurels). Stephen's 'sword' is his ashplant. (9.947) **26 Fabulous artificer, the hawklike man** That is Daedalus, whom Stephen called 'the hawklike man' in *Portrait* (p. 225); see also note at **5:6**. (9.952) **27 Newhaven-Dieppe, steerage passenger. Paris and back** Steerage: 'The part of a passenger ship allotted to those passengers who travel at the cheapest rate' (*OED*). The Newhaven-Dieppe route from England to France was one the cheapest Channel crossings available at the time. (9.953) **28 Lapwing. Icarus.** Lapwing: a bird of the plover family. 'Allusions are frequent to [...] the notion that the newly hatched lapwing runs about with its head in the shell' (*OED*); as in *Hamlet* (Act V, Sc. 2, 183). According to Ovid, Daedalus's nephew Talus became a lapwing (*Metamorphoses*, VIII, 252–59). For Icarus, see note at **5:6**. (9.953) **29 *Pater, ait.*** Latin, 'Father, he cries'. This echoes the version of the Daedalus and Icarus story that Ovid tells in the *Art of Love*: *'Decidit, atque cadens "pater o pater auferor" inquit, / Clauserunt virides ora loquentis aquæ'* ('He cried as he fell, "Oh Father, Father, I'm falling!" / Till the green of the wave closed on the agonized cry') (II, 91–92). (9.954) **30 Seabedabbled** After 'dewbedabbled' in *Venus and Adonis* (l. 703). (9.954) **31 fallen, weltering** In Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Satan and the other fallen angels are thrown 'welt'ring' onto the burning lake of hell following their expulsion from Paradise (I, 78). Also, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* has the lines: 'Fallen, fallen, fallen, / Fallen from his High Estate / And weltring in his Blood' (ll. 71–73). (9.954) **32 that brother motive, don't you know, we find also in the old Irish myths** The motif of a third brother who finds success is common in folklore and in Irish mythologies; for an example, 'The Well of D'yerree-in-Dowan' in Douglas Hyde's *Beside the Fire* (pp. 129–41). (9.956) **33 In Grimm too** While Grimms' tales relate quite a few stories of three brothers ('The Three Brothers' and 'The Crystal Ball' are two examples), the brother motif does not figure in 'Sleeping Beauty'. (9.958) **34 Best brothers** Richard Best had no brothers; perhaps a reference to Edwin and J. Paterson Best, solicitors, at 24 Frederick Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1808). (9.960)

155 **1 Father Dineen** Patrick Stephen Dinneen (1860–1934): writer and lexicographer. He left the Jesuit order in 1900, but was allowed to continue presenting himself as a priest. After leaving the Jesuits, he devoted himself to Irish scholarship. The first edition of his Irish-English dictionary was published in 1904 and the second, much expanded, edition appeared in 1927 (*DIB*). The misspelling is Joyce's. (9.967) **2 rectly** Joycean neologism, combines 'directly' with the Latin *rectus*, upright. (9.968) **3 two noble kinsmen** *Two Noble Kinsmen* (*c.*1613), attributed to both Shakespeare and John Fletcher (1579–1625), Shakespeare's successor as principal playwright at the Globe Theatre. (9.973) **4 nuncle Richie** Nuncle: uncle; from *King Lear*, where the Fool calls Lear 'Nuncle' (Act I, Sc. 3, 100, *et passim*). Also see note at **31:28**. (9.973) **5 Where is your brother? Apothecaries' hall** Joyce's brother Stanislaus worked as a clerk at Apothecaries' Hall, located at 40 Mary Street (*Thom's*, p. 1541). He quit this job in January 1904 (Ellmann, p. 144). Stanislaus appears as Maurice in *Stephen Hero*, where he is a prominent character, but only appears briefly in *Portrait*. The question 'where is your brother?' is the question God asks Cain after the murder of Abel (Gen. 4:9). (9.977) **6 whetstone** 'A shaped stone used for giving a smooth edge to cutting tools' (*OED*). Stanislaus Joyce writes of his brother, 'He has used me, I fancy, as a butcher uses his steel to sharpen his knife' (*The Complete Dublin Diary*, p. 20). (9.977) **7 voice of Esau. My kingdom for a drink** Jacob, the youngest son of Isaac, stole the paternal blessing that was due to the eldest son by disguising himself as Esau. Isaac, who was blind, said, 'The voice is

Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau' (Gen. 27:22). Earlier, Esau sold his birthright to Jacob for some food because he was famished from working in the field (Gen. 25:27–34). Joyce, here, inverts the two sons and adds a reference to Richard III's famous line 'My kingdom for a horse!' (Act V, Sc. 4, 13). (9.981) **8 chronicles from which he took the stuff of his plays** Shakespeare drew material for many of his historical plays – as well as for the tragedies *King Lear* and *Macbeth* – from Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587). He relied on other sources as well; see, for example, note at **153:7**. (9.983) **9 Richard, a whoreson crookback, misbegotten, makes love to a widowed Ann** Whoreson: bastard, villain (*OED*). Richard III, a hunchback, romances Anne, who is in mourning over her husband (Edward IV, Richard's brother) and father-in-law (Henry VI), both of whom died because of Richard. Richard wonders, 'Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? / Was ever woman in this humour won?' (Act I, Sc. 2, 228–29). (9.985) **10 Richard the conqueror, third brother, came after William the conquered** Richard III was the third of three brothers; see also note at **148:3**. (9.987) **11 angel of the world** From *Cymbeline* (Act IV, Sc. 2, 248). (9.989) **12 the underplot of *King Lear* in which Edmund figures** In *King Lear*'s subplot Edmund, Gloucester's bastard son, deceives his father into spurning his worthy brother Edgar and brings about Gloucester's ruin and blindness. Although the historical aspects of the tragedy come from Holinshed's *Chronicles*, the subplot is borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (1580, rev. 1590). Brandes insists on the Celtic origins of *Lear* (p. 452). (9.990) **13 spatchcocked** Spatchcock: 'to add to, or modify, by interpolation' (*OED*). (9.991) **14 George Meredith** George Meredith (1828–1909): English novelist and poet. See also note at **146:9**. (9.994) **15 *Que voulez-vous?* Moore would say** French, 'What do you want?' George Moore was known for embellishing his conversations with French words and phrases; see note at **157:15**. (9.995) **16 Bohemia on the seacoast** In *The Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare mentions a shoreline of Bohemia (Act III, Sc. 3, 1, *et passim*). This geographical anomaly follows from his source, Robert Greene's *Pandosto* (1588) (Brandes, p. 636). (9.995) **17 makes Ulysses quote Aristotle** In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses tells Achilles that he is reading a book in which the author 'expressly proves / That no man is the lord of any thing' (Act III, Sc. 3, 114–15). His summary follows from Aristotle's account of sensation in *On the Soul* (417a1–6). Elsewhere in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector admits he is citing Aristotle (Act II, Sc. 2, 166). (9.996) **18 what the poor is not, always with him** Inverts Jesus's dictum: 'For ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always' (Matt. 26:11; and similarly Mark 14:7 and John 12:8). (9.999) **19 from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* onward till Prospero breaks his staff** Both *The Two Gentleman of Verona* and *The Tempest* involve banishment. The precise date of the former is uncertain but it is one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, while *The Tempest* is one of his last. Prospero, following his reconciliation with king Alonso of Naples and the end of his banishment says, 'I'll break my staff, / Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, / And deeper than did ever plummet sound / I'll drown my book' (Act V, Sc. 1, 54–57). (9.1001) **20 protasis, epitasis, catastasis, catastrophe** Dramatic terms derived from Greek used to describe the structure of a play. Protasis ('a stretching-forward'): introduction of characters and argument; epitasis ('a further stretching'): the main action is developed; catastasis ('a settling'): the height of the action; catastrophe ('an overthrowing'): the overturning, the unravelling. (9.1003) **21 Susan, chip of the old block, is accused of adultery** 'On July 15, 1613, Mrs. Hall [Susanna Shakespeare] preferred, with her father's assistance, a charge of slander against one Lane in the ecclesiastical court at Worcester; the defendant, who had apparently charged the lady with illicit relations with one Ralph Smith, did not appear and was excommunicated' (Lee, p. 275). (9.1005) **22 my lords bishops of Maynooth: an original sin** Maynooth, 23 km north of Dublin, is home to the leading Catholic seminary of Ireland. From the *Maynooth Catechism*: 'Q. What other particular effects follow from the sin of our first parents? A. Our whole nature was corrupted by the sin of our first parents – it darkened our understanding, weakened our will, and left in us a strong inclination to evil' (p. 13). (9.1008) **23 like original sin, committed by another in whose sin he too has sinned** From the *Maynooth Catechism*: 'We were all made partakers of the sin and punishment of our first parents, as we should be all sharers in their innocence and happiness, if they had been obedient to God' (p. 13). The catechism also cites: 'Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned' (Rom. 5:12). (9.1008) **24 petrified on his tombstone under which her four bones are not to be laid** Shakespeare's tombstone reads: 'Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare, / To digg the dust encloased heare! / Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones, / And curst be he yt moves my bones' (Harris,

p. 362). Anne is buried next to him in a separate grave. Four bones: Hiberno-English, body (PWJ, p. 127). (9.1010) **25 Age has not withered it** After Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra, from *Antony and Cleopatra*: 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale / Her infinite variety' (Act II, Sc. 2, 240–41). (9.1011) **26 It is in infinite variety everywhere in the world he has created** That is, the themes of fraternal betrayal, adultery and banishment. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Claudio's traitorous brother Don John dupes him into believing that his betrothed, Hero, is unfaithful. In *As You Like It*, the Duke and Orlando both suffer banishment because of their usurping brothers. In *The Tempest* Prospero is banished through the efforts of his brother Antonio, the Duke of Milan. In *Measure for Measure*, the sin revolves around Angelo's indecent proposal to Isabella. *Hamlet* exhibits all these themes in overplus. (9.1012)

156 **1 He is all in all** Hamlet says of his dead father: 'He was a man, take him for all in all, / I shall not look upon his like again' (Act I, Sc. 2, 187–88). (9.1018) **2 In *Cymbeline*, in *Othello* he is bawd and cuckold** Bawd: 'one employed in pandering to sexual debauchery' (*OED*). Both *Cymbeline* and *Othello* hinge on jealousy and suspicions of infidelity. (9.1021) **3 like José he kills the real Carmen** In a jealous fury, Don José kills the unfaithful Carmen after she leaves him for the toreador Escamillo, in George Bizet's opera *Carmen* (1875). Throughout the play Don José has idealized Carmen, and the realization of her true nature drives him to this act of murder. (9.1022) **4 hornmad Iago** Horn-mad: 'mad with rage' or more specifically, 'mad with rage at having been made a cuckold' (*OED*). The phrase is used several times in Shakespeare, but not in *Othello*: *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act III, Sc. 5, 128) and *The Comedy of Errors* (Act II, Sc. 1, 56). (9.1023) **5 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck Mulligan clucked lewdly. O word of fear!** From Spring's song in *Love's Labour's Lost*: 'The cuckoo then, on every tree, / Mocks married men; for thus sings he, / Cuckoo; / Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear, / Unpleasing to a married ear!' (Act V, Sc. 2, 906–10). The cuckoo is associated with adultery because of the female bird's habit of depositing its eggs in other birds' nests; 'cuckold' is a variant form of 'cuckoo' (*OED*). (9.1025) **6 Dumas *fils* (or is it Dumas *père*?) is right. After God Shakespeare has created most** *Fils*: French, son. *Père*: French, father. There were two Alexandre Dumas: the father (1802–70) and his illegitimate son (1824–95). The father wrote of Shakespeare that he was the poet *'qui a le plus créé après Dieu'* ('who, after God, has created the most') (*Souvenirs dramatiques*, vol. 1, p. 52). (9.1028) **7 Man delights him not nor woman neither** After Hamlet's description of himself: 'Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so' (Act II, Sc. 2, 321–22). (9.1030) **8 man and boy** From the First Gravedigger's comment: 'I have been here, man and boy, thirty years' (Act V, Sc. 1, 161–62); see also note at **143:7**. (9.1032) **9 his journey of life ended** See note at **152:4**. (9.1032) **10 he plants his mulberrytree** '[Shakespeare] had planted the famous mulberry-tree with his own hand, and it stood until the Revd Francis Gastrell, who owned New Place in 1756, cut it down in a fit of exasperation with the crowds who requested admission to see it' (Brandes, p. 681). (9.1033) **11 The motion is ended** After Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*: 'Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here; / And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!' (Act III, Sc. 2, 59–60). (9.1033) **12 Lizzie, grandpa's lump of love** Lizzie is Elizabeth Shakespeare, William's granddaughter (b.1608). See also note **31:33**. (9.1039) **13 nuncle Richie** See note at **31:28**. (9.1039) **14 where the bad niggers go** Inverts the chorus of Steven Foster's (1826–64) song 'Old Uncle Ned': 'Den lay down de shubble and de hoe, / Hang up de fiddle and de bow, / No more hard work for poor old Ned, / He's gone whar de good niggers go'. (9.1040) **15 Strong curtain** A particularly effective ending for a play or single act. (9.1041) **16 Maeterlinck says** Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949): Belgian poet and playwright. From *La Sagesse et la destinée* (*Wisdom and Destiny*, 1899): 'If Judas go forth tonight, it is towards Judas his steps will tend, nor will chance for betrayal be lacking; but let Socrates open his door, he shall find Socrates asleep on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom' (p. 31). (9.1042) **17 (He gave us light first and the sun two days later)** God created light on the first day (Gen. 1:3) and the sun and moon on the fourth (Gen. 1:14–19). (9.1047) **18 *dio boia*** Italian, 'hangman god'; a common curse in various northern Italian dialects. (9.1049) **19 economy of heaven, foretold by Hamlet, there are no more marriages** Hamlet tells Ophelia: 'I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are' (Act III, Sc. 1, 154–57). Also relevant is Jesus's statement, 'In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as angels of God in heaven' (Matt. 22:30). (9.1051) **20 The Lord has spoken to Malachi** The opening verse of the Book of Malachi: 'The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi' (Mal. 1:1). (9.1056) **21 douce** Sweet, pleasant (*OED*). (9.1059)

22 The rest shall keep as they are Hamlet to Ophelia: 'I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are' (Act III, Sc. 1, 154–57). (9.1060) **23 they fingerponder nightly each his variorum edition of *The Taming of the Shrew*** After Swinburne's attack on the New Shakespeare Society's Variorum Editions of Shakespeare (1874): he referred to them as 'metre-mongers, scholiasts, finger-counters, pedagogues, and figure-casters' ('The Three Stages of Shakespeare', p. 615). (9.1062) **24 French triangle** 'An arrangement in which three people live together, usually consisting of a husband, his wife, and the lover of one of these' (*OED*). (9.1065)

157 1 Platonic dialogues Wilde wrote Wilde wrote several quasi-Platonic dialogues, which are in many ways spoofs on the form. Examples are 'The Decay of Lying' and 'The Critic as Artist' (both 1891). (9.1069) **2 Dowden believes there is some mystery in *Hamlet* but will say no more** Dowden (see note at **150:2**) says of *Hamlet*, 'Shakespeare created it a mystery, and therefore it is forever suggestive, and never wholly explicable [...] The obscurity itself is a vital part of the work of art which deals not with a problem, but with a life' (*Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art*, p. 112). (9.1072) **3 Herr Bleibtreu** Carl Bleibtreu (German writer and critic, 1859–1928). In his 1907 book *Die Lösung der Shakespeare-Frage* (*The Solution of the Shakespeare Question*), he proposed that Shakespeare was Roger Manners, fifth earl of Rutland (1576–1612). Others had proposed this theory before (see notes at **147:7** and **152:23**). Joyce knew Bleibtreu when both were living in Zurich during the War (Ellmann, p. 411). (9.1073) **4 hidden in the Stratford monument** Many of the 'Baconians' claim that Shakespeare's tomb (see note at **155:24**) contains the true identity of the authorship of his plays. (9.1075) **5 present duke** In 1904, the Seventh Duke of Rutland (it became a dukedom in 1703) and the descendant of Roger Manners, fifth earl of Rutland, was James Robert Manners (1818–1906), MP. (9.1075) **6 I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief** When healing a boy possessed by a 'dumb spirit', Jesus said, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief' (Mark 9:23–24). (9.1078) **7 *Egomen*** *Ego men*: Greek, 'I especially' (*ego*: 'I'; *men* is an intensifier). (9.1079) **8 only contributor to Dana who asks for pieces of silver** The August 1904 issue of *Dana*, the journal edited by Eglinton, contained a poem by Joyce ('My love is in a light attire', poem 7 in *Chamber Music*). Eglinton later wrote that Joyce 'was the only one to receive remuneration' for a contribution to *Dana* (*Irish Literary Portraits*, p. 135). Judas was paid thirty pieces of silver for betraying Christ (Matt. 26:14). (9.1081) **9 Fraidrine. Two pieces of silver he lent me** Fraidrine: Fred Ryan; see note at **25:6**. (9.1084) **10 upper Mecklenburgh street** By 1904 Mecklenburgh Street was renamed Tyrone Street, although the old name persisted (it is listed in *Thom's* under both names). It was one of the main thoroughfares of Dublin's brothel quarter (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 40). (9.1088) **11 *Summa contra Gentiles*** St Thomas Aquinas's *Summa de Veritate Catholicæ Fidei contra Gentiles* (*On the Truth of the Catholic Faith against the Heathens*). (9.1089) **12 Fresh Nelly and Rosalie, the coalquay whore** Horace Gregory writes that Gogarty was 'the creator of that robustious company, Fresh Nelly, Mrs Mack, Rosalie the Coal-Quay Whore' (Gogarty, *Selected Poems*, p. xxii), but only Fresh Nelly appears in Gogarty's published work, in the poem 'The Old Woman of Beare'. Stanislaus records that Gogarty knew a prostitute named Nellie who admired Joyce's singing voice (*Complete Dublin Diary*, p. 26). (9.1090) **13 wandering Ængus of the birds** Combines the title of Yeats's poem 'The Song of Wandering Aengus' (1899) with the phrase 'Aengus of the birds' (l. 101) in Yeats's 'The Old Age of Queen Maeve' (1903). According to Irish mythology, Aengus Og (Angus the Young) is the god of youth, beauty and love, whose kisses become birds. (9.1093) **14 orts and offals** Two names for scraps of refuse and of uneatable meat (*OED*). (9.1094) **15 *Notre ami* Moore says Malachi Mulligan must be there** *Notre ami*: French, 'our friend'. An allusion to Edward Martyn's (see note at **141:35**) joking attack on Moore and his habit of using French phrases: '*Mon ami Moore* yearns to be *le génie de l'amitié* [master of friendship], but unfortunately he can never be looked upon as a friend. For he suffers from [...] a perennial condition of mental diarrhoea' (quoted in Edward Gwynn, *Edward Martyn and the Irish Revival*, p. 33). (9.1098) **16 French letters** Condoms (Partridge). (9.1101) **17 Swill till eleven** Irish pubs at the time closed at 11 p.m. (9.1105) **18 Irish nights entertainment** From the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* as well as Patrick J. McCall's (1861–1919) *The Fenian Nights' Entertainment* (1897), which presented Ossianic legends in a format recalling the *Arabian Nights'*. (9.1105) **19 Lubber** 'A big, clumsy, stupid fellow; especially one who lives in idleness; a lout' (*OED*). (9.1106) **20 I gall his kibe** To gall: 'to make sore by chafing or rubbing' (*OED*). Kibe: a sore

brought on by cold weather on the heel (*OED*). After *Hamlet*: 'The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near to the courtier, he galls his kibe' (Act V, Sc. 1, 151–53). (9.1109) **21 all amort** 'In the state or act of death; lifeless, inanimate [...] spiritless, dejected' (*OED*); this phrase occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Act IV, Sc. 3, 36) and *1 Henry VI* (Act III, Sc. 2, 124). (9.1110) **22 a wellkempt head** 'Wellkempt' alludes to Will Kempe (d.*c*.1603), a famous dancer and comic actor in Shakespeare's acting troupe. (9.1110) **23 Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell** See note at **117:2**. (9.1115) **24 parafes his polysyllables** To paraf (usually spelt 'paraph'): 'to sign, especially with initials'; as a noun, a paraph: 'a flourish made after a signature, originally as a kind of precaution against forgery' (*OED*). Gogarty describes a similar scene in *As I Was Going down Sackville Street* (p. 13). (9.1116) **25 priesteen** A little priest, used in either affection or contempt. In Hiberno-English the suffix '-een' is a diminutive (Dolan, s.vv. -een; priesteen). The priest with whom Lyster is speaking is Father Dinneen (see note at **155:1**). (9.1117) **26 A pleased bottom** A reference to the foolish Bottom the Weaver in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who had an ass's head. (9.1121)

158 1 Is that?... Blueribboned hat... Idly writing... What? Looked?... Possibly the woman known as E.C. in *Portrait* (Emma Clery in *Stephen Hero*), of whom Stephen is enamoured. She is based on Mary Elizabeth Cleary (Costello, *James Joyce*, pp. 185–93). (9.1123) **2 smoothsliding Mincius** The Mincius is a river in Lombardy, near which Virgil was born. Stephen's phrase comes from Milton's 'Lycidas' (l. 86); see note at **21:3**. (9.1124) **3 Puck Mulligan** Puck is an impish sprite and servant to Oberon, the fairy king, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Acting on Oberon's orders, Puck turns Bottom's head into the head of an ass (see note at **157:26**). (9.1125) **4 trolling** 'Singing in the manner of a round, or in a jovial style' (*OED*). (9.1125) **5 *John Eglinton, my jo, John*** [...] Jo: sweetheart (*OED*). A parody of Robert Burns's 'John Anderson My Jo' (1789, 90). Eglinton died unmarried (*DIB*). Joyce called him 'the horrible virgin' (Stanislaus Joyce, *Complete Dublin Diary*, p. 14). Joyce wrote a longer version of this poem (*PSW*, p. 111). (9.1125) **6 O, the chinless Chinaman! Chin Chon Eg Lin Ton** After the song 'Chin Chin Chinaman', from *The Geisha* (see note at **74:4**). (9.1129) **7 playbox** That is, the theatre. See note at **141:5**. (9.1130) **8 plumbers' hall** The local name for the Mechanics' Institute, located at 27 Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1408). It was used for Irish classes and the building also served as a music hall and as a city morgue. In the summer of 1904 the building was renovated and it opened on 27th December as the Abbey Theatre, the home of the Irish National Theatre (Bennett, s.v. Abbey Theatre). (9.1130) **9 Our players are creating a new art for Europe** In 1904, Yeats wrote about his aspirations for the Irish National Theatre: 'a new language of expression would help to awaken a new attitude in writers themselves' ('First Principles', *The Irish Dramatic Movement*, p. 64). (9.1130) **10 M. Maeterlinck** See note at **156:16**. (9.1131) **11 whipping lousy Lucy gave him** Refers to a story that Shakespeare fled to London after being prosecuted, whipped and perhaps imprisoned by Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching deer on his land in Stratford. The phrase 'lowsie Lucy' comes from a ballad that has been ascribed to Shakespeare, although its provenance is unclear (Lee, p. 29; Brandes, p. 10; Harris, p. 354). (9.1134) **12 *femme de trente ans*** French, 'thirty-year-old woman'; idiomatically, this signifies a woman of the world; also the title of a novel by Honoré de Balzac (1831). (9.1135) **13 Afterwit** 'Wisdom after the event, that comes too late'; and 'recognition of former folly, practical repentance' (*OED*). (9.1137) **14 minion of pleasure, Phedo's toyable fair hair** After Sonnet 126: 'Yet fear her [Time], O thou minion of her pleasure' (l. 9). In Plato's *Phaedo*, Socrates plays with Phaedo's curly hair and implies that Phaedo's arguments are as immature as his curls. (9.1139) **15 Longworth and M'Curdy Atkinson** See note at **141:32** for Longworth. F. McCurdy Atkinson: a Dublin literary figure and part of George Moore's circle. (9.1141) **16 Puck Mulligan footed featly** Featly: elegantly (*OED*); after Ariel in *The Tempest*: 'Foot it featly here and there' (Act I, Sc. 2, 380). (9.1142) **17 *I hardly hear the purlieu cry*** This poem burlesques the introductory stanza of W.B. Yeats's 'Baile and Ailinn' (1903). Purlieu: 'a mean, squalid, or disreputable street or quarter' (*OED*). (9.1143) **18 *Tommy*** 'Familiar form of *Thomas Atkins*, as a name for the typical soldier in the British Army' (*OED*). (9.1144) **19 *fillibeg*** See note at **25:12**. (9.1148) **20 Know thyself** One of the maxims inscribed at the Temple of Apollo at Delphi; Socrates uses this phrase on numerous occasions. (9.1153) **21 mummer** See note at **7:1**. (9.1155) **22 Synge has left off wearing black to be like nature** Synge's biographers do not record a change of fashion at this time. 'Synge was always very plainly dressed, wearing a celluloid collar and heavy boots, and generally muffled up in a white neckerchief and a long black cape, while his broad-brimmed slouch hat made him look like a Czech or *Méridional* student' (Maurice Bourgeois, *John Millington Synge and the*

Irish Theatre, p. 33). (9.1155) **23 what you wrote about that old hake Gregory** Lady Augusta Gregory (1852–1932): writer, playwright and folklorist. Joyce reviewed Lady Gregory's play *Poets and Dreamers* in the 26th March 1903 edition of the *Daily Express* (*OCPW*, pp. 74–76). She had recommended Joyce for the position, and he gave it an uncomplimentary review (Ellmann, p. 121). Hake: 'a grasping discontented person' (*OED*). (9.1158) **24 most beautiful book that has come out of our country in my time** Lady Gregory was Yeats's friend and patron. In his preface to her 1902 book *Cuchulain of Muirthemne: the Story of the Red Branch of Ulster*, he called it 'the best that has come out of Ireland in my time' (p. vii). (9.1164) **25 One thinks of Homer** While Yeats compares Lady Gregory's book (see previous note) favourably to other epics, he does not mention Homer. This phrase comes from Matthew Arnold: 'One thinks of Homer; this is the sort of praise which is given to Homer, and justly given' ('The Study of Poetry', *Essays in Criticism: Second Series*, p. 15). (9.1165)

159 1 Gone the nine men's morrice with caps of indices Titania to Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: 'The nine men's morris is filled up with mud' (Act II, Sc. 1, 98). 'The old English game of "nine men's morris"[...] was practised in my native place [Limerick] when I was a boy. We played it on a diagram of three squares one within another, connected by certain straight lines, each player having nine counters' (PWJ, p. 294). See also note at **23:3**. (9.1168) **2** ***Everyman His Own Wife*** The title parodies Elizabethan and Jacobean drama titles as Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Own Humour* (1598), as well as playing with Stephen's line 'androgynous angel, being a wife unto himself'. (9.1171) **3 patch's** Patch: 'a domestic fool; a fool or foolish person generally; a clown, dolt, booby' (*OED*). (9.1177) **4** ***marcato*** Italian, marked, pronounced; usually as a musical direction to play with a marked accent on strong beats, not smoothly (*OED*). (9.1179) **5 Toby Tostoff (a ruined Pole)** According to Stuart Gilbert, 'the "ruined Pole" and most of his companions were known to Oxford men of the period' (p. 224 n). 'Toby Tostoff' derives from the expression 'to toss off', to masturbate (*OED*). (9.1181) **6 bushranger** Bush rangers were nineteenth-century bandits in the bush country of Australia (Partridge). (9.1182) **7 Medical Dick** See note **153:19**. (9.1183) **8 Mother Grogan (a watercarrier)** See note at **12:1**. (9.1186) **9 Fresh Nelly** See note at **157:12**. (9.1187) **10 O, the night in the Camden hall** Camden Hall – a makeshift theatre in a storehouse behind a grocery shop on Lower Camden Street – served as the temporary home to the Irish National Theatre Society before it moved into the Abbey Theatre in late 1904 (see note at **158:8**). According to Gogarty, at a rehearsal on 20th June 1904, Joyce was so drunk that he passed out in the passageway leading to the theatre. One of the actresses walked over Joyce's prostrate body (Ellmann, pp. 160–61). (9.1192) **11 daughters of Erin** A socialist and nationalist women's group that existed from 1900–11 (the name comes from the Irish *Inghinidhe na hÉireann*). Leaders included Maud Gonne, Jenny Wyse Power and Annie Egan (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 167). See also note at **56:12**. (9.1192) **12 If Socrates leave his house today, if Judas go forth tonight** See note at **156:16**. (9.1199) **13 Here I watched the birds for augury. Ængus of the birds** In *Portrait* Stephen stood on the steps of the library watching the birds (p. 224). For 'Ængus of the birds', see note at **157:13**. (9.1206) **14 wandering jew** See note at **27:10**. (9.1209) **15 He looked upon you to lust after you** After the Sermon on the Mount: 'whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart' (Matt. 5:27–28). (9.1210) **16 I fear thee, ancient mariner** From Coleridge's 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' (1798). The Wedding-Guest says to the Ancient Mariner: 'I fear thee, ancient mariner![...] I fear thee and thy glittering eye' (ll. 224, 228). (9.1210)

160 1 portcullis barbs That is, the cast-iron grillwork of the arch over the Kildare Street entrance to the National Library. Portcullis: 'a strong and heavy frame or grating, formed of vertical and horizontal bars of wood or iron' (*OED*). Barb: 'A sharp process curving back from the point of a piercing weapon (e.g. an arrow or spear [...])' (*OED*). (9.1215) **2 coigns of houses** See note at **31:27**. (9.1218) **3 Cease to strive** There are two possible references here: Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*: 'Strive, man, and speak' (Act V, Sc. 5, 152); or Tennyson's 'Ulysses': 'To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield' (l. 70). (9.1221) **4 Peace of the druid priests of Cymbeline** At the conclusion of *Cymbeline* the soothsayer offers a prophecy of peace for Britain (Act V, Sc. 5, 437–45). (9.1221) **5 hierophantic** Hierophant: 'an expounder of sacred mysteries' (*OED*). (9.1221) **6** ***Laud we the gods*** The beginning lines of the closing speech of *Cymbeline*, spoken by the king (Act V, Sc. 5, 477–79). The play ends with peace made between Rome and England. (9.1223)

'WANDERING ROCKS'
Time: 2.55–4 p.m.
Location: throughout Dublin

161 **1 The superior, the very reverend John Conmee S. J.** See note at **61:9**. (10.1) **2 reset** Replace (*OED*). (10.1) **3 presbytery steps** The steps of Conmee's house, next to St Francis Xavier's Church, Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1500). (10.2) **4 Artane** A small village and parish, north-east of the city, about a 4 km journey for Conmee. (10.3) **5** ***Vere dignum et justum est*** Latin, 'It is truly right and fitting'. This phrase begins a prayer for the dead spoken by a priest as well as the preface to Communion. (10.4) **6 Brother Swan** The Revd Brother William A. Swan: director of the O'Brien Institute for Destitute Children, run by the Roman Catholic Christian Brothers (see note at **111:2**), in Artane, north-east of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1633). (10.4) **7 Good practical catholic: useful at mission time** Martin Cunningham's practical Catholicism is demonstrated in 'Grace', in *Dubliners*. Mission time: that period when the church intensifies its efforts to raise funds for the support of its overseas. (10.5) **8 convent of the sisters of charity** The convent was located near St Francis Xavier church at 76 Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1500); St Francis Xavier priests served as its chaplains. (10.8) **9 one silver crown** One quarter of a pound sterling, or five shillings. (10.11) **10 Mountjoy square** A square in north-east Dublin, half a block from Father Conmee's presbytery house at St Francis Xavier's church on Gardiner Street. (10.12) **11 cardinal Wolsey's words** Thomas Wolsey (*c.*1473–1530): Roman Catholic cardinal and lord chancellor under Henry VIII from 1515. After opposing Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, he was arrested in 1530 on charges of treason. His last words have been variously reported; Shakespeare, in *Henry VIII*, gives them as: 'Had I but served God with half the zeal / I served my king, he would not in mine age / Have left me naked to mine enemies' (Act III, Sc. 2, 455–57). (10.14) **12 wife of Mr David Sheehy M. P.** Bessie Sheehy, wife of David Sheehy, for whom see note at **121:14**. (10.17) **13 He would go to Buxton probably for the waters** Buxton: a town in Derbyshire, England, renowned for the health-giving effects of its waters. See also note at **161:21**. (10.19) **14 And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere?** Belvedere College, on Great Denmark Street in Dublin: a Jesuit-run day school for boys, established in 1841. Belvedere is slightly to the west of Mountjoy Square. Joyce attended Belvedere from 1893 to 1898. The Sheehys' two sons, Richard and Eugene, were classmates of Joyce. (10.20) **15 house was still sitting** In 1904, the British parliament was in session from 2nd February through 15th August. (10.22) **16 Father Bernard Vaughan** See note at **63:5**. (10.24) **17 mantilla** 'A large veil worn over a woman's head, and covering the shoulders' (*OED*). (10.31) **18 arecanut paste** Areca nut (or betel nut): formerly used as the main ingredient of toothpaste. (10.32) **19 Pilate! Wy don't you old back that owlin mob** An imitation of Father Vaughan's Cockney accent telling of Pilate capitulating to the mob and handing over Jesus to be crucified. (10.35) **20 Of good family too would one think it? Welsh, were they not?** There was a prominent Vaughan family from Wales, but Father Vaughan (born in London) was not related to them. (10.38) **21 father provincial** The authority to whom Conmee was accountable, the provincial of the Jesuits in Ireland, who would, in turn, report back to Rome. In 1904 the Father Provincial was Father Kenney. In July 1896, Kenney wrote to Rome requesting permission on Conmee's behalf to visit the baths in Buxton (Bruce Bradley, *James Joyce's Schooldays*, p. 86). (10.39)

162 **1 little house** The building adjacent to the main building of Belvedere was used as its primary school and was known as 'the little house' (*James Joyce's Schooldays*, p. 91). (10.41) **2 Jack Sohan** Perhaps related to John Sohan, pawnbroker, at 38 Townsend Street in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 2015). (10.43) **3 Ger. Gallaher** Gerald Gallaher, the younger brother of Joyce's childhood friend, Brendan Gallaher (Ellmann, p. 46 n). Their father Fred was the model for Ignatius Gallaher (see note at **68:11**). (10.43) **4 Brunny Lynam** Possibly this is Bernard M. Lynam, a classmate of Joyce's at University College (*SS*, p. 15). (10.44) **5 Fitzgibbon street** On the north-east corner of Mountjoy Square, running north-east. (10.47) **6 Mr Denis J. Maginni, professor of dancing, &c.** The wording of Maginni's title here comes directly from *Thom's*: 'Maginni, D. J. professor of dancing, &c.' (p. 1949); see also note at **113:6**. (10.56) **7 lady Maxwell** Lady Maxwell lived at 37 Great George's Street North, off Great Britain (now Parnell) Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1504, 1954), and was one of Maginni's neighbours. (10.59) **8 Dignam's court** About 800 metres south-west of Father Conmee's position in Mountjoy Square, Dignam's Court is off Great Britain (now Parnell) Street. (10.60) **9 Mrs M'Guinness** Ellen McGuinness ran a pawnshop at 39 Upper Gardiner Street and lived next door at number

38 (*Thom's*, p. 1500). (10.61) **10 Mary, queen of Scots** Mary Stuart (1542–87): daughter of King James V and Mary of Lorraine. Her Catholicism brought her into conflict with Elizabeth I and Protestant forces in Scotland. Due to these conflicts, she abdicated the throne in 1567 in favour of her son, James VI, later James I of England (*EB11*). (10.65) **11 Great Charles Street** Great Charles Street runs along the south-east side of Mountjoy Square, heading north-east until it hits the North Circular Road. (10.68) **12 shutup free church** The Free Church is a Church of Ireland (Protestant) chapel, located at 45 Great Charles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1448). (10.69) **13 reverend T. R. Greene B. A. will (D. V.) speak** The Revd T.R. Greene was the minister in charge of the Free Church on Great Charles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1448). DV is an acronym for *Deo volente*: Latin, 'God willing'. (10.69) **14 Invincible ignorance** 'Invincible ignorance, whether of the law or of the fact, is always a valid excuse and excludes sin. The evident reason is that neither this state nor the act resulting therefrom is voluntary' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. ignorance). (10.71) **15 according to their lights** 'According to the capacity [they have] for forming opinions' (*Brewer's*, s.v. lights). Lights: 'pieces of information or instruction' (*OED*). (10.72) **16 North Circular road** The road which marked the northern limits of Dublin. It runs from Phoenix Park in the west of the city to north-east Dublin, where it turns into Richmond Place and Portland Row. (10.73) **17 Richmond street** Richmond Street branches off the North Circular Road at Richmond Place and is a dead-end street. (10.76) **18 Christian brother boys** There was a Christian Brothers (see note at **111:2**) school on North Richmond Street. (10.78) **19 Saint Joseph's church, Portland row. For aged and virtuous females** Father Conmee passes, in succession, St Joseph's Church (Roman Catholic) and St Joseph's Asylum for Aged and Virtuous Females, at 4–8 Portland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1572). (10.79) **20 Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift nobleman** Aldborough House,[1] in Aldborough Place, just off Portland Row, was the last of the great eighteenth-century Dublin houses. It was erected in 1796 as a private residence for the Earl of Aldborough at a cost of £40,000 (Bennett). (10.83) **21 And now it was an office or something** In 1904, Aldborough House contained a 'Stores Branch General Post Office' and 'Surveyor's Department, General Post Office' (*Thom's*, p. 1411). (10.84) **22 North Strand road** North Strand Road is a continuation of Amiens Street, running to the north-east from Portland Row towards Mud Island (now Fairview Park). (10.85) **23 Mr William Gallagher** 'Purveyor, grocer, coal and corn merchant', 4 North Strand Road (*Thom's*, p. 1558). (10.86) **24 cools** Cool: 'a tub of butter, usually of 28 lb. [13 kg], but sometimes of other sizes' (*OED*). (10.88) **25 Grogan's the tobacconist** R. Grogan: tobacconist, 16 North Strand Road (*Thom's*, p. 1558). (10.89) **26 dreadful catastrophe in New York** See note at **133:8**. (10.90) **27 Unfortunate people to die like that, unprepared. Still, an act of perfect contrition** From a Catholic's perspective, the victims of the General Slocum disaster were 'unprepared' because they died without receiving extreme unction (see also note at **73:3**). Father Conmee implies that such absolution can also be achieved through 'an act of perfect contrition', but this has long been a point of contention in the Church. (10.91)

163 1 Daniel Bergin's publichouse Located at 17 North Strand Road and 46 Amiens Street; Daniel L. Bergin was the proprietor (*Thom's*, p. 1558). (10.93) **2 H. J. O'Neill's funeral establishment** See note at **55:12**. (10.96) **3 Corny Kelleher** See note at **55:12**. (10.97) **4 Youkstetter's, the pork-butcher's** William Youkstetter: pork butcher, 21 North Strand Road (*Thom's*, p. 1558). (10.99) **5 Charleville Mall** Located on the southern bank of Dublin's Royal Canal, between the North Strand Road and Summerhill Street. (10.101) **6 On Newcomen bridge** Newcomen Bridge carries the North Strand Road across the Royal Canal. (10.107) **7 saint Francis Xavier's church** St Francis Xavier Church was built 1829–32 and stands at the north end of Upper Gardiner Street (Bennett, s.v. Gardiner). In 1904 Conmee was the superior of the residence. (10.107) **8 outward bound tram** The tram Conmee boards runs from Nelson's Pillar to Dollymount, a suburban village 5.6 km north-east of the centre of Dublin. Trams left Nelson's Pillar for Dollymount every five minutes (*Thom's*, p. 1661). (10.108) **9 the reverend Nicholas Dudley C. C. of saint Agatha's church** Revd J.D. Dudley and Revd P.A. Butterly were the curates of St Agatha's (Roman Catholic) Church, William Street, north of the North Strand Road (*Thom's*, p. 1624). C.C.: curate-in-charge. (10.110) **10 Mud Island** The mudflats on the north-east fringe of Dublin along the bay, now renamed Fairview Park (Bennett). (10.114) **11 ivy church** The North Strand Episcopal Church, 61 North Strand Road; the Revd John Connell was the incumbent (*Thom's*, p. 1559). (10.118) **12 Annesley bridge** Annesley Bridge carries the North Strand Road across the Tolka River in Fairview. (10.133) **13 *bless you, my child***

A phrase used by the priest in the confessional. (10.139) **14 Mr Eugene Stratton** See note at **70:16**. (10.141) **15 his sermon of saint Peter Claver S. J. and the African mission** Should read 'sermon on' (the mistake was made on the page proofs of the first edition). In 'Lotus Eaters' Bloom saw a sign advertising Conmee's forthcoming sermon on St Peter Claver; see note at **61:10**. (10.144)

164 **1 like a thief in the night** After St Paul's description of Christ's second coming: 'For yourselves know perfectly well that the day of the lord so cometh as a thief in the night' (1 Thess. 5:2). The metaphor also appears elsewhere in the New Testament (2 Peter 3:10, Rev. 3:3, 16:15). (10.147) **2 That book by the Belgian jesuit, *Le Nombre des Élus*** The full title is *Le Rigorisme, la question du nombre des élus et la doctrine du salut* (*Rigorism, the Question of the Number of the Chosen and the Doctrine of Salvation*), by Father A. Castelein, S.J. Castelein's book is a liberal articulation of the doctrine of salvation. (10.147) **3 human souls created by God in His Own likeness** 'Man is made to God's likeness in his soul' (*Maynooth Catechism*, p. 8). (10.149) **4 (D. V.)** See note at **162:13**. (10.150) **5 Howth road** Howth Road runs from Mud Island north-east towards the Howth peninsula. (10.153) **6 Malahide road** Malahide Road runs north from Mud Island to Malahide via Artane. (10.155) **7 The joybells were ringing in gay Malahide** The first line of 'The Bridal of Malahide', by Gerald Griffin (1803–40), which tells the story of Maud Plunkett's marriage to the son of Lord Galtrim and the sad events that unfold; see note at **164:9**. (10.156) **8 Lord Talbot de Malahide** 'The Talbots were one of the most important Old English families of the Pale, and he held extensive lands in Kildare' (*DIB*, s.v. Sir William Talbot). In 1476 Edward IV made the Talbots hereditary lord admirals of Malahide as well as the waters along its coast. (10.156) **9 she was maid, wife and widow in one day** Maud Plunkett's husband, Sir Walter Hussey, 'was killed on their wedding day by a raiding party in the village' (Bennett, s.v. Malahide). After this she married twice, her third husband being Sir Richard Talbot (d.1329). Conmee's line follows from 'The Bridal of Malachide': 'In one morning-tide / A wife and a widow, / A maid and a bride!' (10.158) **10 townlands** Townland: 'In Ireland, a division of land of varying extent [...] a territorial division, a township' (*OED*). (10.159) **11 *Old Times in the Barony*** The title of a book by Father Conmee (Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 1900). His book 'is an idiosyncratic but heartfelt meditation on a traditional rural world in the vicinity of "Luainford", the author's designation for Athlone. Conmee depicts this forgotten locality in idyllic terms as a self-sufficient feudal economy, an epitome of Celtic civilization, and an organic community undisturbed by class divisions' (Anne Fogarty, 'States of Memory: Reading History in "Wandering Rocks"', p. 69). (10.161) **12 Mary Rochfort, daughter of lord Molesworth, first countess of Belvedere** Mary Rochfort (1720–*c.*1780), eldest daughter of Richard, the Third Viscount Molesworth, married Colonel Robert Rochfort (1708–74), first earl of Belvedere, in 1736. She was his second wife (*DIB*). In 1743 Rochfort accused her of committing adultery with her brother-in-law, Arthur Rochfort, and blackmailed her into confessing to infidelity by promising her a divorce, but then imprisoned her for seventeen years on the Rochfort estate, near Lough Ennel in County Westmeath. (10.163) **13 lough Ennel** Lough Ennel, also called Belvidere (Belvedere) Lake: in County Westmeath, some 80 km west of Dublin. (10.164) **14 not her confessor** The Rochforts were Protestant, and so would not be confessing sins to a Catholic priest. (10.167) **15 *eiaculatio seminis inter vas naturale mulieris*** Latin, 'ejaculation of semen inside the woman's natural organ'. (10.168) **16 Don John Conmee** Don: an obsolete honorific used in addressing or speaking of members of the religious orders (*OED*, s.vv. don; dan; see also note at **32:24**); also 'A head, fellow or tutor of a college' (*OED*). The name 'Don John' also suggests Don Juan. (10.174) **17 beeswaxed drawingroom, ceiled with full fruit clusters** Beeswax was used to polish floors, walls and furniture. The interiors of Dublin houses of the eighteenth century were ornamented with stucco decoration, such as fruit clusters along the ceiling. (10.176) **18 *Moutonner*** French, to make fleecy or woolly, like a sheep. (10.182) **19 reading his office** That is, the Divine Office: 'an authorised form of divine service or worship [...] the daily service of the Roman breviary, comprising psalms, collects, and lections for the several canonical hours, which vary with the day' (*OED*). (10.184) **20 Rathcoffey** A small village and the property of Rathcoffey Castle in County Kildare, which is approximately 3.2 km north-east of Clongowes College. (10.185) **21 boys' lines** The three lines were the subdivisions of the Clongowes boys. The third line was composed of boys under the age of thirteen, the second line from thirteen to fifteen, and the first line from fifteen to eighteen (Sullivan, *Joyce Among the Jesuits*, pp. 30–31). (10.187) **22 Nones** One of the four little canonical hours for prayer according to the Divine Office;

nones is at 3:00 p.m. or earlier. (10.191) **23 lady Maxwell** See note at **162:7**. (10.191) **24** ***Pater* and *Ave Pater***: Latin, father; the term for the Pater Noster or Lord's Prayer. *Ave*: Latin, hail; the *Ave Maria* or Hail Mary. (10.193) **25** ***Deus in adiutorium*** The phrase in Latin continues with *'meum intende'*: 'O God, [come] to my aid'; from Psalm 70 (69 in the Vulgate), part of the nones. (10.194) **26** ***Res* in *Beati immaculati* [...]** Psalm 119 (118 in the Vulgate) begins: *'Beati immaculati in via: qui ambulant in lege Domini'* (Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord). *Res* or *resh* (not to be confused with the Latin *res*: 'thing'): the Hebrew letter for section 20 of that prayer. The 20th section, which Conmee quotes (Ps. 119:60), begins: *'Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia iudicia iustitiæ tuæ'* ('Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgements endureth for ever'). (10.196)

165 **1** ***Sin: Principes persecuti sunt me gratis* [...]** *Sin*: the Hebrew letter used to demarcate section 21 of Psalm 119 (118 in the Vulgate). The Latin translates: 'Princes have persecuted me without a cause: but my heart standeth in awe of thy word'. (9.205) **2 Dollymount tram on Newcomen bridge** See note at **163:6**. (9.213) **3 Constable 57C** The Dublin Metropolitan Police was divided into divisions. The C Division police station was stationed in Store Street, north of the Liffey and east of the centre of town (*Thom's*, p. 851). (10.217) **4 It's very close** Close weather: 'stifling, without free circulation; the opposite of *fresh*' (*OED*). (10.220) **5 MacConnell's corner** Pharmacist Andrew MacConnell's shop was at 112 Lower Dorset Street, where it crosses Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1478). Joyce makes a mistake here: the corner was occupied by 1 Eccles Street (*JJD*, p. 117). (10.228) **6 Rabaiotti's icecream car** Antonio Rabaiotti, Elm View, 62a Madras Place on the North Circular Road (*Thom's*, p. 1557), owned a flotilla of ice-cream carts. (10.229) **7 Larry O'Rourke** See note at **45:6**. (10.230) **8** ***For England*** From 'The Death of Nelson', words by S.J. Arnold, music by John Braham. (10.232) **9 Katey and Boody Dedalus** Two of Stephen's sisters. Two more sisters will appear in this episode: Maggy and Dilly. (Joyce had a total of six sisters.) (10.233) **10 J. J. O'Molloy** see note at **94:1**. (10.236) **11 Mr Lambert** See note at **69:2**. (10.236) **12 whistling within went on a bar or two, ceased** See note at **527:9**. (10.249)

166 **1 close** 'Enclosed place' (*OED*). (10.258) **2 put in** 'To put in pawn, to pawn' (*OED*). (10.260) **3 M'Guinness's** See note at **162:9**. (10.267) **4 Bad cess to her big face** Bad cess to you: Hiberno-English, 'bad luck to you' (Dolan). (10.269) **5 Sister Mary Patrick** One of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, whose convent was at 76 Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1500). (10.280) **6 lacquey** Variant spelling of 'lackey', an obsequious servant (*OED*). (10.281) **7 Our father who art not in heaven** Inverts The Lord's Prayer, from Matt. 6:9: 'Our Father, which art in Heaven'. See also note at **138:6**. (10.291) **8 crumpled throwaway, Elijah is coming, rode lightly down the Liffey** See notes at **111:7** and **111:12**. (10.294) **9 Loopline bridge** See note at **57:18**. (10.295) **10 shooting the rapids** The outgoing tide increases the current in the Liffey's estuary, making it run somewhat rapidly, but a rapid it certainly is not. High tide on 16th June 1904 was at 12:18 a.m. and 12:42 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 15). (10.295) **11 Customhouse old dock and George's quay** The New Custom House, completed in 1791, is a monumental structure on the Liffey's north bank, just east of the Loop Line Bridge. It houses the administrative functions associated with naval commerce. This was built to replace the Old Custom House on Wellington Quay (Bennett, s.vv. Custom House (New); Custom House (Old). George's Quay is across the river from the New Custom House. (10.297)

167 **1 Thornton's** James Thornton's: 'fruiterer and florist to His Majesty the King, His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Knight of the Garter', 63 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 2025). (10.299) **2 game ball** Hiberno-English, good; used mainly in Dublin (Dolan). (10.304) **3 H. E. L. Y.'S. filed before him, tallwhite-hatted** See note at **81:1**. (10.310) **4 past Tangier lane** Tangier Lane runs into Grafton Street at number 61; Thornton's is at 63 (*Thom's*, p. 1506). The sandwichmen are headed south towards St Stephen's Green, at which point they turn around and go back as they came (see note at **168:19**). (10.310) **5 Merchants' arch** Merchant's Arch is a roofed passageway between Temple Bar and Wellington Quay, on the Liffey's south bank, east of the Grattan Bridge, where the Old Custom House was located. According to J.F. Byrne, 'there was no cart in the Arch; the books were on shelves' (*Silent Years*, p. 19). (10.315) **6 It's for an invalid** See note at **474:8**. (10.322) **7 pullet** 'A young girl' (Partridge). (10.327) **8** ***Ma!*** Italian, 'But hold on!' (10.338) **9 Almidano Artifoni** The character of Artifoni is based on Joyce's Italian instructor in Dublin, Father Charles Ghezzi,

S.J. (Ellmann, p. 60). The name comes from the administrator of the Berlitz School in Trieste who helped Joyce secure a job in Pola in 1904 (Ellmann, pp. 185–86). Previously, Joyce used the name Artifoni for Stephen's Italian teacher in *Stephen Hero* (p. 169), but not in *Portrait*. (10.338) **10 Goldsmith's knobby poll** Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74): Anglo-Irish playwright, novelist and poet. He graduated from Trinity College in 1749, and a bronze statue of him stands by the front gate to the college. Poll: human head (*OED*); although this also alludes to David Garrick's (1717–79) poem 'Impromptu Epitaph on Oliver Goldsmith': 'Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll, / Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll' (where 'poll' refers to a parrot). (10.339) **11 frankly** 'Freely; unrestrictedly, without restraint or constraint' (*OED*). (10.341) **12 Trinity to the blind columned porch of the bank of Ireland** Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland face each other from opposite sides of College Green. Blind: 'Enveloped in darkness; dark, obscure'. (10.342) **13** ***Anch'io ho avuto di queste idee*** Italian, 'I too had such ideas when I was as young as you. But then I became convinced that the world is a beast. It's a shame. Because your voice … might be a source of income, come now. You're wasting yourself'. (10.344)

168 1 ***Sacrifizio incruento*** Italian, 'Bloodless sacrifice'. (10.348) **2** ***Speriamo*** [...] Italian, 'Let us hope … But, listen to my advice. Think about it'. (10.350) **3 By the stern stone hand of Grattan** A bronze statue of Henry Grattan (see note at **103:10**) stands in front of the Bank of Ireland, which up until 1800 housed the old Irish Parliament. Stone: 'As a type of motionlessness or fixity' (*OED*). (10.352) **4 Inchicore tram unloaded straggling Highland soldiers of a band** Inchicore lies on the western outskirts of Dublin and is just south of Phoenix Park. The Richmond (now Clancy) Barracks is in Inchicore. Straggle: '*spec.* of a soldier: To wander from the line of march, stray from one's company' (*OED*). Highland soldiers, known for their continued use of Gaelic speech, are from Scotland (*EB11*). The *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904 reported that the band of the Second Seaforth Highlanders performed in College Park for the bicycle races at Trinity (p. 3, col. i); see note at **66:3**. (10.352) **5** ***Ci rifletterò*** Italian, 'I'll think about it'. (10.354) **6** ***Ma, sul serio, eh?*** Italian, 'But seriously, okay?' (10.355) **7 Dalkey** See note at **20:7**. (10.357) **8** ***Eccolo*** [...] Italian, 'Here it is [the tram]. Come see me, and think about it. Good bye dear fellow'. (10.358) **9** ***Arrivederla, maestro*** [...] Italian, 'See you, teacher … and thanks'. (10.360) **10** ***Di che?*** [...] Italian, 'For what? … Excuse me, eh? All the best!' (10.362) **11 gillies** Gillie: an aide to a Highland chief and, by extension, a synonym for a Scotsman (*OED*). (10.365) **12 smuggling implements of music** Implement: synonym of instrument (*OED*); these are being smuggled into Trinity in the sense that they are concealed within their carrying cases. (10.365) **13 Miss Dunne** Blazes Boylan's secretary. (10.368) **14 Capel street library** See note at **50:9**. (10.368) **15** ***The Woman in White*** A novel (1860) by Wilkie Collins (1824–89), a popular writer of sensationalistic novels. (10.368) **16 Is he in love with that one, Marion?** Marian Halcombe: a character in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White*. (10.371) **17 Mary Cecil Haye** Mary Cecil Hay (1840–86): a novelist whose work, while in the same genre as Collins's, contains less violence, and more romance and manners (the spelling mistake is Joyce's). (10.372) **18 The disk shot down the groove, wobbled** [...] See note at **170:2**. (10.373) **19 Monypeny's corner** R.W. Monypeny: 'designer and embroiderer of art needlework, Berlin wool, and white wood depot, establishment', 52–53 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1506), across from the north-west corner of St Stephen's Green. (10.377) **20 slab where Wolfe Tone's statue was not** On 15th August 1898, a foundation stone was laid on the north-west corner of St Stephen's Green, across from Grafton Street, to serve as the base for a statue of Wolfe Tone. This event is recalled in *Portrait* (p. 184). The statue was never built; in 1967 a new statue of Tone was erected in the north-east corner of the Green. Theobald Wolfe Tone (1763–98): co-founder of the United Irishman, a group of radical nationalists that cut across sectarian lines. Tone was arrested in 1798 and committed suicide while in jail. He is widely regarded as the father of Irish republicanism (*DIB*). (10.378) **21 Marie Kendall** Marie Kendall (1873–1964): English music-hall performer and comedienne, known for her male impersonations. The 16th June 1904 edition of the *Freeman's Journal* lists 'The Great Marie Kendal [*sic*]' performing that night at the Empire Palace Theatre (p. 4, col. a). (10.380) **22 boatclub swells** In 1904 there were several yachting clubs in Kingstown. (10.385) **23 Twentyseven and six. I'll tell him. Yes: one, seven, six** That is, 27 shillings and 6 pence or 1 pound, 7 shillings and 6 pence. This is, possibly, Molly's concert fee. (10.391) **24 That gentleman from *Sport*** That is, Lenehan, see note at **96:2**. (10.394) **25 he'll be in the Ormond at four** The Ormond Hotel: 8 Upper Ormond Quay, owned by Mrs de Massey (*Thom's*, p. 1563). (10.395)

169 **1 Ned Lambert** See note at **69:2**. (10.399) **2 Crotty** 'A singer at the Gaiety Theatre' (Shari and Bernard Benstock, *Who's He when He's at Home*, p. 73). (10.399) **3 Ringabella and Crosshaven** Ringabella Bay is just south of Cork harbour. Crosshaven is a small maritime town along the Owenboy estuary in Cork harbour. (10.400) **4 Hello, Jack, is that yourself?** J.J. O'Molloy; see note at **94:1**. (10.401) **5 vesta** A wax match (*OED*). (10.403) **6 council chamber of saint Mary's abbey** The old chapter house of St Mary's Abbey, off Capel Street, is all that remains of a once large and thriving Church. In 1904, the remains of this structure were used by Alexander & Co., seed merchants, to store grain (*Thom's*, p. 1540). (10.408) **7 where Silken Thomas proclaimed himself a rebel in 1534** On 11th June 1534, Silken Thomas (see note at **36:15**) renounced his allegiance to Henry VIII at a meeting of the Council of English lords in the chapter house of St Mary's Abbey and set off on his failed rebellion (*EB11*). (10.408) **8 O'Madden Burke** See note at **98:14**. (10.410) **9 The old bank of Ireland** The Bank of Ireland first opened in 1783 in St Mary's Abbey before moving in 1803 into the Irish Parliament building in College Green, vacant since the Act of Union of 1800 (Bennett). (10.411) **10 original jews' temple** Dublin's first synagogue met for the first time in Crane Lane, 'possibly as early as 1663' (Bennett, s.v. Crane Lane). It relocated to Marborough Green in 1745. In 1836, the Jewish congregation settled in the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, where it stayed until 1892, at which time a new synagogue was established on Adelaide Road (Hyman, pp. 105, 146). Therefore, the synagogue at St Mary's Abbey was not the 'original Jews' temple' in Dublin, nor, certainly, was it the 'original Jews' temple', as that was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar II in 587 BC (2 Kings 25). (10.412) **11 He rode down through Dame walk** According to the *Annals of Ireland*, Silken Thomas launched his attack from the mansion of the Kildares in Thomas Court. He and his troops marched through the city to Dame's Gate and then crossed the river and proceeded to St Mary's Abbey (vol. 2, pp. 404–5 n. 2). (10.415) **12 With J. J. O'Molloy he came forth slowly into Mary's abbey** That is, the street named St Mary's Abbey, rather than the church abbey itself. The street runs parallel to the Liffey two blocks from its north bank in central Dublin. (10.433) **13 O'Connor, Wexford** Presumably O'Connor is the name of the moving company to which the floats belonged, and they were located in Wexford, south of Dublin, on the eastern shore of Ireland. Possibly this was Michael O'Connor, Provision Warehouse, 101 North Main Street, Wexford (*Wexford County Guide and Directory*, p. 126). (10.435) **14 The reverend Hugh C. Love, Rathcoffey. Present address: Saint Michael's, Sallins** Rathcoffey and Sallins are small towns 26 km to the south and 29 km west of Dublin respectively. It seems the fictional Love is from Rathcoffey, but presently employed at St Michael's Anglican Church in Sallins. The real Hugh C. Love (b.1872), a friend of the Joyces, was a civil servant, not a clergyman (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 140). (10.437) **15 Fitzgeralds** The Fitzgeralds are descended from Maurice Fitz-Gerald (*c.*1110–76), 'one of the early leaders of the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland and [...] ancestor both of the earls of Kildare and of the earls of Desmond' (*DIB*). (10.439) **16 gunpowder plot** When King James I reversed his position of toleration towards Catholics, a plot was hatched to explode twenty barrels of gunpowder under the Parliament building when the king and royal family would be there to open Parliament on 5th November 1605. The plot was leaked, and the conspirators, including Guy Fawkes (1570–1606), were killed. (10.442) **17 earl of Kildare after he set fire to Cashel cathedral** Gerald Fitzgerald (*c.*1456–1513), 8th earl of Kildare (grandfather of Silken Thomas) had a feud with Archbishop Creagh, which led Fitzgerald to set fire to Cashel Cathedral (about 217 km south-west of Dublin) in 1495. When he was brought before King Henry VII to answer for his offence, he responded, 'I would never have doone it, had it not beene told me that the archbishop was within' (Donough Bryan, *Gerald Fitzgerald*, p. 203). (10.444) **18 That was the great earl, the Fitzgerald Mor** In Irish, Gerald Fitzgerald's name is Gearóid Mór. *Mór*: Irish, great. (10.447) **19 Geraldines** An alternate term for the Fitzgerald family (see note at **169:15**). (10.449)

170 **1 Tom Rochford** See note at **130:4**. (10.464) **2 Turn Now On** Turn: 'a public appearance on the stage, preceding or following others' (*OED*). In December 1909, Rochford was granted a patent for a device for music-hall theatres that indicates which act was currently onstage ('turn now on') as well as which acts were over ('turns over'). This was for the benefit of latecomers since it was common for the order of acts to differ from what was listed in the programme (Eamonn Finn, 'Rochford's Invention Turns Up', p. 1). (10.466) **3 Nisi Prius** Latin, 'unless first'; 'The hearing of civil causes by the judges in the Assize Court or (in later Brit. use) Crown Court' (*OED*). (10.471) **4 Richie Goulding** See note at **31:28**. (10.471) **5 costbag** The briefcase of Richie Goulding, a costdrawer

and Stephen's uncle; see note at **31:23**. (10.472) **6 Goulding, Collis and Ward** See note at **68:8**. (10.472) **7 Nosey Flynn** See note at **125:24**. (10.479) **8 Goodnight, M'Coy said abruptly** See note at **52:4**. (10.486) **9 Crampton court** Crampton Court is off Dame Street, south of Grattan Bridge, in the centre of Dublin. (10.491) **10 He's a hero** See note at **130:6**. (10.492) **11 Dan Lowry's musichall** Dan Lowrey (the spelling mistake is Joyce's): owner of the Empire Palace Theatre, also called Star Theatre of Varieties (formerly known as Star Music Hall); located at 72 Dame Street, between Sycamore Street and Crampton Court. In addition to its Dame Street address, *Thom's* also lists it at 1–8 Sycamore Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1470, 1603, 1864). (10.495) **12 Marie Kendall, charming soubrette** See note at **168:21**. (10.495)

171 **1 Sycamore street** Sycamore Street is one block to the east of Crampton Court and runs north-south between Dame Street and Essex Street East. Lenehan and McCoy turn onto Dame Street and walk east towards Sycamore Street, which they take north. (10.497) **2 booky's vest** A garment designed for the bookie trade, with many large pockets for holding betting slips. (10.500) **3 the Dolphin** The Dolphin hotel and restaurant, Michael Nugent, managing director: 9 Sycamore Street, at the intersection of Sycamore and Essex Street East (*Thom's*, p. 1603). Essex Street East becomes Temple Bar as it crosses Eustace Street going east, onto which Lenehan and McCoy turn after reaching the end of Sycamore Street. (10.504) **4 for Jervis street** That is, the ambulance was going to the Jervis Street Hospital and Charitable Infirmary, at 14–20 Jervis Street (*Thom's*, p. 1522), run by the Catholic Sisters of Mercy. (10.505) **5 Lynam's** No Lynam is listed in *Thom's* in this part of Dublin, but Lynam is obviously a bookie. See also note at **162:4**. (10.506) **6 Sceptre's starting price** See note at **96:3**. (10.507) **7 Marcus Tertius Moses' sombre office** Marcus Tertius Moses: wholesale tea merchant, 30 Essex Street East (*Thom's*, p. 1487). Office: 'In extended use: the place in which a person is usually to be found' (*OED*). Moses was also a politician and magistrate and served on the board of directors of several Dublin charities. (10.508) **8 O'Neill's clock** Tea and wine merchant J.J. O'Neill was located at 29 Essex Street East, across the street from Moses's office (*Thom's*, p. 1487). (10.509) **9 After three** The Gold Cup Race was scheduled to run that day in England at 3:00 p.m. GMT (*Freeman's Journal*, 16th June 1904, p. 7, col. e). Since Dublin is on Dunsink time, which is 25 minutes behind GMT, the race started at 2:35 Dublin time, and thus the race is now over. However, the results would not reach Dublin by telegraph until 4:00, therefore Dublin bookies would still be able to place bets. (10.510) **10 O. Madden, Lenehan said** See note at **96:3**. (10.511) **11 And a game filly she is** In 1900 Sceptre, a daughter of Persimmon and Ornament, was sold for 10,000 guineas, the highest purchase price of the time (*EB11*, s.v. horse racing). (10.511) **12 Temple bar** Essex Street East, as it heads east, becomes Temple Bar at the intersection with Eustace Street. The street is named after William Temple (1555–1627), a fellow of King's College and Provost of Trinity College (Bennett). (10.512) **13 Fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there** 'Grace', in *Dubliners*, begins with Kernan's drunken tumble down the stairs of a pub, resulting in the loss of the tip of his tongue (p. 150). (10.513) **14 gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the viceregal cavalcade** That is, the drive in Phoenix Park. This is the beginning of the viceregal cavalcade, from the Viceregal Lodge (now the President's house) in the Park to Pembroke township south-east of the city, where the Mirus Bazaar is being held; see notes at **133:20** and **133:21**. (10.515) **15 They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch** Lenehan and McCoy turn off Temple Bar and go through the passageway beneath this arch to reach the south bank of the Liffey. (10.520) **16 *the Bloom is on the Rye*** From the song 'When the Bloom Is on the Rye' (a.k.a. 'My Pretty Jane') words by Edward Fitzball (real name Edward Ball, 1792–1873) and music by Sir Henry Bishop (1786–1855). (10.524) **17 old one** Hiberno-English, old woman (Dent). (10.526) **18 Liffey street** Liffey Street runs north-south on the north side of the Liffey, beginning at the Wellington Bridge, which crosses the river from the south bank where Lenehan and McCoy are now. (10.526) **19 they crossed to the metal bridge** Properly known as the Wellington Bridge or the Liffey Bridge, and more commonly referred to as the Ha'penny Bridge (after the toll that was levied until 1919). Cast in iron, it is used only by pedestrians and crosses over the river in the centre of Dublin (Bennett). Lenehan and McCoy have not crossed over the bridge, but have approached it and turned west. (10.532) **20 Wellington quay** Wellington Quay lies on the Liffey's south side between Wellington and Grattan Bridges. (10.532) **21 Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's** P. Mangan's pork butcher's shop: 1–2 William Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1622), five blocks south from Wellington quay. Late: 'That was recently [...] but is not now' (*OED*). Bernard Ferenbach (Joyce misspelt his name) was a pork butcher who had a shop at 68 William Street South (*Thom's 1900*, p. 1548), but this had closed by

1903, since the 1904 *Thom's* lists that property as vacant (p. 1623). (10.534) **22 Glencree reformatory** See note at **114:17**. (10.536) **23 Boiled shirt affair** Boiled shirt: 'a white shirt, or more usually a dress shirt' (*Brewer's*); therefore, a boiled-shirt affair is a formal affair. (10.537) **24 Val Dillon** See note at **114:16**. (10.538) **25 sir Charles Cameron** Charles Cameron (1841–1924): Irish owner of several newspapers published in Scotland and Ireland; he served as a Liberal MP from Glasgow (1874–1900) and was knighted for his scientific research and his contributions to public health (*Thom's*, p. 259). (10.538) **26 Dan Dawson** See note at **70:2**. (10.538) **27 Bartell D'Arcy** See note at **114:28**. (10.539) **28 Benjamin Dollard** See note at **70:1**. (10.539) **29 Delahunt of Camden street** Joseph and Sylvester Delahunt: tea, wine and spirit merchants at 42 and 92 Lower Camden Street (*Thom's*, p. 1440). (10.545) **30 bottlewasher** 'One who looks after affairs, a factotum' (*OED*). (10.546)

172 **1 blue o'clock** Rhyming slang, two o'clock. (10.553) **2 Featherbed Mountain** The Featherbed Pass runs north-south through the Wicklow Mountains south of Dublin; see also note at **39:12**. (10.555) **3 Chris Callinan** See note at **102:22**. (10.555) **4 car** This is an Irish outside carriage, or jaunting car, in which the passengers sit on seats on opposite sides of the car facing sideways, not ahead or behind, thus passengers on one side cannot see passengers on the other side (*OED*). (10.556) **5** ***Lo, the early beam of morning*** A quartet (not a duet), from the opera *The Siege of Rochelle* (1835), by Michael William Balfe (1808–70), libretto by Edward Fitzball (real name Edward Ball, 1792–1873). (10.557) **6 cubit** A unit of measurement of about the length of the forearm (*OED*). (10.561) **7 great bear** See note at **154:14**. (10.568) **8 Hercules** A constellation in the northern hemisphere that is supposed to represent a man kneeling on his right knee. (10.569) **9 dragon** Draco (from the Latin for dragon): a constellation in the northern hemisphere. (10.569) **10** ***The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*** *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* (1836): a purported exposé of the shocking behaviour of nuns at the Hôtel Dieu in Montréal by Maria Monk (1816–49), who claimed to have escaped from this nunnery. Over 200,000 copies of both this book and its sequel were sold before Monk was exposed as a fraud (*EB11*). (10.584) **11 Aristotle's *Masterpiece*** A book under the title *Aristotle's Masterpiece* – not actually by Aristotle – began circulating in the seventeenth century. It purports to give medical information about reproduction and is mildly pornographic in nature. Over the years numerous different editions were printed, many of which were illustrated. (10.585) **12 Mrs Purefoy** See note at **116:9**. (10.589) **13** ***Tales of the Ghetto*** **by Leopold von Sacher Masoch** A book by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1835–95); first published in German in 1885 and published under the title *Jewish Tales* in English in 1894. (10.591) **14 shopman** 'Josh Strong was the name of the man who owned the bookshop, and he was a Jew' (Byrne, *Silent Years*, p. 18). Byrne says the address of Strong's shop was at 26 Wellington Quay, in a space partitioned from Aaron Figatner's jewellery shop (see note at **190:4**). (10.594)

173 **1 On O'Connell bridge** See note at **112:2**. (10.599) **2 Mr Denis J. Maginni, professor of dancing &c.** See note at **162:6**. (10.600) **3** ***Fair Tyrants*** **by James Lovebirch** There doesn't seem to be a book by James Lovebirch titled *Fair Tyrants*, but Lovebirch did write books with similar titles: *Les Cinq Fessées de Suzette* (1910; translated in 1925 as *The Flagellation of Suzette*), *L'Avatar de Lucette* (1913), *Peggy Briggs* (1913) and *Au Bon Vieux Temps* (1913). (10.601) **4** ***Sweets of Sin*** The title and the details of this novel appear to be of Joyce's fabrication. In evangelical preaching, the phrase 'sweets of sin' is a generic condemnation of worldly corruption. (10.606) **5** ***deshabillé*** 'A garment worn in undress: a dress or costume of a negligible style' (*OED*). (10.612) **6** ***embonpoint*** 'Plumpness, well-nourished appearance of body: in complimentary or euphemistic sense' (*OED*); from the French *en bon point* (in good condition). (10.616) **7 the building of the courts of chancery** Properly known as the Four Courts, which houses the high courts of Ireland; on Inns Quay on the north bank of the Liffey. The domed and columned structure is one of Dublin's most striking buildings (Bennett). (10.625) **8 case in lunacy of Potterton** The *Freeman's Journal* for 16th June 1904 lists under 'Law Notices This Day' the cases mentioned here: 'High Court of Justice. Chancery Division. Lord Chancellor – In Lunacy – Before the Registrar – 11:30 o'clock [...] Potterton' (p. 2, col. d); 'King's Bench Division – Admiralty – 1:30 o'clock – Ex Parte Motions. Summons – The Owners of the Lady Cairns v the Owners of the Barque of Mona' (col. e). Under 'Yesterday. Court of Appeal' it lists: 'Litigation About A Policy. Re: Arbitration Between Harvey and The Ocean Accident And Guarantee Corporation, Limited [...] The Court reserved judgment' (col. a). (10.627) **9 Dillon's auctionrooms** See note at **96:4**. (10.642)

174 **1 Bang of the lastlap bell** The bell is from the bicycle race in College Park (see note at **66:3**). The *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904 reports the order of finish: 'Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap – J. A. Jackson, 10 yds., 1; W.H.T. Gahan, sch., 2. Also completed – T.W. Fitzgerald, 30; A. Henderson, 50. Time 1 min. 16 secs. Second heat – W.E. Wylie, 20 yds., 1; A. Munro, 35 yds., 2. Also completed – T.C. Furlong, sch. Won by three lengths. Time, 1 min. 17 secs' (p. 3, col. i). (10.651) **2 Williams's row** Runs between Bachelor's Walk (along the Liffey) and Abbey Street Middle. (10.654) **3 your uncle John the cornetplayer** See note at **31:24**. (10.658) **4 James's street** James's Street leads past the south side of the Guinness Brewery in western Dublin. (10.673) **5 Scotch house** See note at **117:10**. (10.675) **6 blatant** 'Noisy; offensively or vulgarly clamorous; bellowing' (*OED*). (10.690)

175 **1 I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr Dedalus said** According to Stanislaus Joyce, John Joyce would preface threats to his small children with the line 'I'll show you a little trick' (Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, p. 235). (10.697) **2 Jack Power** See note at **67:2**. (10.699) **3 O'Connell street** See note at **56:13**. (10.703) **4 out of Parkgate** See note at **102:2**. (10.709) **5 Is it little sister Monica!** St Monica's Widows' Alms House, 'under care of the Sisters of Charity': 35–38 Belvedere Place in north-eastern Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1425). (10.716) **6 From the sundial towards James's Gate walked Mr Kernan** The sundial Kernan encounters as he walks east on James's Street is at the intersection of Bow Lane and James's Street. St James's Gate occupies the block on the north side of James's Street as it heads east and turns into Thomas Street. (10.718) **7 Pulbrook Robertson** The tea firm Kernan works for (see notes at **55:17** and **512:14**). (10.719) **8 Shackleton's offices** George Shackleton and Sons: flour millers and corn merchants, 35 James's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1521). (10.720) **9 Mr Crimmins** William C. Crimmins sold tea, wine and spirits at shops at 28 James's Street and 61 Pimlico (*Thom's*, p. 1843). Crimmins was a graduate of Trinity College and a Poor Law Guardian, an administrator of the Poor Relief Act of 1838, which attempted to alleviate poverty through workhouses. (10.721) **10 Terrible affair that General Slocum explosion** See note at **133:8**. (10.725) **11 Palmoil** Bribes, or rather money for bribes, fees, etc. (*Brewer's*). Graft was responsible for the *General Slocum's* failure to meet safety standards, and therefore for the deaths of its passengers. A $1,000 lien issued against the ship had been reduced to $25 so that the ship could operate despite its rotten firehoses. (10.731) **12 Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance** In 'Grace', in *Dubliners*, we are told of Kernan's penchant for fancy dress (p. 153). (10.738) **13 Peter Kennedy, hairdresser** Peter Kennedy's hairdresser shop: 48 James's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1521). (10.743) **14 Scott of Dawson street** William Scott & Co.: military and merchant tailors, riding breeches and habit makers: 2 Lower Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1582). (10.743)

176 **1 Neary** Edward Neary: tailor for soldiers and sailors, 15 Anne Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1414). (10.744) **2 Kildare street club** See note at **66:10**. (10.745) **3 John Mulligan, the manager of the Hibernian bank** Hibernian Bank: 23–27 College Green (*Thom's* p. 1458), managing director John Mulligan (p. 1029). (10.746) **4 Carlisle bridge** The original name of the O'Connell Bridge (see note at **112:2**); named after Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748–1825), who was viceroy just before the bridge was first built in 1790. (10.747) **5 Knight of the road** A commercial traveller (*OED*). (10.748) **6 The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying has it** In *Siris* (1744), George Berkeley writes that tar water (used medicinally in the eighteenth century) is 'of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate' (pp. 100–1). In *The Task* (1785), William Cowper (1731–1800) adapted Berkeley's description of tar water to tea: 'The cups that cheer but not inebriate' (IV, 34). (10.750) **7 North wall and sir John Rogerson's quay** The last two quays on the Liffey, on its north and south banks, where it empties into Dublin Bay; see also note at **55:1**. (10.752) **8 sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway** For the throwaway, see notes at **111:7** and **111:12**. Sailed: assailed (*OED*). The throwaway is now travelling westward, even though the Liffey flows east to the sea, because the ferry's wake has temporarily reversed ('assailed') its momentum. (10.753) **9 Returned Indian officer** British officers with sunburns were presumed to have served in India. The redness ('high colour') of Kernan's face is due to drink and not military service in India. (10.756) **10 Is that Lambert's brother over the way, Sam?** See note at **69:2** for Ned Lambert. (10.757) **11 Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered** Robert Emmet (see note at **86:7**) was beheaded, not drawn and quartered, after being hanged. The execution took place outside St Catherine's Church, on the south side of Thomas Street. Kernan is heading towards Thomas Street West,

which continues James's Street eastward. (10.764) **12 Dogs licking the blood off the street** An hour after Emmet's execution, 'a woman who lived nearby saw dogs lapping [Emmet's blood] up' (Helen Landreth, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*, p. 352). (10.765) **13 lord lieutenant's wife** Kernan embellishes the story of Emmet's execution by making the eyewitness Elizabeth Yorke, wife of Philipe Yorke, third earl of Hardwicke, lord lieutenant of Ireland (1801–1806). (10.765) **14 noddy** 'A light two-wheeled hackney-carriage' (*OED*). (10.766) **15 saint Michan's? Or no, there was a midnight burial in Glasnevin** The location of Emmet's grave is unknown. Glasnevin is where Paddy Dignam was buried (see note at **76:20**). St Michan's Church is on Church Street, near the Four Courts. Its vaults contain the remains of many of the heroes of the 1798 rebellion, but not Emmet's. In 1903, a search of the premises failed to locate his remains and, likewise, a search of Glasnevin proved fruitless. (10.769) **16 Watling street by the corner of Guinness's visitors' waitingroom** The visitor's waiting room was at the corner of James's Street and Watling Street (1 Watling Street and 87 James's Street) at the south-east corner of the Guinness Brewery (*Thom's*, p. 1614). (10.773) **17 Dublin Distillers Company's stores** The Dublin Distillers Company's distillery stores: 21–32 Watling Street (*Thom's*, p. 1615). (10.774) **18 outside car** Another name for a jaunting car (*OED*), for which see note at **172:4**. (10.775) **19 Tipperary bosthoon** Hiberno-English, 'idle, foolish, brainless, good-for-nothing' (Dolan). Kernan used this word in 'Grace' in *Dubliners* (p. 160). (10.776) **20 John Henry Menton's office** See note at **78:8**. (10.778) **21 Messrs Collis and Ward** See note at **68:8**. (10.780) **22 Island street** Island Street is one block south of and parallel to the Liffey, immediately east of Guinness's Brewery. It is named for its proximity to Usher's Island. (10.781) **23 Times of the troubles** That is, the Rebellion of 1798, in which mostly Catholic insurgents rose up against the forces of Protestant authority. The rebellion was easily crushed, but the fact that it happened at all gave the British cause for anxiety. The result was the Act of Union in 1800, which established Ireland and Great Britain as a single kingdom, subject to the laws of the British Parliament (*NHI*, vol. 4, p. 369). (10.781) **24 those reminiscences of sir Jonah Barrington** Sir Jonah Barrington (*c.*1756–1834): the author of *Personal Sketches of His Own Time* (three volumes, 1827–32) and *Historic Memoirs of Ireland* (two volumes, 1809 and 1833). Besides being a historian, Barrington was also a judge and an MP who opposed the Act of Union (*DIB*). (10.782) **25 Gaming at Daly's** Daly's was a club on the north side of College Green, built in 1790 but closed in 1823. It was connected to Parliament by a private way and was renowned for 'Dicing, duelling, high play, and heavy drinking' (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 206). (10.784) **26 Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major Sirr. Stables behind Moira house** Lord Edward Fitzgerald (1763–98): a member of the Irish Parliament who became a leading member of the United Irishmen, a group committed to the overthrow of British rule. A revolt was plotted to begin in 23rd May 1798, but Henry Charles Sirr (1764–1841), the town major of Dublin, set out to capture Fitzgerald. On 17th May, Sirr attempted to capture Fitzgerald at Watling Street (where Kernan is walking), but Fitzgerald escaped. He was captured the following day and died in prison on 1st June of wounds inflicted by Sirr (*NHI*, vol. 4, p. 354). Moira House is on Usher's Quay. It had been the property of Francis Rowden, earl of Moira, who gave sanctuary there to Fitzgerald's wife Pamela while he was on the run in 1798 (Bennett, s.v. quays). (10.785) **27 Fine dashing young nobleman** Many of the key figures in the rebellion of 1798 – such as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet – were upper-class Protestants. (10.788) **28 that sham squire** The 'sham squire' was Francis Higgins; for whom see note at **95:7**. Higgins was an informant who got £1,000 for telling Major Sirr of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's whereabouts in 1798. (10.789) **29 They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that is: Ingram** From 'The Memory of the Dead' (1843), a poem by John Kells Ingram (1823–1907) about the rebels of 1798: 'They rose in dark and evil days, / To right their native land' (ll. 33–34). (10.790) **30 *At the siege of Ross did my father fall*** From the song 'The Croppy Boy'; see note at **206:20**. Ross, in County Wexford, was the site of a battle, on 5th June 1798, between a large force of poorly armed Wexford rebels (nicknamed Croppy Boys) and a small but well-armed British force who eventually won. (10.793) **31 cavalcade in easy trot along Pembroke quay** Pembroke Quay, on the northern side of the Liffey, is across from Kernan, who is in Watling Street. This is now called Ellis Quay. (10.794)

177 1 prove To test the genuineness of an object (*OED*). (10.801) **2 winedark stones** After the Homeric epithet 'winedark sea'; see note at **6:9**. (10.804) **3 Born all in the dark wormy earth** Recalls Milton's description of Mammon's crew mining for gold: 'And with impious hands / Rifl'd the bowels of their mother Earth / For treasures better hid'

(*Paradise Lost*, 1, 686–88); see also note at **23:8**. (10.805) **4 Old Russell** Thomas Russell: lapidary and gem cutter, Fleet Street, one block south of the Liffey, near O'Connell Bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1494). (10.812) **5 Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard** Suggests a passage from Yeats's 'The Eaters of Precious Stones' from *The Celtic Twilight* (1893): 'One day I saw faintly an immense pit of blackness, round which went a circular parapet, and on this parapet sat innumerable apes eating precious stones out of the palms of their hands' (p. 167). (10.813) **6 brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes** See note at **110:2**. (10.815) **7 Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting** See note at **31:5**. (10.816) **8 through Irishtown along London bridge road** For Irishtown, see note at **67:9**. These are the 'midwives' Stephen saw in 'Proteus'. London Bridge crosses the River Dodder. (10.818) **9 the powerhouse** At 49–56 Fleet Street, east of Thomas Russell's lapidary shop, was the Dublin Corporation Electric Light Station (*Thom's*, p. 1494). (10.821) **10 Throb always without you and the throb always within** Echoes a passage from *The Mettle of the Pasture* by James Lane Allen (1849–1925) that Joyce quoted in his review of that novel for the *Daily Express* on 17th September 1903: 'Our wills may indeed reach the length of our arms, or as far as our voices can penetrate space; but without us and within us moves one universe that saves us or ruins us only for its own purposes' (p. 125; quoted in *OCPW*, p. 83). (10.822) **11 Between two roaring worlds where they swirl** Suggests the two treacherous sea-lane obstacles Odysseus confronts, Scylla and Charybdis; although only Charybdis is a whirlpool. (10.824) **12 Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time** Stephen is walking by William Walsh's clockmaking shop at 1 Bedford Row (*Thom's*, p. 1424). (10.828) **13 You say right, sir. A Monday morning, 'twas so, indeed** From *Hamlet*: 'You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so indeed' (Act II, Sc. 2, 415–16). (10.828) **14 down Bedford row** Bedford Row runs north-south between Aston Quay, on the Liffey's south bank, and Fleet Street, just to the west of O'Connell Bridge. (10.830) **15 Clohissey's window** Malachi Clohisey ran a bookstore at 10–11 Bedford Row (*Thom's*, pp. 1424, 1833). On an early draft, Joyce originally spelt his name 'Clohisey' after the 1904 *Thom's*, but on a page proof changed this to 'Clohissey', the more usual spelling for this name. However, the 1901 census corroborates the spelling in the 1904 *Thom's* as 'Clohisey'. (10.831) **16 1860 print of Heenan boxing Sayers** An international boxing championship match held in Farnborough, England on 7th April 1860 between the reigning champion, Englishman Tom Sayers, and the challenger, American J.C. Heenan. The fight lasted over two hours and was ultimately declared a draw; it was so brutal and bloody that it led to a ban on bare-knuckle boxing in England (*EB11*, s.v. pugilism). The print on display is a photogravure lithograph entitled 'The International Contest between Heenan and Sayers' (William Sayers, '"A faded 1860 print of Heenan boxing Sayers"', pp. 283–86). (10.831) **17** ***The Irish Beekeeper*** The journal of the Irish Beekeeper's Association, published at 15 Crow Street (*Thom's*, p. 1465). (10.838) **18** ***Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars*** After the book *Life of the Curé d'Ars* by the Abbé Alfred Monnin (1865). The phrase 'Life and Miracles' is normally reserved for the lives of saints and the curé of Ars, Jean-Baptiste Marie Vianney (1786–1859), was not canonized until 3rd May 1925. (10.838) **19** ***Pocket Guide to Killarney*** Killarney is a very popular scenic vacation spot in south-western Ireland. Several guides were in print for prospective visitors, but the National Library of Ireland has no listing for this specific title. (10.839) **20** ***Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti*** Latin, 'To Stephen Dedalus, the best student, bearing the palm'. (10.840) **21 the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers** Donnycarney is 4.8 km from central Dublin on the Malahide Road, near Artane. Vespers are one of the four great canonical hours (see notes at **164:19** and **164:22**) and are said towards evening. (10.842) **22 Eighth and ninth book of Moses. Secret of all secrets** The Pentateuch has just five books, although over the years other 'lost' books have been proposed and propagated by various mystical sects. The copy here corresponds to a German book: *Achtes und* [*sic*] *neuntes Buch Mosis oder der egyptische Hausschatz, das Geheimnis aller Geheimmnisse* [*sic*] (*Eighth and ninth book of Moses, or the Egyptian house treasure, the secret of all secrets*), published in Dresden in the mid-nineteenth century (Viktor Link, '*Ulysses* and the Eighth and Ninth Book of Moses', pp. 199–203). (10.844) **23 Seal of King David** The shield of David or *magen David*, shaped like a six-pointed star, has become a symbol of Judaism. (10.845) **24** ***Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.*** From the fourth (of nine) charms in the 'charms of St Ignatius' chapter of the *Eighth and Ninth Book of Moses*. The phrase is described as a formula that can be used to win the love of a woman. The line, as a whole, means something like: 'Little heaven of blessed femininity, love only me. Holy! Amen.' (10.849)

178 **1 Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka** From the full title of the 'charms of St Ignatius' chapter of the *Eighth and Ninth Book of Moses*: '*Zauberformeln des heiligen Ignatius. Entdeckt und der ganzen Menschheit zu Nutz und Frommen zugänglich gemacht vom Pater Salanka, Prior eines beruhmten spanischen Trappistenklosters*' ('Magic formulas of the holy Ignatius. Discovered and made accessible for all mankind's use and profit by Pater Salanka, prior of a famous Spanish cloister'). Joyce mistranscribed 'Pater [Father] Salanka' as 'Peter Salanka' (Link, p. 201). (10.850) **2 Joachim's. Down, baldynoddle, or we'll wool your wool** A loose translation of a Latin phrase given in 'Proteus': '*Descende, calve, ut ne nimium decalveris*' (see note at **32:14**). (10.852) **3 Stuart face of nonesuch Charles** Charles I (1600–49): of the house of Stuart. His conflict with parliament led to the English Civil War (1642–51). He had a stutter. Nonesuch: 'An unparalleled person or thing' (*OED*, s.v. nonsuch). (10.858) **4 pinchbeck** 'Of deceptive appearance and small value' (*OED*). (10.860) **5 Chardenal's French primer** C.A. Chardenal, *The Standard French Primer* (London: Hachette, 1877). (10.867) **6 Agenbite** See note at **14:6**. (10.875) **7 Reddy and Daughter's** Richard Reddy: antique dealer, 19 Lower Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1563). For the 1904 *Thom's*, the business name did not include the daughter; this was added in for the 1908 directory, which coincided with the move to the larger premises next door at 20 Lower Ormond Quay (*Thom's 1908*, p. 2090; *JJD*, p. 124). (10.884) **8 Father Cowley brushed his moustache** Bob Cowley is consistently referred to by the narrator as 'Father Cowley', although he does not seem to be a priest, since a priest would not have a moustache and would be addressed as 'Father' rather than by his first name. (10.884) **9 What's the best news?** A standard greeting (Dent). (10.886) **10 gombeen** See note at **147:32**. (10.890) **11 Reuben of that ilk** Reuben J. Dodd; see note at **72:5**. (10.892) **12 Long John** Long John Fanning, the subsheriff of Dublin; see note at **90:17**. (10.893) **13 bockedy** Hiberno-English (also spelt 'bockady'), lame, defective (PWJ, p. 218). (10.897)

179 **1 metal bridge** The Metal Bridge is just east of where Dedalus and Cowley now stand; see note at **171:19**. (10.899) **2 cutaway** A type of coat, in particular 'having the skirt cut back in a slope or curve, as contrasted with a frock-coat' (*OED*). (10.901) **3 slops** Loose trousers (*OED*). (10.901) **4 jewman** Tailor; after jewing: tailoring (Partridge); tailoring being a profession stereotypically associated with Jews. (10.916) **5 *basso profondo*** 'A deep bass voice, having a compass of about two octaves above the D below the bass stave' (*OED*). (10.918) **6 Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell** See note at **117:2**. (10.919) **7 Kildare street club** See note at **66:10**. (10.920) **8 James and Charles Kennedy's, rectifiers** James and Charles Kennedy: wholesale liquor dealers, 31–32 Mary's Abbey and 150–51 Capel Street (*Thom's*, p. 1540). To rectify liquor is 1) to refine it by a repeated distillation, 2) to raise its strength to a required level, 3) to flavour it some way after it has been made (*OED*). Hugh C. Love has turned south out of St Mary's Abbey and is walking down Capel Street towards the Liffey. (10.929) **9 Geraldines** Love is writing a book about the Fitzgeralds; see notes at **169:15** and **169:19**. (10.930) **10 towards the Tholsel beyond the ford of hurdles** The Tholsel (Irish, 'toll collector's hut') was the old city hall, built around 1311 on Skinner's Row opposite Christ Church cathedral on the south side of the Liffey; this was demolished in 1791 (Bennett). 'Ford of hurdles' is a translation of the Irish *áth cliath*; the Irish name for Dublin is *Baile Átha Cliath*, Town of the Ford of Hurdles. There used to be a bridge, or ford, over the Liffey at Dublin made of wicker hurdles (P.W. Joyce, *Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 45). Thus, the Tholsel and the ford of hurdles are artefacts of Dublin's past, no longer extant in 1904. (10.930) **11 subsheriff's office** The City of Dublin Sheriff's offices were located at 30 Ormond Quay Upper (*Thom's*, p. 1564), about 400 metres west up the quayside from where Cowley, Dedalus and Dollard now stand. (10.934) **12 Rock** See note at **124:8**. (10.935) **13 Lobengula** Lobengula (*c.*1833–94): king of the Matabele (a Zulu people) 1870–94; he died in battle fighting against English colonial incursions (*EB11*, s.v. Rhodesia). (10.935) **14 Lynchehaun** James Lynchehaun (*c.*1858–*c.*1937). In 1894, on Achill Island (off the western coast), Lynchehaun tried to kill Agnes MacDonnell, the English-born woman he worked for. The local peasantry helped him hide from capture, but in 1895 he was arrested and sentenced to life in prison. He fled to America, where authorities refused to extradite him. He is the model for the character Christy in Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* (1907) (*DIB*). (10.936) **15 I saw John Henry Menton casually in the Bodega just now** The Bodega Co. (Limited), 'wine and spirit merchants and importers': located in the Commercial Buildings, 41a Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1460). Casually: by chance (*OED*). (10.936) **16 on the right lay** Lay: plan (*OED*); therefore, 'on the lay': 'on the right

track'. (10.938) **17 shraums** Shraum: Hiberno-English, 'A mucous deposit'; from the Irish *sream*: phlegm (*OED*). (10.942) **18 distrained** To distrain: 'to constrain or force (a person) by the seizure and detention of a chattel or thing, to perform some obligation (as to pay money owed by him)' (*OED*). (10.943) **19 29 Windsor avenue** The Joyces lived at 29 Windsor Avenue (in Fairview, north-eastern Dublin) from 1898–99. John Joyce paid only a quarter of the rent but, like Cowley, took advantage of a legal fault in the lease and was able to stay on until eviction proceedings were taken. The house was owned by the mother of Hugh C. Love; see note at **169:14** (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 140). (10.946)

180 **1 Barabbas** See note at **72:11**. (10.950) **2 he can put that writ where Jacko put the nuts** Put it where the monkey put the nuts: 'go to blazes' (Partridge); Jacko: generic name for a monkey (*OED*, s.v. jocko). (10.950) **3 Martin Cunningham** See note at **61:20**. (10.956) **4 Castleyard gate** The Cork Hill entrance to Dublin Castle (see note at **118:30**), where Mr Power, Mr Cunningham and John Wyse Nolan work. (10.957) **5 the waiting jarvey** See note at **52:1**. (10.960) **6 towards Lord Edward street** Lord Edward Street is just north of Castleyard Gate. Cunningham, Power and Nolan will walk past it on their way to Kavanagh's bar at 27 Parliament Street. (10.961) **7 Bronze by gold** See note at **188:1**. (10.962) **8 Mr Power suggested** See note at **67:2**. (10.966) **9 Boyd?** Possibly William A. Boyd, esq., general secretary of the Dublin Y.M.C.A., residence at 11 Brighton Square, Rathgar (*Thom's*, pp. 1758, 1813; *SS*, p. 11). (10.967) **10 Touch me not** To touch: to ask for money (Partridge). This phrase, with a different meaning, occurs in the Gospels: 'Touch me not. For I am not yet ascended to my Father' (John 20:17). (10.967) **11 John Wyse Nolan** See note at **129:10**. (10.968) **12 Cork hill** A short road off Dame Street that leads to Lord Edward Street. (10.969) **13 On the steps of the City hall Councillor Nannetti** The Dublin City Hall is next door to the Castle and on the men's path to Lord Edward Street. See note at **89:7** for Nannetti. (10.970) **14 Alderman Cowley** There is no such person in either *Thom's* list of the members of the Dublin Corporation or in its index of Nobility, Gentry, Merchants and Traders. (10.971) **15 Councillor Abraham Lyon** Abraham Lyon was sitting on the Dublin City Council for Clontarf West Ward in the 1903–1904 term (*Thom's*, p. 1347). (10.971) **16 The castle car wheeled empty into upper Exchange street** Upper Exchange Street runs from Cork Hill down towards Essex Street, where it becomes Exchange Street Lower. (10.972) **17 *Mail* office** The Dublin *Evening Mail*, *Daily Express* and *Weekly Warder* had offices at 38–40 Parliament Street (*Thom's*, p. 1566). (10.973) **18 there is much kindness in the jew** From *The Merchant of Venice*: Antonio's line to Shylock when he agrees to lend Antonio money at the hazard of the loss of a pound of flesh if he fails to repay on time (Act I, Sc. 3, 154). (10.980) **19 Jimmy Henry** James J. Henry: the assistant town clerk of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1896). (10.982) **20 Kavanagh's** James Kavanagh, tea, wine and spirit merchant: 27 Parliament Street, at its corner with Essex Gate and at 42 Wentworth Place (*Thom's*, p. 1566). (10.982) **21 Outside *la Maison Claire*** See note at **122:18**. (10.984) **22 Jack Mooney's brother-in-law** See note at **57:6**. (10.984) **23 the liberties** See note at **30:24**. (10.985) **24 Micky Anderson's watches** Michael Anderson's watchmaking shop: 30 Parliament Street, just before Kavanagh's wine-rooms (*Thom's*, p. 1566). (10.988)

181 **1 Henry Clay** A cigar brand named after an American politician and two-time presidential candidate (1777–1852) (*OED*). (10.1001) **2 conscript fathers** A translation of the Latin phrase *'Patres Conscripti'*: the name given to the Roman Senate, and thus, by extension, to any legislative body, such as here the Dublin City Council. (10.1004) **3 Hell open to christians** In 1688, the Italian Jesuit Giovanni Pietro Pinamonti (1632–1703) wrote a tract that was translated in 1868 as *Hell Opened to Christians; To Caution Them from Entering into It*. The sermons which so terrified Stephen in the third chapter of *Portrait* derive from this pamphlet. (10.1006) **4 Where was the marshal** John Howard Parnell is the city marshal; see note at **121:5**. (10.1007) **5 old Barlow the macebearer** John Barlow: 'Mace Bearer and Officer of Commons' (*Thom's*, p. 1349). The mace-bearer carries the mace or emblem of authority before the lord mayor in official processions. (10.1008) **6 Hutchinson, the lord mayor** Joseph Hutchinson: lord mayor of Dublin, 1904–1905 (*Thom's 1905*, pp. 1387, 1442). (10.1010) **7 Llandudno** A seaside resort in north Wales. (10.1010) **8 Lorcan Sherlock** The Secretary of the Dublin Corporation (*Thom's*, p. 1347) and later the lord mayor (1912–15). (10.1011) **9 *locum tenens*** Latin, 'holding place'; therefore 'a deputy, substitute, lieutenant, or representative' (*Black's Law Dictionary*). (10.1011) **10 longfaced man whose beard and gaze hung intently down on a chessboard** J.F. Byrne used to play chess with John Howard Parnell at the Dublin Bread Company, while Joyce, who knew nothing of chess, watched (*Silent Years*, p. 43). (10.1046)

182 1 translated a white bishop To translate: to transfer; 'to remove a bishop from one see to another, or a bishop's seat from one place to another' (*OED*). (10.1050) **2** ***mélange*** French, mixture. A café mélange has coffee, milk, water, whipped cream and castor sugar (*OED*). (10.1054) **3 D. B. C.** See notes at **120:20** and **121:9**. (10.1058) **4 newbought book** Haines's 'newbought book' is Douglas Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught*; see note at **137:10**. (10.1060) **5 14 Nelson street** Nelson Street intersects Eccles Street at the centre of its length and runs south-south-east. 14 Nelson Street was the address of a Private Hotel; Mary McManus was the proprietor (*Thom's*, p. 1555). (10.1063) **6** ***England expects*** See note at **165:8**. (10.1064) **7 Wandering Ængus** See note at **157:13**. (10.1066) **8** ***idée fixe*** French, 'fixed idea'; an obsession (*OED*). (10.1068) **9 They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell** In Chapter 3 of *Portrait*, Stephen is subjected to a long and horrifying sermon on hell at a retreat for schoolboys; see also note at **181:3**. (10.1072) **10 He will never capture the Attic note** That is, the spirit of fifth-century-BC Athens, its golden age. (10.1072) **11 note of Swinburne** In poems such as 'Hymn to Proserpine' (1866), Swinburne laments the passing of the Greek gods, whom he saw as vital and sensuous, and their substitution by 'barren' (l. 17) Christian ideals. (10.1073) **12 white death and the ruddy birth** Line 34 from Swinburne's poem 'Genesis' (1871). (10.1073) **13 He can never be a poet** See note at **32:27**. (10.1074) **14 Professor Pokorny of Vienna** Professor Julius Pokorny (1887–1970): a Celtic scholar and lecturer on Celtic philology in Vienna from 1914–1921, and a Professor of Celtic at the University of Berlin from 1921. In 1904, Pokorny was only 17 and not yet a scholar. (10.1078) **15 no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth** This paraphrases a claim by Julius Pokorny: '*Die irische heidnische Religion kennt keine Hölle*' ('The Irish heathen religion knows no Hell') (*Die älteste Lyrik der grünen Insel*, pp. 9–10 n). Pokorny's book was published after *Ulysses*. Pokorny speculated that Joyce may have heard his thoughts on this matter in a public lecture or conversation in Dublin in 1912, when the two men were both in the city (Fritz Senn, 'No Trace of Hell', p. 256). There is an otherworld in ancient Irish myth, *Tír na nÓg*, but this is not populated by the souls of the dead. See note at **143:24**. (10.1082) **16 He is going to write something in ten years** Joyce began writing *Ulysses* in 1914. When Gogarty introduced Joyce to Trench (the model for Haines), he announced, 'This is the man who intends to write a novel in fifteen years' (Ellmann, p. 172). (10.1089) **17 beyond new Wapping street past Benson's ferry** New Wapping Street runs north-south from the North Wall Quay, on the Liffey's north bank near the river's mouth. *Thom's* lists no Benson's Ferry, but there is a Benson Street on the south side of North Wall Quay. (10.1097)

183 1 threemasted schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgwater with bricks The *Freeman's Journal* for 16th June 1904, under 'Shipping News', reported the arrival of this ship on 15th June, 'Rosevean, from Bridgwater, with bricks' (p. 3, col. i). Bath bricks were manufactured solely at Bridgwater, about 240 km north of London (*EB11*, s.v. Bridgwater). See also note at **40:3**. (10.1098) **2 past Holles street** Holles Street runs north from the north-east corner of Merrion Square, in the south-east section of Dublin. Artifoni is walking along the north side of Merrion Square heading towards Lower Mount Street, which runs east from the north-east corner of the square. Farrell and the blind stripling are also headed in this direction, although Farrell will reverse his course. (10.1101) **3 Sewell's yard** James Walter Sewell and Son and James Simpson operated a horse-stable-and-livery establishment at 60 Lower Mount Street (*Thom's*, p. 1550). (10.1101) **4 Mr Law Smith's house** Philip H. Law Smith, MA, LL D: barrister with offices at 14 Clare Street, which intersects with the north-west corner of Merrion Square (*Thom's*, p. 1455). (10.1103) **5 Merrion square** One of the finest squares of Georgian Dublin, with a park at its centre; laid out in 1752 and home to many prominent people, such as Oscar Wilde, Daniel O'Connell, W.B. Yeats and George Russell (Bennett). (10.1104) **6 College Park** College Park, or College Green, comprises the eastern part of the Trinity College campus, where its playing fields are located. Its south-eastern corner is a short distance away from Merrion Square. (10.1105) **7 Mr Lewis Werner's cheerful windows** Louis Werner was an ophthalmic surgeon who worked at Mater Misericordiae Hospital and Royal Victoria Eye and Ear Hospital and lived at 31 Merrion Square North (*Thom's*, p. 1544). He is not the same Louis Werner mentioned in 'Hades'; see note at **71:4**. (10.1107) **8 corner of Wilde's** In 1855 Oscar Wilde and his parents, Sir William and Lady Wilde, moved into the large house at 1 Merrion Square North. In 1904 the house was occupied by Charles H. Dowling, a dental surgeon (*Thom's*, p. 1544). (10.1109) **9 Elijah's name announced on the Metropolitan Hall** The announcement is a poster for John Alexander Dowie; see note at **111:13**. The Metropolitan Hall is on Lower Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1408), on the other side of the river. The poster is, instead,

on Merrion Hall, an Evangelical church on the corner of Lower Merrion Street and Denzille Street, around the corner from Merrion Square. (10.1109) **10 pleasance of duke's lawn** Pleasance: a pleasure ground attached to a mansion (*OED*). Duke's Lawn: the lawn at the back side of Leinster House, facing Merrion Square. Leinster House was originally built in 1745 as the home for James Fitzgerald (1722–73), 20th Earl of Kildare and First Duke of Leinster. In 1904 it housed the Royal Dublin Society; from 1924 it has served as the seat of the Irish Parliament (Bennett). (10.1110) **11** ***Coactus volui*** Latin, 'under compulsion, I was willing'. From Justinian's (483–565) *Digest* of Roman law: *'Si metu coactus adii hereditatem, puto me heredem effici, quia quamvis si liberum esset noluissem, tamen coactus volui'* ('If compelled through fear to submit to [such an] inheritance, I suppose that I accept my hereditary estate, because, although I would not have been willing if I were free [to choose], under compulsion, I was willing') (IV.2.21.5). (10.1113) **12 Clare street** Clare Street intersects Nassau Street and runs into the north-west corner of Merrion Square. (10.1114) **13 he strode past Mr Bloom's dental windows** Marcus J. Bloom: dental surgeon on call at Maynooth College and at one time a lecturer at St Vincent's Hospital. His office was at 2 Clare Street (*Thom's*, p. 1810). His father was born Jewish but converted to Catholicism on marriage (Hyman, p. 139). He is unrelated to (the fictional) Bloom. (10.1115) **14 thewless** 'Without energy, inert, spiritless' (*OED*). (10.1117) **15 You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard** Nor: than (*OED*). After Deuteronomy 27:18: 'Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way'. (10.1119) **16 Ruggy O'Donohoe's** M. O'Donohoe: proprietor of the International Bar at 23 Wicklow Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1622, 1975), on the corner of William Street and St Andrew Street. Ruggy is presumably his nickname. (10.1122) **17 Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's** See note at **171:21**. (10.1123) **18 Wicklow street** Wicklow Street intersects Grafton Street at a right angle from the west. Dignam is going south-east. After turning north onto Grafton Street, he turns east-south-east on Nassau Street, and then towards his home in Sandymount. (10.1124) **19 Mrs Stoer and Mrs Quigley and Mrs MacDowell** *Thom's* lists two Stoers living in Sandymount: John Stoer, Esq., 15 New Grove Avenue and F.H. Stoer, 83 Tritonville Road (*Thom's*, p. 2018). There is no one by the name of Quigley. (10.1125) **20 uncle Barney** Paddy Dignam's brother-in-law is named Bernard Corrigan; see note at **455:21**. (10.1127) **21 Tunney's** William J. Tunney: grocer, 8 Bridge Street in Ringsend (south of the Liffey's mouth) and at 10 Haddington Road, in south Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 2028). (10.1128) **22 Wicklow lane** Wicklow Lane is a small street off the western end of Wicklow Street. (10.1130) **23 Madame Doyle, court dress milliner** Madame Doyle: 'court dress and millinery warerooms', 33 Wicklow Street (*Thom's*, p. 1622). (10.1130) **24 puckers stripped to their pelts** Boxers; from the Irish *poc*: a sharp, sudden blow (*OED*). (10.1131) **25 putting up their props** That is, getting ready to fight; props: arms (Partridge). (10.1132) **26 Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will meet sergeantmajor Bennett** An Irishman named Myler L. Keogh and a fighter named Garry, a sergeant-major in the British army from the 6th Dragoons, were the second entry in a civilian/military boxing tournament held on 29th April 1904. Keogh knocked out Garry in the third round (*Freeman's Journal*, 30th April 1904, p. 7, col. b). Joyce substitutes Garry's name with that of Percy Bennet, the consul-general in Zurich (see Ellmann, p. 426). (10.1133) **27 Portobello bruiser** See note at **126:14**. (10.1134) **28 bar** Dublin slang, one shilling (Dent). (10.1136) **29 do a bunk** To sneak off (Partridge). (10.1137) **30 Marie Kendall, charming soubrette** See note at **168:21**. (10.1141) **31 mots that do be in the packets of fags** That is, young Dignam has seen a picture of Marie Kendall on a picture card that came in a cigarette pack. Mot: Hiberno-English, 'A promiscuous woman or girl' (*OED*); see also note at **37:9**. For 'does be' see note at **130:1**. (10.1142) **32 Stoer** See note at **183:19**. (10.1143) **33 best pucker going for strength was Fitzsimons** Robert Fitzsimmons (1862–1917): an English heavyweight boxer; in 1897 he became world champion when he knocked out J.J. Corbett (see next note) by hitting him in the solar plexus. In 1899, Fitzsimmons lost to American James J. Jeffries (1875–1953). For pucker, see note at **183:24**. (10.1145)

184 1 best pucker for science was Jem Corbet Science: 'Knowledge acquired by study; acquaintance with or mastery of any department of learning' (*OED*). James John 'Gentleman Jim' Corbett (1866–1933): American boxer who won the heavyweight championship in 1892 and lost to Robert Fitzsimmons in 1897. (10.1147) **2 pair of kicks** Shoes (Partridge). (10.1151) **3 No Sandymount tram** 'Tram cars ply from Nelson's Pillar, Sackville-street, to the Tower, Sandymount Strand, every ten minutes' (*Thom's*, p. 1780). (10.1153) **4 butty** 'Difficult, awkward' (Dolan). (10.1169) **5 father Conroy** Revd Ber. Conroy: curate at Mary, Star of the Sea, in Sandymount on Leahy's Terrace; his residence was 5 Leahy's Terrace (*Thom's*, p. 1837).

(10.1173) **6 William Humble, earl of Dudley, and lady Dudley** See notes at **102:25**, **133:20** and **133:21**. Lady Dudley did not attend the Mirus Bazaar (which actually opened on 31st May 1904), since she was at home in the late stages of pregnancy (*SS*, p. 7). (10.1176) **7 lieutenantcolonel Hesseltine** Lt Col. Christopher Heseltine (1869–1923): one of the 'Extra' aides-de-camp to Lord Dudley (*Thom's*, p. 833). Heseltine did not accompany the lord lieutenant to the opening of the Mirus Bazaar (*SS*, p. 219). (10.1177) **8 the honourable Mrs Paget, Miss de Courcy** Neither of these women accompanied the lord lieutenant to the opening of the Mirus Bazaar. Their names echo Sir John de Courcy, a Norman hero in the twelfth-century invasion of Ireland and Henry William Paget (1768–1854), earl of Angelsey and lord lieutenant of Ireland (1828–29, 1830–33) (*SS*, p. 220 n). (10.1178) **9 the honourable Gerald Ward, A. D. C.** ADC: aide-de-camp (*OED*). Lieutenant the Honourable Gerald Ernest Francis Ward (b.1877) was the lord lieutenant's youngest brother and served as one his aides-de-camp (*Thom's*, 833). He did not accompany the lord lieutenant to the opening of the Mirus Bazaar (*SS*, p. 219). (10.1179) **10 Kingsbridge** Kingsbridge (now the Seán Huston Bridge) is just east of Park Gate. (10.1181) **11 Bloody bridge** Bloody Bridge was built in 1674 over the Liffey just east of the recently erected Blue Coat Hospital, near the current site of the Guinness Brewery at St James's Gate. See also note at **452:10**. (10.1183) **12 Queen's and Whitworth bridges** Queen's Bridge (now Queen Maeve Bridge) and Whitworth Bridge (now Father Mathew Bridge), are at the western and eastern ends, respectively, of Arran Quay. (10.1184) **13 Mr Dudley White, B. L., M. A.** Dudley White, Bachelor of Law and Master of Arts: barrister, 29 Kildare Street (*Thom's*, p. 2038). (10.1185) **14 Arran Quay** On the north bank of the Liffey, west of central Dublin, between Queen's Bridge (now Queen Maeve Bridge) and Whitworth Bridge (now Father Mathew Bridge). (10.1186) **15 Mrs M. E. White's, the pawnbroker's** Mrs M.E. White: pawnbroker, 32 Arran Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1416). (10.1186) **16 Phibsborough** A Dublin suburb, just north of the North Circular Road and south of Glasnevin. (10.1188) **17 Smithfield, Constitution hill and Broadstone terminus** Smithfield runs north from Arran Quay to King Street, which runs east to Upper Church Street, turning into Constitution Hill, running north towards Phibsborough. Broadstone terminus is about 400 metres north on Constitution Hill, which after Broadstone terminus becomes Phibsborough Road; see also note at **57:12**. (10.1190) **18 Four Courts** See note at **173:7**. (10.1190) **19 costsbag of Goulding, Collis and Ward** See note at **68:8**. (10.1191) **20 Richmond bridge** The Richmond Bridge (now the O'Donovan Rossa Bridge) connects Winetavern Street south of the Liffey with Chancery Place on the north side. (10.1192) **21 Reuben J. Dodd, solicitor, agent for the Patriotic Insurance Company** See note at **72:5**. (10.1193) **22 King's windows** William King: printer and law stationer, 36 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1564). (10.1195) **23 Wood quay** Wood Quay is on the Liffey's south bank, across the river from Upper Ormond Quay's western section. (10.1196) **24 Tom Devan's office** The real-life Tom Devin, a friend of John Joyce's, was the model for the fictional Jack Power (see note at **67:2**). Devin had worked as an official in the Dublin Corporation but, after some disagreement, was relocated to the City Cleansing Department, 15 & 16 Wood Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1625). He lived at 11 North Leinster Street (p. 1850). (10.1196) **25 Poddle river** The Poddle River runs into the Liffey from beneath Wellington Quay, not Wood Quay. The two quays are about 350 metres apart. (10.1196)

185 1 Ormond Hotel See note at **168:25**. (10.1198) **2 the greenhouse** See note at **113:3**. (10.1200) **3 Cahill's corner** Cahill & Co.: 'letterpress printers, lithographers, bookbinders &c', 35–37 Great Strand Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1600, 1824), near the intersection with Capel Street. (10.1202) **4 lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons** Lord Deputy: an archaic title for the lord lieutenant of Ireland (*OED*, s.v. deputy). Benignant: 'Cherishing or exhibiting kindly feeling towards inferiors or dependants' (*OED*). Advowson: 'the "patronage" of an ecclesiastical office or religious house; the right of presentation to a benefice or living' (*OED*). (10.1203) **5 Grattan bridge** Named after the Irish lawyer, orator and politician Henry Grattan (see note at **103:10**), the Grattan Bridge (opened in 1874) is the first bridge to the east of Richmond Bridge (Bennett, s.v. Bridges). (10.1204) **6 Roger Greene's office** Roger Greene: solicitor, '11 Wellington Quay, and Rathkeale' (*Thom's*, p. 1886). (10.1205) **7 Dollard's big red printinghouse** Dollard: 'Printing House (limited), account book manufacturer', 1 & 2 Essex Quay, factory at 2–5 Wellington Quay and stores at 4 & 5 Essex Street (*Thom's*, p. 1853). This is not the Dollard who is mentioned elsewhere in *Ulysses* (see note at **70:1**). (10.1206) **8 Gerty MacDowell** See note at **252:5**. (10.1206) **9 carrying the Catesby's cork lino letters** T. Catesby & Sons of Glasgow, Scotland, manufacturer of

cork linoleum. (10.1207) **10 Spring's** Spring and Sons: 'coal factors and carriers and house agents, furniture warehouse, etc.', 11 Upper Granby Row and 15–18 Upper Dorset Street (*Thom's*, p. 2016). (10.1209) **11 Lundy Foot's** Lundy Foot and Co.: 'wholesale tobacco and snuff manufacturers', 26 Parliament Street and 73 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1934). Grattan Bridge empties directly into Parliament Street, and the cavalcade turns east from there onto Dame Street. (10.1211) **12 Kavanagh's winerooms** See note at **180:20**. (10.1211) **13 G. C. V. O.** Grand Cross of the Victorian Order (*Thom's*, p. 525). The Earl of Dudley (the viceroy) was inducted into this order in 1903 (p. 301). (10.1214) **14 Micky Anderson's** See note at **180:24**. (10.1214) **15 Henry and James's** Henry & James: clothiers, 1–3 Parliament Street, 82 Dame Street and 43 Great George's Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1896). Henry & James was on the corner of Dame Street and Parliament Street. The cavalcade turns the corner and heads east on Dame Street towards Trinity. (10.1215) **16 Henry, *dernier cri* James** *Dernier cri*: French, 'the last word' or 'the latest word'. This suggests an allusion to Henry James (American novelist, 1843–1916), whose characters often employ French as a mark of sophistication. (10.1216) **17 Dame gate** During the medieval era, when Dublin was surrounded by a defensive wall, Dame Gate provided access and protection to the city. It stood near the present Dame Street, east of where it crosses with Parliament Street (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 211). (10.1217) **18 charming *soubrette*, great Marie Kendall** See note at **168:21**. (10.1220) **19 lieutenantcolonel H. G. Hesseltine** This lieutenant-colonel did not accompany the lord lieutenant to the opening of the Mirus Bazaar, but did accompany him on a trip to County Clare on 16th June 1904. The *Irish Independent* for 17th June gives his name as 'H.G. Heseltine' (p. 5; *SS*, p. 219); Joyce misspelt his surname. The *Independent* misrepresented his initials: his real name is Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Heseltine (*Thom's*, p. 833). (10.1222) **20 Fownes's street** Fownes's Street intersects Dame Street from the north, just before it becomes College Green. (10.1227) **21 Commercial Buildings** 41a Dame Street, where it converges with Trinity Street and College Green. The building extended from Dame Street back to Cope Street (*Thom's*, p. 1460). (10.1230) **22 hunter watch** A sports watch with a metal case over the dial (*OED*). (10.1231) **23 King Billy's horse** An equestrian statue of King William III, William of Orange (1650–1702, r.1689–1702). This was erected on 1st July 1701, the 11th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, at which the Protestant William crushed the deposed Catholic James II. As a sign of Protestant triumphalism the statue was much reviled and, over the years, was subjected to various acts of vandalism before being removed in 1929 (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, pp. 202–4). (10.1232) **24 Ponsonby's corner** Edward Ponsonby: 'law and general bookseller, Government agent and contractor', 116 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1988). Ponsonby's was near the corner of Grafton and College Green, where the cavalcade turns south onto Grafton, then east onto Nassau Street. (10.1236) **25 jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons** Jaded: exhausted (*OED*). Flagon: Hiberno-English, flag, but in the sense of a plant of the genus *Iris* (*OED*); perhaps Joyce is extending this sense of 'flag' to designate the letters on the hats of the Hely's sandwichmen. (10.1236) **26 Opposite Pigott's music warerooms** Piggot and Co.: musical-instrument merchants and music publishers, 112 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1988). (10.1238) **27 provost's wall** The Trinity provost's house (see note at **121:3**) sits behind a wall that runs from the College's west front to its north, along Grafton and Nassau Streets. (10.1241) **28 socks with skyblue clocks** This mixes and alters two lines from 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls' (see note at **48:8**): 'The boys observe the latest thing in socks, / They learn the time by looking at the clocks'. The clock over the front entrance to Trinity College has a blue face. (10.1241) **29 *My girl's a Yorkshire girl*** The title of a popular song from 1908 by C.W. Murphy (1875–1913) and Dan Lipton (1873–1935). (10.1242)

186 **1 programme of music which was being discoursed** To discourse: 'To utter, give forth (musical sounds)' (*OED*). (10.1248) **2 College park** See note at **183:6**. (10.1249) **3 *But though she's a factory lass* [...]** From 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl'. (10.1251) **4 M. C. Green, H. Thrift, T. M. Patey, C. Scaife [...]** Names of bicyclists competing in a bicycle race in College Park (see note at **66:3**). Different racers were listed earlier (see note at **174:1**). Joyce derived these names from the account of the race in the *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904; although he made a few mistakes with names: C.M. Greene (not M.C.), J.B. Jones (not Jeffs), G.N. Murphy (not Morphy) and C. Adderley (not Adderly) (p. 3, col. i). (10.1258) **5 Finn's hotel** A private hotel and restaurant run by M. and R. Finn at 1–2 Leinster Street (*Thom's*, 1531), alongside College Park. Nora Barnacle was working there at the time she and James Joyce met in June of 1904 (Ellmann, p. 156). (10.1260) **6 Mr E. M. Solomons in the window of**

the Austro-Hungarian viceconsulate Maurice Elias Solomon (1832–1922): Austro-Hungarian vice-consulate, 19 Nassau Street; he is also listed as an optician, manufacturer of spectacles, mathematical and hearing instruments (*Thom's*, p. 1554). His initials were inverted from M.E. to E.M. in the 1926 edition. (10.1262) **7 Trinity's postern** Postern: a back entrance (*OED*); this is Trinity's gate on Leinster Place, off Leinster Street, at the south-east end of the campus. (10.1264) **8 Hornblower** See note at **66:5**. (10.1264) **9 tallyho cap** Part of the uniform of Trinity's porters is a black peak cap like those worn by fox-hunters. (10.1264) **10 Merrion square** See note at **183:5**. (10.1265) **11 Mirus bazaar** See note at **133:20**. (10.1268) **12 Mercer's hospital** See note at **133:22**. (10.1269) **13 Lower Mount street** Lower Mount Street runs east from the north-east corner of Merrion Square. (10.1270) **14 Broadbent's** J.S. Broadbent: fruit seller, 2 Lower Mount Street (*Thom's*, p. 1550). (10.1271) **15 Royal Canal bridge** Lower Mount Street leads to the Grand Canal and not the Royal Canal, which is in the north of Dublin. (10.1273) **16 Mr Eugene Stratton** See note at **70:16**. (10.1273) **17 Pembroke township** The Pembroke township is south-east of Dublin, beyond the Grand Canal. (10.1274) **18 Haddington road corner** Past the Grand Canal, Lower Mount Street leads into Northumberland Road, upon which the cavalcade is travelling. Haddington Road intersects Northumberland Road just south of the Canal. (10.1274) **19 lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain** The two older women from 'Proteus' see the cavalcade and mistake the viceroy for the mayor. The lord mayor – and not the lord lieutenant – typically wears a gold chain on ceremonial occasions. The lord mayor is not in Dublin today (see note at **181:6**). (10.1276) **20 Northumberland and Landsdowne roads** Should read 'Lansdowne' (Joyce dictated a part of one draft to Frank Budgen, who incorrectly wrote 'Landsdowne'). Lansdowne Road intersects Northumberland Road at about midway between the Grand Canal and the Royal Dublin Society Showgrounds in Ballsbridge, where the bazaar is being held. (10.1277) **21 house said to have been admired by the late queen** Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited Dublin from 6th to 10th August 1849. The royal couple approached Dublin from the south-east. But the *Freeman's Journal* for 7th August 1849, despite its detailed account of her arrival, says nothing about the queen admiring a house on her progress to the city. (10.1279)

'SIRENS'

Time: 4–5 p.m.
Location: The Ormond Hotel bar (8 Upper Ormond Quay) and environs

188 1 Bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head Miss Lydia Douce (who has bronze-coloured hair) and Miss Mina Kennedy (whose hair is gold), are looking out of the window of the Ormond Hotel (see note at **168:25**), where they work as barmaids. (11.64) **2 his ex** That is, His Excellency: the viceroy or lord lieutenant, William Humble Ward, earl of Dudley. See note at **133:21**. (11.67) **3 *eau de Nil*** French, literally 'Nile water'; a pale-green cloth, supposedly the same colour as the Nile (*OED*, s.v. eau de Nil). (11.67) **4 fellow in the tall silk** This is the Honourable Gerald Ward (see note at **184:9**), the only man in the second carriage of the cavalcade. (11.70)

189 1 went by by Moulang's pipes Daniel Moulang: jeweller and pipe importer, 31 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). Wellington Quay is on the south bank of the Liffey and is situated about two blocks to the east of the Ormond Hotel, which is on the north bank. Bloom is walking west towards Grattan Bridge. (11.86) **2 sweets of sin** See note at **173:4**. (11.86) **3 by Wine's antiques** Bernard Wine's: antique and jewellery store, 35 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). Wine's antiques is listed in the wrong order, travelling eastward Bloom passes by, in order, Wine's, Moulang's, then Carroll's (*JJD*, p. 60–61). (11.87) **4 by Carroll's dusky battered plate** John Carroll: watchmaker, jeweller and dealer in old plats, 29 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). (11.87) **5 boots** 'The servant in hotels who cleans the boots' (*OED*). (11.89) **6 Mrs de Massey** Norah de Massey was the proprietress of the Ormond Hotel (*Thom's*, p. 1563). (11.98) **7 borax with the cherry laurel water** Borax and cherry-laurel water is a treatment for sunburn and is sometimes applied with glycerine (as Miss Kennedy suggests it should be). (11.116) **8 Boyd's** Possibly Boileau and Boyd, chemist, at 46 Mary Street (*Thom's*, p. 1541), two blocks from the Ormond. However, since Miss Kennedy lives in the northern suburb of Drumcondra (see note at **197:11**), this could also be James Boyd, chemist, 21 Grattan Parade, Drumcondra (*Thom's*, p. 1813). (11.125) **9 plugged both two ears** In order to pass by the Sirens unharmed, Odysseus commanded his sailors to plug their ears with wax so that they could not hear their tempting song (*Odyssey*, XII,

47–49). (11.129) **10 No, don't, she cried** See note at **210:14**. (11.131)

190 **1 Antient concert rooms** See note at **70:12**. (11.139) **2 like a shout in quest** Should read 'snout' instead of 'shout'. That is, like a hunting hound's nose on the trail of prey. The mistake was made on the galley proofs for the first edition. (11.144) **3 And your other eye!** From the song 'Wink the Other Eye' by George Le Brun, and popularized by Marie Lloyd, a risqué star of the music hall at the turn of the 20th century. Your eye: an expression of incredulity and disbelief (*OED*, s.v. eye). (11.148) **4 Aaron Figatner's** Aaron Figatner: 'jeweller, diamond setter, &c.', 26 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). (11.149) **5 Prosper Loré's huguenot name** Prosper Loré: wholesale hat manufacturer, 22 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). See note at **64:11** for the Huguenots. (11.150) **6 Bassi's blessed virgins** Aurelio Bassi: picture-frame and statue maker, 14 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1616). (11.151) **7 Bluerobed, white under** The Virgin Mary is commonly depicted wearing garments of blue and white. (11.151) **8 God they believe she is: or goddess** A common blunder for a non-Catholic. Mary is not a god (nor goddess). The Catholic Church holds that, unlike all other mortals, she was conceived immaculately, without the taint of original sin which afflicts the rest of humanity. See also note at **152:12**. (11.152) **9 ringing in changes** To ring the changes: to repeat the same idea in different ways, after a term in bell-ringing (*Brewer's*). Literally, this means to go through all of the possible permutations when ringing a set of diatonically tuned bells. (11.175)

191 **1 Cantwell's offices** Cantwell and McDonald: 'wholesale wine and whiskey merchants and rectifying distillers', 12 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1615). (11.185) **2 Ceppi's virgins** Peter Ceppi & Sons: 'picture frame and looking glass factory, and statuary makers', 8–9 Wellington Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1615). They made statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (11.185) **3 Nannetti's father hawked those things about, wheedling at doors as I** According to the parliamentary biography for Joseph Patrick Nannetti (see note at **89:7**) in *Thom's*, Joseph Nannetti Senior was a sculptor and modeller (p. 416f). (11.186) **4 The Clarence** The Clarence Commercial Hotel Co.: 6–7 Wellington Quay and 2 Essex Street (*Thom's*, p. 1615). (11.189) **5 Dolphin** The Dolphin hotel and restaurant, Michael Nugent, managing director: 9 Sycamore Street, on the corner of Sycamore Street and Essex Street East (*Thom's*, p. 1486). (11.189) **6 Rostrevor** Rostrevor, in County Down, is a resort 90 km north of Dublin and about 80 km south of Belfast on the shore of Lough Carlingford (an inlet of the Irish sea). (11.197) **7 holy show** To be a holy show: Hiberno-English, to look ridiculous (PWJ, p. 275). (11.198) **8 simple Simon** From the nursery rhyme 'Simple Simon' (*ODNR*). (11.207) **9 doaty** Hiberno-English (also 'doty', 'dotey'), a term of endearment for a child (*OED*). (11.208) **10 Jingle** 'A noise such as is made by small bells' and also 'A covered two-wheeled car used in Cornwall, the south of Ireland, and in Australia' (*OED*). (11.212) **11 Cantrell and Cochrane's** See note at **59:2**. (11.214) **12 He blew through the flue two husky fifenotes** Fife: a small flute (*OED*); here, Simon's pipe as he blows through it to clear it out before filling it. (11.217) **13 Mourne mountains** Rostrevor, where Miss Douce has been vacationing, is at the foot of the Mourne mountains, in County Down, north of Dublin. (11.219) **14 her mermaid's** Mermaid: a brand of cut tobacco; its name suggests the Homeric sirens. (11.222) **15 *O, Idolores, queen of the eastern seas!*** From the song 'The Shade of the Palm' in the operetta *Florodora* (1899), composed by Leslie Stuart, with libretto by Owen Hall and lyrics by E. Boyd-Jones and Paul Rubens. The actual line in the song is 'Oh, my Dolores, Queen of the Eastern sea'. (11.226) **16 Mr Lidwell** John George Lidwell (d.1919): solicitor, offices at 4 Capel Street (*Thom's*, p. 1931). A friend of Joyce's father, Lidwell was engaged by Joyce in his early, unsuccessful attempts to get *Dubliners* published; at one point in 1912 they met at the bar in the Ormond Hotel to discuss matters (Ellmann, p. 330). (11.227) **17 Essex bridge** The Essex Bridge was the name of the original bridge on the site of the Grattan Bridge (see note at **185:5**); the Grattan Bridge is still referred to as the Essex Bridge (Bennett, s.v. Bridges). (11.229) **18 Daly's** Teresa Daly's tobacco shop: 1 Upper Ormond Quay, just on the other side of the Grattan (Essex) bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1563). (11.230) **19 Blue bloom is on the rye** See note at **171:16**. (11.230)

192 **1 sandwichbell** That is, the bell-shaped glass on the bar counter under which sandwiches are kept. (11.241) **2 Peep! Who's in the corner?** A standard question in the game of hide-and seek. (11.242) **3 To mind her stops** Stop: a punctuation mark and also 'the closing of a finger-hole or ventage in the tube of a wind instrument so as to alter the pitch' (*OED*). (11.243) **4 solfa fable** Sol-fa: the system of singing the notes of the major scale: 'do, re,

mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do' (*OED*). The sol-fa system is one of the easiest ways of teaching various musical scales and intervals. Therefore, a 'solfa fable' would be a story meant to instruct. (11.247) **5 plappering** Making sounds with the lips (*OED*). (11.247) **6 Ah fox met ah stork [...]** This combines two of Aesop's fables: the one of the wolf and the crane, and that of the fox and the stork. In the former, the wolf promises to reward the crane if the crane will remove a bone stuck in the wolf's mouth. After the crane has done this and asks for his money, the wolf says the crane has already been paid – by not being eaten. In the latter, the fox invites the stork over for dinner but serves soup in a flat plate and in retaliation the stork invites the fox for dinner but serves mincemeat in a jar with a neck that's too narrow. (11.248) **7 Mooney's *en ville* and in Mooney's *sur mer*** *En ville*: French, in the city. *Sur mer*: French, by the sea. There are two different pubs called Mooney's. For Mooney's *en ville*, see note at **106:16**. Mooney's *sur mer*, run by Gerald Mooney, is a short distance away from the other Mooney's, at 3 Lower Eden Quay, along the Liffey (*Thom's*, p. 1960). (11.264) **8 rhino** Money (*OED*). (11.264) **9 Hugh MacHugh** See note at **93:4**. (11.267) **10 Dublin's most brilliant scribe and editor** That is (with some sarcasm), Myles Crawford, for whom see note at **94:10**. (11.268) **11 that minstrel boy of the wild wet west** 'The Minstrel Boy': a song by Thomas Moore. The west of Ireland is even rainier than the east coast. (11.269) **12 O'Madden Burke** See note at **98:14**. (11.270) **13 faraway mourning mountain eye** Suggests the Percy French (1854–1920) song 'The Mountains of Mourne'; see also note at **191:13**. (11.273) **14 smoking concert** A social event 'at which smoking takes place or is allowed' (*OED*). (11.277)

193 **1 bothered** Hiberno-English, 'deaf or partially deaf' (PWJ, p. 221). (11.287) **2 when I was in Wisdom Hely's** See note at **81:1**. (11.295) **3 Daly's** See note at **191:18**. (11.296) **4 pin cuts lo** See note at **123:26**. (11.297) **5 language of flow. Was it a daisy? Innocence that is** Daisies often signify innocence in the language of flowers (Beverly Seaton, *The Language of Flowers*, p. 176). (11.298) **6 Smoke mermaids, coolest whiff of all** See note at **191:14**. (11.300) **7 jauntingcar** See note at **172:4**. (11.302) **8 Think you're the only pebble on the beach?** Proverbial for 'do you think you're the only desirable man (or woman) around?' (Partridge, s.v. pebble). (11.310) **9 *The bright stars fade*** Simon Dedalus plays the song 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye', lyrics by Jane Williams (1806–85) and music by John L. Hatton (1809–86). (11.320) **10 *the morn is breaking*** The second half of the first line of 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'. (11.322) **11 duodene** 'A group of twelve notes having certain fixed relations of pitch, in a proposed scheme for obtaining exact intonation on a keyboard instrument' (*OED*). (11.323) **12 *The dewdrops pearl*** The beginning of the second line of 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'. (11.327) **13 rose of Castille** See note at **98:1**. Should read 'Castile'; the error was made in the 1926 printing. (11.329)

194 **1 See the conquering hero comes** The beginning of a poem by Thomas Morell (1703–84), which was used by George Frideric Handel in the oratorios *Judas Maccabaeus* (1747) and *Joshua* (1748). (11.340) **2 Richie Goulding's legal bag, lifted aloft saluting** See note at **31:28**. (11.343) **3 *And I from thee*** The beginning of the third line of 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'. (11.344) **4 Wire in yet?** That is, the telegraph with the results of the Ascot Gold Cup race, due to arrive in Dublin about 4 p.m.; see note at **171:9**. (11.351) **5 Cowley's red lugs** See note at **143:8**. (11.353) **6 sheriff's office** The City of Dublin Sheriff's Office, J. Clancy sub-sheriff, 30 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1564). (11.353) **7 Fine goods in small parcels** An Irish proverb 'in praise or mitigation' of petite women and diminutive men (PWJ, p. 110). (11.368) **8 Sceptre will win** See note at **96:3**. (11.374) **9 Idolores. The eastern seas** See note at **191:15**. (11.378) **10 Fair one of Egypt teased and sorted** After the song 'The Shade of the Palm' (for which see note at **191:15**), which has the line 'Fair one of Eden look to the West for me'. (11.383)

195 **1 Goulding, Collis, Ward** See note at **68:8**. (11.390) **2 Bloom by ryebloom** Echoes the song 'When the Bloom is on the Rye' see note at **171:16**. (11.390) **3 *to Flora's lips did hie*** From the second verse of 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye' (see note at **193:9**): 'For since night's gems from heaven did fade, / And morn to floral lips doth hie'. Hie: to go quickly (*OED*). (11.396) **4 *I could not leave thee*** From the second verse of 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'. (11.402) **5 *Sonnez la cloche!*** French, 'sound the bell!' (11.404) **6 lost chord** 'The Lost Chord': a song with words by Adelaide A. Procter (1825–64) and music by Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900). (11.407) **7 *Sweetheart, goodbye!*** The ending of the song 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'. (11.425) **8 Tom Rochford** For Rochford see note at **130:4**, for his invention see note at **170:2**. (11.429) **9 Got the horn or what?** To have or get the horn: having

an erection (Partridge). (11.432) **10 How do you do, Mr Dollard?** See note at **70:1**. (11.435)

196 **1 long fellow** That is, Long John Fanning; see note at **90:17**. (11.438) **2 barleystraw** After the proverb, 'Barley straw's good fodder when the cow gives water' (*ODEP*). The sense of the saying is that Dedalus and Dollard will attempt to stop Reuben Dodd from harassing Cowley. (11.438) **3 Judas Iscariot's** That is, the solicitor Reuben J. Dodd (see note at **72:5**), who is Jewish (in *Ulysses*, but not in real life) and is here associated with the disciple who betrays Christ (John 18:2–3). (11.438) **4 Power for Richie** That is, a glass of John Power & Son's Irish whiskey, offices at 98–103 and 109 Thomas Street, distilleries at 4–12 John's Lane West and elsewhere in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1989). (11.444) **5 Refracts (is it?) heat** See note at **44:16**. (11.446) **6 Begone, dull care** 'Begone, dull care!': an anonymous seventeenth-century drinking song. (11.449) **7 Love and war** 'Love and War': a duet for tenor (or soprano) and bass, by T. Cooke. (11.459) **8** ***eau de Nil*** See note at **188:3**. (11.465) **9 Collard grand** Collard and Collard: an English manufacturer of inexpensive grand pianos (*Grove*). (11.468) **10 lost chord** See note at **195:6**. (11.478) **11 on the rocks** 'Without means or money' (Partridge, s.v. rocks). (11.485) **12 coffee palace** The Dublin Coffee Palace hotel and restaurant: the main location was at 6 Townsend Street, just south of the Liffey in eastern Dublin, with a branch at 35 Northwall Quay, on the northern docks of the Liffey (*Thom's*, pp. 1560, 1609). Both were operated by the Dublin Total Abstinence Society. (11.486) **13 wheeze** A tip, a piece of information (Partridge); see also note at **58:11**. (11.487)

197 **1 Holles street** See note at **197:3**. (11.488) **2 Keogh's** Possibly James Keogh, 32 Upper Erne Street (*Thom's*, p. 1486). Past Denzille Street, Holles Street continues as Upper Erne Street, and so this Keogh would have been a neighbour to the Blooms. (11.489) **3 Merrion square style** The houses in Merrion Square were stylish, and their residents wealthy (see note at **183:5**). The Blooms lived in Holles Street in 1895–1896 (see note at **488:2**). This street runs north from the north-east corner of Merrion Square. Despite its proximity to this wealthy neighbourhood, the street included many poor residents. A number of the buildings are tenements (*Thom's*, p. 1519). (11.493) **4 left off clothes** Second-hand clothes (*OED*, s.v. leave). (11.496) **5 met him pike hoses** See note at **113:13**. (11.500) **6 Paul de Kock** See note at **50:8**. (11.500) **7 Daughter of the regiment** Molly was raised in a British garrison in Gibraltar. This phrase refers to Gaetano Donizetti's (1797–1848) opera, *La fille du régiment* ('The Daughter of the Regiment', 1840). The *Freeman's Journal* for 16th June 1904 announces that this opera will be performed by the Elster-Grime Grand Opera Company at the Queen's Royal Theatre the following night (p. 4, col. a). (11.507) **8 drummajor** Brian Tweedy, Molly's father, was a drum-major in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers (see note at **44:9**). Drum-major: 'the first or chief drummer in a regimental band' (*OED*). There may also be a reference to *The Drum Major's Daughter* (1879), an adaptation by Jacques Offenbach (1819–80) of Donizetti's *La fille du régiment* (see previous note). (11.508) **9 Buccinator muscle** 'A flat thin muscle which forms the wall of the cheek' (*OED*). (11.512) **10 My Irish Molly, O** After the title of the anonymous Irish ballad 'Irish Molly O'. (11.512) **11 4 Lismore terrace, Drumcondra** In 1904, the actual resident of this address was William Molony (*Thom's*, p. 1682). Lismore Terrace branches off from Botanic Avenue in Drumcondra, about 1.2 km north of the North Circular Road. (11.517) **12 Idolores, a queen, Dolores** See note at **191:15**. (11.518) **13 Bachelor's walk** See note at **97:2**. (11.524) **14** ***When love absorbs my ardent soul*** The opening line of the duet 'Love and War', for which see note at **196:7**. (11.530) **15 War! War! cried Father Cowley. You're the warrior** The opening line from the duet 'Love and War' is delivered by the lover, which is a tenor's part, whereas Dollard has just sung it in the bass voice range of the warrior (Bowen, p. 171). (11.532) **16 your landlord** Father Cowley's landlord is Revd Hugh C. Love; see note at **179:19**. (11.533) **17 Love or money** Not for love or money: 'unobtainable, either for payment or for entreaties; under no circumstances' (*Brewer's*). (11.533) **18 tympanum** The eardrum (*OED*). (11.536)

198 **1** ***Amoroso ma non troppo*** Italian, 'Lovingly, but not overly so'; instructions to a musician at the beginning of a musical score as to how to perform the piece. (11.541) **2** ***Independent*** See note at **94:11**. (11.547) **3** ***my ardent soul*** [...] The opening lines from 'Love and War': 'While Love absorbs my ardent soul, / I think not of the morrow'. (11.551) **4 the Burton** See note at **118:38**. (11.570) **5 Night we were in the box** See note at **208:1**. (11.576) **6 grampus** A small, dolphin-like whale, 'remarkable for the spouting or blowing that accompanies [its] movements' (*OED*). (11.576) **7 Girl touched it. Poop of a lovely** After *Antony and Cleopatra*: 'The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, / Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold' (Act II, Sc. 3,

196–97). (11.580) **8** **Golden ship. Erin.** That is, the *Erin's King*; see note at **51:13**. (11.581) **9** **The harp that once or twice** The song 'The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls' by Thomas Moore; see also note at **123:16**. (11.581) **10** **Ben Howth, the rhododendrons** See note at **128:32**. (11.582) **11** ***M'appari*** Italian (correct spelling 'm'apparì'), '[all love] appeared to me'; an aria sung by the character Lionel in Flotow's opera *Martha*, for which see note at **89:4**. In this song, Lionel bewails the absence of his beloved Martha (who is actually a noblewoman, Lady Harriet, in disguise). (11.587) **12** ***A Last Farewell*** The title of a song by John Willis. The song is illustrated by the picture of a seascape that hangs on the wall of the bar. 'Farewell, base world, thy sins oppress me, / With footsteps fleet I haste away, / Where foes or friends no more distress me; / My spirit's higher call obey' (Bowen, p. 173). (11.590)

199 **1** ***M'appari tutt'amor*** [...] From the opening line of '*M'appari*': 'All love appeared to me, my glance encount[ered]'. (11.594) **2** **Ah, sure my dancing days are done** From the third verse of the Irish anti-war song 'Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye': 'Where are the legs with which you run Hur-roo! Hur-roo! / When you went for to carry a gun / Indeed your dancing days are done / Faith Johnny I hardly know ye!' (11.599) **3** **Play it in the original. One flat** The aria '*M'appari*' is in F major, which has one flat. Simon had been trying to sing the song in a lower key in order to make it easier to sing (Bowen, p. 174). (11.602) **4** **Graham Lemon's pineapple rock** Blazes Boylan has changed his direction, turning north by a confectioner, Lemon & Co. on Sackville Street; see note at **111:6**. (11.606) **5** **Elvery's elephant** See note at **72:6**. (11.606) **6** ***Sonnambula*** Italian, sleepwalker; the title of an 1831 opera by Vincenzo Bellini (1801–35). (11.610) **7** **Joe Maas** Joseph Maas (1847–86): a famous English lyric tenor who began by singing in the choir of Rochester Cathedral. He spent a good part of his career as a leading tenor of the Carl Rosa Company, which frequently toured in Dublin (*EB11*). (11.611) **8** **M'Guckin** Barton McGuckin (1852–1913): a native Dubliner and famous tenor who started as a choirboy at Armagh Cathedral. McGuckin was featured as the principle tenor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company and sang at Covent Garden, the Royal Italian Opera, the French Exhibition and all the major English music festivals. (11.611) **9** **Backache he. Bright's bright eye** Bright's disease (named after Dr Richard Bright, 1789–1858): 'A generic term including several forms of acute and chronic disease of the kidney usually associated with albumen in the urine' (*OED*). 'The symptoms are usually of a severe character. Pain in the back, vomiting and febrile disturbance commonly usher in the attack' (*EB11*). Alcohol exacerbates the condition. (11.615) **10** ***Down among the dead men*** From an anonymous English drinking song. (11.617) **11** **Kidney pie. Sweets to the** After a passage from *Hamlet*, in which Gertrude lays flowers in Ophelia's grave: 'Sweets to the sweet: farewell!' (Act V, Sc. 2, 266). (11.617) **12** **Not making much hand of it** To make a hand of it: 'to turn something to account; to profit by it' (Partridge). (11.618) **13** **Vartry water** Dublin's modern water supply was initiated in the 1860s, when the Vartry river was dammed at Roundwood, with pipes and filters leading to reservoirs at Stillorgan and from there to the city (Bennett, s.v. Water Supply). (11.619) **14** **Fecking** Hiberno-English, stealing (Dolan, s.v. feck). (11.619) **15** **Screwed** Inebriated (Partridge). (11.621) **16** **In the gods of the old Royal** The gods: 'those occupying the gallery at a theatre' (Partridge). The original Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street, built in 1821, was destroyed by fire on 9th February 1880, when Bloom would have been about fourteen years old. In 1886, the owner, Michael Gunn, opened Leinster Hall in Hawkins Street, which closed in 1897, only to reopen later the same year as the new Theatre Royal (Bennett). (11.623) **17** **little Peake** Possibly the same Peake who was mentioned in 'Hades', see note at **70:5**. (11.624) **18** **But want a good memory** Proverbial, after Quintilian (*c.35–c.100*): 'A liar ought to have a good memory' (*Institutes of Oratory*, tr. John Selby Watson, vol. I, London: George Bell, 1982, IV, 2, 91). (11.627) **19** ***All is lost now*** Richie Goulding begins whistling Elvino's tenor aria, '*Tutto è sciolto*' ('All is lost') from *La sonnambula* (for which see note at **199:6**). Elvino sings this as he incorrectly assumes that his fiancée Amina is being unfaithful to him when he sees her sleepwalking into another man's bedroom. (11.629) **20** **banshee** Anglicized from the Irish *bean-sídhe*, a type of female fairy who will 'wail under the windows of a house where one of the inmates is about to die' (*OED*). (11.630) **21** **Blackbird** 'The notes of the blackbird are rich and full, but monotonous as compared with those of the song-thrush' (*EB11*). (11.633) **22** **hawthorn valley** The Furze of Phoenix Park, in the south-west portion of the park by Knockmaroon Gate, also goes by the name 'hawthorn valley'. (11.633) **23** **motives** Motif (or motive or leitmotif): 'A short musical idea, melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, or any combination of these three' (*Grove*). (11.633) **24** **Echo. How sweet the answer** From 'Echo' by Thomas

Moore, one of his *Irish Melodies*: 'How sweet the answer echo makes'. (11.634) **25 In sleep she went to him. Innocence in the moon** See note at **199:19**. (11.638) **26 Call name. Touch water** After the common, but incorrect assumption that sleepwalkers might awaken if they hear their name or if their hand is immersed in water. (11.640) **27 Still harping on his daughter** From *Hamlet*: the prince, toying with Polonius, makes veiled, indecent references to Ophelia, prompting the self-deluded old man to remark, 'Still harping on my daughter' (Act II, Sc. 2, 188). (11.644) **28 Wise child that knows her father** See note at **68:4**. (11.644)

200 **1 heart bowed down** The song 'The Heart Bowed Down', from Act II of the opera *The Bohemian Girl* (1843), text by Alfred Bunn and music by Irishman Michael William Balfe (1808–70). (11.659) **2 in cool glaucous *eau de Nil*** Glaucous: 'Of a dull or pale green colour passing into greyish blue' (*OED*). For *eau de Nil*, see note at **188:3**. (11.661) **3 *When first I saw that form endearing*** The first line from Lionel's aria '*M'appari*', see note at **198:11**. (11.665) **4 *Sorrow from me seemed to depart*** The second line from Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*'. (11.673) **5 love's old sweet song** See note at **49:5**. (11.681) **6 gyved them fast** Gyve: 'a shackle'; to gyve: 'to fasten with, or as with, a gyve; to fetter, shackle' (*OED*). (11.684) **7 *Full of hope and all delighted*** The fifth line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*'. (11.685) **8 My head it simply** The phrases 'My head it simply' and 'Your head it simply swurls' are from the song 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls', for which see note at **48:8**. (11.687) **9 tall hats** Those wearing tall (or top) hats, i.e. high society. (11.687) **10 Phila of cachous, kissing comfits** 'Phila' should read 'Phial' (the mistake was made in the 1926 edition). Cachou: 'a sweetmeat, generally in the form of a pill, made of cashew nut, extract of liquorice, etc. used by tobacco smokers to sweeten the breath' (*OED*). For comfit, see note at **111:3**. (11.691) **11 Hands felt for the opulent** A phrase from *Sweets of Sin*; see note at **173:4**. (11.692) **12 *But alas, 'twas idle dreaming*** The ninth line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*'. (11.694) **13 Cork air** Simon Dedalus, like John Joyce, hails from Cork. (11.695) **14 Singing wrong words** Simon Dedalus's singing of the lyrics of '*M'appari*' seems to be quite accurate. (11.696)

201 **1 Jenny Lind soup: stock, sage, raw eggs, half pint of cream** Jenny Lind (1820–87): a famous soprano. Isabella Beeton's *The Book of Household Management* contains a recipe for *Soup à la Cantatrice* (Professional Singer's Soup) that has been 'partaken of by the principal singers of the day, including the celebrated Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, and, as they have always avowed, with considerable advantage to the voice, in singing' (p. 63). The recipe here is mostly correct: Beeton specifies egg yolks and adds sugar and seasoning and, optionally, a bay leaf. (11.699) **2 Tipping her tepping her tapping her topping her. Tup** To tup: northern English and Scottish dialect, 'of the ram; to copulate with (the ewe)'. Top is similar in meaning and etymologically related, but rare. To tip: 'to intoxicate' and 'to cause to fall or tumble'. Tep: an obsolete form of tap, which in turn can be 'a Scottish dialect form of top' (all *OED*). (11.706) **3 *ray of hope*** From the eleventh line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*': 'Not one ray of hope is gleaming'. (11.710) **4 Drago's** See note at **52:15**. (11.722) **5 *Each graceful look*** From the fifteenth line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*': 'Each graceful look, each word so cheering'. (11.724) **6 First night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Terenure** See note at **80:4**. (11.725) **7 *Charmed my eye*** From the sixteenth line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*': 'Charm'd my eye and won my heart'. (11.729) **8 *Waiting*** 'Waiting', by Ellen H. Flagg and Harrison Millard, was a popular romantic song from 1867. (11.730) **9 in old Madrid** A reference to the song 'In Old Madrid', words by G. Clifton Bingham, composed by Henry Trotère. Like '*M'appari*', this song is about lost love. (11.733) **10 Dolores shedolores** A line from the song 'The Shade of the Palm' in the operetta *Florodora*, which Miss Douce sang earlier; see note at **191:15**. (11.734) **11 At me. Luring. Ah, alluring** Bloom is recalling and imitating the ornamented notes in Molly's singing. Ornamentation: the practice of embellishing musical works through variation, whether indicated by the composer or improvised by the performer (*Grove*, s.v. ornaments). (11.734) **12 *Martha! Ah, Martha!*** From the seventeenth line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*': 'Martha, Martha, I am sighing'. (11.735) **13 *Co-me, thou lost one!*** [...] The nineteenth and twentieth lines of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*'. (11.740) **14 *Come!*** From the twenty-second and final line of Lionel's aria, '*M'appari*': 'Ah Martha return! Come to me!' This cry is drawn out over the next several lines, because there is a pause (*fermata*) over this note, a high B flat, in the sheet music (Bowen, p. 168). (11.744)

202 **1 soar silver orb it leaped serene** A description of the notation of the high B flat which Simon is singing: in the sheet music the note (the 'orb') is several lines above the staff (Bowen, p. 168). (11.745) **2 *To me!*** The

conclusion of Lionel's aria, *'M'appari'*. (11.751) **3 monuments of sir John Gray, Horatio one-handled Nelson** The narrative now momentarily follows Boylan's journey north towards Eccles Street. The monuments listed here all stand in Sackville (O'Connell) Street: for the statue of Sir John Gray, see note at **72:7**, for Nelson's pillar see note at **72:14** (and for 'onehandled' see note at **109:12**). (11.761) **4 reverend father Theobald Matthew** Should read 'Mathew' (the mistake was made on a typescript); for Father Mathew see note at **73:12**. (11.762) **5** ***Cloche. Sonnez la. Cloche. Sonnez la*** French, 'Bell. Sound the. Bell. Sound the'. (11.763) **6 the Rotunda, Rutland square** See note at **73:15**. (11.764) **7 disserving** To disserve: 'to remove the "service" from (a table)' (*OED*). (11.770) **8 Si sang** ***'Twas rank and fame*** See note at **98:1**. (11.779) **9 We never speak as we pass by** 'We Never Speak as We Pass by' (1882): a song by Frank Egerton. (11.789) **10 Rift in the lute** After the song 'The Rift in the Lute' in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (1859) and since then proverbial for the start of bad relations between people (*Brewer's*). (11.789) **11 ungyved** See note at **200:6**. (11.795)

203 **1 Barraclough's** Arthur Barraclough: professor of singing, 24 Lower Pembroke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1803). (11.797) **2** ***Corpus paradisum*** *Corpus*: Latin, body; as Bloom remembered in 'Lotus Eaters', it is also the root of the English word 'corpse' (see note at **62:8**). *Paradisum*: Latin, '[in] paradise'. The terms are taken from two different Roman Catholic rites. 'Corpus' is said by the priest in the rite of communion. Father Coffer says 'Paradisum' at Dignam's funeral (see note at **79:9**). (11.805) **3 Corncrake croaker: belly like a poisoned pup** The 'croaker' is Father Coffey, who presided over Paddy Dignam's interment. Corncrake: 'a name (originally Scottish) of the bird also called Landrail […]; it lives concealed among the standing corn and the grass of the hayfields, whence its harsh grating voice may be heard' (*OED*). For 'belly like a poisoned pup', see note at **78:18**. (11.806) **4 Jingle into Dorset street** Boylan's movements have taken him north along Sackville (O'Connell) Street, which leads into Rutland (now Parnell) Square East and then Frederick Street North. At the end of Frederick Street North, the cab turns right onto Lower Dorset Street, which leads to Eccles Street. (11.812) **5 Two multiplied by two divided by half is twice one** In terms of arithmetic, this proposition is incorrect. However, in terms of music there is a logic here, since 8 indicates an octave, which is 'The note which lies at an interval of seven degrees of the scale above or (occas.) below a given note, and is produced by oscillations of twice or half the frequency respectively' (*OED*), or 'twice one'. (11.830) **6** ***Blumenlied*** German, 'flower song', which is a common title and genre in German Romantic poetry. (11.844) **7 stables near Cecilia street** These stables are at 5 and 6 Cecilia Street, which runs from Temple Lane to Fowne's Street, in the south-west of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1446). (11.846)

204 **1 Ringabella, Crosshaven** See note at **169:3**. (11.850) **2 barcaroles** 'A song sung by Venetian *barcaroli* [boatmen] as they row their gondolas' (*OED*). (11.850) **3 Queenstown harbour** Queenstown (now called Cobh) is a port located on the south side of Great Island in Cork harbour. (11.851) **4 those earthquake hats** Earthquake grass: 'A species of quaking-grass common in England' (*OED*). Italian sailors wore hats made from straw similar to earthquake grass. (11.852) **5 edge of his** ***Freeman*** See note at **70:3**. (11.856) **6 your other eye** See note at **190:3**. (11.856) **7 Callan, Coleman** See note at **70:4**. (11.857) **8 Heigho! Heigho!** See note at **54:1**. (11.858) **9 Greek ees** Bloom disguises his handwriting by using Es shaped like the Greek letter epsilon rather than the Roman 'e'. (11.860) **10 Hold on. Five Dig. Two about here. Penny the gulls** […] Bloom is tallying up some expenditures of the day. He gave five shillings to Martin Cunningham for the Dignam family; he expects to spend approximately two shillings 'here' at the Ormond; he spent a penny on the Banbury cakes he fed to the seagulls; and he spent seven pence on lunch at Davy Byrne's. These expenditures add up to about eight shillings, so he decides he can spare a half-crown (two shillings and sixpence) for Martha. (11.866) **11 Elijah is com** See note at **111:12**. (11.867) **12 p. o.** Postal [money] order. (11.868) **13 O, Mairy lost the pin of her** See note at **60:6**. (11.870) **14 Sauce for the gander** From the proverb, 'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander': 'The same principle applies in both cases; what is fitting for the husband should be fitting for the wife' (*Brewer's*). (11.877) **15 driver Barton James** James Barton: Rose Cottage, Harmony Avenue, Donnybrook (*Thom's*, p. 1679). There is no record in *Thom's* if he was a cab driver; he is not listed among the 'Carriage, Cab, and Car Proprietors' (*Thom's*, p. 2054). (11.878) **16 indigoblue serge suit made by George Robert Mesias** See note at **83:10**. (11.880) **17 John Plasto** See note at **44:12**. (11.882) **18 Dlugacz' porkshop** See note at **44:3**. (11.884) **19 Agendath** See note at **47:1**. (11.884) **20 Town traveller** A travelling salesman

'whose operations are confined to the town which is his employer's place of business' (*OED*). (11.887) **21 Messrs Callan, Coleman and Co, limited** This is a fictional firm, the names derive from the obituary section of the *Freeman's Journal* that Bloom is holding, see note at **70:4**. (11.896)

205 **1 c/o P. O.** 'Town sub-post office, money order and savings bank office – William Coleman, sub-postmaster', 32 Dolphin's Barn Lane (*Thom's*, p. 1476). The street is now Dolphin Barn Street, located in south-west Dublin just north of the South Circular Road. (11.898) **2 prize titbit** See note at **53:8**. (11.901) **3 Music hath charms Shakespeare said** This line is frequently attributed to Shakespeare, but it is actually from William Congreve's (1670–1729) play *The Mourning Bride* (1697): 'Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast' (Act I, Sc. 1, 1). (11.904) **4 Quotations every day in the year** Calendars that offered daily quotations from Shakespeare's works were common and popular in the nineteenth century (Schutte, *Joyce and Shakespeare*, p. 126). (11.905) **5 To be or not to be** The opening of Hamlet's famous soliloquy (Act III, Sc. 1, 56). (11.905) **6 In Gerard's rosery of Fetter lane he walks** See note at **148:19**. (11.907) **7 Postoffide lower down** There was a post office at 34 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1564), just west of the Ormond hotel. (11.909) **8 Barney Kiernan's I promised to meet them** Barney Kiernan's pub: 8–10 Little Britain Street (*Thom's*, p. 1923). Bloom is to meet Martin Cunningham there, from whence they will go to Dignam's house to see after his widow and children. (11.910) **9 House of mourning** That is, Paddy Dignam's house. The phrase 'House of mourning' comes from the Bible: 'For thus saith the Lord, Enter not into the house of mourning, neither go to lament nor bemoan them: for I have taken away my peace from this people' (Jeremiah 16:5; see also Eccles. 7:2). (11.911) **10 Deaf beetle** Deaf as a beetle: 'extremely deaf' (Partridge). (11.911) **11 How Walter Bapty lost his voice** Walter Bapty (1850–1915): 'professor of singing', 22 Upper Pembroke Street (*Thom's*, p. 1802). There's no evidence that Kernan's story about Bapty is true (*SS*, p. 73). (11.927) **12 Lovely seaside girls** See note at **48:8**. (11.939) **13 yashmak** 'The double veil concealing the part of the face below the eyes, worn by Muslim women in public' (*OED*). There was a musical comedy from 1897 called *The Yashmak*, written by Cecil Raleigh, with Sir S. Hicks and N. Lambelet. (11.943)

206 **1 Well, it's a sea. Corpuscle islands** Alludes to Phineas Fletcher's (1582–1650) poem *The Purple Island; or, The Isle of Man* (1633), which describes the human body in allegorical terms. (11.946) **2 What are the wild waves saying?** The title of a song (1850) by J.E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Ralph Glover, a duet between brother and sister. (11.949) **3 By Larry O'Rourke's, by Larry, bold Larry O'** See note at **45:6**. (11.952) **4 One: one, one, one: two, one, three, four** Bob Cowley is playing the minuet from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* on the piano. Bloom is not, as it might seem, counting out the beat to the music. He counts out 'the step and motions of the dancers rather than harmonic variations, time values, or stresses in the dance' (Bowen, p. 192). (11.961) **5 Ruttledge's door: ee creaking** See note at **88:19**. (11.965) **6 Minuet of *Don Giovanni*** The minuet occurs in the finale to Act I of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The Don attempts to seduce Zerlina during the course of the minuet, which takes place in a ballroom of his palace. (11.965) **7 Peasants outside** In Act I, Sc. 3 of *Don Giovanni*, the Don comes upon a gathering of peasants on a village green, one of whom, the maid Zerlina, catches his fancy. He decides to invite all of the peasants to his palace for a party. Later, at the palace (Act I, Sc. 5), the Don's servant Leporello tries to distract Masetto, Zerlina's peasant fiancé, during the minuet, so the Don can use his seductive wiles on Zerlina. See also note at **49:3**. (11.967) **8 dockleaves** The young leaves of the dock plant, one of 'various species of [...] coarse weedy herbs with thickened rootstock' (*OED*); these can be used as herbs, but those of the mature plant are largely indigestible. (11.967) **9 Look: look, look, look, look, look: you look at us** This sentence recreates the rhythmic pattern of another portion of the minuet from Act I, Sc. 5 of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (Bowen, p. 193). (11.968) **10 M'Coy valise. My wife and your wife** See notes at **58:2** and **58:3**. The fifth verse of the American folksong 'The Grey Goose' is 'And my wife and your wife'. (11.972) **11 They can't manage men's intervals** Interval: 'the difference of pitch between two musical sounds or notes, either successive (in melody) or simultaneous (in harmony)' (*OED*). Bloom's point here is that women cannot switch from one vocal register to another as well as men. This is untrue, at least for a trained singer. (11.973) **12 Molly in *quis est homo:* Mercadante** *Quis est homo*: Latin, 'Who is the man'; the beginning of the third stanza of the *Stabat Mater*. Giuseppe Mercadante did not compose a version of the medieval hymn *Stabat Mater*. See also notes at **63:4**, **63:6** and **63:7**. (11.975) **13 Dandy tan shoe of dandy Boylan** Recalls the nursery rhyme sometimes given as: 'Handy-spandy, Jack-a-dandy,

/ Loves plum-cake and sugar candy. / He bought some at a grocer's shop, / And pleased, away he went, hop, hop, hop, hop' (*ODNR*). Jack-a-dandy: 'a little fop, a petty dandy, an insignificant little fellow' (Partridge). (11.977) **14 socks skyblue clocks** See note at **185:28**. (11.977) **15 Chamber music** 'Music written for small instrumental ensemble, with one player to a part, and intended for performance either in private, in a domestic environment with or without listeners, or in public in a small concert hall before an audience of limited size' (*Grove*). *Chamber Music* is also the title of Joyce's first book, a thin volume of thirty-six poems, first published in 1907. (11.979) **16 Empty vessels make most noise** 'Empty vessels make the greatest sound', proverbial since 1579 (*ODEP*). Bloom is fusing three scientific principles: the law of acoustics which states that the pitch produced by a vessel is altered by adding (or removing) liquid, Archimedes's law of specific gravity (see note at **56:1**) and the law of falling bodies, first established by Galileo Galilei, who found that the velocity of a falling body increases in proportion to the time it has been falling and not to its weight. (11.981) **17 those rhapsodies of Liszt's, Hungarian, gipsyeyed** Franz Liszt (Hungarian composer, 1811–86) wrote nineteen Hungarian rhapsodies for piano. These were inspired by gypsy music and not by native Hungarian music (*Grove*). (11.983) **18 Paul de Kock** See note at **50:8**. (11.986) **19** ***Qui sdegno*** Italian, 'here's indignation'; the opening of the Italian version of the bass aria '*In diesen heil'gen Hallen*' (German, 'Within these hallowed halls') in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* (*The Magic Flute*, 1791), Act II, Scene 3. This is 'a song of peace and the banishment of strife' (Bowen, p. 194). (11.990) **20** ***The Croppy Boy*** 'The Croppy Boy': a patriotic song by Carroll Malone (pseudonym of Irish poet William B. McBurney, *c.*1844–*c.*1892). Croppy: nickname for Catholic Wexford rebels of 1798 who wore their hair close-cropped (see also note at **176:30**). The song tells of a 'croppy' who is treacherously slain by a loyalist officer disguised as a priest. Ben Dollard's rendition of this song is discussed in 'Hades' (see note at **70:1**). Joyce performed 'The Croppy Boy' at a concert on 27th August 1904 at the Antient Concert Rooms (Ellmann, p. 168). (11.991) **21 Our native Doric** See note at **95:1**. (11.991) **22 Good men and true** From the first line of 'The Croppy Boy'. First stanza: 'Good men and true! in this house who dwell, / To a stranger *bouchal* [Irish, 'boy'] I pray you tell / Is the priest at home? or may he be seen? / I would speak a word with Father Green'. (11.992) **23 What key? Six sharps?** F sharp major indeed has six sharps. (11.996) **24 F sharp major** The sheet music for 'The Croppy Boy' indicates that its key signature is A major, which has three sharps. However, since it is a ballad, it could be played in any key the singer wishes. (11.997)

207 1 on for a razzle backache spree Razzle-dazzle: 'riotous jollity or intoxication' (*OED*); see also note at **199:9**. (11.1001) **2 In a cave of the dark middle earth** [...] Alludes to the beginning of Richard Wagner's (German operatic composer, 1813–83) opera, *Das Rheingold* (1853–54), where three Rhine maidens guard the powerful Rhine gold, from which an all-powerful ring can be created by the one who renounces love. The Nibelung dwarf Alberich, whose romantic advances are rejected by the Rhine maidens, renounces love and steals the Rhine gold. 'The "dark", "lugubrious" chords in the first scene of *Rheingold* anticipate the appearance of Alberich' (Timothy Martin, *Joyce and Wagner*, p. 245 n. 12). (11.1005) **3 The priest he sought, with him would he speak a word** Paraphrases the beginning of the first stanza of 'The Croppy Boy', for which see note at **206:22**. (11.1009) **4 Big ships' chandler's business he did once** Ship-chandler: 'A dealer who supplies ships with necessary stores' (*OED*). It is uncertain if Bloom's description of Ben Dollard's financial ruin is drawn from real life. Only one ship-chandler's business went bankrupt in Dublin in the late 1800s, that of the firm of George and William J. Merritt, around 1887 or 1888 (*SS*, p. 65). (11.1012) **5 the Iveagh home** A charity home 'to supply improved living accommodation for the poorer classes of Dublin', located off Bride Street in central Dublin and established by the Iveagh Trust (Bennett, s.v. Guinness Trust); see also note at **61:5**. The Iveagh Home did not open until 1907 (*SS*, p. 65). (11.1014) **6 Number one Bass** See note at **113:16**. (11.1015) **7 The priest's at home** Paraphrases the second stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen; / 'Tis easy speaking with Father Green; / But you must wait, till I go and see / If the holy father alone may be'. (11.1016) **8 the youth had entered a lonely hall** Paraphrases the third stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The youth has entered an empty hall – / What a lonely sound has his light footfall! / And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare, / With a vested Priest in a lonely chair'. (11.1020) **9 the vested priest sitting to shrive** Shrive: 'To perform the office of a confessor' (*OED*). While this phrase paraphrases the last line of the third stanza of 'The Croppy Boy', the word 'shrive' appears in the ninth verse (see note at **209:1**). (11.1022) **10** ***Answers*** **poets' picture**

puzzle *Answers*: a successful weekly magazine published from 1888 by the Irish publisher Alfred Harmsworth (see note at **103:14**). A popular feature was the weekly picture puzzle, which conveyed the title of a famous poem when it was solved and offered a prize of £5. (11.1023) **11 Bird sitting hatching in a nest. Lay of the last minstrel** 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' (1802–5): a poem by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832). (11.1024) **12** ***in nomine Domini*, in God's name** Paraphrases the fourth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The youth has knelt to tell his sins. / *Nomine Dei* the youth begins; / At *mea culpa* he beats his breast, / And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest'. *In nomine Domini*: Latin, in the Lord's name (a phrase featured in the 'Sanctus' of the Mass Ordinary); the song has, instead, *nomine Dei*: in God's name. (11.1032) **13** ***mea culpa*** Latin, 'Through my own fault'; a stock phrase used in the confessional. (11.1033) **14 Chap in the mortuary, coffin or coffey** The Revd Francis Coffey, who presided over Dignam's funeral; see note at **78:13**. (11.1035) **15** ***corpusnomine*** A Latin word of Bloom's own invention; it combines *corpus* (body) with *nomine* (name). (11.1036) **16 Since easter he had cursed three times** Paraphrases the sixth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy' (with the blind piano tuner's curse interpolated within): 'I cursed three times since last Easter day – / At Mass-time once I went to play; / I passed the churchyard one day in haste, / And forgot to pray for my mother's rest'. (11.1040) **17 dab** 'An expert, an adept' (*OED*). (11.1045) **18 to titivate** 'To make small alterations or additions to one's toilet, etc. so as to add to one's attractions' (*OED*). (11.1047)

208 **1 Night Michael Gunn gave us the box** Michael Gunn (d.1901): co-manager of the Gaiety Theatre (see note at **70:23**), 1871–1901 (with his brother John). (11.1050) **2 Shah of Persia** The Shah of Persia, Nasser al-Din (1831–96), visited England in June 1873 and July 1889 and was entertained by the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) on both occasions. His second visit in particular generated a great deal of public interest in England, which manifested itself in various songs and stories, such as Bloom remembers here (*EB11*). (11.1050) **3 home sweet home** The title of a famous song from 1823, words by John Howard Payne and music by Henry Rowley Bishop. (11.1051) **4 music hath jaws** See note at **205:3**. (11.1055) **5 Goodwin's** See note at **114:31**. (11.1055) **6 Told her what Spinoza says in that book of poor papa's** Baruch (Benedict) Spinoza (1632–77): Dutch-Jewish philosopher. Bloom owns the book *Thoughts from Spinoza* (see note at **499:10**); see also note at **542:6**. (11.1058) **7 God made the country man the tune** After the proverb, 'God made the country, and man made the town', from William Cowper's 1785 work *The Task* (*ODEP*). (11.1061) **8 All gone. All fallen** [...] Paraphrases the fifth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'At the siege of Ross did my father fall; / And at Gorey my loving brothers all. / I alone am left of my name and race; / I will go to Wexford and take their place'. Ross was the site of a battle, on 5th June 1798, between a large force of poorly armed Croppy Boys and a small but well-armed British force, who emerged victorious. Interpolated into this paraphrase is a reference to another patriotic ballad, 'The Boys of Wexford' (see note at **97:1**). (11.1063) **9 He bore no hate** Paraphrases the line 'I bear no hate against living thing' from the seventh stanza of 'The Croppy Boy'. (11.1068) **10 Big Ben his voice unfolded** Echoes the Ghost's declaration to Hamlet, 'I could a tale unfold' (Act I, Sc. 5, 15) and his command to 'lend thy serious hearing / To what I shall unfold' (Act I, Sc. 5, 5–6). (11.1070) **11 My country above the king** Paraphrases the line 'I love my country above the king' from the seventh stanza of 'The Croppy Boy'. (11.1072) **12 Who fears to speak of nineteen four?** After John Kells Ingram's 'The Memory of the Dead' (see note at **176:29**), which opens: 'Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?', substituting the current year (1904) for 1798, the year of the rebellion which inspired 'The Croppy Boy'. (11.1072) **13** ***Bless me, father*, Dollard the croppy cried. *Bless me and let me go*** Approximates the end of the seventh stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'Now, Father! bless me, and let me go / To die, if God has ordained it so'. The words in italics cannot be Dollard singing, since they do not fit with the rhythm and tune of the song (Bowen, p. 200). (11.1074) **14 Got up to kill: on eighteen bob a week** Got up to kill: the same as 'dressed to kill', meaning 'to dress ultra-smartly' (Partridge). Eighteen bob (eighteen shillings) is Bloom's estimation of how much a barmaid earns in a week. (11.1076) **15 dibs** Money (*OED*). (11.1077) **16 weathereye** A lookout or a close watch (*OED*). (11.1077) **17 Those girls, those lovely** See note at **48:8**. (11.1077) **18 By the sad sea waves** From Sir Julius Benedict's (1804–85) opera *The Bride of Venice* (1843): 'By the sad sea waves / I listen while they moan / A lament o'er graves / Of hope and pleasure gone'. (11.1078) **19 The false priest rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain** Paraphrases the eighth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The priest said nought, but a rustling noise / Made the youth look above in wild surprise; / The robes were off, and in scarlet

there / Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare'. (11.1081) **20 songs without words** After George du Maurier's (1834–96) novel *Trilby* (1894): 'songs without words are the best' (p. 423). *Lieder ohne Worte* (*Songs without Words*) is also the title of a group of 48 piano pieces by Felix Mendelssohn (1809–47). (11.1092) **21 Understand animals too that way. Solomon did** A piece of non-biblical folklore connected with King Solomon was that his great wisdom extended to the animal kingdom, and that he could even understand the languages of animals (*EB11*). (11.1093)

209 **1 With hoarse rude fury the yeoman cursed** Paraphrases the ninth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy' (with the blind piano tuner's curse interpolated within): 'With fiery glare and with fury hoarse, / Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse; / 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive; / For one short hour is your time to live'. For 'shrive', see note at **207:9**. (11.1097) **2 On yonder river** From the first line of the tenth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'Upon yon river three tenders float'. Tender: 'a vessel commissioned to attend men-of-war, chiefly for supplying provisions and munitions of war, also for conveying intelligence dispatches' (*OED*). (11.1105) **3 (her heaving embon)** A fragmentary image from the book *Sweets of Sin*; see notes at **173:4** and **173:6**. (11.1106) **4 And all the tiny tiny fernfoils trembled of maidenhair** Fernfoils: the leaves of a fern plant (*OED*). Maidenhair: 'the name of certain fern having fine hair-like stalks and delicate fronds' (*OED*). (11.1108) **5 The bright stars fade** From the song 'Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye'; see note at **193:9**. (11.1109) **6 O rose! Castille** See note at **98:1**. Should read 'Castile'; the error was made in the 1926 printing. (11.1109) **7 I hold this house. Amen. He gnashed in fury. Traitors swing** Paraphrases the remainder of the tenth stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot; / We hold his house for our Lord the King, / And – "Amen", say I – may all traitors swing!' (11.1120) **8 O'er ryehigh blue** Alludes to the song 'When the Bloom Is on the Rye'; see note at **171:16**. (11.1126) **9 At Geneva barrack that young man died. At Passage was his body laid** Paraphrases the first half of the eleventh and final stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'At Geneva barrack that young man died, / And at Passage they have his body laid'. Geneva Barrack, on Waterford harbour, was a former army recruitment depot that was converted into a prison for rebels during the uprisings of 1798. Passage is a village just north of the barracks. (11.1131) **10 Dolor! O, he dolores!** *Dolor*: Latin (and Spanish), pain, distress, grief, tribulation, affliction; alludes to the 'Shade of the Palm', a song in the operetta *Florodora*; see note at **191:15**. (11.1132) **11 Pray for him** [...] Paraphrases the conclusion of 'The Croppy Boy': 'Good people who live in peace and joy, / Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy'. (11.1139) **12 Lablache** Luigi Lablache (1794–1858): the best-known bass singer in the Europe of his day. The son of an Irish mother and a French father, Lablache was raised in Italy (*EB11*). (11.1150) **13 nakkering castagnettes** Knacker: a castanet (*OED*). (11.1152)

210 **1 Big Benaben** See note at **113:14**. (11.1154) **2 machree** Hiberno-English, my dear (Dolan). (11.1160) **3 adipose** Fatty (*OED*). (11.1161) **4 rift in the lute** See note at **202:10**. (11.1164) **5 *The last rose of summer*** The title of a song by Thomas Moore, sung by Lady Harriet ('Martha') to Lionel in *Martha* (for which see note at **89:4**). (11.1176) **6 Postoffice near Reuben J's one and eightpence too** Both Reuben J. Dodd's office and a sub-post office, money-order and savings-bank office were at 34 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1564). For Reuben J. Dodd, see note at **72:5**. (11.1180) **7 Greek street** Bloom is planning his route to Barney Kiernan's pub (see note at **205:8**): west along Ormond Quay to the post office at number 34, north up Chancery Place to Chancery Street, west to Greek Street, north to Mary's Lane, east to Lower Green Street, and north to Barney Kiernan's pub on Little Britain Street. (11.1181) **8 Her hand that rocks the cradle rules the. Ben Howth. That rules the world** After 'The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Is the Hand that Rules the World', by William Ross Wallace (American poet, 1819–81). For Ben Howth, see note at **128:32**. (11.1183) **9 Better give way only half way the way of a man with a maid** After Proverbs 30:18–19: 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid'. Also suggests *The Way of a Man with a Maid*, a work of pornography from *circa* 1908. (11.1191) **10 Organ in Gardiner street. Old Glynn fifty quid a year** See notes at **63:2** and **63:3**. (11.1197) **11 cockloft** 'A small upper loft; a small apartment under the very ridge of the roof to which the access is usually by a ladder" (*OED*). In this context it refers to the organ loft at St Francis Xavier's Church. (11.1198) **12 Seated all day at the organ** From the first lines of 'The Lost Chord' (for which see note at **195:6**): 'Seated one day at the organ, / I was weary and ill at

ease'. (11.1198) **13 Maunder** 'To talk in a dreamy, rambling, or incoherent manner; to ramble or wander in one's talk' (*OED*); also a reference to John Henry Maunder (1858–1920), a composer of maudlin church music. (11.1199) **14 no don't she cried** The phrase '"No don't," she cried', with variations, recurs throughout the pornographic novel *The Way of a Man with a Maid* (for which see note at **210:9**) as a refrain during the debaucheries. (11.1201)

211 **1 last sardine of summer** See note at **210:5**. (11.1220) **2 Barry's** J.M. Barry & Co.: 'merchant tailors and outfitters', 12 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1563). (11.1224) **3 That wonderworker if I had** See note at **509:3**. (11.1224) **4 Twentyfour solicitors in that one house** *Thom's* lists twenty-four different solicitors' offices at 12 Ormond Quay in 1904 (pp. 1563–64). (11.1225) **5 Asses' skins** Drums are made by using animal skins, such as those of an ass, stretched across a frame. (11.1231) **6 yashmak or I mean kismet** For yashmak, see note at **205:13**. Kismet: destiny, fate; from the Turkish *kismet* (*OED*). (11.1233) **7 Daly's** See note at **191:18**. (11.1235) **8 mermaid** See note at **191:14**. (11.1235) **9 Lombard street west** See note at **83:9**. (11.1239) **10 *Cloche. Sonnez la!*** French, 'Bell. Ring the!' See note at **195:5**. (11.1240) **11 Sweep** 'To chimney-sweep' (Partridge). (11.1242) **12 All is lost now** The English version of '*Tutto è sciolto*', see note at **199:19**. (11.1242) **13 bumbailiff** 'A contemptuous synonym of bailiff [...] the bailiff that is close at the debtor's back, or that catches him in the rear' (*OED*). (11.1243) **14 Long John. Waken the dead** From the hunting song 'John Peel' (*c.*1820), words by John Woodcock Graves: 'Peel's *view hal-loo* would awaken the dead'. For Long John Fanning, see note at **90:17**. (11.1243) **15 Poor little *nominedomine*** That is, 'Poor little Paddy Dignam'; for *nominedomine*, see note at **207:12**. (11.1244) **16 *da capo*** Musical term, 'from the head'; an indication that 'there is to be a recapitulation of the whole or part of the first section' (*Grove*). (11.1245) **17 shah of Persia** See note at **208:2**. (11.1248) **18 Breathe a prayer, drop a tear** See note at **209:11**. (11.1248) **19 natural** 'A born idiot; one on whom education can make no impression' (*Brewer's*). (11.1249) **20 frowsy** Ill-smelling (*OED*). (11.1252) **21 When first he saw that form endearing** From the first line of '*M'appari*', see note at **200:3**. (11.1253) **22 Horn** See note at **195:9**. (11.1254) **23 decked** To deck: 'to vanquish, silence, or non-plus, especially in argument' (Partridge). (11.1256) **24 Put you off your stroke** To put someone off his stroke: 'to offend, to disconcert; to cause a person to lose interest in or enthusiasm for something' (*OED*). (11.1257) **25 we'd never, well hardly ever** After Act I (reprised in Act II) of Gilbert and Sullivan's *HMS Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor* (1878): 'CAPT.: I am never known to quail / At the fury of a gale, / And I'm never, never sick at sea! CREW: What, never? CAPT.: No, never! CREW: What, never? CAPT.: Hardly ever!' (11.1258) **26 Too dear too near to home sweet home** See note at **208:3**. (11.1258)

212 **1 dip** Abbreviation of diphtheria (Partridge). (11.1259) **2 Lionel Marks's antique saleshop window** Lionel Marks: 'antique dealer, watchmaker, jeweller and picture frame maker', 16 Upper Ormond Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1564). (11.1261) **3 they chinked their clinking glasses** After the chorus of 'The Thirty-two Counties', a drinking song by T.D. Sullivan: 'Then clink, glasses, clink, 'tis a toast we all must drink, / And let every voice come in at the chorus. / For Ireland is our home, and wherever we may roam / We'll be true to the dear land that bore us'. (11.1269) **4 last rose of summer** See note at **210:5**. (11.1271) **5 rose of Castille** See note at **98:1**. Should read 'Castile'; the error was made in the 1926 printing. (11.1271) **6 a fifth** The fifth here is Ben Dollard. A 'fifth' is also a musical term for the fifth tone in a scale, also called the 'dominant' (*Grove*). (11.1271) **7 A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall** After a line from the third stanza of 'The Croppy Boy': 'The youth has entered an empty hall'. Here, it refers to the blind tuner. (11.1273) **8 Robert Emmet's last words** Refers to the speech Robert Emmet (for whom see note at **86:7**) delivered at his trial after he was found guilty and before the death sentence was passed on 19th September 1803. There are several versions of the speech, but they all agree on the final paragraph: 'Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth then and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done' (quoted in Helen Landreth, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*, p. 338). (11.1275) **9 Seven last words. Of Meyerbeer that is** There are a number of musical works entitled 'Seven Last Words', however none are by Giacomo Meyerbeer (see note at **123:24**). The one Bloom is thinking of is by Giuseppe Mercadante (see note at **63:7**). (11.1275) **10 True men like you men** After John Kells Ingram's poem 'The Memory of the Dead' (see note at **176:29**): 'But a true man, like you, man, / Will fill your glass with us' (ll. 7–8). (11.1276)

'CYCLOPS'
Time: 5–6 p.m.
Location: Barney Kiernan's pub (8–10 Little Britain Street) and environs

213 **1 old Troy of the D. M. P.** Mr D. Troy, DMP, 14 Arbour Hill (*Thom's*, p. 1415). DMP: the Dublin Metropolitan Police. The DMP was distinct from the Royal Irish Constabulary (see note at **215:29**), which operated in the rest of the country. As an imperial force, it was free from control by local authorities (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, pp. 179–80). (12.1) **2 Arbour hill** A street on the western edge of Dublin, north of the Liffey and about 800 metres east of Phoenix Park. (12.2) **3 sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye** Suggests Odysseus blinding the Cyclops with a burning log (*Odyssey*, IX, 382–86). (12.2) **4 Stony Batter** Stony Batter (also Stonybatter or Stoneybatter): a street that leads into Dublin from the north and, by extension, the surrounding neighbourhood. (12.4) **5 Joe Hynes** See note at **69:3**. (12.5) **6 Soot's luck** After the superstition that seeing a sweep ensures good luck (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. chimney sweep, meeting). (12.8) **7 garrison church at the corner of Chicken Lane** A garrison church associated with the military prison was at the intersection of Arbour Hill and Chicken Lane (*Thom's*, p. 1415). (12.14) **8 wrinkle** A tip, a piece of information (Partridge). (12.15) **9 said he had a farm** That is, the 'bloody big foxy thief' claimed he had an income-producing farm and, on the strength of this, he was allowed to borrow tea and sugar off Moses Herzog. (12.16) **10 county Down** A county in Ulster province, on the Irish Sea. (12.16) **11 hop of my thumb** A dwarf (Partridge). (12.17) **12 Moses Herzog over there near Heytesbury street** M. Herzog: 13 St Kevin's Parade (*Thom's*, p. 1589), several blocks from Heytesbury Street in south-central Dublin. The 1901 census lists him as Isaac Herzog and indicates 'Traveller pedlar [*sic*]' as his occupation. (12.17) **13 Circumcised!** That is, Jewish. (12.19) **14 plumber named Geraghty** Mr M.E. Geraghty: 29 Arbour Hill, at the intersection with Chicken Lane and across from the Garrison Church (*Thom's*, p. 1415). His occupation is not specified. (12.20) **15 hanging on to his taw** On his taw: 'on the look out for some opportunity to pounce on him to punish him' (*EDD*). (12.21) **16 lay** 'An occupation, esp. if criminal; a "line"; a trick' (Partridge). (12.23) **17 How are the mighty fallen!** From 2 Samuel 1:19, 25. (12.24) **18 *trading without a licence*** Merchants were legally required to pay an annual £2 'Hawker's Licence' (*Thom's*, p. 44); since Herzog is unlicensed, he is susceptible to bribery. (12.29) **19 getting his shirt out** Losing his temper (*OED*, s.v. shirt). (12.30) **20 videlicet** Legal Latin, 'to wit' (*Black's Law Dictionary*). (12.37)

214 **1 t. t.** See note at **118:33**. (12.52) **2 John of God's** St John of God Private Lunatic Asylum, located in Stillorgan Castle, Stillorgan, south of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 2004). (12.55) **3 Barney Kiernan's** See note at **205:8**. (12.58) **4 the citizen** Based on Michael Cusack (1847–1906): a champion shot-putter and the founder, in 1884, of the Gaelic Athletic Association, which advocated the playing of Irish games (hurling, handball, etc.) instead of English ones (cricket, field hockey, etc.). 'Pugnacious, boastful, and a heavy drinker, he styled himself "Citizen Cusack" and with his bushy beard, frock coat, broad-brimmed hat, and blackthorn stick, was a conspicuous Dublin character' (*DIB*). On early drafts Joyce included the name Cusack. Joyce met him through his friend George Clancy (Ellmann, p. 61). (12.58) **5 mavourneen's** Mavourneen: Hiberno-English, 'my love' (Dolan). (12.59) **6 meeting in the City Arms** See note at **28:11**. (12.60) **7 hard word** 'A tip, a bit of secret information' (PWJ, p. 272). (12.63) **8 Linenhall barracks** Joe Hynes and the narrator walk east along King Street. The Linen Hall, off North King Street, was built by the government in 1728 originally to serve in the production of Irish linen. As trade declined, the military leased the premises and took over the entire hall in 1867 (Bennett). (12.64) **9 back of the courthouse** Joe Hynes and the narrator turn south off King Street onto Halston Street, which takes them past the back of the city courthouse at 26 Green Street. (12.64) **10 In Inisfail the fair** From James Clarence Mangan's (1803–49) translation into English quatrains of 'Aldfrid's Itinerary', an Irish poem of the seventh century by Aldfrid, king of Northumbria: 'I found in Inisfail the fair, / In Ireland, while in exile there' (ll. 1–2). Inisfail: a poetic name for Ireland; from the Irish words *Inis*, island and *Fál*, the stone of destiny kept at Tara. (12.68) **11 land of holy Michan** Barney Kiernan's pub lies in the parish of St Michan's Church (Protestant), which stands in Old Church Street, west of the Four Courts (*Thom's*, pp. 1362, 1451). (12.68) **12 watchtower** The thirty-metre-high steeple of St Michan's church dates from the twelfth century and is older than the church itself (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 281). (12.69) **13 There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept** The vaults underneath St Michan's hold the remains of many ancient bodies that

are remarkably well preserved, perhaps due to the dryness of the walls (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, pp. 283–84). (12.69) **14 gunnard** Should read 'gurnard' (Joyce made the mistake on one draft): a sea fish distinguished by 'a large spiny head with mailed cheeks and three free pectoral rays' (*OED*). (12.71) **15 roach** Small freshwater fish of the carp family (*OED*). (12.72) **16 gibbed haddock** Gib: 'To disembowel (fish)' (*OED*). (12.72) **17 grilse** Young salmon during the first year of its return to the river from the sea (*OED*). (12.72) **18 dab** A small flat fish resembling a flounder, common to sandy areas on the British coast (*OED*). (12.72) **19 wafty sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar** In Ecclesiasticus 24:17–20 (Douay), Wisdom figures herself in various trees: 'I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus [Lebanon] [...] and as a plane tree by the water in the streets was I exalted'. Joyce quotes this passage in *Portrait* (p. 105). The plane tree and the sycamore are identical in Ireland. The Lebanon cedar and the eucalyptus (of Australia) do not grow in Ireland. (12.76) **20 crans** Cran: 'A measure of capacity for fresh herrings as caught [...] (about 750 fish)' (*OED*). (12.81) **21 drafts of eels** Draft: 'A measure of weight of eels, equal to 20 lbs [9 kg]' (*OED*, s. v. draught). (12.81) **22 from Elbana to Slievemargy** Should read 'Eblana' (the mistake was made in the 1926 printing). After line 46 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid (see note at **214:10**): 'From Dublin to Slewmargy's peak'. Eblana: an Irish place referred to by Ptolemy (second century AD); it is traditionally assumed he meant to signify Dublin. Slievemargy: a mountain about 100 km south-east of Dublin. (12.83) **23 unfettered Munster** From line 25 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'Munster, unfettered of any'. Munster: the south-western province of Ireland. (12.84) **24 Connacht the just** From line 29 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'I found in Connaught the just'. Connacht (or Connaught): the north-western province of Ireland. (12.84) **25 smooth sleek Leinster** After line 45 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek'. Leinster: the south-eastern province of Ireland, of which Dublin is a part. (12.85) **26 Cruachan's land** From lines 32–35 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'I found in Connaught the just, redundance / Of riches, milk in lavish abundance; / Hospitality, vigour, fame / In Cruachan's land of heroic name'. Cruachan: the ancient royal seat of Connaught. (12.85) **27 Armagh the splendid** From lines 13–14 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'I also found in Armagh the splendid, / Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended'. Armagh: the great city of ancient Ireland, a centre of learning and of the Irish Church established by St Patrick. (12.85) **28 noble district of Boyle** From line 41 of Mangan's translation of Aldfrid: 'I found in the noble district of Boyle'. Boyle: an ancient town, famed for its twelfth-century abbey (in ruins), in Connaught, north-west of Dublin. (12.86) **29 sons of kings** See note at **25:28**. (12.86) **30 shining palace whose crystal glittering roof** That is, the Dublin Fruit, Vegetable and Fish Market, just a block from Barney Kiernan's, at 4–33 St Michan's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1590). The wholesale fruit-and-vegetable market opened in 1892, and the fish market opened in 1897. This description also suggests the Crystal Palace built in 1851 for the London Exhibition. (12.87) **31 all herds and fatlings and first fruits of that land** After the style of the Old Testament: 'And the feast of harvest, the firstfruits of thy labours, which thou hast sown in the field' (Exod. 23:16); 'But Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good' (1 Samuel 15:9). (12.89) **32 O'Connell Fitzsimon** H. O'Connell Fitzsimon: 'Superintendent of Food Market' (*Thom's*, p. 1349). (12.90) **33 foison** 'A plentiful supply' (OED). (12.91) **34 strikes** The strike (or strickle): an old English dry measure; 'A straight piece of wood with which surplus grain is struck off level with the rim of the measure. Sometimes applied to the amount so measured' (*OED*). (12.93)

215 1 bere Old English, barley. (12.96) **2 pelurious** Joyce's neologism for 'furry'; from the word 'pelure', fur (*OED*, s.v. pelure). (12.99) **3 hill and dale** A scam 'as practised by "con men" and their like' (Partridge). (12.101) **4 stubble geese** Adult geese fed on wheat stubble (*OED*). (12.103) **5 roaring** 'A disease of horses, causing them to make a loud noise when breathing under exertion' (*OED*). (12.104) **6 polled calves** Hornless calves (OED). (12.104) **7 longwools** Long-wooled sheep (*OED*). (12.104) **8 storesheep** Sheep kept for fattening and eventually sale as mutton, not for wool (*OED*). (12.104) **9 Cuffe's** See note at **74:21**. (12.105) **10 springers** Springer: 'a yearling heifer available for the beef trade' (Cóilín Owens, 'Annotations', p. 6). (12.105) **11 culls** Animals picked out of the herd for fattening, as they are too old or too inferior to be used for breeding (*OED*). (12.105) **12 sowpigs** Spayed sows (*OED*). (12.105) **13 polly** Variant of polled (see note at **215:6**). (12.107) **14 premiated milchcows** To premiate: to award a prize (*OED*). Milch: 'The capacity or condition of giving milk' (*OED*). (12.107) **15 beeves** Poetic plural form

for beef cattle (*OED*). (12.108) **16 Lush and Rush and Carrickmines** Lusk: a village about 18 km north of Dublin. Rush: a small seaport, 6.4 km east of Lusk. Carrickmines: a village 16 km south-east of Dublin. (12.111) **17 Thomond** An ancient petty kingdom of northern Munster. (12.111) **18 M'Gillicuddy's reeks** Ireland's highest mountain range, in County Kerry, in south-west Ireland. (12.112) **19 lordly Shannon** The Shannon is the longest river in the British isles (386 km). It flows through central Ireland and off to the west, emptying into the Atlantic at Limerick. The adjective 'lordly' was applied to it by John Mitchel (Irish author and nationalist, 1815–75) in his *Jail Journal* (1854). (12.112) **20 gentle declivities of the place of the race of Kiar** This is poetic for County Kerry. In Irish mythology, Kiar was one of the three offspring of Queen Maeve and her lover, Fergus MacRoi. Kiar's progeny settled County Kerry. (12.113) **21 farmer's firkins** Firkin: 'A small cask for liquids, fish, butter, etc.' (*OED*). (12.115) **22 targets of lamb** Target: 'the neck and breast of lamb as a joint; the fore-quarter without the shoulder' (*OED*). (12.115) **23 crannocks** Crannock: a dry measure formerly used in provincial parts of the British isles, including Ireland (*OED*). (12.116) **24 Garryowen** Garryowen is the name of a 'famous Irish Setter', born in 1876 and owned by J.J. Giltrap, a founder member of the Red Irish Setter Club and father to Joyce's aunt Josephine (W.J. Rasbridge, 'Giltrap and Garryowen', *Times Literary Supplement*, 9th January 1964, p. 27). Garryowen is also a suburb of Limerick, which is immortalized in a thuggish song. (12.120) **25 gloryhole** A small, solitary place – a criminal's cell, a soldier's dugout (Partridge). (12.122) **26 cruiskeen lawn** Hiberno-English, 'a full jug (of whiskey)', from the Irish *crúiscín lán*, full jug (Dolan); also the title of a traditional Irish love song to whiskey. (12.122) **27 grouse** A grumble (Partridge). (12.124) **28 corporal work of mercy** The seven corporal works of mercy are: to feed the hungry; to give drink to the thirsty; to clothe the naked; to harbour the harbourless; to visit the sick; to ransom the captive; to bury the dead (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. corporal and spiritual works of mercy). (12.125) **29 constabulary man** A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, 'An armed body, available for upholding the constitutional order when required, the R.I.C. was expected to provide the authorities in Dublin Castle with reliable information on the state of the country' (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. xlv). (12.127) **30 Santry** A neighbourhood about 6.5 km north of central Dublin. (12.127) **31 blue paper** A summons (Partridge, s.v. fly blue paper). (12.127) **32 Doing the rapparee and Rory of the hill** Rapparee: Hiberno-English, outlaw (Dolan); initially the name given to Catholic landlords dispossessed by Cromwell, later applied to seventeenth-century agrarian outlaws who attacked Williamite (Protestant) interests. 'Rory of the hill': the pseudonym adopted by various letter-writers in the 1880s who protested against landlords for land reform; also the title of a poem about peasant rebels by Charles Kickham (1830–82). (12.134) **33 Russians wish to tyrannise** See note at **45:12**. (12.140) **34 Arrah** Hiberno-English: now, but, really; 'a phrase to indicate that a situation is not to be taken too seriously' (Dolan). (12.141) **35 codding** Nonsense (Partridge). (12.141)

216 1 Ditto MacAnaspey A favourite expression of John Joyce, which means literally, 'ditto the son of a bishop' (John Wyse Jackson and Peter Costello, *John Stanislaus Joyce*, p. 233). (12.146) **2 *a chara*** Irish (and Hiberno-English), 'my friend'. (12.148) **3 towser** 'A common name for a large dog, such as was used to bait bears or bulls' (*OED*). (12.148) **4 round tower** See note at **121:1**. (12.151) **5 mountain gorse (*Ulex Europeus*)** 'The prickly shrub *Ulex europæus*; common furze or whin' (*OED*). (12.158) **6 tear and a smile** After Thomas Moore's poem 'Erin! the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes', from his *Irish Melodies*. (12.161) **7 Cuchulin** Cuchulin (also spelt 'Cuchulain' and 'Cú Chulainn'), the 'Hound of Culann': the most prominent heroic figure in Irish mythology, with his legends gathered in the Ulster Cycle of heroic tales. He is the protagonist in several plays by W.B. Yeats, including *The Death of Cuchulain* (1939). (12.176) **8 Conn of hundred battles** Conn Ced-cathach (Conn of the Hundred Battles): King of Ireland *circa* 200 AD. 'In Conn, from whom Connacht gets its name, we have the first of the line of the High Kings of Ireland, the Dal Cuinn or "Race of Conn", who lasted until 1022 and gave Ireland a centre of national unity' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 3). (12.176) **9 Niall of nine hostages** Niall of the Nine Hostages: high king of Ireland, 380–405. 'The time of Niall is a remarkable one for Irish unity, the Ruin and reshaping of Roman Britain, and the first coming of the Christian faith to Erin' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 5). (12.177) **10 Brian of Kincora** Brian of Kincora (Brian Boroimhe or Brian Boru, 926–1014): King of Munster from *c.*978 and High King of Ireland from *c.*1002. On Good Friday 1014, his forces won a significant victory over a confederacy of Norse armies from the British Isles and Normandy at the Battle of Clontarf (just north-east of Dublin). But after the battle he was killed in his tent by the

defeated Norsemen (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, pp. 25–26). (12.177) **11 the Ardri Malachi** Ardri: Irish, high king. Malachi II (948–1022) was, with Brian of Kincora, decisive in freeing Ireland from the yoke of Danish invasion. See also note at **36:6**. (12.177) **12 Art MacMurragh** Art MacMurragh (1357–1417): King of Leinster (1377–1417) and scourge of Richard II's hold over eastern Ireland; 'the greatest of Donal's descendants and of the medieval chiefs of Ireland the one who most ruined the English colony' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 106). (12.177) **13 Shane O'Neill** Shane O'Neill (*c.*1530–67): 'the most uncompromising opponent of English rule in Ireland that had yet appeared' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 160). (12.178) **14 Father John Murphy** Father Murphy (1753–98): one of the instigators of the 1798 rebellion in the south (*DIB*). (12.178) **15 Owen Roe** Owen Roe O'Neill (*c.*1590–1649) supported the embattled Charles I in Ireland and, though very effective, was unable to prevent the subjugation of the Irish Catholics by Cromwell's forces (*DIB*). (12.178) **16 Patrick Sarsfield** Sarsfield (d.1693), First Earl of Lucan: Irish warrior who fought on behalf of the Catholic James II in his campaign to retain the crown against William III (*DIB*). (12.178) **17 Red Hugh O'Donnell** O'Donnell (*c.*1572–1602): Lord of Tyrconnell. He amassed national support for a rebellion against English rule, which was ultimately unsuccessful; however, 'the whole romance of his story has attracted Irish hearts to him through centuries since his death' (MacManus, *The Story of the Irish Race*, p. 393). (12.179) **18 Red Jim MacDermott** A Dublin-born covert agent working for the British who infiltrated the Fenians in the 1880s (Michael Davitt, *The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland*, pp. 428–34). (12.179) **19 Soggarth Eoghan O'Growney** Father Eugene O'Growney (1863–99): Gaelic revivalist, professor of Irish at Maynooth College and author of the primer *Simple Lessons in Irish* (1894–1901). Soggarth: Hiberno-English, priest (*OED*). (12.179) **20 Michael Dwyer** Michael Dwyer (1771–1826): a rebel of 1798 who for five years evaded all attempts by the British to capture him. On 17th December 1803 he surrendered voluntarily and was deported to Australia, where he eventually became chief constable of Liverpool, a town near Sydney (*DIB*). (12.180) **21 Francy Higgins** Francis Higgins (*c.*1745–1802): for his background see note at **95:7**. Higgins used his position as owner of the *Freeman's Journal* to denounce enemies of the government, especially the United Irishmen. He was a government informer and betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald to the English in 1798 (see note at **176:26**) (*DIB*). (12.180) **22 Henry Joy M'Cracken** Henry Joy McCracken (1767–98): commander-in-chief of the United Irish army of the north. On 7th June 1798 he led the United Irishmen at the Battle of Antrim, at which his troops were beaten. McCracken was arrested and executed (*DIB*). (12.180) **23 Goliath** The Philistine giant whom David killed with a slingshot (1 Samuel 17:49–51). (12.181) **24 Horace Wheatley** A music-hall singer of the 1890s. (12.181) **25 Thomas Conneff** Thomas Conneff (American runner, *c.*1866–1912) set the world record for the one-mile run in 1888 and again in 1891. (12.181) **26 Peg Woffington** Margaret ('Peg') Woffington (*c.*1720–60): a Dublin waif who went on to become a star actress in London. 'Regarded as one of the finest actresses of her day, comfortable in tragic or comic roles, she won much praise for her striking figure, beauty, wit, and spirit' (*DIB*). (12.181) **27 the Village Blacksmith** 'The Village Blacksmith': a poem from 1840 by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82). (12.181) **28 Captain Moonlight** Under the name 'Captain Moonlight' a person, or persons, working on behalf of land reform threatened and terrorized people who would not join the Land League in the 1880s in Ireland (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 326). (12.182) **29 Captain Boycott** Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott (1832–70): a land agent in County Mayo, from whose name the word 'boycott' derives. 'The term dates from 1880, when such methods were used by the Irish Land League under Parnell, who advocated that anyone taking over a farm from an evicted tenant should be "isolated from his kind as if he were a leper of old". This treatment was first used against Captain Boycott' (*Brewer's*). (12.182) **30 Dante Alighieri** Dante Alighieri (1265–1321): Florentine poet, author of the *Divine Comedy*. (12.182) **31 Christopher Columbus** Christopher Columbus (1451–1506): Italian navigator and explorer; credited as being the European discoverer of North America. (12.183) **32 S. Fursa** St Fursa (or Fursey or Fursaeus, d.*c.*650): Irish saint who founded monasteries in Ireland, England and France. Joyce called his book *A Vision* a precursor to Dante's *Divine Comedy* (*OCPW*, p. 203). (12.183) **33 S. Brendan** St Brendan (484–577): Irish monk who founded monasteries in Ireland and France. His book *Brendan's Voyage* describes a trip to a land of promise that some claim is America (*OCPW*, p. 203). (12.183) **34 Marshal MacMahon** Count Marie Edmé Patrice Maurice de MacMahon (1808–93): a descendant of the Irish Wild Geese, French military leader and president of the Third Republic (1873–79). (12.183) **35 Charlemagne** Charlemagne (742–814): King of the Franks (768–814) and Holy

Roman Emperor (800–814). (12.184) **36 Theobald Wolfe Tone** See note at **168:20**. (12.184) **37 the Mother of the Maccabees** Along with her seven children, the mother of the Maccabees was martyred (168 BC) by the Syrian king Antiochus IV for not converting from Judaism to the pagan Greek faith (2 Mac. 7:1). (12.184) **38 the Last of the Mohicans** *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826): a novel by James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851). (12.184) **39 the Rose of Castille** See note at **98:1**. (12.185) **40 the Man for Galway** 'The Man For Galway': a poem by Charles Lever (1806–72). (12.185) **41 The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo** In 1892, Charles Wells won great fame by breaking the bank of the Casino at Monte Carlo six times, although he eventually lost all his winnings. Fred Gilbert (1850–1903) wrote a song about this called 'The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo'. (12.185) **42 The Man in the Gap** Hiberno-English, 'the man who courageously and successfully defends any cause or any position' (PWJ, p. 182), after the watchman who would lie in wait in a ford, or 'gap of danger', to defend ancient Celtic tribes from invasion. Also a term used to describe the goalkeeper in the game of hurling. (12.186) **43 The Woman Who Didn't** *The Woman Who Did* (1895): a novel about free love by Grant Allen (Canadian writer, 1848–99). (12.186) **44 Benjamin Franklin** Benjamin Franklin (1706–90): American statesman, essayist and pioneer of electricity. (12.187) **45 Napoleon Bonaparte** Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821): French general (of Corsican birth), Emperor of the French (1804–15). (12.187) **46 John L. Sullivan** John L. Sullivan (1858–1918): Irish-American prizefighter and world heavyweight champion 1882–92. (12.187) **47 Cleopatra** Cleopatra VII (69–30 BC): last Pharaoh of Egypt (Ptolemaic dynasty, of Greek descent). (12.188) **48 Savourneen Deelish** Irish, 'And my faithful sweetheart'; the title of a song by George Colman (1762–1836). (12.188) **49 Julius Caesar** See note at **21:1**. (12.188) **50 Paracelsus** Wilhelm Bombast von Hohenheim (*c.*1490–1541), called Paracelsus: physician, alchemist and mystic. (12.188) **51 sir Thomas Lipton** Thomas Lipton (1850–1931): successful tea merchant; born in Scotland of Irish ancestry. (12.188) **52 William Tell** The story of William Tell being forced to shoot an apple off his son's head by a tyrannical Austrian bailiff and then leading his people to freedom with a 1st January 1308 uprising is 'bound up with the legendary history of the origin of the Swiss Confederation' (*EB11*). (12.189) **53 Michelangelo, Hayes** Michelangelo Hayes (1820–77): Irish caricaturist and Dublin city marshal. (12.189) **54 Muhammad** Muhammad (*c.*570–632): the founder of Islam. His teachings and revelations are set down in the *Qur'an*. (12.189) **55 the Bride of Lammermoor** A novel by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832). See note at **84:1**. (12.189) **56 Peter the Hermit** Peter the Hermit (d.1115): priest of Amiens and preacher of the First Crusade. (12.190) **57 Peter the Packer** Nickname of Lord Peter O'Brien of Kilfenora (1842–1914), crown counsel and, from 1889, lord chief justice of Ireland. A conservative, O'Brien was infamous for using peremptory challenge to 'pack' the jury box when he was acting as a prosecutor on the Crown's behalf (*DIB*). (12.190) **58 Dark Rosaleen** A personification of Ireland in an anonymous Gaelic song translated by several poets, including James Clarence Mangan. (12.190) **59 Patrick W. Shakespeare** Combines Shakespeare's name with that of Patrick Weston Joyce (1827–1913), the Irish scholar and author of such works as *English As We Speak It in Ireland* (1910). (12.190) **60 Brian Confucius** After the ancient Chinese philosopher (*c.*551–*c.*479 BC). (12.191) **61 Murtagh Gutenberg** Murtagh: an Irish male name. Johannes Gutenberg (1397–1468): inventor of movable type. (12.191) **62 Patricio Velasquez** After the Spanish artist Diego Rodríguez de Silva y Velázquez (1599–1660). (12.191) **63 Captain Nemo** Protagonist of Jules Verne's (French author, 1828–1905) *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* (1870). Nemo: Latin: 'no one', which is what Odysseus told the Cyclops his name was (*Odyssey*, IX, 364). (12.192) **64 Tristan and Isolde** In an ancient, quasi-Arthurian legend, Isolde was an Irish princess. Tristan came to escort her to Britain, where she was to marry his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall, but the pair drank a magic potion that caused them to fall with each other. Many different versions of this story exist, including an opera by Wagner. (12.192) **65 the first Prince of Wales** The first Prince of Wales was Edward II (1284–1327, r.1307–27). Since the fourteenth century, the eldest son of the British monarch has been born as Duke of Cornwall and later made prince of Wales. (12.192) **66 Thomas Cook and Son** One of the first travel agencies, established by Thomas Cook (1808–92) and his son John (1834–99). (12.193) **67 the Bold Soldier Boy** After a poem by Samuel Lover (Irish poet and songwriter, 1797–1868), 'The Bowld Sojer Boy'. (12.193) **68 Arrah na Pogue** Irish (*ara na bpóg*), 'one who likes to kiss'; the title of a popular play from 1864 by Dion Boucicault. (12.193) **69 Dick Turpin** Dick Turpin (d.1793): an infamous English highwayman whose story is told in the ballad 'Turpin Hero'. (12.193) **70 Ludwig Beethoven** Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827): a German composer

of some renown. (12.194) **71 Colleen Bawn** Hiberno-English, 'blonde girl'; the title of a play by Dion Boucicault, *The Colleen Bawn or, The Brides of Garryowen* (1860); see also note at **70:19**. (12.194) **72 Waddler Healy** Possibly John Healy (1841–1918), archbishop of Tuam. Dr Walter McDonald, one of Healy's colleagues, called him 'tall, blonde, rough, strongly built, though inclined to waddle in his gait' (quoted in *SS*, p. 154). (12.194) **73 Angus the Culdee** The Culdees (Irish: *céile dé*, servant of God): an order of Scottish-Irish monks, founded in the eighth century (*OED*). Angus (or Óengus, fl.800) wrote a calendar with a saint for each day, represented by a stanza. (12.194) **74 Dolly Mount** Dollymount: a north-eastern Dublin suburb. (12.195) **75 Sidney Parade** Sydney Parade: a street in Merrion village, 4.8 km south-east of central Dublin. (12.195) **76 Ben Howth** See note at **128:32**. (12.195) **77 Valentine Greatrakes** Valentine Greatrakes (1629–83): an Irishman who claimed to be able to cure people by his touch, from which he became known as 'the Stroker' (*EB11*, s.vv. faith healing; hypnotism). (12.195) **78 Adam and Eve** In the book of Genesis, the original man and woman, cast out of the Garden of Eden after eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Also, the name of a church by the Liffey; see note at **109:9**. (12.196) **79 Arthur Wellesley** Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington (1769–1852): Dublin-born British military hero who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 and Prime Minister of the United Kingdom (1828–30); see also note at **241:40**. (12.196) **80 Boss Croker** Richard 'Boss' Croker (1843–1922): Irish-American politician who became the leader of New York City's Tammany Hall machine, then the heart of political corruption in New York. After amassing a great personal fortune, he retired to Cork in 1903 (*EB11*). (12.196) **81 Herodotus** Herodotus (*c.*484–*c.*425 BC): the first of the Greek historians, best known for his history of the Persian Wars. (12.196) **82 Jack the Giantkiller** From the children's story of the farmer's son who rid King Arthur's Britain of giants. (12.196) **83 Gautama Buddha** See note at **61:16**. (12.197) **84 Lady Godiva** Lady Godiva (fl.1040–1080): the Earl of Mercia's wife, who rode through the streets of Coventry naked to convince her husband to reduce his oppressive tax rates. Peeping Tom the Tailor was the only townsperson who looked, and he was struck blind (*Brewer's*, s.v. Peeping Tom). (12.197) **85 Lily of Killarney** See note at **70:19**. (12.197) **86 Balor of the Evil Eye** Balor: in Irish mythology, a god of death and leader of the Fomorians, a gigantic race of evil sea peoples. His one eye had a gaze so malevolent it could kill (Peter Berresford Ellis, *A Dictionary of Irish Mythology*). (12.197) **87 the Queen of Sheba** The Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon and found that his wisdom exceeded the reports she had heard (1 Kings 10; 2 Chronicles 9). (12.198) **88 Acky Nagle, Joe Nagle** Two brothers who ran a pub, John Joachim ('Acky') Nagle and James Joseph Nagle, J.J. Nagle and Co., 'wine and spirit merchants', 9 Cathedral Street and 25 Earl Street North (*Thom's*, p. 1968). (12.198)

217 1 Alessandro Volta Count Alessandro Volta (1745–1827): Italian physicist and inventor, after whom the volt is named. Among other things, he invented the battery. In 1909 Joyce opened the first movie theatre in Dublin and called it the Volta (Ellmann, pp. 300–11). (12.198) **2 Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa** Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa (1831–1915): known as 'Dynamite Rossa', a Fenian activist. In 1865 he was arrested and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. He was freed in 1871 on condition that he leave Ireland. He went to the US, where he edited *The United Irishman* (*DIB*). (12.199) **3 Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare** Beare (*c.*1590–1660): an Irishman educated in Spain, author of *Historiæ Catholicæ Iberniæ Compendium* (Lisbon: 1621), an account of the Elizabethan wars. (12.199) **4 couched spear of acuminated granite** Couched: 'Laid or lying down' (*OED*). Acuminated: sharpened (*OED*). (12.200) **5 prudent member gave me the wheeze** That is, Bloom. Member: a person, from the phrase 'member of the community' (Partridge). For 'wheeze', see note at **196:13**. (12.211) **6 Pill lane and Greek street** Pill Lane (which by 1904 had been renamed Chancery Street) is on the south side of the Dublin Fruit, Vegetable and Fish Market, while Greek Street is on the west side (*Thom's*, pp. 1446, 1509). (12.213) **7 cod's eye** To cod: to hoax, cheat (Partridge). (12.214) **8 Michan's land** See note at **214:11**. (12.215) **9 bedight in sable armour** Bedight: wearing (*OED*). Sable armour: Bloom's black mourning suit. (12.215) **10 the son of Rory** Rory O'More (d.1655): one of the leaders of the 1641 rebellion, referred to as 'the son of Rory Caoch' in the *Annals of Ireland* (vol. 2, p. 497). (12.216) **11 old woman of Prince's street** See note at **102:13**. (12.218) **12 The pledgebound party on the floor of the house** After the 1885 general election, Parnell, restoring a practice of the 1850s, secured signed pledges from all his MPs to unite as a block and vote with the party, although this proved insufficient for the successful passage of a Home Rule bill (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 54; see also note at **508:9**). The song 'God Save Ireland'

(see note at **120:1**) includes the phrase 'the party on the floor'. (12.219) **13** ***The Irish Independent*** See note at **94:11**. (12.220) **14** **Gordon, Barnfield Crescent** [...] From the Births column of the *Irish Independent*, 16th June 1904 (p. 1, col. a). The citizen summarizes two of the five births listed, all of which were in England. (12.225) **15** **Wright and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion** [...] From the Marriages column of the *Irish Independent*, 16th June 1904. Of five weddings listed, only one took place in Ireland (the rest were in England), the citizen summarizes three of the English weddings (in the paper, the name 'Playwood' is 'Haywood') (p. 1, col. a). (12.226) **16** **Deaths. Bristow, at Whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington** [...] From the Deaths column of the *Irish Independent*, 16th June 1904. The citizen reads six of the thirteen entries, picking only the English mortalities (in the paper, Bristow's address is Whitehorse Lane, not Whitehall Lane) (p. 1, col. a). (12.230) **17** **Martin Murphy, the Bantry jobber** William Martin Murphy (1844–1919) of Bantry, County Cork, was born into a building contracting family. He bought the *Irish Independent* in 1904; see also note at **94:11**. Jobber: 'a hack; a journeyman, a dabbler' (*OED*). (12.237) **18** **Thanks be to God they had the start of us** A pious expression saying, in effect, that they are the happier for having reached heaven before us (Dent). (12.238) **19** **Alf Bergan** See note at **117:9**. (12.249) **20** **Bob Doran** See note at **57:6**. (12.251)

218 **1** **pantaloon** 'A Venetian character in the 16th-century Italian comedy, a lean and foolish old man dressed in loose trousers and slippers' (*Brewer's*). (12.253) **2** **u. p.: up** See note at **116:6**. (12.258) **3** ***Bi i dho husht*** Irish, 'Be quiet!' (12.265) **4** **Collis and Ward's** See note at **68:8**. (12.268) **5** **Green Street to look for a G. man** There were two police stations on Green Street, around the corner from Barney Kiernan's on Little Britain Street: a C division branch at 26 Green Street and a D division at 11 Green Street (*Thom's*, p. 1509). For the G division, see note at **119:19**. (12.271) **6** **When is long John going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy?** See note at **90:17** for Long John Fanning. Mountjoy prison is just north of North Circular Road and west of Phibsborough Road in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 839). There were no prisoners on death row in Dublin on 16th June 1904. Alf Bergan was an assistant to John Clancy, the model for Fanning (Ellmann, p. 43). (12.272) **7** **pony** 'A small glass or measure of alcohol' (*OED*). (12.274) **8** **Terence O'Ryan** The curate of St James's Street Presbytery (*Thom's*, pp. 995, 1016). Curate: assistant priest and also an assistant barman (Dolan). (12.280) **9** **noble twin brothers Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun** Bung: brewer (Partridge). Edward Cecil Guinness (1847–1927), Lord Iveagh, and Arthur Edward Guinness (1840–1915), Lord Ardilaun, were the Guinness brothers (but not twins). (12.281) **10** **sons of deathless Leda** That is, Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda and Zeus. Leda is called 'deathless' because, according to some versions of the myth, she was deified as the goddess Nemesis after the birth of her children. (12.282) **11** **to the manner born** From *Hamlet* (Act I, Sc. 4, 15). (12.287) **12** **testoon** A name applied to various European coins over the ages (*OED*). Here, it would be a penny coin, which is, in Edwardian coinage, the highest denomination in copper. (12.291) **13** **Her Most Excellent Majesty** [...] This title was Victoria's in all respects but one: the phrase 'and of the British dominions beyond the sea' was not used in British royal titles until the accession of Edward VII in 1902. Joyce may have got this form of address from his copy of the 1904 *Thom's*, where it appears, attached to Edward (p. 103). (12.294) **14** **from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof** [...] From Psalm 50:1: 'The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof'. Also alludes to the notion that the sun never sets on the British empire (see note at **25:4**). Ethiop: generic term for black Africans (*OED*). (12.298)

219 **1** **rhino** Money (Partridge). (12.303) **2** **codding** Fooling around (Partridge). (12.307) **3** **Honest injun** No kidding (Partridge). (12.308) **4** **a dust** A row, a fight (Partridge). (12.311) **5** **Willy Murray** William Murray: Joyce's maternal uncle and the basis of Richie Goulding (see note at **31:28**). (12.313) **6** **Capel Street** A north-south street in Dublin. Little Britain Street (location of Barney Kiernan's) empties onto Capel Street. (12.314) **7** **I'm after seeing him** That is, 'I've just seen him', a common construction in Hiberno-English that follows from the absence of a direct equivalent to the verb 'have' in Irish; past tenses, therefore, are formed by combining the verb 'to be' with the preposition 'after' (Dolan). (12.323) **8** **plain as a pikestaff** Very clear, beyond argument (Partridge). (12.323) **9** **God between us and harm** 'The Lord between us and harm' and 'the Lord preserve us': 'both very common exclamations in case of danger' (PWJ, p. 195). (12.326) **10** **tantras** *Tantra*: Sanskrit, 'the important' or 'the essential'; the name of a Hindu book of mystical teachings and ritual instruction. In Theosophy, *tantras* refer to mystical formulas when put into

action (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*, s.vv. Tantra; Shiva; Durga). (12.339) **11 etheric double** In Theosophy, the etheric double is a spiritual counterpart of the dense physical body, which it pervades and sustains (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*). (12.341) **12 jivic rays** In Hindu philosophy, the *jiva* is the soul, the vital principle (*OED*). (12.341) **13 pituitary body** The Theosophists believed that the pituitary body controls bodily growth and that it is also the interface between soul and body, by means of which clairvoyant experiences are transmitted to the brain (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*). (12.343) **14 pralaya** A Sanskrit word generally used for the Hindu concept (adopted by the Theosophists) of the destruction or dissolution of the world, or the time when the world retreats before being refashioned in a new geologic or spiritual era (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*). (12.346) **15 certain bloodthirsty entities on the lower astral levels** This refers to the Hindu notion of the difficulty besetting the soul's efforts to evolve to a more pure, less earth-bound state of being. See note at **141:10**. (12.347) **16 the great divide** 'The boundary between life and death' (*OED*). (12.348) **17 he had seen as in a glass darkly** From Paul's first letter to the Corinthians: 'For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known' (13:12). (12.349) **18 atmic development** *Atmâ* (and *Atman*): Sanskrit, the One Spirit, or the universal principle of life (*OED*). Thus, atmic development would seem to refer to the Hindu notion, adopted by the Theosophists, of the evolution of the soul, over a succession of lifetimes, to the ultimate stage of dissolution into the One Spirit (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*, s.vv. Atmâ; Atman, Self). (12.350) **19 talafana, alavatar, hatakalda, wataklasat** Mock-Sanskrit transliterations of telephone, elevator, hot and cold, watercloset. (12.354) **20 highest adepts were steeped in waves of volupcy of the very purest nature** Volupcy: Joyce's coinage, after 'volupty': pleasure (*OED*). In other words, the pleasure (volupcy) of the highest adepts is of a pure kind (spiritual, not material). (12.354)

220 **1 wrong side of Maya** *Mâyâ*: Sanskrit, illusion; the Hindu principle of form. To be on the 'wrong side of Mâyâ' is to be in error, to be stuck in the lower world of illusion (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*). (12.358) **2 devanic circles** *Deva*: Sanskrit, 'shining one' or 'god'. The Hindus and the Theosophists use the term very broadly, to designate 'almost any being functioning on planes higher than the physical, whether concerned with human evolution or not' (Hoult, *Dictionary of Theosophical Terms*, s.v. Deva). Thus, to be in 'devanic circles' is to be on a higher spiritual plane, among higher beings. (12.359) **3 Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the eastern angle where the ram has power** That is, the astrological conjunction of Mars and Jupiter in the constellation Aries (the ram) produces a bad omen. (12.359) **4 *C. K.*** That is, Corny Kelleher, who oversaw Dignam's funeral for H.J. O'Neill's funeral home. (The Theosophists were fond of using only initials.) (12.362) **5 return room** 'A mezzanine room at the turn of a flight of stairs' (*OED*). (12.368) **6 sent to Cullen's to be soled** M. Cullen: 'military bootmaker', 56 Mary Street (*Thom's*, p. 1541). (12.369) **7 Banba** 'A triune goddess – Banba, Fotla and Éire – representing the spirit of Ireland' (Ellis, *A Dictionary of Irish Mythology*). (12.375) **8 point duty** A policeman's traffic detail (*OED*). (12.379) **9 physog** The face (Partridge). (12.381) **10 slidder** That is, 'slither' in a thick Dublin accent. (12.381) **11 bawways** Hiberno-English, askew (*OED*). (12.382) **12 The tear is bloody near your eye** After Thomas Moore's 'Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eyes'. (12.397) **13 Mother kept a kip in Hardwicke street that used to be stravaging** Recapitulates the action of the *Dubliners* story 'The Boarding House', where Mrs Mooney forces Bob Doran, one of her tenants, to marry her daughter Polly. Polly's father is a 'sheriff's man' (p. 61), or bum-bailiff (see note at **211:13**). Kip: a boarding house (*OED*). Hardwicke Street is in north-east Dublin, near Eccles Street. Stravage: to wander about aimlessly (*OED*, s.v. stravaig). (12.399)

221 **1 skeezing** Peering, glancing obliquely (*OED*). (12.407) **2 Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye** See note at **217:7**. (12.410) **3 O, Christ M'Keown** Anglicization of *Críost, m'ochón*: Irish, 'Christ, my sorrow'. (12.412) **4 *i hanged Joe Gann*** Joseph Gann was the name of a British consular official in Zurich with whom Joyce had unpleasant dealings (Ellmann, pp. 427, 440, 441, 458). (12.419) **5 *Bootle jail*** A jail outside Liverpool. (12.420) **6 *Pentonville prison*** A prison in London. (12.422) **7 *Billington*** In 1899, Alf Bergan received a letter from a British executioner named Billington, on vacation in Ireland, offering his services as an executioner in terms similar to this letter (Ellmann, p. 43). Billington executed three men (*SS*, p. 228). (12.425) **8 *Toad Smith*** Smith was a consular official along with Joseph Gann (see note at **221:4**); Joyce referred to him as the 'toad' (Ellmann, pp. 458–59). (12.425) **9 *H. Rumbold*** Sir Horace Rumbold was the British ambassador to

Switzerland at the time Joyce lived in Zurich, and was thus in charge of Gann and Smith (Ellmann, pp. 426–28, 440–47, 458). (12.430) **10** ***Master Barber*** Until 1745, 'barber' and 'surgeon' were synonymous (*OED*). (12.431) **11** **Erebus** 'In Greek mythology, the son of Chaos and brother of Night; hence darkness personified. His name was given to the gloomy underground cavern through which the Shades had to walk in their passage to Hades' (*Brewer's*). (12.447) **12** **codology** Hiberno-English, the practice of fooling (Dolan). (12.451) **13** **I'm told those Jewies does have a sort of a queer odour** The belief that Jews emitted a particular odour goes back to the 'medieval stench, the *foëtor judäicus*, associated with the Jew' (Sander Gilman, *The Jew's Body*, p. 204). (12.452)

222 **1** **Kilmainham** Kilmainham Jail in west Dublin was the site of many hangings. (12.460) **2** **Joe Brady, the invincible** Joe Brady, one of the Invincibles directly involved in the Phoenix Park murders (see note at **62:24**), was hanged at Kilmainham on 14th May 1883 (*DIB*). (12.460) **3** **Ruling passion strong in death** From Alexander Pope's (1688–1744) *Moral Essays*: 'And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath / Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death: / Such in those moments as in all the past, / "Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last' (I, 262–65). (12.463) **4** **Luitpold Blumenduft** German, Leopold Flower-aroma. (12.468) **5** ***corpora cavernosa*** Latin, 'cavernous entities'; the tissue in the penis that expands when engorged with blood. (12.474) **6** **philoprogenitive** Tending towards the production of offspring (*OED*). (12.478) **7** ***in articulo mortis per diminutionem capitis*** Latin, 'at the point of death by breaking the head'; but since *diminutionem capitis* also means 'forfeiture of civil rights', this phrase also means 'at the point of death through forfeiture of civil rights'. (12.478) **8** **the invincibles** See note at **62:24**. (12.480) **9** **old guard** Presumably the early leaders of the Fenian Society: James Stephens (1825–1901), John O'Leary (1830–1907), Charles Joseph Kickham (1826–82) and Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa (1831–1915). 'By 1900 the Fenian and "physical force" element seemed completely out of the picture' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 337). (12.480) **10** **men of sixtyseven** The Fenians attempted an armed rising against the English in March 1867 which resulted in a bloodless failure. Most of the leaders of the uprising were given life or long-term prison sentences (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 373). (12.481) **11** **who fears to speak of ninetyeight** The Rebellion of 1798 and the opening line of John Kells Ingram's 'The Memory of the Dead', see notes at **176:29** and **208:12**. (12.481) **12** **drumhead courtmartial** A courtmartial 'held in haste in the field to punish on the spot; from the one-time custom of holding it round the big drum' (*Brewer's*). (12.483) **13** **give you the bloody pip** To give the pip: to depress or annoy (Partridge). (12.494) **14** **Jacob's tin** W. and R. Jacob & Co.: 'biscuit manufacturers', offices: 28–30 Bishop Street; factory and stores: 5–12 Peter Row, 19–21, 26–39, 50 Bishop Street and 10–14 Peter Street (*Thom's*, p. 1911). (12.495) **15** **brothers Sheares** The brothers Henry Sheares (*c.*1755–98) and John Sheares (*c.*1766–98) were members of the United Irishmen who were executed in 1798 for their role in the rebellion of that year. They walked hand in hand to the gallows (*DIB*). (12.499) **16** **Wolfe Tone beyond on Arbour Hill** Rather than suffer execution, Wolfe Tone (see note at **168:20**) committed suicide at the old Provost Marshal's prison, Arbour Hill, which is the street where this chapter began (see note at **213:2**). (12.499) **17** **Robert Emmet and die for your country** See note at **86:7**. (12.499) **18** **the Tommy Moore touch about Sara Curran and she's far from the land** Thomas Moore wrote a sentimental song about Robert Emmet's grieving fiancée Sarah Curran (d.1808), 'She Is Far from the Land' (1803); see note at **225:14**. (12.500) **19** **the *City Arms*** See note at **125:13**. (12.504) **20** **Pisser Burke** Andrew 'Pisser' Burke, fictitious, but the name comes from 'Pisser' Duffy, 'a little red-headed rough-neck' with whom Stanislaus had a fist fight when the Joyces lived in Drumcondra around 1894 (Stanislaus Joyce, *My Brother's Keeper*, pp. 72–73). (12.504) **21** **an old one** That is, Mrs Riordan, see note at **74:18**. (12.505) **22** **loodheramaun** Hiberno-English (Irish, *liúdramán*), a big, lazy man (Dolan). (12.505)

223 **1** **bézique** 'A game of cards, in which the name "Bezique" is applied to the occurrence in one hand of the knave of diamonds and queen of spades' (*OED*). (12.507) **2** **wampum** Cylindrical beads used as money by Native Americans (*OED*). (12.507) **3** **thumping her craw** See note at **62:30**. (12.508) **4** **by the holy farmer** That is, 'by the holy father (i.e., the Pope)', a 'low Dublin oath' (Partridge). (12.510) **5** **never cried crack** To cry crack: to give in or desist in doing something (*OED*, s.v. crack). (12.510) **6** **by herrings** That is, 'by heavens' (PWJ, p. 69). (12.511) **7** **Mrs O'Dowd** Elizabeth O'Dowd (listed as Miss, not Mrs) owned the City Arms Hotel (*Thom's*, p. 2069). (12.513) **8** **Power's after, the blender's, round in Cope street** John T. Power's wholesale spirits business, 18 Cope Street, in the centre of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1462).

(12.516) **9 The memory of the dead** See note at **176:29**. (12.519) **10 *Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn fein amhain!*** Irish, 'We ourselves!... We ourselves alone!' From Timothy Daniel Sullivan's (1827–1914) song 'The West's Awake': 'We've won the fight; *Sinn Fein Amhain!*'. See also note at **120:12**. (12.523) **11 The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us** From Thomas Moore's 'Where Is the Slave?': 'We tread the land that bore us, / Her green flag glitters o'er us, / The friends we've tried / Are by our side, / And the foe we hate before us' (ll. 18–22). (12.523) **12 five hundred thousand persons** This number recalls the mass of people assembled for Daniel O'Connell's monster meetings in 1843, which were organized to press for repeal of the Act of Union: 'A quarter of a million people in attendance came to be considered moderate. *The London Times* conceded a million to the gathering on the hill of Tara' (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 578). (12.533) **13 the York Street brass and reed band** According to *Thom's*, no such band existed in 1904. Perhaps an allusion to the St James's Brass and Reed Band, the oldest surviving Dublin band, officially founded in 1800. This band played at pro-Fenian events in the 1860s (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 505–6). (12.536) **14 Speranza's plaintive muse** Speranza: the pseudonym of Lady Wilde (born Jane Francisca Elgee, *c.*1821–96), Oscar Wilde's mother and a member of the Young Ireland literary and revolutionary movement, whose verse was known for its fiery nationalistic flavour (*DIB*). (12.539) **15 *The Night before Larry was stretched*** The title of an eighteenth-century Irish ballad about the scene in a jail cell on the eve of one Larry's execution. (12.542) **16 Male and Female Foundling hospital** No such hospital is listed in *Thom's*. (12.547) **17 Little Sisters of the Poor** Little Sisters of the Poor, 'Sisters of Charity, Home for Aged, St. Patrick's house', South Circular Road, Kilmainham (*Thom's*, p. 1932). (12.549) **18 Friends of the Emerald Isle** This group is of Joyce's invention. (12.554) **19 Commendatore Bacibaci Beninobenone** Italian, 'Sir Kisskiss Soandsoverywell'. (12.556)

224 **1 Monsieur Pierrepaul Petitépatant** French, 'Mister Peter-paul Littlesuffering'. (12.558) **2 Grandjoker Vladinmire Pokethankertscheff** Pseudo-Russian, 'Grand Duke Vladimir Pocket-handkerchief'. (12.559) **3 von Schwanzenbad-Hodenthaler** German, literally: 'from the Dickbath-Testicularvalley'; follows the generic name-form of an ancient noble German family. (12.560) **4 Countess Marha Virága Kisászony Putrápesthi** Mangled Hungarian, 'Countess Cow/Stupid Somebody's-flower Miss Putrápesthi'. While Virága does mean 'Somebody's flower', it also suggests a virago. (12.560) **5 Count Athanatos Karamelopulos** Greek, 'Count Immortal Caramelopulos'. (12.561) **6 Ali Baba Backsheesh Rahat Lokum Effendi** Combines Arabic with Turkish-Albanian, 'Ali Baba Bribe Serene Radiant Master'. Ali Baba: a peasant in the *Arabian Nights* who discovers the secret password to the thieves' treasure cave. 'Baba Backsheesh' plays on the nursery rhyme 'Baa, baa blacksheep'. (12.562) **7 Señor Hidalgo Caballero Don Pecadillo** [...] Spanish, 'Mister Noble Knight Sir Little-sin and Words and Our Father of the Bad-hour of the Malaria'. (12.562) **8 Hokopoko Harakiri** Pseudo-Japanese. Hokopoko suggests 'hoky poky', for which see note at **62:14**. Harikiri: the traditional Japanese ritual suicide. (12.564) **9 Hi Hung Chang** After Li Hung Chang (*c.*1823–1901), viceroy to the Chinese emperor 1870–95. (12.564) **10 Olaf Kobberkeddelsen** Pseudo-Danish, Olaf Copperkettleson. (12.564) **11 Mynheer Trik van Trumps** Pseudo-Dutch, Mister Trik of Trumps. (12.565) **12 Pan Poleaxe Paddyrisky** Pseudo-Polish, Mister Poleaxe Paddyrisky. For 'Poleaxe', see note at **138:4**. 'Paddyrisky' combines the stage-Irish stock character 'Paddy' with the name of the Polish pianist and statesman Ignace Jan Paderewski (1860–1941). (12.565) **13 Goosepond Prhklstr Kratchinabritchisitch** Combines various faux Slavic words. 'Goosepond' suggests the Russian 'Gospodin', Mister. With its lack of vowels, 'Prhklstr' suggests Czech. 'Kratchinabritchisitch': suggests a Russian name and, phonetically, the English phrase 'Crack in his britches itch'. (12.565) **14 Herr Hurhausdirektorpräsident Hans Chuechli-Steuerli** Swiss German, Mister Whorehouse-director-president Hans Chuechli-Steurli. (12.566) **15 Kriegfried Ueberallgemein** 'Kriegfried' suggests 'Siegfried' and means 'War-peace'. 'Ueberallgemein' literally means 'Over-universal', and may be meant to suggest the old German national anthem, 'Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles' ('Germany, Germany over Everything'), the words of which were written to a Haydn melody in 1841 by A.H. Hoffman von Falersleben. (12.569) **16 F. O. T. E. I.** Friends of the Emerald Isle, see note at **223:18**. (12.573) **17 whether the eighth or the ninth of March** The date of Patrick's birth (as well as its location) is ambiguous and contested. Samuel Lover referred to the debate over the precise date in 'The Birth of St Patrick': 'Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine, / Don't always be dividin' – but sometimes combine'. In other words, the date we celebrate was achieved

by combining the eighth and ninth: the seventeenth. (12.573) **18 baby policeman, Constable MacFadden** [...] Booterstown: a small village about 6.4 km south-east of Dublin and the site of a Metropolitan Police Station (*Thom's*, p. 1644). The 'baby policeman's' absurd height (nine feet, 2.74 metres) pokes fun at the Dublin police height requirement of 1.75 metres (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 181). (12.578) **19 Avvocato Pagamimi** *Avvocato*: Italian, lawyer. *Pagamimi*: Italian, literally: 'Pay-me-me'; a pun on the name of Niccolò Paganini (Italian violinist, 1782–1840). (12.586) **20 thirtytwo pockets** The Commendatore's thirty-two pockets correspond to Ireland's thirty-two counties. (12.587) **21 *Gladiolus Cruentus*** Latin, 'bloodstained little sword'. (12.593) **22 *hoch, banzai, eljen, zivio, chinchin, polla kronia*** Toasts or exclamations from various languages: *hoch*: German, 'high' or 'noble'; *banzai*: Japanese, '10,000 years' (a war cry); *éljen*: Hungarian, 'may he live a long life'; *zivio*: Serbo-Croatian, 'long life'; *chinchin*: Anglo-Chinese, 'cheers'; *polla kronia* (more correctly spelt, *hronia polla*): modern Greek, 'long life'; hiphip: an English cheer; *vive*: French, 'live'; *Allah*: Arabic, 'God'; *evviva*: Italian, 'hurrah'. (12.600) **23 the eunuch Catalani** No castrato by the name of Catalani is known. Possibly a reference to the soprano Angelica Catalani (1780–1849), one of the greatest prima donnas of her day (*EB11*). (12.602) **24 revolution of Rienzi** In 1347, Cola di Rienzi (or Rienzo, *c.*1313–54) led a popular and bloodless uprising in Rome that deposed the city's ruling aristocracy. He hoped to restore the city's former glory by establishing an Italian federation centred on Rome, but his erratic temperament led to him being killed (*EB11*). (12.607)

225 1 quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances Robert Emmet, on whose execution this sketch is loosely based, was hanged and then beheaded, not drawn and quartered; see note at **86:7**. (12.619) **2 Messrs John Round and Sons, Sheffield** John Round and Sons: manufacturer of high-quality silver-plated hollowware, flatware and cutlery, Tudor Street, Sheffield. (12.620) **3 blind intestine** That is, the caecum, or blind gut, 'the first part of the large intestine, so called because it is prolonged behind the opening of the ilium into a cul-de-sac' (*OED*). (12.622) **4 amalgamated cats' and dogs' home** See note at **69:8**. (12.625) **5 sick and indigent roomkeepers' association** The Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers Society: 2 Palace Street (*Thom's*, p. 1565). Founded in 1790, it is Dublin's oldest private charity (p. 1383). (12.634) **6 *nec* and *non plus ultra*** *Nec plus ultra*: Latin, 'and not farther beyond'. *Non plus ultra*: Latin, 'not farther beyond'. (12.635) **7 launched into eternity** To launch into eternity: 'to put to death' (*OED*, s.v. launch). After an account of Emmet's execution in *Cornhill Magazine* in 1903: 'the condemned youth was to stand to be launched into eternity' (cited in Dent). (12.638) **8 *Sheila, my own*** *Shiela-ni-Gara* (or *Sheela na Guire*): a personification of Ireland as represented in numerous poems and ballads. (12.640) **9 hurling** An Irish field sport, also known as hurley, played with a stick. (12.645) **10 Clonturk park** Clonturk Park is in Drumcondra, a suburb north of Dublin, near the River Tolka. Its fields are used for hurling and other sports sponsored by the Gaelic Athletic Association. (12.646) **11 Anna Liffey** See note at **112:15**. (12.647) **12 That monster audience** Recalls Daniel O'Connell's 'monster meetings', see note at **223:12**. (12.650) **13 making frank use of their handkerchiefs** After the poem 'The Brothers: Henry and John Sheares' (see note at **222:15**) by Speranza (see note at **223:14**), which describes the spectators at the Sheares' trial 'sobbing [...] And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping' (ll. 10–11). (12.656) **14 handsome young Oxford graduate** Emmet's fiancée Sarah Curran (d.1808) married Captain Henry Sturgeon in 1806, three years after Emmet's execution. Sturgeon (1781–1814) was a member of the Royal Army Staff Corps; he was not a graduate of Oxford but of the Royal Military Academy and served his country during the Napoleonic Wars. (12.658)

226 1 provostmarshal, lieutenant-colonel Tomkin-Maxwell ffrenchmullan Tomlinson A fictitious name. A Col. ffrench-Mullen is not listed in *Thom's* but is mentioned in the 25th October 1901 *Freeman's Journal* article 'THE IRISH REVIVAL' as one of the attendees at the Law Students' Debating Society meeting at which John F. Taylor spoke (see notes at **104:16–104:18**). (12.669) **2 blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth** Sepoys: Indian troops trained by and serving the British. They mutinied in 1857–58, and were punished by being 'lashed to a gun, the small of his back or the pit of his stomach against the muzzle' (Christopher Hibbert, *The Great Mutiny*, p. 124). (12.671) **3 a furtive tear** After the Italian *Una furtiva lagrima*, the title of an aria sung by the tenor in Act II, scene 2 of Gaetano Donizetti's (1797–1848) opera *L'elisir d'amore* (*The Love Potion*, 1832). (12.673) **4 clinker** 'A person or thing of excellence' (Partridge). (12.676) **5 mashtub** Used

in the process of brewing, 'a tub in which malt is mashed' (*OED*); used here to refer to one's wife. (12.678) **6 Limehouse** A slum in London. (12.678) **7 the corporation meeting** That is the meeting of the Dublin Corporation held earlier that day; see note at **181:4**. (12.679) **8 shoneens** Shoneen: Hiberno-English, 'a person more interested in English language and customs than Irish ones' (Dolan). (12.680) **9 Gaelic league** See note at **142:3**. (12.683) **10 antitreating league** In February 1902 St Patrick's Anti-treating league was founded with the goal of eliminating the practice of providing a rounds of drinks at a pub ('treating') as a way of lessening public drinking without going so far as to promote total abstinence ('The Anti-Treating League', *Irish Times*, 4 Oct. 1902, p. 5, col. e). (12.683) **11 drink, the curse of Ireland** The phrase was almost proverbial during the nineteenth century; for example, from Anna Maria (Mrs S.C.) Hall's *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*: 'During the same period he must not taste whiskey, which Margaret, like all sensible women, considered the curse of Ireland' (vol. 1, p. 27). (12.684) **12 she could get up on a truss of hay** A variation on the lyrics of 'The Low Back'd Car' by Samuel Lover: 'When first I saw sweet Peggy, / 'Twas on a market day; / A low back'd car she drove, and sat / Upon a truss of hay'. (12.687) **13 Maureen Lay** An Anglicization of the Irish *Máirín léighe*, Dear Maureen. (12.688) **14 Ballyhooly blue ribbon badge** Supporters of Revd Theobald Mathew's (see note at **73:12**) temperance unions, which were based in Ballyhooly in County Cork, wore blue-ribbon badges. The song 'Ballyhooly' mentions the 'Ballyhooly blue ribbon army'. (12.689) **15 colleen bawns** See note at **216:71**. (12.690) **16 flahoolagh** Hiberno-English (Irish *flaithiúlach*), 'generous (often used ironically)' (Dolan). (12.691) **17 Ireland sober is Ireland free** A rallying cry for the Irish temperance movement coined by Robert A. Wilson (*c.*1820–75), a journalist and temperance crusader. (12.692) **18 tune the old cow died of** In Ireland, 'Very bad slow music is described as *the tune the old cow died of*' (PWJ, p. 124). (12.694) **19 sky pilots** Clergymen, especially those assigned to military units (*OED*). (12.694) **20 howandever** Hiberno-English, however (Dolan). (12.697) **21 What's on you** Hiberno-English, 'What is the matter with you?'; a translation of the Irish *Cad tá ort?* (12.704) **22 *pro bono publico*** Latin, 'for the public good'. (12.708) **23 cynanthropy** 'A species of madness in which a man imagines himself to be a dog' (*OED*); however, here, the opposite seems to be the case. (12.714)

227 1 ranns The verses or stanzas of the old Irish bards (*OED*). (12.722) **2 delightful lovesongs** Alludes to Douglas Hyde's *The Love Songs of Connacht*, see note at **137:10**. (12.723) **3 Little Sweet Branch** Douglas Hyde went by the Irish pseudonym *An Craoibhín Aoibhinn*, which translates as Little Sweet Branch. (12.725) **4 D. O. C.** During this period, contributors to newspapers and periodicals frequently were identified only by their initials. (12.726) **5 Raftery** Antony Raftery (*c.*1784–1835): a blind poet from County Mayow whose work was championed by Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory; Hyde translated his poems from the Irish. Joyce wrote of him: 'Raftery, though he be the last of the great bardic procession, has much of the bardic tradition about him' (*OCPW*, p. 75). (12.729) **6 Donald MacConsidine** Should read 'Donal' (the mistake was made on the page proofs of the first edition). In *The Love Songs of Connacht*, Hyde writes of 'that fine Irish scholar, Donal Mac Consadine, from Ennis, in the County Clare' (p. 11). (12.729) **7 alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn** In Welsh poetry, an englyn is a quatrain of thirty syllables distributed 10-6-7-7, with one end rhyme on the seventh or eighth syllable of the first line, and with key syllables linked within lines by internal rhymes or alliteration. (12.734) **8 *Lowry's lights*** See note at **170:11**. (12.747) **9 *a chara*** Irish, 'my friend'. (12.751) **10 not as green as he's cabbagelooking** Not as much of a fool as he seems (Partridge). (12.752) **11 old Giltrap's** See notes at **215:24** and **252:6**. (12.753) **12 Could a swim duck?** Inverts the phrase 'would a duck swim?', which is used as an answer made by 'a person who is offered anything he is very willing to take' (PWJ, p. 13). (12.757)

228 1 old Shylock is landed The hard-bargaining, Jewish moneylender in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. (12.765) **2 royal Hungarian privileged lottery** Selling lottery tickets for non-Irish lotteries was illegal in 1904. Bloom was arrested in 1893 or 1894 for selling tickets for the Royal and Privileged Hungarian Lottery but, it is alleged here, 'he had a friend in court', that is, a member of the Masonic Lodge who helped him avoid prosecution. (12.777) **3 lagged** To lag: to send to prison or, alternately, to arrest a criminal (*OED*). (12.801) **4 Paddy Leonard** See note at **69:11**. (12.801) **5 the bobby, 14 A** Refers to a policeman from the A Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police force. This division was stationed in Upper Kevin Street, about five blocks south of the Liffey in central Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1523). (12.802) **6 shebeen** Hiberno-English, an unlicensed liquor-house (Dolan).

(12.802) **7 Bride street** See note at **30:26**. (12.802) **8 shawls** Working-class women, prostitutes (Partridge). (12.803) **9 bully** A pimp (Partridge). (12.803) **10 Adam and Eve's** In the seventeenth century, when Catholic worship was officially forbidden, a group of Franciscans secretly met at the Adam and Eve tavern on Merchant's Quay to conduct Mass. After the penal laws were rescinded, a church was built on the site of the tavern, the Church of St Francis of Assisi, although it continued to be called 'Adam and Eve's' (Bennett, s.v. Quays). (12.805) **11 smugging** 'Toying amorously in secret' (*EDD*). (12.807)

229 **1** *Slan leat Slán leat*: Irish, 'safe with you', that is, 'farewell'. (12.819) **2 Who is the long fellow running for the mayoralty** That is, Long John Fanning, see note at **90:17**. John Clancy, the actual sub-sheriff in 1904 and the model for Fanning, was elected Alderman for Clontarf's east ward in 1914 and was elected lord mayor of Dublin the following year, but died on 29th January 1915, only six days after his election (Bennett, s.v. Civic Regalia). (12.823) **3 Nannan** That is, Joseph Patrick Nannetti, see note at **89:7**. (12.825) **4 mimber** Western Ireland pronunciation of 'member'. (12.825) **5 William Field, M. P.** See note at **28:10**. (12.827) **6 Hairy Iopas** A character in Virgil's *Aeneid*: *'crinitus Iopas'*, long-haired Iopas, a poet in Dido's palace (1, 740–46). (12.829) **7 sending them all to the rightabout** To send to the rightabout: 'to dismiss or turn away unceremoniously' (*OED*). (12.832) **8 sheepdip for the scab** Scab: an itchy skin disease common in sheep (*OED*). Sheep dip: a poisonous substance used to bathe sheep 'for the purpose of killing the vermin and cleansing the skin' (*OED*, s.v. dip). (12.833) **9 hoose drench for coughing calves** Hoose: a disease affecting the lungs of cattle which makes them cough and wheeze (*OED*). Drench: a dose of medicine administered forcibly to an animal (*OED*). (12.834) **10 timber tongue** A common name, along with 'lumpy jaw', for the ray fungus, 'the presence of which, in cattle, constitutes the disease actinomycosis' (*OED*). (12.834) **11 here's my head and my heels are coming** A variant of 'here's my head, my arse is coming': a remark made of a person who is walking with his head sloped forward (Partridge). (12.836) **12 Joe Cuffe gave him the order of the boot for giving lip to a grazier** See note **74:21** for Joseph Cuffe. To give the order of the boot: 'To "kick out", dismiss, sack' (*OED*, s.v. boot). Grazier: 'One who grazes or feeds cattle for the market' (*OED*). (12.837) **13 Teach your grandmother how to milk ducks** Conflates two proverbs, 'teach your grandmother how to grope ducks' and 'teach your grandmother how to sup milk'; both mean 'instruct an expert in his own expertise' (Partridge). (12.838) **14 Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. Black Liz is our hen.** Modelled after various nursery rhymes, although apparently this is of Joyce's invention. (12.846) **15 Field and Nannetti are going over tonight to London** A story in the 16th June 1904 edition of the *Evening Telegraph* places Nannetti in London at 2:00 p.m. that day, speaking in Parliament to question the ban on the playing of Irish sports in Phoenix Park (p. 3, col. b); Joyce moves the speech to the following day. (12.850) **16 The *Sluagh na h-Eireann*** Irish, 'The Host (i.e. army) of Ireland'; a nationalist organization that convinced Nannetti to question Parliament on the issue of the ban on Irish games in Phoenix Park (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. b). (12.859) **17 Mr Cowe Conacre (Multifarnham. Nat)** A fictitious parliamentarian. The Conacre system was a practice of 'letting land in patches for a short period' for high rents (PWJ, p. 238). Multifarnham (or Multyfarnham): a village in the county of Westmeath, about 11 km north-west of Mullingar. Nat: abbreviation for the Irish National Party. The 27th Parliament of 1900 had two representatives from County Westmeath: Patrick James Kennedy and Donal Sullivan, both of the National Party (*Thom's*, p. 129). (12.860) **18 Shillelagh** A barony in County Wicklow. There were two MPs from Wicklow, one for East Wicklow and one for West (*Thom's*, p. 130), with none specified for Shillelagh itself. (12.861)

230 **1 Mr Allfours (Tamoshant. Con)** Allfours: alludes to Arthur James Balfour (1848–1930), eventually Earl Balfour, Prime Minister in 1902–1905. Born in Scotland, he served a Conservative (i.e. 'Con.') cabinet as chief secretary for Ireland (1887–91). For Tam o'Shanter, see note at **48:4**. (12.865) **2 Mr Orelli (Montenotte. Nat)** Orelli: homophone for 'oh really' and the name O'Reilly. Montenotte: a suburb outside the city of Cork. Nat: the Irish National Party. In 1904, County Cork was represented by nine MPs, all from the National Party (*Thom's*, p. 128), none named O'Reilly. (12.869) **3 Mitchelstown telegram** On 9th September 1887 at a protest meeting in Mitchelstown, in County Cork, the police responded to the crowd's agitation by opening fire, killing two and injuring dozens. Balfour, then the chief secretary for Ireland, defended the police's actions (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 72). See also note at **230:5**. (12.874) **4 Mr Staylewit (Buncombe. Ind.)** Buncombe: 'Political speaking or action not from conviction',

from when a representative from Buncombe County, North Carolina, would not relent from giving a speech in Congress, 'declaring that the people of his district expected it, and that he was bound to make a speech for Buncombe' (*OED*). Ind: Independent Party. (12.877) **5 Don't hesitate to shoot** Captain Plunkett was the commander of the British troops that fired on the crowd at Mitchelstown in 1887. He ordered his men, 'Don't hesitate to shoot if necessary'; a telegram with this command was read to the British parliament, where it was met with 'indecent joy' (Émile Boutmy, *The English People*, pp. 294–95). (12.877) **6 The man that got away James Stephens** While Michael Cusack (the model for the citizen) inaugurated the Gaelic sports revival by establishing the G.A.A., and even though he was a Fenian, it was unlikely that he played any part in James Stephens's escape (see note at **34:30**). Indeed, Cusack was only eighteen in 1865, the year of Stephens's great escape. (12.881) **7 The champion of all Ireland at putting the sixteen pound shot** The record for a sixteen-pound (7.26 kg) shot was 14.68 metres and was set by Denis Horgan (1871–1922) in Queenstown, County Cork, in 1897. Cusack's own record was good, but he never managed to exceed 12 metres (Michael Cusack, 'Athletes I Have Met', *Irish Times*, 18th July 1903, p. 16, cols. c–d). (12.881) **8** ***Na bacleis*** *Ná bac leis*: Irish, 'Don't bother with it'. (12.884) **9 shoneen** See note at **226:8**. (12.889) **10 hurley** See note at **225:9**. (12.890) **11 putting the stone** An athletic event which differs from shot-putting in that several stones of different weights are used, with a total accumulated distance deciding the outcome. (12.890) **12 racy of the soil** Characteristic of a certain country or people, chiefly used with reference to Ireland (*OED*). (12.890) **13 a nation once again** The title of a song by Thomas Osborne Davis (Irish nationalist and poet, 1814–45). (12.891) **14** ***Brian O'Ciarnain's in Sraid na Bretaine Bheag*** Irish, 'Barney Kiernan's in Little Britain Street'. (12.897) **15** ***Sluagh na h-Eireann*** See note at **229:16**. (12.898) **16 Finn MacCool** A legendary Irish hero, a poet and warrior who led a band of heroes called the Fianna – the source of the Fenians' name. (12.910)

231 **1 Thomas Osborne Davis' evergreen verses** See note at **230:13**. (12.916) **2 Caruso-Garibaldi** Combines the famous Italian tenor Enrico Caruso (1873–1921) with Giuseppe Garibaldi, see note at **120:16**. (12.919) **3 the very rev. William Delany, S. J., L. L. D.** William Delany (1835–1924), Society of Jesuits, Doctor of Laws: president of University College Dublin, 1883–1909 (*DIB*). The epithet 'the Very Reverend' signifies the status of a dean, one responsible for the education of younger members of the clergy or of the faith (*OED*). (12.927) **4 the rt rev. Gerald Molloy, D. D.** Gerald Molloy (1834–1906), Doctor of Divinity: rector of the Catholic University of Ireland in Dublin, 1883–1906 (*DIB*). The epithet 'the Right Reverend' signifies a rank of bishop, but Molloy is listed in *Thom's* as a Presbyter Prebend (a church elder on stipend) in the Diocese of Dublin (p. 995). (12.928) **5 the rev. P. J. Kavanagh, C. S. Sp.** Patrick Fidelis Kavanagh (*c.*1834–1918): author of poetry and history; his best-known work is the *History of the Rebellion of 1798* (1874) (*DIB*). C.S. Sp.: *Congregatio Sancti Spiritus* (Congregation of the Holy Spirit); however Kavanagh belonged to the OFM, or Order of Friars Minor (a branch of Franciscans). (12.928) **6 the rev. T. Waters, C. C.** Thomas Waters: one of three Curates-in-Charge at St John the Baptist Church, 35 Newtown Avenue, Blackrock (*Thom's*, pp. 1641, 2035). *Thom's* spells his name both as Waters and as Watters (pp. 996, 1017), the latter being the spelling that appears in the 1901 census. (12.929) **7 the rev. John M. Ivers, P. P.** J. Michael Ivers: Curate (and not Parish Priest) at St Paul's Roman Catholic Church on Arran Quay, in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.929) **8 the rev. P. J. Cleary, O. S. F.** The Very Reverend P.J. Cleary, Order of St Francis: vicar of the Church of St Francis of Assisi ('Adam and Eve's'), Merchant's Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.929) **9 the rev. L. J. Hickey, O. P.** The Very Reverend Louis J. Hickey, member of the Order of Preachers: provincial (chief) of St Saviour's Dominican Priory, Dominick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.930) **10 the very rev. Fr. Nicholas, O. S. F. C.** Friar Nicholas, Order of St Francis Capuchin: vicar of the Franciscan Capuchin Monastery of St Mary of the Angels, Church Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.930) **11 the very rev. B. Gorman, O. D. C.** Bernard Gorman, Order of Discalced (barefoot) Carmelites: provincial (chief) of the Discalced Carmelites Friary, Clarendon Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.931) **12 the rev. T. Maher, S. J.** Thomas Maher, Society of Jesuits: member of the Church of St Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366); this is Conmee's parish. (12.931) **13 the very rev. James Murphy, S. J.** James Murphy, Society of Jesuits: the principal (chief) of the Church of St Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366); Conmee is the superior of this parish and replaced Murphy as provincial in 1905 (*DIB*). (12.932) **14 the rev. John Lavery, V. F.** John Lavery, vicar forane (an experienced priest appointed by a bishop to limited charge

of a parish within his diocese): Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission, St Peter's Church, Phibsborough (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.932) **15 the very rev. William Doherty, D. D.** W.J. Doherty, Doctor of Divinity: curate-in-charge, St Mary's Pro-Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1366, 1539). A Pro-Cathedral is a parish church used as a substitute for a cathedral. (12.933) **16 the rev. Peter Fagan, O. M.** OM: Order of Minims; established in 1435, it followed the Rule of St Francis with a particular emphasis on humility. *Thom's* lists a Patrick J. Fagan as a priest in the parish of Kells in County Meath (*Thom's*, p. 1012). (12.933) **17 the rev. T. Brangan, O. S. A.** Thomas Brangan, Order of St Augustine: the Augustinian Friary Chapel of St Augustine and St John, 89–93 Thomas Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.934) **18 the rev. J. Flavin, C. C.** J. Flavin: curate-in-charge, St Mary's Pro-Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough Street in Dublin (*Thom's*, pp. 1366, 1539). (12.934) **19 the rev. M. A. Hackett, C. C.** Martin Hackett: parish priest, St Margaret's Church, Finglas, a suburb and parish north of Dublin (*Thom's*, pp. 996, 1012). (12.934) **20 the rev. W. Hurley, C. C.** Walter Hurley: curate-in-charge, St James's Church, James's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.935) **21 the rt rev. Mgr M'Manus, V. G.** Monsignor Myles McManus: vicar general, canon and parish priest, St Catherine's Roman Catholic Church, Mean Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.935) **22 the rev. B. R. Slattery, O. M. I.** OMI: Order of Mary Immaculate. Perhaps Stephen Slattery of the parish of Killaloe in the Diocese of Kinnety in County Clare (*Thom's*, p. 1017). (12.936) **23 the very rev. M. D. Scally, P. P.** Michael D. Scally: parish priest at St Nicholas's Church, Francis Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.936) **24 the rev. F. T. Purcell, O. P.** T.F. Purcell, Order of Preachers (Dominicans): St Saviour's Dominican Priory, Dominick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). (12.936) **25 the very rev. Timothy canon Gorman, P. P.** Timothy Gorman: parish priest, Saints Michael and John's Church, Exchange Street (*Thom's*, p. 1366). Canon: one of a group of clergymen living in a clergy house under the rule or canon of the particular church (*OED*). (12.937) **26 the rev. J. Flanagan, C. C.** John Flanagan: curate-in-charge, St Mary's Pro-cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1366, 1539). (12.937) **27 P. Fay** Presumably of P. & A. Fay & Sons, cattle salesmen, 36 North Smithfield Street (*Thom's*, p. 1594). (12.938) **28 T. Quirke** Presumably Thomas G. Quirk, LL.D, solicitor: offices at 15 Frederick Street and residence in Abbeyview, Dalkey (*Thom's*, p. 1992). (12.938) **29 Keogh-Bennett** See note at **183:26**. (12.939) **30 and he swatting all the time** To swat: 'to work hard at one's studies', a variant of 'swot' (*OED*); that is, to train for the fight. (12.948) **31 The traitor's son** Myler Keogh was the son of William Keogh (1817–78), judge and the only Irish Catholic Conservative MP. While he campaigned for Catholic rights, he remained a staunch Unionist (*DIB*). (12.949) **32 True for you** Hiberno-English, 'you are right'; translation of the Irish *is fíor duit* (Dolan). (12.951) **33 Heenan and Sayers** See note at **177:17**. (12.955) **34 Handed him the father and mother of a beating** The father of a beating: a Hiberno-English expression for an especially savage beating (PWJ, p. 198). (12.956) **35 kipper** See note at **126:15**. (12.957) **36 one last puck in the wind** For 'puck', see note at **183:24**. Wind: 'That part of the body in front of the stomach a blow upon which takes away the breath by checking the action of the diaphragm' (*OED*). (12.957) **37 Queensberry rules** These rules attempted to civilize the sport of boxing. Named after John Sholto Douglas, the marquis of Queensberry (1844–1900), they were formulated in 1867 and required boxing gloves and rounds of three minutes (*Brewer's*). (12.957) **38 had tapped some lively claret** To tap one's claret: to make one's nose bleed (Partridge, s.v. tap). (12.964)

232 1 knocking out the fistic Eblanite in jigtime Fistic: pugilistic (*OED*). Eblanite: Dubliner; that is, someone from Eblana, an ancient settlement believed to be on the site of Dublin. Jigtime: a short space of time (*OED*, s.v. jig). (12.975) **2 Pucking Percy** For 'puck', see note at **183:24**. (12.978) **3 Portobello** See note at **126:14**. (12.983) **4 Ole Pfotts Wettstein** After Dr Georg Wettstein: a lawyer and Norwegian vice-consul in Zurich who represented Henry Carr in his protracted legal conflict with Joyce in 1918–19 (see Ellmann, pp. 440, 452). (12.984) **5 Santry** See note at **215:30**. (12.985) **6 bright particular star** From *All's Well that Ends Well* (Act I, Sc. 1, 97). (12.993) **7 says I to myself, says I** From Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri* (1882). In Act I, the lord chancellor sings: 'When I went to the bar as a very young man, / (Said I to myself, said I) / I'll work on a new and original plan / (Said I to myself, said I)'. (12.996) **8 the milk in the cocoanut** 'A puzzling fact or circumstance, or the explanation of this' (*OED*). (12.996) **9 tootle on the flute** After the song 'Phil the Fluter's Ball' by Percy French: 'With the toot of the flute'. (12.997) **10 Dirty Dan the dodger's son off Island bridge that sold the same horses twice** Boylan's father Daniel apparently made a great deal of money selling

the same horses more than once to the British army during the Boer War. Island Bridge: a neighbourhood to the west of central Dublin and south of the Liffey. (12.998) **11 poor and water rate** Poor rate and public-water rate: two of the various taxes on Dublin's property owners (*Thom's*, p. 1345). (12.1000) **12 'Twixt me and you Caddereesh** A favourite saying of Joyce's father (Ellmann, p. 22). (12.1002) **13 Calpe's rocky mount** Calpe: the Roman name for Gibraltar (*EB11*, s.v. Gibraltar). (12.1003) **14 loquat and almond** Loquat: 'The fruit of *Eriobotrya japonica*, a native of China and Japan, introduced into southern Europe, India, and Australia' (*OED*). Loquats and almonds are among the many forms of tropical vegetation that flourish on Gibraltar (*EB11*). (12.1004) **15 The gardens of Alameda** Alameda: 'A public walk or promenade with a row of trees on each side' (*OED*); there is an Alameda Garden on Gibraltar; see also note at **268:4**. (12.1005) **16 garths** Garth: 'a small piece of enclosed ground [...] used as a yard, garden, or paddock' (*OED*). (12.1005) **17 one of the clan of the O'Molloys** That is, J.J. O'Molloy, see note at **94:1**. (12.1008) **18 prince and heir of the noble line of Lambert** That is, Ned Lambert, see note at **69:2**. (12.1010)

233 1 Stubbs's Stubbs' Mercantile Offices: *'Weekly Gazette*, Commercial Inquiries and Debt Recovery', 1 College Street (*Thom's*, p. 2020). According to their advertisement in *Thom's*, their gazette provides a list of creditors that is 'absolutely indispensible to Traders' (*Thom's*, Advertisements, p. 45). (12.1023) **2 Cummins of Francis street** M. Cummins's: pawnbroker, 125 Francis Street and other branches in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1845). (12.1026) **3 the pop** To pop: to pawn (Partridge); thus 'the pop': the pawnbroker's. (12.1028) **4 come home by weeping cross** To come home by the weeping cross: 'to suffer grievous disappointment or failure' (*OED*, s.v. weeping cross). (12.1029) **5 U. p. up** See note at **116:6**. (12.1031) **6 so help you Jimmy Johnson** James Johnson: a Scottish Presbyterian minister of the late nineteenth century who styled himself as 'the apostle of truth'. (12.1039) **7 nasturtiums** Nasturtium: a genus of plant that includes the watercress (*OED*); here used as a substitution for 'aspersion'. (12.1040) **8 *compos mentis*** Legal Latin, 'sane of mind'. (12.1043) **9 balmy** Variant of 'barmy', insane (Partridge). (12.1045) **10 A fellow that's neither fish nor flesh** Neither fish nor flesh: proverbial for a confusing mixture, often with sexual connotation (*ODEP*). (12.1055) **11 pishogue** Hiberno-English, a charm, a fairy; from the Irish *piseog* (*OED*). Perhaps Joyce mistook the word *pishogue* for the less common Hiberno-English word *piteog*, 'an effeminate man' (Dolan; see Paul O'Mahoney, 'The Use of "Pishogue" in *Ulysses*'). (12.1058) **12 cockahoop** 'Crowing with elation [...] boastfully and loudly triumphant' (*OED*). (12.1064) **13 pew opener to the pope** The usher who seats churchgoers in their pews (*OED*); in this context one of the Pope's many subordinates. (12.1065) **14 smashall sweeney's moustaches** Smashall Sweeney: the name of a Connemara bumpkin in William Hamilton Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West* (p. 274) (12.1066) **15 signor Brini** The name of Breen's kinsman, the pew opener, has been given an Italian sheen the better to suit his Vatican employment. (12.1066) **16 Summerhill** Great Britain (now Parnell) Street becomes Summerhill as it continues to the north-east. (12.1067) **17 papal zouave to the Holy Father** Zouave: an infantry corps in the French army, created in Algeria in 1831. The Papal Zouaves: a volunteer unit formed in 1860 by Christophe de Lamoricière (French general, 1806–65) to help defend the Papal States during Pope Pius IX's struggle against incursions of the newly formed Kingdom of Italy (*EB11*). (12.1067) **18 Moss street** A slum area in 1904; it ran from Great Brunswick (Pearce) Street to George's Quay on the south bank of the Liffey (*Thom's*, p. 1550). (12.1068) **19 two pair back** A back room on the second floor (*OED*, s.v. back). (12.1069) **20 Sadgrove *v.* Hole** An actual libel case, tried in the Court of Appeal, 8th March 1901, and reported in the London *Times* the following day (p. 17, col. a). The pivotal issue was whether a postcard constituted publication or was privileged communication. The judge decided that it did constitute publication, but this decision was reversed on appeal. (12.1072)

234 1 Six and eightpence Nickname for a lawyer, because 'this was a usual fee' (Partridge). (12.1074) **2 itself** Hiberno-English, even; the Irish word *féin* means both 'even' and 'itself' (PWJ, pp. 36–37). (12.1075) **3 secondhand coffin** Anything that is deemed old and useless (Dent). (12.1083) **4 that Canada swindle case** See note at **96:1**. (12.1084) **5 bottlenosed fraternity it was went by the name of James Wought alias Saphiro** Bottlenosed: having a long nose (*OED*). The accused in the Canada swindle case, James Wought, employed a number of Jewish-sounding names, such as Sparks and Saphero. Many of his victims were Jewish (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. b). (12.1086) **6 Do you see any green in the white of my eye?** To see anything green in (one's) eye: 'to detect any

signs of gullibility' (*OED*, s.v. green). (12.1088) **7 barney** 'Humbug, cheating' (*OED*). (12.1089) **8 badhachs** Badhach: Hiberno-English, 'burly, robust countryman; clumsy fellow' (Dolan, s.v. bodach). (12.1090) **9 county Meath** An agricultural region north-west of County Dublin. (12.1090) **10 kidney** 'Temperament, nature, constitution, disposition; hence, kind, sort, class' (*OED*). (12.1090) **11 Zaretsky** Benjamin Zaretsky, of 32 Union Street, Leeds, was the first victim to level charges in the Canada swindle case (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. b). (12.1091) **12 Recorder** For the Recorder, see note at **133:10**. The case was actually heard at the Southern Divisional Police Court before Earnest Swifte, a divisional police magistrate (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. b). (12.1095) **13 you can cod him up to the two eyes** To cod: to fool or dupe (Partridge). Up to the two eyes: a variant of 'up to the eyes', to the limit (*OED*). (12.1096) **14 Reuben J.** That is Reuben J. Dodd, see note at **72:5**. (12.1100) **15 Gumley** See note at **101:18**. (12.1101) **16 Butt bridge** See note at **101:15**. (12.1102) **17 month of the oxeyed goddess** In the *Iliad*, Hera is frequently given the epithet 'ox-eyed' (1, 568); Juno is the Roman equivalent of Hera and hence her month is June. (12.1111) **18 third week after the feastday of the Holy and Undivided Trinity** In 1904, this fell on Sunday, 29th May (*Thom's*, p. 1). Thus, in 1904, 16th June was indeed the third week after the feast day of the Trinity. However, the Catholic Church never uses Trinity Sunday as a base to measure liturgical time. (12.1112) **19 virgin moon being then in her first quarter** See note at **116:3**. (12.1113) **20 master Courtenay** Colonel Arthur H. Courtenay (b.1852): master of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, King's Bench Division (*Thom's*, p. 899). (12.1115) **21 rede** 'An act of deliberation' (*OED*). (12.1115) **22 master Justice Andrews** William Drennan Andrews (1832–1924): judge of the Probate and Matrimonial Causes, King's Bench Division (*Thom's*, p. 899). (12.1116) **23 Jacob Halliday** Proprietor of a grocery, tea, wine and spirit shop, 38a Main Street, Blackrock (*Thom's*, p. 1889). (12.1119) **24 solemn court of Green street** The courthouse at 26 Green Street housed the Sessions House, the Civil Bill Court and the Office of the Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the County and City of Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1509). (12.1121) **25 sir Frederick the Falconer** This is Sir Frederick Falkiner, see note at **133:10**. Falkiner and Falconer are different spellings of the same English name. (12.1121) **26 law of the brehons** Brehon laws: system of laws operating in Ireland up until the seventeenth century (Dolan, s.v. Brehon). Brehon law promoted communal ownership of land and was advocated by Michael Davitt (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 411). (12.1122) **27 high sinhedrim** Sanhedrim (or Sanhedrin): 'The name applied to the highest court of justice and supreme council at Jerusalem, and in a wider sense also to lower courts of justice' (*OED*). (12.1124) **28 twelve tribes of Iar** Iar: Irish, west or distant; thus a name for Ireland. Iar is also the name of one of Mileadh's three sons, who stands in Irish legend as the remote Milesian (Greek) ancestor of the Irish royal clans. While there are twelve tribes of Israel (Gen. 49), there is no custom of twelve tribes for Ireland. (12.1125) **29 Patrick** Presumably St Patrick (*c.*387–*c.*460): one of Ireland's three patron saints. (12.1126)

235 1 Hugh Presumably Red Hugh O'Donnell, see note at **216:17**. (12.1126) **2 Owen** Presumably Eoghan Mór, a king of Munster who fought against Conn. (12.1126) **3 Conn** See note at **216:8**. (12.1127) **4 Oscar** Son of Ossian (or Oisin) and grandson of Finn MacCool, the fiercest warrior of Finn's band of heroes, the Fianna. (12.1127) **5 Fergus** Fergus MacRoi: after Cuchulin (see note at **216:7**), Fergus was the greatest fighter among the Ulster heroes; indeed, he was one of Cuchulin's teachers. (12.1127) **6 Finn** See note at **230:16**. (12.1128) **7 Dermot** Dermot MacMurrough, see note at **28:5**. (12.1128) **8 Cormac** See note at **124:3**. (12.1128) **9 Kevin** St Kevin (d.618): a missionary saint who founded a monastery at Glendalough. (12.1129) **10 Caolte** Caolte (or Keelta) MacRonan: one of most renowned heroes of the Fianna. (12.1129) **11 Ossian** Ossian, or Oisin (Irish: faun): legendary bard of the Fianna, was Finn MacCool's son and Oscar's father. The Ossianic cycle of Irish heroic tales takes its name from him. (12.1129) **12 twelve good men and true** A commonplace description of a jury. (12.1130) **13 rood** Old and Middle English, cross. (12.1130) **14 donjon keep** Donjon: archaic spelling of dungeon (*OED*); donjon keep: the main or innermost tower of the castle. (12.1137) **15 ne bail ne mainprise** Neither bail nor mainprise: a medieval legal formula for denial of release on bail. Mainprise: 'the name of a writ (now obsolete) commanding the sheriff to take the security of the mainpernors and set the party at liberty' (*Black's Law Dictionary*). (12.1139) **16 preferred a charge** To prefer a charge: to bring an indictment before a court for consideration (*OED*, s.v. prefer). (12.1139) **17 do the devil** To do hackwork; from the meaning of devil as 'a junior counsel that, generally without fee, does professional work' for an established lawyer (Partridge). (12.1146) **18 no more strangers in our house** See note at **136:2**.

(12.1151) **19 adulteress and her paramour** See note at **28:5**. (12.1157) **20 Decree *nisi*** *Nisi*: Latin, unless. A decree *nisi* is a decree granted by a court that takes effect on a specified date unless cause for revoking it is presented before that date (*Brewer's*). (12.1159) **21 *Police Gazette*** Published in New York and founded in 1846, the *National Police Gazette* ran sensationalistic stories on lewd and shameful escapades of the upper crust, as well as on sporting events – especially boxing. (12.1165) **22 Norman W. Tupper** There are no known identities outside the novel for Mr and Mrs Tupper or Officer Taylor. Tupper: 'A commonplace honest bore' (Partridge); see also note at **201:2**. (12.1170) **23 fancy man** Should be 'fancyman' (the mistake was made on a typescript), see note at **37:11**. (12.1172) **24 trick of the loop** Trick of the loop (or 'prick at the loop'): 'a cheating game practised at fairs by gypsies and sharpers' (*OED*); here used to mean sexual intercourse. (12.1174)

236 1 John Wyse Nolan See note at **129:10**. (12.1178) **2 Lenehan with him** See note at **94:3**. (12.1178) **3 tinkers** Vagabonds or thieves (*OED*). (12.1181) **4 the most obedient city, second of the realm** The motto of the city of Dublin, as represented on the city's coat of arms, is '*Obedientia Civium Urbis Felicitas*' ('The citizens' obedience is the city's happiness') (Bennett, s.v. Armorials of the City). After London, Dublin was the second city in the United Kingdom. (12.1185) **5 tholsel** See note at **179:10**. (12.1186) **6 seadivided Gael** That is, the Irish are a divided and dispersed people due to the political and economic upheavals of the nineteenth century (particularly the Great Famine), with many of its people gone to America. (12.1189) **7 Sassenachs** See note at **9:5**. (12.1191) **8 Nelson policy putting your blind eye to the telescope** On 2nd April 1801, Horatio Nelson, then a vice-admiral in the English fleet, was ordered to retreat during a battle with the Danish at Copenhagen. He disobeyed the order, saying, '"I have only one eye – I have a right to be blind sometimes": and then, putting the glass to his blind eye [...] he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!"' (Southey, *Life of Nelson*, p. 221). His insubordination led to victory. (12.1193) **9 drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a nation** In January 1919, Sinn Féin, led by Arthur Griffith, declared Ireland's right to confront Britain at an international conference with a list of its past misdeeds (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 240). (12.1194) **10 Their syphilisation** See note at **56:15**. (12.1197) **11 thicklugged** Someone with large, thick ears; see note at **143:8**. (12.1198) **12 gets** Bastards (*OED*). (12.1200) **13 *cabinet d'aisance*** French, 'water closet'. (12.1205) **14 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen** From Thomas Gray's (1716–71) 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' (l. 55). (12.1207) **15 *Conspuez les Anglais! Perfide Albion!*** French, 'Spit on the English! Perfidious England!' The phrase 'perfide Albion' has a long pedigree. (12.1209) **16 medher** Hiberno-English and Irish (also *meadar*), a drinking vessel (Dolan, s.v. meadar). (12.1211) **17 *Lamh Dearg Abu*** Irish, 'Red Hand to Victory'. The Red Hand is an element of the heraldric designs for the province of Ulster and the O'Neills. '*Lauv-derg-aboo*' is the battle cry of the O'Neill clan (PWJ, p. 179). (12.1211) **18 rulers of the waves** An allusion to the refrain of 'Ode: Rule Britannia' (1740) by James Thomson (1700–1748): 'Rule, *Britannia*, rule the waves'. (12.1213) **19 found a tanner** See note at **129:3**. (12.1216) **20 Gold cup** See note at **65:5**. (12.1217) **21 *Throwaway*, says he, at twenty to one. A rank outsider** The Gold Cup was won by a horse named Throwaway, ranked as an outsider before the race with odds of 20 to 1 against (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, cols. h–i). (12.1219) **22 Bass's mare** The mare Sceptre (see notes at **96:3** and **171:11**) was owned by William Arthur Hamar Bass (b.1879), see also note at **299:10**. (12.1221) **23 *Zinfandel* that Mr Flynn gave me. Lord Howard de Walden's.** See note at **127:7**. (12.1224) **24 Frailty, thy name is *Sceptre*** After Hamlet's comment on his mother's hasty remarriage: 'Frailty, thy name is woman!' (Act I, Sc. 2, 146). (12.1227)

237 1 Old mother Hubbard went to the cupboard The opening line from 'Old Mother Hubbard', a nursery rhyme composed around 1804 by Sarah Catherine Martin (1768–1826). (12.1231) **2 dog** A racehorse that performs poorly, usually because of its advanced age or poor condition (*OED*). (12.1233) **3 the mote in others' eyes but they can't see the beam in their own** After Jesus's Sermon on the Mount: 'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?' (Matt. 7:3). (12.1237) **4 *Raimeis Ráiméis*** Irish and Hiberno-English, foolish, nonsensical talk; from *raiméis*: Irish, romance (Dolan). (12.1239) **5 our missing twenty millions of Irish** If the population of Ireland had grown in accordance with the rates established between 1821 and 1841 (just before the onset of the potato famine), its population would have been roughly 18 million by 1904; see also note at **25:16**. (12.1240) **6 our lost tribes** Of the original twelve tribes of Israel, the ten tribes that comprised the northern kingdom of Samaria were lost to Assyrian aggression in the

eighth century BC (2 Kings 17:6). The fall of Samaria and the disappearance of the Ten Lost Tribes was interpreted as punishment for disobedience towards God. (12.1241) **7 And our potteries and textiles, the finest in the whole world!** Before the Act of Union, Ireland had been keeping pace with England in terms of industrial advance, although by 1900, after a century of union, Irish industries, such as textiles, stagnated (*NHI*, vol. 5, pp. lv–lviii). (12.1241) **8 our wool that was sold in Rome in the time of Juvenal** Juvenal (*c.*60–*c.*140): a Roman poet known for his satires. There is little evidence of direct trade between Rome and Ireland, but Cornelius Tacitus (see note at **237:16**) wrote that Roman merchants did more commerce in Irish harbours than in English ones. There was a wool trade in ancient Ireland, but its reputation was not established until the sixteenth century. (12.1242) **9 our flax and our damask from the looms of Antrim** Flax, from which linen is woven, is cultivated mostly in County Antrim in the north-east of Ireland. Damask: 'A twilled linen fabric richly figured in the weaving with designs which show up by opposite reflexions of light from the surface; used chiefly for table-linen' (*OED*). (12.1243) **10 Limerick lace** Limerick lace was handmade, and its production flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was eventually replaced by machine-made varieties (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 304–5). (12.1244) **11 our white flint glass down there by Ballybough** Ballybough: a small village north of Dublin that, by the turn of the century, had become part of the larger suburb of Fairview. Shards of glass which were dated as pre-Norman, and therefore as a heritage of ancient Irish workmanship, were discovered in caves in the vicinity of Ballybough. The modern Irish glass industry is associated with Waterford. (12.1244) **12 our Huguenot poplin that we have since Jacquard de Lyon** Joseph Marie Jacquard of Lyons (1752–1834) invented a loom that permitted individual weavers to make complex patterns in materials like poplin. See notes at **123:23** and **64:11**. (12.1245) **13 our Foxford tweeds** Foxford: a small town in County Mayo, was the site of a successful hand-woven tweed business during the nineteenth century. (12.1246) **14 ivory raised point from the Carmelite convent in New Ross** Raised point: a variety of needlework in which the designs stand out from the rest of the cloth (*OED*, s.v. Raised). New Ross, the site of the thirteenth-century Parish Church of St Mary, is a small town by the Barrow River in County Wexford. Some examples of ancient Irish needlework had been preserved by the Carmelite nuns of New Ross, who made an industry of copying these patterns. (12.1246) **15 Greek merchants that came through the pillars of Hercules** [...] According to P.W. Joyce, ancient Ireland was visited by seagoing traders including Phoenicians and Greeks. The fair of Carman was an ancient Irish event occurring once every three years in Wexford. Among its 'three principle markets', says P.W. Joyce, was 'a market of foreigners selling articles of gold and silver [...], gold ornaments and noble clothes' (*Social History of Ireland*, vol. 2, p. 430–31). The Pillars of Hercules are the rocks at the ocean entrance to the Mediterranean Sea; on the European side lies Gibraltar. (12.1248) **16 Tacitus** Cornelius Tacitus (Roman historian and orator, *c.*55–*c.*117 AD) mentions Ireland in the 24th section of his biography of Agricola (his father-in-law), which was translated into English in 1591 by Sir H. Savile. He gives a brief account of a ship's passage around the island and mentions that the English and Irish have the same religious practices. (12.1251) **17 Ptolemy** Claudius Ptolemaeus (Greek astronomer, second century AD) gave 'a description of Ireland much more accurate than that which he has left us of Great Britain' (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ireland*, vol. 2, p. 429). (12.1251) **18 Giraldus Cambrensis** Welsh chronicler Giraldus Cambrensis, also known as Girald de Barri (*c.*1146–*c.*1220), recorded the history of Ireland in two works, *Topographica Hibernica* and *Expugnatio Hibernica*. Both works give negative accounts of the Irish as a means of justifying the Anglo-Norman Conquest of the island. (12.1251) **19 Connemara marble** Quarried in a region of County Galway in western Ireland, Connemara marble was used primarily for making small decorative items rather than as a building material. (12.1252) **20 silver from Tipperary** The mines in this county, which also produced zinc and lead, were worked profitably from the 1600s to the 1800s, but were eventually eclipsed by imports from abroad. (12.1252) **21 hobbies** Hobby: a 'small or middle-sized horse' (*OED*), believed to be native to Ireland. (12.1253) **22 king Philip of Spain** In 1553, Philip II of Spain negotiated with the Irish for permission to fish near the Irish coast, for an annual fee of £1,000 payable to the Irish Treasury (Richard Bagwell, *Ireland under the Tudors*, vol. 3, p. 447). (12.1253) **23 yellowjohns** Yellowjohn: a literal translation of the Irish *Seán Buidhe*, a derogatory epithet applied to the Orangemen (see note at **25:17**). (12.1255) **24 beds of the Barrow and Shannon** The Shannon and Barrow rivers course through the swamps and bogs in the middle of Ireland, the former for about 320 km, the latter for half that length. Parts of the Shannon were drained in the middle of the

nineteenth century to aid navigation and create new peat bogs (*NHI*, vol. 5, p. 550). (12.1256) **25 As treeless as Portugal** 'In Ireland the Land Purchase Act, unfortunately, has led to the denudation of whole districts of trees' (*The Indian Forester*, 1908, vol. 34, p. 248). Portugal is far from treeless. (12.1258) **26 Heligoland** Helgoland (or, in English, Heligoland) comprises two small islands, 45 km from the German mainland. (12.1258) **27 giant ash of Galway** Ashes were one of seven 'Chieftain trees' which it was sacrilegious to harm (P.W. Joyce, *Social History*, vol. 2, p. 286). (12.1262) **28 chieftain elm of Kildare with a fortyfoot bole and an acre of foliage** Kildare derives from the Irish *Cilldara*, 'Cell of the oak'; that is, the place where St Brigid established a monastery by a great oak tree. The oak tree was a 'Chieftain' tree, one of seven which it was sacrilegious to harm (P.W. Joyce, *Social History*, vol. 2, p. 286), but the elm was not. Bole: the trunk of a tree (*OED*). (12.1262) **29 the fair hills of Eire, O** A song with Irish lyrics written by Donough MacConmara (d.*c.* 1810), translated by James Clarence Mangan. (12.1264) **30 Irish National Foresters** An ostensibly apolitical organization which was actually devoted to nationalist and Catholic causes. Its general secretary in 1904 was Joseph Hutchinson. Their offices were at 9 Merchant's Quay with branches at 41 Rutland Square West and 107 Talbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1909). (12.1268) **31 Sylvester** 'Belonging to or found in woods; sylvan, rustic' (*OED*, s.vv. sylvester; sylvestrian). (12.1269) **32 Mrs Barbara Lovebirch** James Lovebirch is mentioned in 'Wandering Rocks', see note at **173:3**. (12.1269) **33 Mrs Poll Ash** Polling: trimming so as to enhance the density of growth of foliage at the head, or 'poll' (*OED*, s.v. poll). (12.1269) **34 Miss Daphne Bays** In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Daphne, while being chased by Apollo, asks the gods for help and is changed into a laurel tree, which thereafter was associated with Apollo (I, 454–583). (12.1270) **35 Canebrake** 'A genus of grasses, *Arundinaria*, allied to the bamboo' (*OED*, s.v. cane). (12.1270) **36 Mrs Clyde Twelvetrees** The *Freeman's Journal* for 16th June 1904, lists 'Clyde Twelvetrees – 'cello' appearing as part of a musical programme at Ulster Hall in Belfast (p. 4, col. a). *Thom's* lists Mr Twelvetrees as a Professor of Music and a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, residing at Grosvenor Terrace, Monkstown (p. 2079). (12.1270) **37 Rowan** 'The European mountain ash' (*OED*). Irish lore describes it as providing magical protection from the mischief of faeries. It is a traditional Irish symbol of the coming of spring (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). (12.1271) **38 Mrs Helen Vinegadding** To gad: to go around visiting friends and gossiping (Partridge); gadabout: a housewife addicted to this activity (Partridge, s.v. gadabout). Alludes to Milton's 'Lycidas': 'With wild thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown' (l. 40). (12.1271) **39 Miss Virginia Creeper** See note at **52:9**. (12.1271) **40 Miss Olive Garth** The olive leaf or branch represents peace (*Brewer's*). For 'garth', see note at **232:16**. (12.1272) **41 Miss Bee Honeysuckle** After the music-hall standard 'The Honeysuckle and the Bee' (1901) by Albert H. Fitz and William H. Penn. (12.1274) **42 Miss O Mimosa San** A character from the operetta *The Geisha* (1896), see note at **74:4**. (12.1274) **43 Mrs Gloriana Palme** Chaucer's *The Parliament of Fowls* mentions 'the victor palm' (l. 182). Gloriana: the queen of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. (12.1276) **44 Mrs Arabella Blackwood** See note at **27:6**. (12.1277) **45 M'Conifer of the Glands** Glands: acorn (*OED*), from the Latin *glans*, acorn. A number of prominent Irishmen have the epithet 'of the Glens', such as James MacDonnell, lord of the Glens (d.1565) and Red Hugh O'Donnell (see note at **216:17**), known as O'Donnell of the Glens. (12.1279)

238 1 bretelles French, straps. (12.1283) **2 Senhor Enrique Flor** Portuguese, 'Mr Henry Flower', Bloom's alias. (12.1288) **3 *Woodman, spare that tree*** A song by George P. Morris and Henry Russell. (12.1290) **4 church of Saint Fiacre *in Horto*** For St Fiacre, see note at **33:27**. He is the patron saint of gardeners. *In Horto:* Latin, 'in the garden'. The hermitage of St Fiacre at Kilfiachra (Kilfera), near the River Nore in County Tipperary, could be described as being *in horto*. (12.1291) **5 hazelnuts** Hazelnuts represent poetic wisdom in Irish myth (Robert Graves, *The White Goddess*, pp. 151–52). (12.1293) **6 catkins** Catkin: 'A unisexual inflorescence [...] as in the willow, birch, poplar, pine, hazel' (*OED*). (12.1293) **7 quicken** The rowan or mountain ash (see note at **237:37**). (12.1294) **8 our trade with Spain and the French** [...] Before the invasion of Ireland by Anglo-Normans in 1169, trade between Ireland and the continent was extensive (*NHI*, vol. 1, p. 300). The derogatory description of Saxons, or English, as 'mongrels' or 'mongrel hosts' dates as far back as the Cumbric (northern Welsh) poem *The Gododdin* (600 AD). (12.1296) **9 Spanish ale in Galway** In Joyce's essay 'The City of the Tribes' (1912), he describes the trade of medieval Galway: 'Almost all the wine imported into the United Kingdom from Spain, Portugal, the Canary Islands, and Italy passed through this port' (*OCPW*, p. 198).

(12.1298) **10 winedark waterway** See note at **6:9**. (12.1298) **11 Queenstown, Kinsale, Galway, Blacksod Bay, Ventry** [...] All these harbours were active and successful during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but steadily declined in importance during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, although Queenstown harbour (see note at **204:3**) did not suffer as badly as the others. Kinsale harbour is 29 km south of Cork harbour and Blacksod Bay is in County Mayo, about 105 km north of Galway Bay. Ventry harbour is just north of Dingle Bay in County Kerry. Killybegs, on the Atlantic coast in County Donegal, north-west Ireland, is an important fishing village. (12.1302) **12 the Galway Lynches** Galway was known as 'the city of tribes' and 'The most famous of all the tribes was that of the Lynches' (*OCPW*, p. 199). (12.1304) **13 the Cavan O'Reillys** A prominent family from County Cavan, to the north-west from Dublin in the centre of Ireland (Raymond Gillespie, *Cavan*, p. 58). (12.1304) **14 the O'Kennedys of Dublin** The O'Kennedys were actually from Ormond, a duchy in County Kilkenny (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 94). (12.1304) **15 when the earl of Desmond could make a treaty with the emperor Charles the Fifth** A Norman-Irish lord, James fitz Maurice FitzGerald (*c.*1500–29), the Eleventh Earl of Desmond, 'had grandiose plans for allying with foreign powers to secure his authority in Munster and remove the English administration [...] he contacted the emperor Charles V for aid against Henry VIII. The emperor was initially interested and sent his chaplain, Gonzalo Fernandez, to Desmond as an envoy in 1529' (*DIB*). (12.1305) **16 Henry Tudor's harps** Henry VIII redesigned the royal arms of England to include a gold harp on a blue field, symbolizing his control over Ireland (Shane Leslie, *Irish Tangle for English Readers*, p. 64). (12.1308) **17 oldest flag afloat** [...] In ancient Ireland, the province of Munster was divided into Desmond in the south and Thomond in the north. The Milesians, who are held to be the general ancestors of all the Irish clans, represented the last invasion of Ireland in legendary times. Supposedly, the 'Sacred Banner of the Milesians', the oldest flag in Ireland, represented a dead serpent and the rod of Moses (A.M. Sullivan, *The Story of Ireland*, p. 12). (12.1308) **18 Moya** Anglicization of the Irish *mar dhea*, 'as it were', often used ironically. The Hiberno-English word is maryah (Dolan, s.v. maryah). (12.1311) **19 Cows in Connacht have long horns** From an Irish proverb: '*Mór-thaidhbhseach iad adharca na mbó tar lear*' ('Far-off cows have long horns'); that is, the farther away the cow is, the easier it is to imagine it has admirable qualities (Thomas F. O'Rahilly, in *A Miscellany of Irish Proverbs*, p. 33). (12.1312) **20 Shanagolden** A town 29 km west of Limerick and 193 km south-west of Dublin. (12.1314) **21 Molly Maguires** Originally a nationalist group founded in 1843 to terrorize landlords and rent collectors during the land-reform disputes of the period. The name 'Molly' derives from their tactic of wearing women's clothes as a disguise. This name was adopted by an Irish-American secret society which terrorized miners in Pennsylvania between 1854 and 1877 (*Brewer's*). (12.1314) **22 for grabbing the holding of an evicted tenant** During the land wars of the 1870s, rent strikes were organized to protest against and, if possible, to prevent the eviction of tenants. When this failed, protesters tried to block the seizure of property that followed eviction. If control were maintained over the evicted man's property and livestock, the landlord's profits would be reduced, providing a bargaining chip to aid the evicted (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 43–44). (12.1315) **23 An imperial yeomanry, says Lenehan, to celebrate the occasion** Yeomanry: volunteer cavalrymen in the British army (*EB11*). In Ireland it was largely Protestant and 'was perceived by radicals as an armed expression of conservative domination' (Foster, *Modern Ireland*, p. 275). (12.1318) **24 a hands up** The Allsopp's ale label featured the Red Hand of Ulster, see note at **236:17**. (12.1319) **25 *Black Beast Burned in Omaha, Ga.*** On 28th September 1919 a black man, who was charged with raping a white woman, was lynched and hung in Omaha, Nebraska. The mistaken substitution of Omaha, Georgia (which does exist), with Omaha, Nebraska, was made in the London *Times*'s coverage of the incident on 30th September (p. 5, col. e). (12.1324) **26 Deadwood Dicks** Deadwood Dick: a 'dime novel' hero of the American west, created by Edward L. Wheeler (*c.*1854–*c.*1885). His adventures were recounted in 122 volumes of 'sensational' (in the author's own description) prose. (12.1325) **27 sambo** A racist term, associated with a nursery story 'Little Black Sambo' (Partridge). (12.1325) **28 the fighting navy, says Ned, that keeps our foes at bay** From the patriotic song 'The Lads in Navy Blue': 'It is the Navy, the British Navy / That keeps our foes at bay. / Our old song, Britannia rules the waves, / We still can sing today'. (12.1329) **29 A fellow writes that calls himself *Disgusted One*** In 1904, John Gordon Swift MacNeill (1849–1926), MP for South Donegal, criticized corporal punishment in the British Navy in parliament. This prompted George Bernard Shaw to write a letter to the London *Times* condemning the practice, which concluded: 'I should blush to offer a lady

or a gentleman more reasons for my disgust at it. Yours truly, G. Bernard Shaw' (London *Times*, 14th June 1904, p. 11, col. f). (12.1332)

239 **1** **A rump and dozen** Sir Jonah Barrington (see note at **176:24**) records an incident in which John Claudius Beresford (Irish banker and MP, 1766–1846) threatened a man with flogging for voting against him in a parliamentary election: '"I'll lay you a *rump and dozen*", exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter!"' (*Personal Sketches*, vol. 1, p. 300). (12.1338) **2** **sir John Beresford** While John Claudius Beresford (see previous note) came from a noble family, he was never knighted. He was effectively contemporaneous with the Irish-born Sir John Beresford (*c.*1768–1844), admiral of the British Navy and MP for several districts in England between 1809–37. (12.1338) **3** **'Tis a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance** From *Hamlet*: 'It is a custom / More honour'd in the breach than the observance' (Act I, Sc. 4, 15–16). (12.1342) **4** **meila murder** Hiberno-English (also *mile* murder or *meela* murder), a thousand murders; combines the Irish *mile*, a thousand, and the English 'murder'; also used as an expression for 'trouble' (Dolan, s.v. mile murder). (12.1345) **5** **fellows that never will be slaves** After James Thomson's ode, 'Rule Britannia': 'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves, / Britons never will be slaves'. (12.1347) **6** **only hereditary chamber on the face of God's earth** Untrue: Britain's House of Lords has never exclusively consisted of hereditary peers, since clergy are included. Prussia's House of Peers was also hereditary, as was the House of Lords in Austro-Hungary's Reichsrat. (12.1347) **7** **On which the sun never rises** See note at **25:4**. (12.1351) **8** **yahoos** Beasts with human bodies in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, part 4; thus, a 'yahoo' is a crude person (*Brewer's*). (12.1353) **9** **They believe in rod** [...] The following passage parodies the Apostles' Creed: 'I believe in one God, the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth. I believe in Lord Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the third day he rose again. He ascended into heaven and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen'. (12.1354) **10** **Jacky Tar** Sailor (Partridge). (12.1355) **11** **if you put force against force** From the song *The Bold Fenian Men*: 'Let the tyrant come forth / We'll put force against force'. (12.1361) **12** **down-face** Hiberno-English, 'to persist boldly in an assertion (whether true or not)' (PWJ, p. 250). (12.1363) **13** **our greater Ireland beyond the sea** Most of those who left Ireland during the famine years emigrated to America: 'Emigration to America set in with a vast and steady flow [...] and continuing for the next sixty years kept the population at home in a state of decline and made a greater Ireland in America' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 318). (12.1364) **14** **the black 47** 1847 was the worst year of the famine, which began in 1845 when potato blight destroyed Ireland's principal crop (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 602). See also note at **25:16**. (12.1365) **15** **shielings** Small huts 'of rough construction erected on or near a piece of pasture' (*OED*). (12.1366) **16** **batteringram** Between 1849 and 1882 over half a million people were forcibly evicted from their homes so the landlords could consolidate their lands. In most cases the tenant's homes were destroyed (Davitt, *The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland*, pp. 100–1). (12.1367) **17** **the *Times* rubbed its hands** [...] Seumas MacManus quotes the London *Times* on Irish emigration in the wake of the famine as being typical of the British establishment's reaction to the disaster: 'They are going! They are going! The Irish are going with a vengeance. Soon a Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan' (*Story of the Irish Race*, p. 610 n. 11). However, this quotation seems to be spurious. (12.1367) **18** **Even the grand Turk sent us his piastres** Piastre: a small Turkish coin worth 1/100 of a Turkish pound (*OED*). British aid relief during the famine was perceived as being so slight that, 'Many other countries contributed their obole, even the Turksman' (Timothy O'Herlihy, *The Famine*, p. 85). (12.1369) **19** **But the Sassenach tried to starve the nation at home** 'Testimony is as unanimous and proof as clear as to the abundance of the grain crop [during 1847] as they are to the failure of the potato crop [...]. John Mitchel quotes the case of the Captain who saw a vessel laden with Irish corn at the Port of Rio de Janeiro' (T.P. O'Connor, *Gladstone, Parnell and the Great Irish Struggle*, p. 366). (12.1369) **20** **Twenty thousand of them died in the coffinships** Passage to America during the famine was often on unregistered and brutally cramped ships, dubbed 'coffin ships'. As many as a quarter of the number of total passengers died in transit, and the citizen's figure of 20,000 deaths is perhaps even an understatement (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 610). (12.1372) **21** **the land of the free** From the American national anthem 'The Star-Spangled

Banner'. (12.1373) **22 the land of bondage** See note at **92:14**. (12.1373) **23 sons of Granuaile** Granuaile (or Gráinne Mhaol): the Irish form of Grace O'Malley, 'queen of Clare Island and Clew Bay, a famous commander of war galleys, who was said to be "for forty years the stay of all rebellions in the west"' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 170). (12.1374) **24 Kathleen ni Houlihan** A traditional symbol of Ireland as a woman. She normally appears as an old woman, but is revealed as a young woman of royal demeanour to young Irish patriots who can see through her disguise. See also note at **136:2**. (12.1375) **25 Since the poor old woman told us that the French were on the sea** See note at **15:10**. (12.1377) **26 landed at Killala** A thousand Republican French soldiers under General Humbert disembarked at Killala, in County Mayo, in the autumn of 1798 expecting to connect with rebellious Irish forces. By this time, however, the Irish rebellion had been largely put down and the French were soon defeated (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 296). (12.1378) **27 We fought for the royal Stuarts** After being deposed in 1688, following a brief reign of three years, and replaced by the 'glorious revolution' of William of Orange, the Catholic Stuart James II tried to reclaim the throne of England in 1689. The Irish supported him with arms, but were defeated at the Battle of Boyne in 1690 and James went into exile in France. In his wake, the Irish aristocracy that had supported his cause 'became an inconspicuous and timid minority in its own country' (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 234). (12.1379) **28 Remember Limerick and the broken treatystone** The Treaty of Limerick of 1691 put an end to the violence that began with James II's failed attempt to reclaim the throne. It ensured tolerance for the Catholics and allowed Irish Catholic soldiers to go into exile abroad. However, by 1697 anti-Catholic factions within the Irish parliament had effectively killed the Treaty with various discriminatory measures (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, pp. 236–42). (12.1380) **29 to France and Spain, the wild geese** See note at **33:10**. (12.1381) **30 Fontenoy** The battle of Fontenoy: a major engagement in the War of Austrian Succession in 1745, in which the Irish Brigade, consisting of 'Wild Geese' and their descendants, fought successfully for the French against combined forces from England, Holland and Hanover (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 475). (12.1382) **31 Sarsfield** See note at **216:16**. (12.1382) **32 O'Donnell, duke of Tetuan in Spain** Leopold O'Donnell (1809–67): Duke of Tetuan, a descendent of one of the Wild Geese who left Ireland in 1690. He was a general in Spain and its Prime Minister in 1854–56, 1858 and 1865–66. (12.1382) **33 Ulysses Browne of Camus that was fieldmarshal to Maria Teresa** Maximilian Ulysses, Count von Browne, Baron of Camus and Mountany (1705–57): the Austrian-born son of one of the Wild Geese. He distinguished himself as a field marshal in the service of Maria Theresa (1717–80), archduchess of Austria and queen of Hungary, during the War of Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War (*EB11*). (12.1383)

240 1 ***Entente cordiale*** French, 'cordial understanding'; a term used for the agreement the French and English reached on 8th April 1904, resolving much of the competitive tension between these nations. (12.1387) **2 Tay Pay's dinnerparty with perfidious Albion** Tay Pay: the nickname of Thomas Power O'Connor (see note at **102:18**); after having lived in London for so long, he acquired an English accent, which attracted the scorn of some Irish nationalists (*DIB*). (12.1387) **3** ***Conspuez les Français*** French, 'Spit on the French'; see note at **236:15**. (12.1389) **4 Prooshians and the Hanoverians** [...] Prooshians: Prussians. The former kingdom of Hanover became part of Prussia in 1866. Since 1714, the British monarchy descends from the House of Hanover, when George the Elector became George I of England, based on a claim of descent from James I. The crowns of England and Hanover were united until the accession of Victoria in 1837. 'The German lad' is Prince Albert (of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha), who became prince consort when he married his first cousin Victoria ('the flatulent old bitch that's dead'), who was of German parentage, but was born in England. (12.1390) **5 winkers** Eyelashes or eyelids (*OED*). Photographs of Queen Victoria show that she had heavy-lidded eyes. (12.1394) **6 jorum of mountain dew** [...] Jorum: 'a large drinking-bowl or vessel' (*OED*). Mountain dew: Scotch whiskey (*OED*). After the death of Prince Albert, a Scotsman, John Brown (1826–83), became Victoria's devoted, long-time attendant and reputed lover. (12.1395) **7** ***Ehren on the Rhine*** A ballad by Americans Cobb and Hutchinson about the final leave-taking of a soldier and his love. (12.1397) **8 come where the boose is cheaper** The title of a parody of Stephen Foster's 'Come where My Love Lies Dreaming' by George Dance (d.1932). According to legend, Queen Victoria heard and admired the tune when it was played for her by a military band and embarrassed the bandmaster by asking for the title and words. (12.1397) **9 Edward the peacemaker** That is, Edward VII of England. The French gave him this name (*le roi pacificateur*)

following the *entente cordiale* of 1904 (see note at **240:1**). (12.1399) **10 more pox than pax** The 'pox' would be Edward's rumoured venereal disease. *Pax*: Latin, peace. (12.1400) **11 Edward Guelph-Wettin** Guelph: the ancestral name of the Hanover dynasty. Wettin: the ancestral name of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of which Prince Albert was a member. Victoria dropped the name Guelph in 1840 when she married Albert. See also note at **240:4**. (12.1401) **12 priests and bishops of Ireland doing up his room in Maynooth** Edward VII was known for his fondness for horse-racing. In July 1903, during a state visit to Ireland, he was welcomed at St Patrick College, Maynooth (the Catholic seminary), and the college dining hall was done up in the royal racing colours with pictures of two of Edward's favourite horses on display. (12.1402) **13 earl of Dublin** Victoria conferred this title on Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII), in September 1849, to demonstrate her satisfaction with her Irish state visit. (12.1404) **14 Red bank oyster** That is, a great gob of spit, but otherwise an oyster from the west of Ireland, see note at **128:3**. (12.1433)

241 1 Solomon of Droma and Manus Tomaltach og MacDonogh Solam (or Solomon) Ó Droma, Magnus (or Manus) Ó Duigenan and Robertus Mac Sithigh were the three scribes who assembled *The Book of Ballymote* (1391) out of selections from many older books in Ballymote, County Sligo. The book was written 'in the house of Tomaltoch mac Tadg… mac Donogh', who commissioned it (Robert Atkinson, *The Book of Ballymote*, p. 1). (12.1439) **2 four evangelists in turn presenting to each of the four masters his evangelical symbol** The four evangelists are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Their evangelical symbols (after Revelation 4:7) are a winged man with a pen or a book, a winged lion, a winged ox and an eagle, respectively. The four masters are four Irish Franciscan monks – Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucoigcriche O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulchonry – who compiled *The Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters* (1632–36). (12.1443) **3 emunctory field** 'Of or pertaining to the blowing of the nose' (*OED*); thus the 'emunctory field' is the handkerchief. (12.1447) **4 duns** Also spelt 'doons', hill fortresses, found in Ireland and Scotland (*OED*). (12.1447) **5 raths** Circular forts enclosed by an earthen wall. They are usually constructed on hills (*OED*). (12.1447) **6 cromlechs** Structures 'of prehistoric age consisting of a large flat or flattish unhewn stone resting horizontally on three or more stones set upright', found throughout the British Isles (*OED*). (12.1448) **7 grianauns** Grianaun: from the Irish *grianán*, a kind of sunroom. (12.1448) **8 seats of learning** That is, monasteries, the seats of learning in ancient Ireland. (12.1448) **9 maledictive stones** 'A Pagan practice, in use among the Lusitanian as well as the insular Celts […]. They are round stones, of various sizes […]. These stones are turned and […] their order changed by the inhabitants on certain occasions […] to wish good or evil to their neighbours' (William Stokes, *The Life and Labours in Art and Archaeology of G. Petrie*, pp. 295–96 n) (12.1448) **10 Sligo illuminators** See note at **241:2**. (12.1449) **11 the time of the Barmecides** Title of a poem by Irish poet James Clarence Mangan, in which an old Persian hero recalls his youthful adventures and companions. The Barmecides: a powerful Persian family of the eighth century. (12.1450) **12 Glendalough** Located in County Wicklow, Glendalough is called the 'Valley of the Two Lakes' and has several ancient monastic ruins. (12.1451) **13 lovely lakes of Killarney** Killarney, in County Kerry, boasts three lakes and the remains of a fourteenth-century medieval fort. (12.1451) **14 ruins of Clonmacnois** Located on the river Shannon in central Ireland, Clonmacnois is the site of the ruins of seven ancient churches. (12.1451) **15 Cong Abbey** Located near Galway, the original abbey was founded by St Fechin of Fore in the seventh century; it was destroyed in 1114, but was since rebuilt. (12.1452) **16 Glen Inagh and the Twelve Pins** Glen Inagh ('ivy glen'): a long valley in County Galway, bounded on one side by twelve cone-shaped hills known as the Bunnabeola ('Peaks of Beola') or the Twelve Pins. (12.1452) **17 Ireland's Eye** Located about 1.5 km north of Howth in the Irish sea, Ireland's Eye is a small island that is home to the ruins of a seventeenth-century chapel. (12.1452) **18 Green Hills of Tallaght** The Hills of Tallaght are to the south and the west of Dublin and served as a resort area for the gentry in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. (12.1453) **19 Croagh Patrick** Located in County Mayo, near the coast, this 760-metre-high mountain is known as the place where St Patrick spent Lent fasting and praying. Croagh: crag. (12.1453) **20 brewery of Messrs Arthur Guinness, Son and Company (Limited)** Guinness's Brewery, founded by Arthur Guinness and first opened at St James's Gate in Dublin in 1759. (12.1453) **21 Lough Neagh's banks** Lough Neagh, in Ulster, is the largest lake in the British Isles at 396 square km. (12.1454) **22 vale of Ovoca** The vale of Ovoca (or Avoca) is located in County Wicklow, where the rivers Avonbeg and Avonmore meet. See also note at **119:14**. (12.1454)

23 Isolde's tower Until 1675, this medieval round tower stood at Essex Gate (Parliament Street) in central Dublin. (12.1455) **24 Mapas obelisk** This obelisk on top of Killiney Hill in Dún Laoghaire, south-west of Dublin, was built by John Mapas in 1741 'to give relief in a season of great distress' (Bennett, s.v. Killiney and Ballybrack). (12.1455) **25 Sir Patrick Dun's hospital** The hospital, located on Lower Grand Canal Street (*Thom's*, p. 1442), was built in 1803 and financed by the descendants of Scots-Irish doctor and politician Sir Patrick Dun (1642–1713). (12.1455) **26 Cape Clear** Cape Clear, on the south side of Clear Island (in the Atlantic off County Cork), is the southernmost point in Ireland aside from the lighthouse at Fastnet Rock, 6.4 km to the south-west of Clear. (12.1455) **27 the glen of Aherlow** This valley was formed by the river Aherlow. It is the primary pass between County Cork and County Tipperary and lies near the town of Tipperary. (12.1456) **28 Lynch's castle** Lynch's Castle, on the corner of Shop Street and Abbeygate Street in Galway, was the residence of the Galway Lynches (see note at **238:12**). In his 1912 essay on Galway, Joyce relates 'the most tragic event in the city's history': in 1493 James Lynch FitzStephen hanged his own son from the window of his castle because he had killed a visiting Spanish dignitary whom FitzStephen had sworn to protect (*OCPW*, pp. 199–200). (12.1456) **29 Scotch house** See note at **117:10**. (12.1456) **30 Rathdown Union Workhouse at Loughlinstown** Loughlinstown, a small town 14 km south-east of Dublin, was home to the Rathdown Union Workhouse: 'On the brow of the hill [above the town green] stands the Rathdown Union Workhouse, very prettily and most salubriously situated on a sight of eight acres, erected in 1841 at an expense of £6,000' (*Thom's*, p. 1731). (12.1456) **31 Tullamore** A town located in the bog of Allen (an area that spans across portions of Counties Kildare, Meath and Offaly). (12.1457) **32 Castleconnel rapids** Found at a broad and rocky spot on the river Shannon in central Ireland, the rapids are often called the 'Falls of Doonas', a name which comes from the Irish *Dun-easa*, 'the fortress of the cataract' (P.W. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 459). Castleconnel is a corrupt Irish spelling of 'castle of the O'Connings, not of the O'Connells as the present form of the name would indicate' (p. 49). (12.1457) **33 Kilballymacshonakill** No such place; translated from the Irish, this means: 'Church (or Wood) of the town of the son of John of the Church'. (12.1458) **34 cross at Monasterboice** Monasterboice, 56 km north-west of Dublin, is the site of numerous impressive religious ruins, including three stone crosses. One of these, St Boyne's cross, is possibly the oldest Christian relic in Ireland. (12.1458) **35 Jury's Hotel** Jury's: 'Commercial and Family Hotel', 7 & 8 College Green and 1–4 Anglesea Street, Dublin, run by Henry J. Jury (*Thom's*, p. 1458). (12.1458) **36 S. Patrick's Purgatory** A cave on Station Island in Lough Derg, County Donegal (north-western Ireland), in which St Patrick is believed to have fasted for forty days and have experienced a vision of purgatory. In the 1650s, Cromwell sealed the cave. (12.1458) **37 Salmon Leap** A waterfall on the Liffey, just west of Dublin, where the fish leap up. Near the waterfall is the town of Leixlip, a Danish name from the old Norse *Laxhlaup*, salmon leap (P.W. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 109). (12.1459) **38 Maynooth college refectory** Maynooth College is the ecclesiastical centre of Ireland. Refectory: a college's dining hall (*OED*). See note at **240:12**. (12.1459) **39 Curley's hole** A swimming place found on the north-western outskirts of Dublin, at Dollymount. (12.1459) **40 three birthplaces of the first duke of Wellington** The location of the birthplace of Arthur Wellesley, the First Duke of Wellington (1769–1852), is uncertain. His family's town residence, 24 Upper Merrion Street in Dublin, is the likeliest candidate (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 255). (12.1460) **41 rock of Cashel** Located in County Tipperary, this 91-metre-high rock stands out in the middle of a large plain. At the top is Cormac's Great Church, consecrated in 1134, as well as a tower, a stone cross and the ruins of a medieval cathedral. (12.1461) **42 bog of Allen** The bog of Allen spans across portions of Counties Kildare, Meath and Offaly. (12.1461) **43 Henry Street Warehouse** Henry-Street Warehouse Co.: 'outfitters, silk mercers and haberdashers', 59–62 Henry Street and 1–5 and 36–39 Denmark Street (*Thom's*, p. 1896). (12.1462) **44 Fingal's Cave** Located in Scotland, Fingal's cave is the largest of the seven caves found on the island of Staffa, part of the Inner Hebrides. Fingal: the alternative name for Finn MacCool (see note at **230:16**) used by the Scottish poet James Macpherson (1736–96). (12.1462) **45 Shove us over the drink** Should read 'Show' (the mistake was made in the 1927 printing). Show: Hiberno-English, pass over. See note at **49:8**. (12.1465) **46 sold by auction off in Morocco like slaves or cattle** Jews were not slaves in Morocco in 1904, but they 'were ill-treated, confined to Mellahs, compelled to wear distinctive black clothing, etc., and were periodically subjected to fanatical attacks of violence' (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. Morocco). Mellahs: segregated

Jewish neighbourhoods. (12.1471) **47 Are you talking about the new Jerusalem?** The phrase 'the new Jerusalem' suggests the Christian utopia of Revelation 21 and 22 and the Zionist goal of establishing a Jewish homeland in Palestine, centred on the Holy City of Jerusalem. (12.1473) **48 softnosed bullet** A kind of expanding bullet developed in the late nineteenth century, outlawed (but not altogether eliminated) by the 1899 Hague Conference on armaments and warfare. (12.1476)

242 1 round to the court See note at **234:25**. (12.1486) **2 new apostle to the gentiles** After Paul's letter to the Romans: 'For I speak to you Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles' (Rom. 11:13). (12.1489) **3 Love your neighbours** Jesus's two great commandments are: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' (Matt. 22:37–39). (12.1490) **4 Beggar my neighbour** A children's card game. To beggar: 'to impoverish' (*OED*); also a euphemism for 'to bugger' (Partridge). (12.1491) **5 Moya** Hiberno-English (also maryah), 'allegedly (added to a term or statement to question its truth or to scorn it)' (Dolan, s.v. maryah). (12.1492) **6 Constable 14 A loves Mary Kelly** See note at **228:5**. (12.1493) **7 Gerty MacDowell loves the boy** See note at **252:5**. (12.1494) **8 Li Chi Han lovey up kissy Cha Pu Chow** Alludes to the *Li Chi* (or Book Rites), one of the five sacred books of Confucianism. *Han:* the dynasty that reigned during China's Golden Age (206 BC–220 AD). *Cha:* Mandarin, tea. *Pu:* a unit of measurement equal to 1.8 metres. *Chow:* a second-level district or the main city of such a district. (12.1495) **9 Jumbo, the elephant, loves Alice, the elephant** Jumbo, an African elephant who lived at the Royal Zoological Gardens in London (1859–82), was purchased by P.T. Barnum in 1882 and exhibited as 'the world's largest elephant'. Alice the elephant, a fellow resident of the London zoo, caused a memorable scene in 1882 when her mournful trumpeting over the departure of Jumbo upset the great crowd that had gathered to bid Jumbo farewell. Jumbo died in 1885. (12.1496) **10 Old Mr Verschoyle with the ear trumpet loves old Mrs Verschoyle** *Thom's* lists: G. Verschoyle, esq., 14 Sydney Avenue, Blackrock; Mrs Verschoyle, glue, parchment, and size manufacturer, 4 Greenville Avenue, Dublin; and W.H.F. Verschoyle, land agent, 114 Stephen's Green West, residence Woodley, Churchtown, Dundrum (p. 2030). (12.1496) **11 Mrs Norman W. Tupper loves officer Taylor** See note at **235:22**. (12.1499) **12 canters** 'Criminals and vagabonds' (Partridge). (12.1506) **13 sanctimonious Cromwell and his ironsides** In 1649 Cromwell and his troops (ironsides) massacred nearly 3,000 men at the Drogheda garrison as well as uncounted women and children as part of his pacification campaign in Ireland following the end of the English Civil War. In his despatch to the House of Commons, Cromwell reported: 'It has pleased God to bless our endeavour at Drogheda… the enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. I believe we put to sword the whole number.… This hath been a marvellous great mercy' (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 425). (12.1507) **14 that skit in the *United Irishman* today about that Zulu chief** Arthur Griffith's *United Irishman* ran sketches of this kind, although this particular one is of Joyce's invention. (12.1509) **15 His Majesty the Alaki of Abeakuta** Not a Zulu, but a leader ('Alake') from the western Nigerian province of Abeokuta. The Alake did visit England in the spring and summer of 1904. On 30th May he had an audience with King Edward VII (Ajayi Kolawole Ajisafe, *History of Abeokuta*, p. 99). (12.1515) **16 Gold Stick in Waiting, Lord Walkup on Eggs** The office of the Captain and Gold Stick of His Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms was held by the Right Honourable Baron Belper in 1904 (*Thom's*, p. 106). Lord Walkup on Eggs is, apparently, fictitious. (12.1515) **17 the reverend Ananias Praisegod Barebones** Praise-God Barebones (or Barbon or Barebone) (*c.*1596–1679): English preacher and tanner and member of Cromwell's 1653 Parliament, which was nicknamed Barebone's Parliament. Ananias may allude to either the Puritan preacher in Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* (1610) or to the Jewish high priest Ananias who 'commanded them that stood by [St Paul] to smite him on the mouth' (Acts 23:1–5). (12.1520) **18 illuminated bible** […] Queen Victoria sent a Bible to the Alake's father some years before, and she told him that it 'was the secret of England's greatness' (London *Times*, 15th June 1904, p. 10, col. b). (12.1523) **19 usquebaugh** See note at **146:2**. (12.1527) **20 *Black and White*** A variety of Scotch whiskey. (12.1527) **21 Cottonopolis** A nickname for Manchester, England, the centre of the British cotton industry (Partridge). (12.1530)

243 1 It's only initialled: P Initially, Griffith used the pseudonym 'Shanganagh' ('a friendly conversation') for his skits in the *United Irishman*. Later, he signed his work with the initial 'P' (*SS*, p. 202). (12.1539)

2 Casement, says the citizen. He's an Irishman Irishman Sir Roger Casement (1864–1916), a member of the British consular service, filed a report in February 1904 on the appalling conditions under which native labourers worked on the rubber plantations in the Congo under the Belgian administration. As a result, some reforms were implemented. He was knighted in 1905 for his report. Casement was executed in 1916 for high treason after negotiating with Germany to get military support for the Irish rebels (*DIB*). (12.1545) **3 blind** A pretence or false pretext (*OED*). (12.1550) **4 *Throwaway*** See note at **236:21**. (12.1551) **5 shekels** Money (generally); after 'the chief silver coin of the Hebrews' (*OED*). (12.1551) **6 that whiteeyed kaffir** The stage name of G.H. Chirgwin, a music-hall entertainer who performed in blackface with a white diamond painted about the eye. Kaffir: a disparaging word for any black African (*OED*). (12.1552) **7 Gort** A village in Western Ireland in County Galway. (12.1561) **8 pumpship** To pump ship: to urinate (Partridge). (12.1562) **9 Slattery's** A public house, 15 Suffolk Street (*Thom's*, p. 2012). (12.1565) **10 Bloom gave the idea for Sinn Fein to Griffith** Not quite true. Starting in 1902 Griffith published a series of articles in the *United Irishman* that argued that Ireland should follow the model set by Ferenc Deák (Hungarian statesman, 1803–76) that left Hungary as an autonomous entity within the Austro-Hungarian empire (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 106). In 1904 he published *The Resurrection of Hungary: A Parallel for Ireland*. Since Bloom is of Hungarian extraction, Nolan assumes he inspired Griffith's thinking, which led to the formation of Sinn Féin. (12.1574) **11 God save Ireland** See note at **120:1**. (12.1579) **12 argol bargol** Argal bargal: quibbling; from the Irish *argáil*, argument. Also after *Hamlet*, see note at **141:28**. (12.1580) **13 Methusalem Bloom** That is, Bloom's father, Rudolph (Virag) Bloom. Methusalah is the longest-lived character in the Old Testament and died at the age of 969 years (Gen. 5:27). 'Methusalem' is a colloquial corruption of his name (Partridge). (12.1581) **14 bagman** A disparaging term for a travelling salesman (*OED*). (12.1581) **15 prussic acid** Prussic, or hydrocanic acid: a deadly poison. See also note at **482:2**. (12.1582) **16 note of hand** A promissory note (*OED*, s.v. note). (12.1584) **17 Lanty MacHale's goat that'd go a piece of the road with every one** After a proverbial expression that more commonly features a dog, as in *Stephen Hero*: 'Protestant Orthodoxy is like Lanty McHale's dog: it goes a bit of the road with everybody' (p. 112). Charles Lever (Irish writer, 1806–72) has a poem called 'Larry M'Hale'. (12.1585)

244 1 Crofter or Crofton See note at **72:1**. (12.1589) **2 orangeman Blackburn does have on the registration** That is, Crofton was employed by the collector general but is now pensioned from that job and evidently works for R.T. Blackburne (misspelt in the text), secretary to the Dublin County Council (*Thom's*, p. 1809). (12.1590) **3 tabard** 'A short surcoat open at the sides and having short sleeves, worn by a knight over his armour' (*OED*). (12.1598) **4 good den** Obsolete form of 'good evening' (*OED*, s.v. good even). (12.1599) **5 Lackaday** 'Shame or reproach to the day' (*OED*). (12.1602) **6 An you be** An: archaic form of 'if' (*OED*); thus 'if you be'. (12.1607) **7 trencherman** 'One who has a hardy appetite' (*OED*). (12.1611) **8 collops** Slices of meat (*OED*). (12.1614) **9 widgeon** A wild duck (*OED*). (12.1615) **10 bason** Obsolete variant spelling of 'basin', in the (also obsolete) sense of a bowl for food (*OED*). (12.1616) **11 medlar tansy** Medlar: a fruit of the tree of the same name, resembling a small brown apple. Tansy: a kind of pudding, flavoured with the bitter taste of the tansy plant (both *OED*). (12.1616) **12 Rhenish** Rhine wine (*OED*). (12.1616) **13 quotha** From 'quoth he', an obsolete phrase used sarcastically to doubt the veracity of someone's statement (*OED*). (12.1620) **14 Bloom and the Sinn Fein** See note at **243:10**. (12.1624) **15 swaddler** 'A nickname for a Methodist, esp. a Methodist preacher, in Ireland; now, for Protestants in general' (*OED*). (12.1631) **16 Junius** The pseudonym of the never-identified author of a series of vitriolic letters attacking George III and his Tory ministers for corruption, which appeared in the London *Public Advertiser* from 1769 until 1772 (*EB11*). (12.1633) **17 He's a perverted jew** Pervert: Hiberno-English, 'a person who converted from Catholicism to Protestantism' (Dolan). (12.1635) **18 according to the Hungarian system** See note at **243:10**. (12.1636)

245 1 Isn't he a cousin of Bloom the dentist? See note at **183:13**. (12.1638) **2 His name was Virag** *Virág*: Hungarian, flower. (12.1639) **3 Island of saints and sages!** See note at **32:28**. (12.1642) **4 they're still waiting for their redeemer** That is, the Jews are waiting for their Messiah or saviour to come since, unlike Christians, they do not consider Jesus to be the Messiah foretold in the Old Testament. Many denominations of Christians await the Second Coming of Christ. (12.1644) **5 every male that's born they think it may be their Messiah** While Jews await the appearance of their Messiah, there is no Jewish tradition that encourages Jewish parents to hope that their child, if male, might be

the Messiah. (12.1646) **6 south city markets** The South City Market, in south central Dublin, faces Fade and Drury Streets with an arcade from George's Street South (*Thom's*, p. 1502). (12.1651) **7 Neave's food** Baby food manufactured by Josiah R. Neave & Co., Fordingbridge, England. (12.1652) **8** ***En ventre sa mère*** French, 'in his mother's belly'. (12.1653) **9 And who does he suspect?** See note at **148:23**. (12.1657) **10 mixed middlings** Translates the Irish phrase *eadarmheadhonaich*, 'he is but very indifferent'; *eadar*, 'between', and *meadhonaich*, 'middle, middling'. In context, this would be an insult to Bloom's masculinity. (12.1658) **11 like a totty with her courses** Totty: 'A girl or woman' (*OED*). Courses: menstrual discharge (*OED*). (12.1660) **12 Do you know what I'm telling you?** See note at **45:11**. (12.1660) **13 sloping** 'Making off, running or slinking away' (*OED*). (12.1662) **14 Ahasuerus I call him. Cursed by God** See note at **27:10**. (12.1667) **15 J. J. and S.** John Jameson and Sons, distillers of whiskey, see note at **131:1**. (12.1669) **16 Saint Patrick would want to land again at Ballykinlar** Ballykinlar: a town on Dumdrum Bay, in County Down. As with the uncertainty with Patrick's date of birth (see note at **224:17**), accounts differ as to where he landed when he began his mission in Ireland. The location most commonly cited is the mouth of the Vartry River (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 112 n). (12.1671) **17 sacring bell** The sacring (or Sanctus) bell is rung at crucial moments during the Catholic Mass; here it tells us that the procession is carrying the sacraments of bread and wine. (12.1676) **18 crucifer** The crucifer carries the cross at the head of the procession (*OED*). (12.1676) **19 thurifers** The thurifer carries the thurible (or censer), the vessel which contains incense that burns during the Mass (*OED*). (12.1677) **20 boat-bearers** The boat-bearer carries the boat, the vessel which contains the incense before it is blessed and transferred to the thurible (*OED*, s.v. boat). (12.1677) **21 readers** Reader: 'An ecclesiastic belonging to one of the minor orders, whose duty originally consisted in reading the "lessons"' (*OED*, s.vv. reader; lector). (12.1677) **22 ostiarii** The lowest of the minor orders of the church: ostiarii (from the Latin *ostium*, door) are ushers or doorkeepers (*OED*, s.v. ostiary). (12.1677) **23 guardians** Guardian: 'The superior of a Franciscan convent' (*OED*). (12.1678) **24 monks of Benedict of Spoleto** That is, the Benedictine monks, an order based on the monastic rule formulated by St Benedict of Nursia (*c.*480–*c.*547), a town near Spoleto. The Benedictine rule eventually became the chief monastic rule in the West (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1679) **25 Carthusians** The Carthusian order was founded by St Bruno (*c.*1030–1101) in 1084 at the Grande Chartreuse in France. This order emphasizes solitude and silence (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1679) **26 Camaldolesi** A reformed Benedictine community founded by St Romuald (*c.*950–1027) in 1012 (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Camaldolese). (12.1680) **27 Cistercians** Founded in 1098 by St Robert (*c.*1027–1111), 'to follow the Rule of S. Benedict to the letter, to sacrifice centuries of customs and devotional accretions for the sake of evangelical simplicity' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1680) **28 Olivetans** An eremitic branch of the Benedictine order (that is, an order composed of hermits), founded by St Bernard Ptolemy (d.1348) at Monte Oliveto, 24 km south of Siena, in Italy, in the early 1300s (*EB11*). (12.1680) **29 Oratorians** A secular congregation of 'priests living together under temporary vows and free to leave at will'; founded by St Philip Neri, *circa* 1570 (*EB11*, s.v. monks). (12.1680) **30 Vallombrosans** An ascetic order of monks, nuns and lay people, the Vallombrosan order was founded about 1035 by St John Gualbert (985–1073) near Vallombrosa, 32 km east of Florence (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1680) **31 friars of Augustine** A mendicant order (that is, an order of friars who live on alms) following the Rule of St Augustine (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. friar). (12.1681) **32 Brigittines** Founded by St Bridget of Sweden (*c.*1303–73); the abbess is called the 'Sovereign' and 'was supreme in all things temporal for both houses' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1681) **33 Premonstratesians** Also known as Norbertines; founded in 1120 by St Norbert at Prémontré, France, the order follows a modified version of the Rule of St Augustine (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Premonstratensian Canons). (12.1681) **34 Servi** The Servants of Mary, or Servites, was founded in Cafaggio, Italy, in 1233 by seven cloth merchants. Servites live a monastic life according to the Rule of St Augustine (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Order of Servites). (12.1681) **35 Trinitarians** Founded by St John of Matha (1160–1213) and St Felix of Valois (1127–1212), the Order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives follows the Rule of St Augustine (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1682) **36 children of Peter Nolasco** The Order of Our Lady of Mercy (de Mercede), or Mercedarians, was founded by St Peter Nolasco (1189–*c.*1256) in Spain in 1223. The order, which followed the Rule of St Augustine, helped ransom Christians caught by the Moors during the crusades (*EB11*). (12.1682) **37 Carmel mount the children of Elijah prophet led by Albert bishop and by Teresa** [...] The Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, established *c.*1200;

some of its earliest followers believe the order to have been founded by the prophet Elijah. They were given their formula by the patriarch of Jerusalem, St Albert, between 1206 and 1214. These strictures were later relaxed by Innocent IV (r.1243–54) and Eugenius IV (r.1431–47). These modifications were rejected by Carmelite reformers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, John of Soreth, John of the Cross and Teresa of Avila. This led to the order being split into two halves: the 'discalced' (without shoes), who strictly adhered to St Albert's rule (following the reforms of St Theresa of Avila and St John of the Cross), and the 'calced' (with shoes), who followed the relaxed rule as established by Eugenius (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1682) **38 friars brown and grey** Grey Friars: a common name for the Franciscan order (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Friar). Various different orders wear brown habits, so 'brown friar' does not necessarily designate a specific order. (12.1684) **39 sons of poor Francis** The Franciscans, Order of Friars Minor (of Lesser Brothers), founded by St Francis of Assisi (1182–1226), began out of a desire to return to the ways of the early Church, but as it evolved it became more powerful as an order and its strictures became looser (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1684) **40 capuchins** An offshoot of the Franciscans founded in 1525 and dedicated to reviving the original austerity of the order. The name comes from the Italian word *cappuccio* ('cowl') (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1685) **41 cordeliers** French, 'cord-wearers'. 'Franciscan Observantists of "brethren of more strict observance" are called Cordeliers in France on account of their girdles of knotted cord' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Cordelier). (12.1685) **42 minimes** The Order of Minims (*Ordo Minimorum Eremitarum*) was created by St Francis of Paola (*c.*1438–1507) and aimed to be even more austere than the Franciscans (or Friars Minor) (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1685) **43 observants** A Franciscan order, the Friars Minor of the Regular Observance were established around 1460. They strictly observe the Rule of St Francis, as opposed to the Conventuals, who observe a more relaxed version (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Franciscan order). (12.1685) **44 daughters of Clara** That is, the Poor Clares, a religious order of women. The Poor Clares were founded as an order of nuns in 1212 by St Clare of Assisi (1194–1253) as a female counterpart to St Francis's Order of Friars Minor (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Poor Clares). (12.1685) **45 sons of Dominic, the friars preachers** The Dominicans (Order of Preachers) were founded by St Dominic (1170–1221) in 1216. Their work focuses on preaching, education, missions and parish ministry (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1686) **46 sons of Vincent** Members of the Congregation of St Vincent de Paul (or Vincentians). The order was founded in 1625 by St Vincent de Paul (1576–1660) for the relief of the poor (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (12.1686) **47 monks of S. Wolstan** St Wolstan (*c.*1012–95), or Wulfstan, was the bishop of Worcester and the last Saxon bishop of England. He is not responsible for founding a religious order, but he was involved in the suppression of the slave trade between England and Ireland (*EB11*, s.v. Wulfstan, St). (12.1687) **48 Ignatius his children** The Society of Jesus, better known as the Jesuits, founded by St Ignatius Loyola, see note at **9:4**. (12.1687) **49 confraternity of the christian brothers** The Christian Brothers were founded in 1802 by Irishman Edmund Ignatius Rice (1762–1844); see note at **111:2**. (12.1687)

246 **1 S. Cyr** St Cyr (also Quiricus or Cirycus): a child martyr, killed at the age of three along with his mother, St Julitta, around 304 AD at Tarsus in Asia Minor. His feast day is 16th June. (12.1689) **2 S. Isidore Arator** St Isidore Arator (1070–1130): the patron saint of Madrid and of peasants and farmers. (12.1690) **3 S. James the Less** Also called 'the Just' and 'the Younger', St James was one the twelve apostles, and is sometimes identified with the James who is described in Matthew as 'the brother of the Lord' (13:55). Protestants interpret this literally, whereas Catholics hold that James was Jesus's cousin. (12.1690) **4 S. Phocas of Sinope** This could be one of two men who are often confused as the same person: a second-century bishop of Sinope (on the Black Sea), tortured and martyred under Emperor Trajan; or Phocas the gardener, also of Sinope, beheaded by Roman soldiers in 303 AD. (12.1690) **5 S. Julian Hospitator** Otherwise known as Julian the Hospitaller. It is unclear if he actually existed. He is the patron saint of travellers and wandering minstrels. (12.1690) **6 S. Felix de Cantalice** St Felix (1513–87), born in the small village of Cantalice, north-east of the city of Rieti, 68 km north-east of Rome. He became a Capuchin monk at age thirty and spent some forty years begging in Rome. (12.1691) **7 S. Simon Stylites** Also called Simon or Simeon of the Pillar ('stylites' is from the Greek for pillar, *stulos*), born in 390 AD in Syria, he achieved fame for a thirty-seven-year penance atop an eighteen-metre high pillar, about a metre wide. (12.1691) **8 S. Stephen Protomartyr** St Stephen was the first Christian martyr (hence 'protomartyr'). His death by stoning is described in Acts 6–7. Greek-educated and Jewish by birth, Stephen was, at the time of his death, one of the

leaders of the early Christian Church. (12.1691) **9 S. John of God** St John of God (1495–1550): founder of the Order of the Brothers Hospitallers after having served in the army. (12.1692) **10 S. Ferreol** Two saints are named Ferreol (or Ferreolus): one was a Roman officer martyred in France in 304 when his Christianity was discovered. A different St Ferreol is credited with converting Besançon in the third century. (12.1692) **11 S. Leugarde** French spelling of the Irish St Lughaidh (*c.*530–592), a form of Molua (by which he is more commonly known). Originally a herd boy from Limerick, he went on to establish dozens of monasteries. (12.1692) **12 S. Theodotus** Two saints are named Theodotus: a martyr executed *c.*304 by the Emperor Diocletian for recovering and burying the bodies of seven martyred virgins and the fourth-century bishop of Laodicea (in Asia minor), but modern scholars have questioned his orthodoxy because of a reputed sympathy with the Arians. (12.1692) **13 S. Vulmar** Also known as St Wulmar or St Ulmar, he was born in Boulogne, France, in the seventh century. He founded a monastery near Calais, called Samer. (12.1693) **14 S. Richard** Possibly Richard de Wych (1197–1253), known for his devotion and scholarship. An earlier Richard (d.720) left his native Hampshire with his family to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but he died at Lucca in Italy. (12.1693) **15 S. Vincent de Paul** See note at **245:46**. (12.1693) **16 S. Martin of Todi** The last pope to be venerated as a martyr, St Martin of Todi (d.655) struggled against the Monothelite heresy (which asserted that Christ had two natures but one will), which was supported by Byzantine Emperor Constans II, who had him imprisoned. (12.1693) **17 S. Martin of Tours** Fourth-century saint, born in present-day Hungary. He was made bishop of Tours, France in 371 AD. Under his leadership the practice of monasticism was solidified in western Europe. (12.1694) **18 S. Alfred** Perhaps the ninth-century Alfred (or Altfried), a little-known German bishop. (12.1694) **19 S. Joseph** The most important St Joseph is the husband of the Virgin Mary and Patron Saint of the Universal Church. (12.1694) **20 S. Denis** Several saints are named Denis (or its cognate Dionysius): St Dionysius (d.*c.*275), the first bishop of Paris and a patron saint of France; St Dionysius the Areopagite, whose conversion by St Paul is described in Acts 17:34; or St Dionysius of Alexandria, the third-century Patriarch of Alexandria. (12.1694) **21 S. Cornelius** The most famous St Cornelius was the third-century pope who struggled against the anti-pope Novatian, defending the Church's right to forgive repentant apostates. (12.1695) **22 S. Leopold** St Leopold (1073–1136, called 'the Good' or 'the Pious'): the grandson of Holy Roman Emperor Henry III and the patron saint of Austria. (12.1695) **23 S. Bernard** There are several saints named Bernard, but the most famous is St Bernard of Clairvaux (*c.*1090–1153), an influential Cistercian. He founded the Abbey of Clairvaux and many other monasteries. (12.1695) **24 S. Terence** Little is known about the various martyred saints named Terence, two of which are a first-century bishop of Iconium and St Terentianus, bishop of Todi, Italy, beheaded under Emperor Hadrian in 118 AD. (12.1695) **25 S. Edward** Possibly St Edward the Martyr (962–79), King of England, or Edward the Confessor (*c.*1003–66), also King of England. (12.1696) **26 S. Owen Caniculus** Not actually a saint. *Canicula*: Latin, 'small dog'. (12.1696) **27 S. Anonymous and S. Eponymous and S. Pseudonymous and S. Homonymous** Not actually saints. (12.1696) **28 S. Paronymous and S. Synonymous** Not actually saints. Paronymous: a linguistic term applied to words that have the same root (*OED*). (12.1697) **29 S. Laurence O' Toole** See note at **109:10**. (12.1698) **30 S. James of Dingle and Compostella** One of the most venerated of the saints, St James the Great, was the first of the twelve apostles to die for his faith, being executed by King Herod Agrippa in Jerusalem around 44 AD. The shrine to James in Compostela was one of the most frequented sites for pilgrimages during the Middle Ages. (12.1698) **31 S. Columcille and S. Columba** Two names for the same sixth-century Celtic saint who founded several monasteries in Ireland before travelling to Scotland and establishing the famous monastery on the island of Iona. Along with St Patrick and St Brigid, he is a patron saint of Ireland. (12.1699) **32 S. Celestine** St Celestine I, a fifth-century pope, was responsible for dispatching Palladius (St Patrick's predecessor) on a mission to Ireland. He battled during his papacy against the Pelagian heresy, which denied that mankind was tainted with Adam's sin, thus denying the Catholic doctrine of original sin. (12.1699) **33 S. Colman** Many saints of this name are connected with Ireland, the best-known of which are: the fifth-century St Colman, disciple of St Patrick; St Colman of Dromore, first bishop of Clomore, in the sixth century; St Colman, sixth-century abbot who founded the monastery of Lann Elo, Meath; St Colman of Lindisfarne, who founded two monasteries in the west of Ireland during the seventh century; St Colman of Cloyne (522–600), bard to court of Cashel and founder of the church of Cloyne. (12.1699) **34 S. Kevin** See note at **235:9**. (12.1700)

35 S. Brendan See note at **216:33**. (12.1700) **36 S. Frigidian** Known in Italy as St Frediano, Frigidian was an Irish-born saint who travelled to Italy, where he was made bishop of Lucca by Pope John II. (12.1700) **37 S. Senan** There are several Irish saints of this name. The best known is St Senan (*c.*488–*c.*544) who founded several monastic churches in Ireland, including one on Slattery Island. (12.1700) **38 S. Fachtna** Also called St Fachanan, a sixth-century bishop of Ross (possibly the first such bishop). He founded one of Ireland's foremost monastic schools at Rosscarbery, in County Ross. (12.1700) **39 S. Columbanous** Should read 'Columbanus' (the mistake was made in the 1926 printing). See note at **23:2**. (12.1701) **40 S. Gall** Born in Ireland in the middle of the sixth century, St Gall accompanied St Columbanus to the continent. (12.1701) **41 S. Fursey** Also known as St Fursa or Fursaeus, see note at **216:32**. (12.1701) **42 S. Fintan** There are several Irish saints of this name: the sixth-century abbot of Limerick; the sixth-century founder of the monastery at Clonenagh; St Fintan or Finnian of Munnu (d.634), a disciple of St Columbanus and missionary to Scotland; and the ninth-century missionary to Switzerland and Germany. (12.1701) **43 S. Fiacre** See note at **33:27**. (12.1701) **44 S. John Nepomuc** A patron saint of Bohemia (d.*c.*1393). (12.1702) **45 S. Thomas Aquinas** See note at **15:11**. (12.1702) **46 S. Ives of Brittany** St Ives, or Ivo (1253–1303): a Breton lawyer renowned for his charity and his fee-less defence of the poor. (12.1702) **47 S. Michan** Beyond the fact that one of Dublin's most famous churches is named for him (see note at **176:15**), little is known of St Michan's life. He is believed to have been of Danish descent and he lived in the tenth or eleventh century. (12.1703) **48 S. Herman-Joseph** Blessed Herman-Joseph (1150–1241): a German mystic who was given the nickname Joseph (after the father of Jesus) for his pious and blameless life. By 1904 he had only been beatified; he was finally canonized in 1958. (12.1703) **49 S. Aloysius Gonzaga** One of the three patron saints of holy youth, St Aloysius Gonzaga (1568–91), a young Jesuit, was known for his purity and chastity. (12.1704) **50 S. Stanislaus Kostka** Against the wishes of his father, John Kostka, senator of Poland, Stanislaus (1550–68) walked 560 km from Vienna, where he attended the college of the Jesuits, to Rome, to join this order. Feeble and sickly from an early age, he died within nine months of reaching his destination. (12.1704) **51 S. John Berchmans** One of the three patron saints of holy youth, St John Berchmans (1599–1621) was a Jesuit from Diest in Brabant, Belgium. He was canonized in 1888. (12.1704) **52 Gervasius** Gervasius and his brother Protasius were martyrs in Milan. Their relics were discovered by St Ambrose *c.*386, during excavations at a church cemetery. Although their bones were identified, nothing is known of their lives. (12.1705) **53 Servasius** St Servasius (or Servatius): a fourth-century bishop of Tongres (in present-day Belgium). (12.1705) **54 Bonifacius** Of the many saints who bear this name, the most important was born Winfrid (*c.*675–754) in Devonshire and changed his name to Boniface when he became a missionary. He nearly eradicated paganism in Germany. (12.1705) **55 S. Bride** Also called St Brigid (*c.*453–*c.*523): a patron saint of Ireland. Said to have been baptized by Patrick, she founded the convent of Kildare, the first religious house for women in Ireland, and other convents. As with Patrick, much legend surrounds her life. (12.1705) **56 S. Kieran** There are two famous Irish saints with this name: St Kieran, the sixth-century abbot who established the abbey at Clonmacnoise, and St Kieran, the first bishop of Ossory, called 'one of the Twelve Apostles of Ireland'. (12.1706) **57 S. Canice of Kilkenny** See note at **35:12**. (12.1706) **58 S. Jarlath of Tuam** A sixth-century Irish saint, known as the founder of the archdiocese of Tuam in Galway. (12.1706) **59 S. Finbarr** The most famous of several Irish saints of this name was the St Finbarr (*c.*550–*c.*633) who is the patron saint of Cork, since he established its first diocese. (12.1706) **60 S. Pappin of Ballymun** St Pappin: a sixth-century abbot of a monastery at Ballymun, north of Dublin. (12.1707) **61 Brother Aloysius Pacificus** Aloysius: a Latin variant of the French name Louis. *Pacificus*: Latin, peaceful. (12.1707) **62 Bellicosus** Latin, bellicose. (12.1708) **63 saints Rose of Lima and of Viterbo** St Rose of Lima (1587–1617) is the patron saint of Lima, Peru. St Rose of Viterbo (d.1252) is remembered for her vocal denunciation of Emperor Frederick II after he was excommunicated. (12.1708) **64 S. Martha of Bethany** St Martha: one of Lazarus's sisters, see note at **61:1**. (12.1708) **65 S. Mary of Egypt** A fourth-century Alexandrian prostitute who experienced a mystical conversion when she attempted to enter the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. (12.1709) **66 S. Lucy** A virgin martyred in Syracuse in the third century. (12.1709) **67 S. Brigid** See note at **246:55**. (12.1709) **68 S. Attracta** Also called St Araght, conflicting sources place her in the fifth or sixth centuries: the patron saint of the diocese of Achonry, having founded the convent of Killaraght in Sligo and another in Roscommon. (12.1709) **69 S. Dympna** A seventh-century Irish martyr,

she was the beautiful daughter of a pagan king who had incestuous designs on her after the death of her Christian mother. A Christian herself, Dympna's refusal to indulge her father's lust forced her to flee to Geel, near Antwerp. She was found by her father, who murdered both her and the priest who advised and escorted her. (12.1710) **70 S. Ita** This seventh-century Irish saint was born Deirdre, the daughter of an Irish chieftain, but took the name Ita to show her 'thirst for God' (*Ita*: Irish, 'one who thirsts'). She founded the convent of Hy-Connall near Limerick. (12.1710) **71 Calpensis** Latin, 'of Gibraltar'. (12.1710) **72 Blessed Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus** See note at 70:6. (12.1711) **73 S. Barbara** A third-century virgin saint, martyred either at Nicomedia in Asia Minor or at Heliopolis in Egypt for refusing to recant her faith; most likely legendary. (12.1711) **74 S. Scholastica** St Scholastica (*c.*480–543): St Benedict's sister and believed to be the first nun of the Benedictine order, having established a community of nuns at Monte Cassino. (12.1711) **75 S. Ursula with eleven thousand virgins** See note at 7:8. (12.1712) **76 nimbi and aureoles and gloriae** Symbols used in religious art to signify the holiness of the subject or subjects. Nimbus (pl. nimbi): the bright gold disc surrounding the head of a holy person (*OED*). Aureole: 'the celestial crown worn by a martyr, virgin, or doctor [of the church]' (*OED*). Gloria (pl. gloriae): 'the circle of light represented as surrounding the head, or the whole figure, of the Saviour, the Virgin, or one of the Saints' (*OED*). (12.1712) **77 palms** Pagan symbols of victory 'adopted by the Early Christians to signify the triumph over death of their saints and martyrs' (J.C.J. Metford, *Dictionary of Christian Lore and Legend*). (12.1713) **78 symbols of their efficacies** [...] Most of the individual items listed in the following passage are associated with more than one saint; such as the inkhorn (or inkwell), which is a symbol associated with St Augustine and St Bernard (Mrs Jameson, *Legends of the Monastic Orders as Represented in the Fine Arts*, p. 24). Fully glossing this list would be madness. (12.1714) **79 by Nelson's Pillar, Henry Street, Mary Street, Capel Street, Little Britain Street** Implies a processional starting at the Pro-Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on Marlborough Street travelling west to Nelson's pillar and ultimately to Barney Kiernan's on Little Britain Street. (12.1720) **80 the introit in *Epiphania Domini* which beginneth *Surge, illuminare*** The Introit (the psalm chanted as the priest enters) for the Mass for the Epiphany of Our Lord (*Epiphania Domini*) begins: '*Ecce advenit Dominator Dominus*' ('Behold, He comes, the Lord and Conqueror'). The lesson for that day (6th January), from Isaiah 60:1–6, begins: '*Surge, illuminare, Ierusalem, quia venit lumen tuum, et gloria Domini super te orta est*' ('Arise, shine, Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee'). (12.1721) **81 the gradual *Omnes* which saith *de Saba venient*** Gradual: 'an antiphon sung between the Epistle and the Gospel' (*OED*). The gradual appointed for the Mass for the Epiphany begins '*Omnes de Saba venient, aurum et thus deferentes, Et laudem Domino annuntiantes*' ('All they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord'); from Isaiah 60:6. (12.1722) **82 divers wonders such as casting out devils** [...] Various miracles performed by Christ. See Matthew 9:32–34, Mark 5:1–20 and Luke 8:26–39 for the casting out of the devils. See John 11:1–44 for the best-known account of Christ raising the dead, the story of Lazarus. See Matthew 14:13–21, Mark 6:34–44, Luke 9:12–17 and John 6:1–14 for Christ multiplying the fishes. There are many instances in the Gospels of Christ healing the halt (crippled) and the blind, for example Matthew 9:1–18, 9:27–31 and 20:29–34. (12.1723) **83 discovering various articles which had been mislaid** St Antony of Padua is famed for this type of minor but helpful miracle (Metford, *Dictionary of Christian Lore and Legend*, s.v. Antony of Padua). (12.1725) **84 beneath a canopy of cloth of gold** In such processions, the Sacraments are carried beneath a *baldacchino*, a kind of ornate canopy of gold, silver or white cloth draped over a rectangular framework and supported by four, six, or eight high-ranking laymen carrying staves. The highest-ranking clergyman in the procession walks under the *baldacchino*. (12.1726) **85 Father O'Flynn** See note at 125:11. (12.1727) **86 Malachi** See note at 6:1. (12.1728) **87 Patrick** See note at 61:19. (12.1728) **88 the celebrant blessed the house** [...] A version of the ceremonial cleansing of a building that is to be consecrated – here a church, in light of the ecclesiastical nature of the architectural details. Mullioned windows are divided by vertical bars. Groynes: low walls built as a barrier against the sea. Arrises: mouldings created by the meeting of two straight or curved surfaces at an angle. Capitals: the heads of pillars or columns. Engrailed: with ornamented edges (all from *OED*). (12.1731) **89 that God might bless that house** [...] This translates, approximately, the closing lines of a prayer, the *Alia Benedicto Domus* (Another Blessing for a House). (12.1735) **90 *Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*** [...] Latin, 'Our assistance is in the name of the Lord. Who made heaven and earth. The Lord be with

you. And with thy spirit.' This responsive formula is spoken by the celebrant and the congregation at the beginning of many prayers, including the *Benedictio ad Omnia*, an all-purpose blessing. (12.1740)

247 **1** *Deus, cuius verbo sanctificantur* [...] This concludes the *Benedictio ad Omnia*: 'God, by whose word all things are sanctified, pour forth Your blessing upon these things You have created, and make it that whoever should use them (following Your law and Your will, with thanksgiving) through the invocation of Your most holy name, You being his creator, may be possessed of health of body and safety of soul, through Christ our Lord'. (12.1746) **2** **John Jameson** See note at **131:1**. (12.1753) **3** **And butter for fish** After the proverb, 'That is for that, and butter's for fish', used 'when a thing fits nicely what it was design'd for' (*ODEP*). (12.1753) **4** **scut** See note at **65:7**. (12.1760) **5** **Stand us a drink itself** See note at **234:2**. (12.1760) **6** **seeing it was looking blue** To get into a blue: 'to become involved in a fight' (Partridge, s.vv. blue; get into a blue). (12.1764) **7** **jaunting car** See note at **57:2**. (12.1770) **8** **golden poop** See note at **198:7**. (12.1772) **9** **hosting** In Ireland, a military expedition; in general, the raising of an army or host (*OED*). (12.1779) **10** **curse of Cromwell** P.W. Joyce writes that Irish people habitually invoke the curse of Cromwell on anyone to whom they bear strong animosity, because of the cruelties he inflicted on the land (PWJ, p. 166). (12.1785) **11** **bell, book and candle** 'The popular phrase for ceremonial excommunication in the Roman Catholic Church' (*Brewer's*). (12.1785) **12** **Arrah** See note at **215:34**. (12.1792)

248 **1** **to whisht** To be silent, to shut up (PWJ, p. 349). (12.1798) **2** ***If the man in the moon was a jew, jew, jew*** After the American song 'If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon' (1905), by Fred Fisher. (12.1801) **3** **Mendelssohn** Either the German composer Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809–47) or his grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn (1729–86), a German-Jewish philosopher who emphasized cultural assimilation. Moses Mendelssohn's son, Felix's father, added the surname Bartholdy when he converted to Christianity. (12.1804) **4** **Karl Marx** Karl Marx (1818–83): German philosopher and founder of modern socialism. Although he was born to Jewish parents (who nonetheless had him baptized when he was six), he renounced all religions and wrote virulently anti-Jewish tracts. (12.1804) **5** **Mercadante** Giuseppe Saverio Raffaele Mercadante (see note at **63:7**) was not Jewish but an Italian Catholic. In 'Sirens', Bloom incorrectly attributed Mercadante's 'Seven Last Words of Our Lord' to Giacomo Meyerbeer (see note at **212:9**), who was Jewish. (12.1804) **6** **Spinoza** See note at **208:6**. (12.1804) **7** **Nagyaságos uram Lipóti Virag** Hungarian, 'The most esteemed Sir Leopold Flower'; however, since in Hungarian the surname precedes the Christian name, this could also be read as 'The most esteemed Sir Flower of Lipót'; Lipót is a small village in north-western Hungary and also a district in Budapest. (12.1816) **8** **Messrs Alexander Thom's, printers to His Majesty** See note at **92:22**. (12.1816) **9** **Százharminczbrojúgulyás-Dugulás** Hungarian, 'blockage [i.e. constipation] caused by 130 portions of veal goulash' (with thanks to Ferenc Takács). (12.1818) **10** ***éclat*** 'Brilliancy, radiance, dazzling effect'; from the French (*OED*). (12.1819) **11** **Messrs Jacob *agus* Jacob** *Agus*: Irish, and. See note at **222:14**. (12.1825) **12** ***Come Back to Erin*** A song composed by the Englishwoman Charlotte Allington Barnard (1830–69). (12.1828) **13** ***Rakóczy's March*** Composed by Miklos Scholl in 1809, made popular by Francis Rákóczi II of Transylvania's army and adopted as the Hungarian national march. (12.1828) **14** **the four seas** That is, the four bodies of water that surround Ireland: the Irish Sea to the east, the North Channel to the north-east, St George's Channel to the south-east, and the Atlantic Ocean to the west. (12.1829) **15** **Hill of Howth** See note at **32:32**. (12.1830) **16** **Three Rock Mountain** Located in Country Wexford, about 110 km south of Dublin. (12.1830) **17** **Sugarloaf** See note at **114:21**. (12.1830) **18** **Bray Head** See note at **8:13**. (12.1830) **19** **mountains of Mourne** See note at **191:13**. (12.1831) **20** **the Galtees** A chain of mountains located in Counties Limerick and Tipperary, in south-western Ireland. (12.1831) **21** **the Ox** A pair of mountains in County Sligo in western Ireland. (12.1831) **22** **Donegal** Not a mountain range but a county in north-western Ireland with mountainous terrain. (12.1831) **23** **Sperrin peaks** Mountains located on the coast of northern Ireland, in County Londonderry. (12.1832) **24** **the Nagles and the Boghraghs** A pair of mountain ranges in County Cork. (12.1832) **25** **Connemara hills** On the west coast of Ireland, in County Galway. (12.1832) **26** **reeks of M'Gillicuddy** See note at **215:18**. (12.1832) **27** **Slieve Aughty** The Slieve Aughty Mountains stand in western Ireland in Counties Galway and Clare. (12.1833) **28** **Slieve Bernagh** Slieve Bernagh (532 metres) is one of a pair of red sandstone mountains in County Clare, western Ireland (*EB11*, s.v. Clare). (12.1833) **29** **Slieve Bloom** See note at **45:22**. (12.1833)

30 Cambrian and Caledonian hills Cambria: the Medieval Latin name for Wales. Caledonia: the Roman name for Northern Britain (*EB11*, s.vv. Cambria; Caledonia). (12.1835) **31 Ballast office** See note at **113:9**. (12.1839) **32 Custom house** See note at **166:11**. (12.1839) **33 Pigeonhouse** See note at **33:6**. (12.1840) **34 *Visszontlátásra, kedvés barátom! Visszontlátásra!*** Hungarian, 'Goodbye [See you again], my dear friend! Goodbye [See you again]!'; an informal farewell. (12.1841) **35 Queen's royal theatre** See note at **70:15**. (12.1845)

249 1 county Longford Longford lies about 130 km west of Dublin. (12.1855) **2 observatory of Dunsink** See note at **122:12**. (12.1859) **3 fifth grade of Mercalli's scale** Giuseppe Mercalli's (Italian geologist, 1850–1914) twelve-grade scale measures damage to people and structures, while the eight-grade Richter scale measures the actual magnitude of the shocks. A fifth-grade earthquake on the Mercalli scale would cause only moderate damage. (12.1859) **4 earthquake of 1534** There was an earthquake in Ireland in 1534; the event is listed in *Thom's* 'Dublin Annals' (p. 2093). (12.1861) **5 rebellion of Silken Thomas** See note at **36:15**. (12.1862) **6 Inn's Quay ward and parish of Saint Michan** [...] Barney Kiernan's lies in Inn's Quay ward and St Michan's parish (the two overlap but cover different areas of Dublin). One rood (or rod) equals five metres. Rood, rod, perch and pole are interchangeable terms and their measurements vary locally. (12.1863) **7 palace of justice** See note at **234:25**. (12.1865) **8 that noble edifice itself** See note at **234:2**. (12.1866) **9 Mr George Fottrell** The Clerk of the Crown and Peace, Sessions House, 26 Green Street (*Thom's*, p. 1509). (12.1872) **10 sir Frederick Falkiner** See note at **133:10**. (12.1875) **11 the giant's causeway** In County Antrim on the north-eastern coast of Ireland, the Giant's Causeway is a famous natural formation made of some 37,000 polygonal basalt columns stretching some 275 metres along the coast and 152 metres into the sea. (12.1877) **12 Holeopen bay near the old head of Kinsale** Holeopen Bay (County Cork) is located off the south-eastern coast of Ireland. It is formed by a pair of spits of land that project into Kinsale Harbour. Kinsale is a town on the coast. (12.1878) **13 *missa pro defunctis*** Latin, 'Mass for the dead'. (12.1884) **14 Messrs Michael Meade and Son** Michael Meade and Son: 'builders, steam sawing, planing, and moulding mills, and merchants', 153–59 Great Brunswick (now Pearse) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1954). (12.1889) **15 Messrs T. C. Martin** Should be 'T. & C.' or 'T. and C.' (both versions exist in the manuscripts; the conjunction was omitted in the 1926 edition). T. & C. Martin, Ltd.: merchants and manufacturers, 77–80 and 90 North Wall, 5 Fish Street and 27–30 Upper Sheriff Street (*Thom's*, p. 1952). (12.1890) **16 the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry** There was, in 1904, a regiment of this name, but out of three battalions none were in Dublin. (12.1891) **17 H. R. H.** His Royal Highness. (12.1892) **18 sir Hercules Hannibal Habeas Corpus Anderson K. G., K. P., K. T., P. C., K. C. B** [...] The individual is fictitious, but most of the abbreviations are real. KG: Knight of the Garter. KP: Knight of Patrick. KT: Knight of the Thistle. PC: Privy Councillor. KCB: Knight Commander of the Bath. MP: Member of Parliament. JP: Justice of the Peace. MB: Bachelor of Medicine. DSO: Distinguished Service Order. SOD: 'sod', sodomist. MFH: Master of Fox Hounds. MRIA: Member of the Royal Irish Academy. BL: Bachelor of Laws or Letters. Mus. Doc.: Doctor of Music. PLG: Poor Law Guardian. FTCD: Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. FRUI: Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. FRCPI: Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland. FRCSI: Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. (12.1893)

250 1 lugs back See note at **143:8**. (12.1907) **2 When, lo, there came** [...] After 2 Kings 2:11–12: 'And it came to pass, as they [Elijah and Elisha] still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces'. (12.1910) **3 clothed upon in the glory of the brightness, having raiment as of the sun** [...] After Matt. 17:1–3: 'And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him'. (12.1912) **4 fair as the moon and terrible** After Song of Solomon 6:10: 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?' (12.1913) **5 And there came a voice out of heaven, calling: *Elijah! Elijah!*** See note at **250:2**. (12.1914) **6 And he answered with a main cry: *Abba! Adonai!*** A main cry: a strong, vigorous cry (*OED*, s.v. main). *Abba*: Hebrew, Father. *Adonai*: Hebrew, Lord, God. Although Elijah does not cry out at the moment of his

ascent to heaven, his servant Elisha does cry out the words *'Avi! Avi! Rechev Yisrael u'farashav'* ('My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof') (2 Kings 2:12). (12.1915) **7 ben** Hebrew, 'son of'. (12.1916) **8 Donohoe's in Little Green Street** Donohoe and Smyth's: pub, 4–5 Little Green Street, which intersects Little Britain Street from the south (*Thom's*, p. 1509). (12.1917)

'NAUSICAA'
Time: 8–9 p.m.
Location: Sandymount Strand, by Leahy's Terrace

251 1 the sun was setting On 16th June 1904 sunset was at 8:27 p.m. in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 14). (13.2) **2 Howth** See note at **32:32**. (13.4) **3 Sandymount shore** See note at **30:13**. (13.5) **4 Mary, star of the sea** The Roman Catholic Church, Mary, Star of the Sea, off Leahy's Terrace by Sandymount Strand (*Thom's*, p. 1781). An epithet of Mary is *stella maris*: Latin, 'star of the sea'. (13.8) **5 Many a time and oft** From *The Merchant of Venice* (Act I, Sc. 3, 107). (13.10) **6 beside the sparkling waves** On 16th June, the high tides in Dublin were at 12:18 a.m. and 12:42 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 15) and so at sunset it would be low tide and the girls would actually be facing a broad expanse of mudflats. (13.12) **7 Cissy Caffrey** Fictitious. (13.12) **8 Edy Boardman** Fictitious. (13.13) **9 plucks** Hiberno-English, cheeks (Dolan, s.v. pluc). (13.24) **10 scatty** To scat: to break into pieces (*OED*). (13.32) **11 Flora MacFlimsy sort** From the poem 'Nothing to Wear' (1857) by the American William Allen Butler (1825–1902): 'Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square, / Has made three separate journeys to Paris' (ll. 1–2). (13.35)

252 1 Martello tower Not the Martello Tower Stephen shares with Buck Mulligan at Sandycove, but, rather, the Martello Tower on Strand Road, Sandymount (*Thom's*, p. 1784). See also note at **15:8**. (13.44) **2 every little Irishman's house is his castle** After the proverb 'an Englishman's house is his castle' (*ODEP*); see also note at **83:8**. (13.46) **3 unmentionables** Trousers (Partridge). (13.56) **4 What's your name? Butter and cream?** From a traditional Dublin street rhyme: 'What's your name? / Butter and crame / All the way from / Dirty Lane' (Leslie Daiken, *Out Goes She; Dublin Street Rhymes*, p. 37). (13.65) **5 Gerty MacDowell** Fictitious. (13.79) **6 more a Giltrap than a MacDowell** Gerty is the granddaughter of Old Giltrap, the owner of the Irish setter Garryowen (see note at **215:24**). James J. Giltrap, a law agent, was the father of Joyce's Aunt Josephine Murray, née Giltrap (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 30). (13.83) **7 iron jelloids** A gelatin lozenge containing iron, manufactured by the Iron Jelloids Company, 205 City Road, London. (13.84) **8 Widow Welch's female pills** A medication that dates back to the early nineteenth century; its advertisements claimed it a cure for 'irregularities in the Female System'. (13.85) **9 almost spiritual in its ivorylike purity** One of the epithets for the Virgin Mary is the 'Tower of Ivory'. (13.87) **10 queen of ointments** An advertising slogan for Beetham's Larola, a skin cream manufactured by M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, England. (13.90) **11 black out** Hiberno-English, an intensifier here, as in 'extremely' (PWJ, p. 89). (13.93)

253 1 queenly *hauteur* The Virgin Mary is repeatedly addressed as 'Queen' in the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto (see note at **256:9**). Hauteur: 'loftiness of manner or bearing' (*OED*); also the title of Chapter 30 of *The Lamplighter* (see note at **263:8**). (13.97) **2 devoirs** 'Dutiful respects' (*OED*). (13.103) **3 Madame Vera Verity, directress of the Woman Beautiful page of the *Princess novelette*** *The Princess's Novelettes*: a London weekly published between 1886 and 1904. Each issue contained at least one complete novelette as well as serialized novels and various features on fashion and beauty. The 'Woman Beautiful' page is Joyce's invention, as is Madame Vera Verity. (13.109) **4 eyebrowleine** That is, eyebrow liner. (13.111) **5 Mrs Dignam** Paddy Dignam's widow. The Dignam house is at 9 Newbridge Avenue (see note at **455:19**), just a few blocks from the part of Sandymount Strand where Gerty is sitting. (13.115) **6 She had cut it that very morning on account of the new moon** 'It is good to cut the hair at the new moon and by the light of the moon itself; but never should the hair be cut on Friday, for it is the most unlucky day of all the year' (Lady Wilde, *Ancient Cures, Charms, and Usages of Ireland*, p. 63). The new moon appeared on Monday, 13th June (*Thom's*, p. 14). (13.117) **7 Thursday for wealth** According to the old rhyme about the significance of cutting hair and nails on certain days, Tuesday is for wealth and Thursday is 'for a new pair of shoes' (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. nail and hair cutting, rhyme). (13.119) **8 studying hard to get an exhibition in the intermediate** In other words, he is trying to win a prize exhibition at school on the basis of the results of his 'intermediates', competitive exams given by the Intermediate Education Board of Ireland to

students in secondary and preparatory schools. Since Reggy Wylie is taking his intermediates, he must be 15–17 years old. (13.132) **9 W. E. Wylie who was racing in the bicycle races** W.E. Wylie was one of the racers in the Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap, see note at **174:1**. (13.135) **10 Trinity college university** There is no such entity as 'Trinity College University'. Rather, Trinity College is the sole constituent college of the University of Dublin. 'By 1900[…] Trinity was denounced on all sides not only as irredeemably Protestant but as "anti-national", a preserve of the wealthy ascendancy' (R.B. McDowell and D.A. Webb, *Trinity College Dublin*, p. 364). (13.135) **11 They were protestants in his family** Mixed Protestant-Catholic weddings were problematic in Ireland: a Catholic risked excommunication for marrying a Protestant unless the Protestant converted and their children were raised Catholic (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 119). (13.138)

254 **1 dolly dyes** A brand of trade-marked dyes sold for use at home. (13.150) **2 the *Lady's Pictorial*** The *Lady's Pictorial*, published each Thursday in London, billed itself as 'a weekly illustrated journal of fashion, art, literature, music and the drama'. (13.151) **3 Tuesday week** That is, a week ago, Tuesday, 7th June. (13.158) **4 Clery's** See note at **59:3**. (13.159) **5 ash, oak or elm** The context suggests a proverbial expression of finality. (13.167) **6 blue for luck** Blue is associated with the Virgin Mary. The notion of blue being 'a lucky colour too for a bride' may come from the instructive bridal rhyme, 'Something old, something new, / Something borrowed, something blue, / And a silver sixpence in her shoe'. (13.179) **7 green she wore that day week brought grief** Green is associated with jealousy and love gone afoul (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). (13.181) **8 intermediate exhibition** See note at **253:8**. (13.182) **9 slipped up the old pair on her inside out** From the superstition that accidentally putting on clothes inside out can be good luck (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). In most Christian nations, Friday is regarded as an unlucky day because it was the day of Christ's crucifixion and so most good-luck omens are reversed on Fridays. (13.184) **10 You are lovely, Gerty, it said** After the magic mirror in 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs'. (13.192) **11 T. C. D.** Trinity College, Dublin. (13.196) **12 fashionable intelligence** That is, the fashion or society page in a newspaper or magazine. (13.197)

255 **1 Stoers'** See note at **183:19**. (13.201) **2 a man among men** From Samuel Valentine Cole's (1851–1925) poem 'Abraham Lincoln' (l. 15). (13.207) **3 waiting, always waiting to be asked** Echoes the song 'Waiting', see note at **201:8**. (13.208) **4 it was leap year too** According to tradition, 'it is an old saying that during leap year the ladies propose [marriage], and, if not accepted, claim a silk gown' (*Brewer's*). 1904 was the first leap year of the twentieth century. (13.208) **5 for riches for poor, in sickness in health** […] A misquotation of part of the wedding vows: 'from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part'. (13.216) **6 queen Ann's pudding** A custard pudding containing bread crumbs, lemon rind and raspberry jam. (13.225) **7 golden opinions** 'I have brought / Golden opinions from all sorts of people' (*Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 7, 32–33). (13.225) **8 grandpapa Giltrap's lovely dog Garryowen** See note at **215:24**. (13.232) **9 Clery's** See note at **59:3**. (13.234) **10 wigs on the green** Hiberno-English, a fight (PWJ, p. 350). (13.247)

256 **1 he was out of pinnies** That is, he is old enough to wear boy's clothes as opposed to a baby's pinafore. (13.250) **2 Anything for a quiet life** The title of a comical play (*c.*1617, printed 1657) by Thomas Middleton (*c.*1570–1627). (13.256) **3 here's the lord mayor, here's his two horses** […] A version of a children's rhyming game: 'Here sits the Lord Mayor [touch forehead] / Here sit his two men [touch eyes] / Here sits the cockadoodle [touch one cheek] / Here sits the hen [touch the other cheek] / Here sit the little chickens [touch tip of the nose] / Here they run in [touch the mouth] / Chin chopper, chin chopper, chin chopper chin [chuck under the chin]' (*ODNR*). (13.258) **4 gingerbread carriage** See note at **125:8**. (13.258) **5 Tritonville road** A main road which runs north and south from Sandymount to Irishtown. (13.277) **6 the reverend John Hughes S. J.** Father Hughes lived at the Presbytery House of St Francis Xavier in Upper Gardiner Street, where Father John Conmee was the Superior of the house (*Thom's*, p. 1500). (13.283) **7 rosary, sermon and benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament** The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is an evening devotion in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. During the service the Blessed Sacrament (the consecrated Host) is presented for adoration. The service concludes with the priest taking the monstrance into his hands and with it making the sign of the cross in silence (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (13.283) **8 fane** A temple; from the Latin *fanum* (*OED*). (13.286) **9 the litany of Our Lady of Loreto** The Litany of Our Lady, also known as the Litany of Loreto (from the Latin *lauretum*,

grove of laurel trees), is one of the most famous invocations of the Blessed Virgin Mary and is commonly performed during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It is consists of a ten-line opening that invokes the Trinity, a forty-nine-line appeal to the Virgin Mary under her various titles and concluding prayers and antiphon. The main part begins: 'Holy Mary, Holy Mother of God, Holy Virgin of Virgins'. (13.288) **10 taking the pledge** That is, pledging to refrain from drinking alcohol. (13.291) **11 those powders the drink habit cured in Pearson's Weekly** *Pearson's Weekly*: a magazine published out of London with a cost of one penny. It combined sensationalistic stories with 'moral instruction' for the poor. It also included advertisements for patent medicines to cure alcoholism. (13.291) **12 brown study** 'A state of mental abstraction or musing' (*OED*). (13.293)

257 **1 man who lifts his hand to a woman** [...] After John Tobin's (1770–1804) play *The Honey Moon* (1804): 'The man that lays his hand upon a woman / Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch / Who 'twere gross flattery to name a coward' (Act II, Sc. 1). (13.301) **2 Virgin most powerful, Virgin most merciful** Two of the Virgin Mary's epithets, from the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto, see note at **256:9**. (13.303) **3 screwed** Intoxicated (Partridge). (13.308) **4 palpable case of doctor Fell** A case of Dr Fell: disliking someone without knowing why; after Dr John Fell (1625–86), dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, and later bishop of Oxford University, who was noted for his conservatism (*Brewer's*). (13.310) **5 With all his faults she loved him still** Inversion of the title of the song 'With All Her Faults I Love Her Still' (1888), by Monroe H. Rosenfeld. (13.311) **6 *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee*** The title of a popular song by G.A. Hodson. (13.312) **7 *My love and cottage near Rochelle*** From the refrain of an aria in Act II of *The Siege of Rochelle* (1835), by Michael William Balfe, libretto by Edward Fitzball. (13.313) **8 Lazenby's salad dressing** A prepared salad dressing manufactured by F. Lazenby & Son, Ltd, 18 Trinity Street, London. (13.314) **9 *The moon hath raised*** 'The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above': a song from *The Lily of Killarney* (1862), for which see note at **70:19**. (13.314) **10 a group taken** That is, a group photograph. (13.318) **11 Catesby's cork lino** See note at **185:9**. (13.323) **12 ministering angel** In *Hamlet*, Laertes describes his sister Ophelia as 'A ministering angel shall my sister be' (Act V, Sc. 1, 264). 'The Ministering Angel' is the title of Chapter 15 of *The Lamplighter* (see note at **263:8**). (13.326) **13 menthol cone** Used for the relief of headaches, it consists of a 'conical piece of mixed menthol and spermaceti, which is rubbed on the place affected' (*OED*). (13.328) **14 chlorate of lime** Commonly used as a disinfectant and air freshener for toilets. (13.333) **15 Mr Tunney the grocer's** See note at **183:21**. (13.333) **16 her own arms that were white** In the *Odyssey*, Nausicaa is described as having 'white arms' (VI, 101). (13.341) **17 Walker's pronouncing dictionary** John Walker (English lexicographer, 1732–1807) first published his *Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language* in 1791. It was subsequently reprinted many times. (13.342)

258 **1 her who was conceived without stain of original sin** See note at **152:12**. (13.372) **2 spiritual vessel, pray for us, honourable vessel, pray for us** Epithets of the Virgin Mary from the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto (see note at **256:9**). (13.373) **3 toilers for their daily bread** From the Lord's Prayer: 'Give us this day our daily bread'. (13.375) **4 what the great saint Bernard said in his famous prayer of Mary** The prayer, called 'Memorare' was not composed by St Bernard of Clairvaux (see note at **246:23**), but has long been associated with him. (13.377) **5 possing wet** That is, soaking wet; to poss: 'to splash, or tramp with splashing, in wet mud or water' (*OED*). (13.395) **6 soothering him** To soother: Hiberno-English, 'cajole, flatter' (Dolan). (13.400)

259 **1 Bailey light on Howth** The Baily lighthouse is on the southern tip of the Hill of Howth (*Thom's*, p. 1707). Joyce misspelt its name. (13.409) **2 Martin Harvey** Sir John Martin-Harvey (1863–1944): English actor and theatrical producer. He often performed in Dublin in the early 1900s. (13.417) **3 to always dress the same on account of a play** Perhaps after the sentimental comedy *Two Roses* (1870), by James Albery (1838–99), in which the two sister heroines, Lotty and Ida, dress alike. (13.419) **4 *retroussé*** French, turned up. (13.420) **5 more sinned against than sinning** From *King Lear* (Act III, Sc. 2, 60). (13.432) **6 those cyclists showing off** In 1904 it was still scandalous for women to ride bicycles because of the risk of exposing too much leg. (13.436) **7 the memory of the past** From the song 'There Is a Flower That Bloometh', from the opera *Maritana* (1845), see note at **66:14**. (13.438) **8 Refuge of sinners. Comfortress of the afflicted. *Ora pro nobis*** From the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto (see note at **256:9**). *Ora pro nobis*: Latin, 'Pray for us'. 'Comfort In Affliction' is the

title of Chapter 3 of *The Lamplighter* (see note at **263:8**). (13.442) **9 Well has it been said that whosoever prays to her** From a standard prayer in honour of the Virgin Mary; formerly part of *the Raccolta* (a collection of prayers authorized by the Vatican). (13.442) **10 the seven dolours** Mary's seven dolours (or sorrows) are: 1) her sufferings with Christ; 2) the Flight into Egypt; 3) the loss of Christ in the Temple (Luke 2:46–50); 4) the carrying of the Cross; 5) Jesus's Crucifixion; 6) the Deposition; 7) Jesus's Entombment. (13.445) **11 Father Conroy** See note at **184:5**. (13.448) **12 Canon O'Hanlon** The Very Reverend John Canon O'Hanlon was the parish priest at St Mary, Star of the Sea, in Sandymount (*Thom's*, p. 997). He lived at 3 Leahy's Terrace (*Thom's*, p. 1781). (13.448) **13 Dominican nun in their white habit** Dominican nuns wore both white gowns (for purity) and scapulars and black cloaks with hoods (for penance). There were two Dominican convents near Sandymount, in Blackrock and Kingston (*Thom's*, p. 1367). (13.451) **14 novena of Saint Dominic** The novena of St Dominic, who is particularly known for his devotion to Mary and the rosary, is a nine-day devotion culminating in the celebration of his feast day on 4th August. (13.452)

260 **1 Our Blessed Lady herself said to the archangel Gabriel** [...] Mary, accepting the Archangel Gabriel's orders during the Annunciation, says, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to thy word' (Luke 1:38). (13.458) **2 the forty hours' adoration** In the Forty Hours' Adoration (or Prayer), the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for forty hours, during which prayers take place. The forty hours approximates the amount of time Christ spent in the tomb after the Crucifixion (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (13.464) **3 tide might come in on them** The tide turned around 7:00 p.m. and would be high again at 1:06 a.m. on the next day (*Thom's*, p. 15); see note at **251:6**. (13.471) **4 thingamerry** A term for something whose name cannot be recalled (Partridge). (13.476) **5 high crooked French heels** See note at **382:2**. (13.485) **6** ***Tableau*** French, picture, painting, scene. (13.486) **7 Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs** From the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto, see note at **256:9**. (13.489) **8 thurible** See note at **245:19**. (13.491) **9** ***Tantum ergo*** A hymn used in the Benediction after the Sacrament is exposed (see note at **256:7**), derived from the conclusion of Aquinas's great hymn *Pange lingua*. The first line is '*Tantum ergo Sacramentum*' ('Down in adoration falling'). (13.498) **10** ***Tantumer gosa cramen tum*** A mangled version of the first line of the *Tantum ergo* (see previous note). (13.499) **11 Sparrow's of George's street** Sparrow & Co.: clothing store, 16 South Great George's Street (*Thom's*, p. 2015). (13.500) **12 Easter** In 1904, Easter Sunday was 3rd April (*Thom's*, p. 1). (13.501) **13 brack** A flaw in fabric (*OED*). (13.501) **14 streel** 'Untidy person, usually female' (Dolan). (13.506)

261 **1 glorious rose** The rose is a symbol of the Virgin, as in her epithet 'mystical rose' in the Litany of Our Lady (see note at **256:9**). (13.520) **2 half past kissing time, time to kiss again** Half-past kissing time and time to kiss again: 'A low catchphrase reply to a female asking a man the time' (Partridge). (13.532) **3 after eight because the sun was set** See note at **251:1**. (13.547) **4 waterworks** Colloquial euphemism for the urinary organs (Partridge). (13.551) **5 second verse of the *Tantum ergo*** See note at **260:9**. (13.552)

262 **1 cope** 'A vestment of silk or other material resembling a long cloak made of a semicircular piece of cloth, worn by ecclesiastics in processions, also at Vespers, and on some other occasions' (*OED*). (13.572) **2** ***Panem de cælo præstitisti eis*** From the Benediction (see note at **256:7**): 'You have shown them bread from heaven'. In the Benediction service, this line follows the hymn *Tantum ergo*. (13.574) **3 I can throw my cap at who I like because it's leap year** For a woman to 'set her cap' at a man: to try to catch him for a sweetheart; the idea is that women wear their most flattering caps for the men they love (*Brewer's*, s.v. cap). See also note at **255:4**. (13.590) **4 kinnatt** Hiberno-English, 'an impertinent conceited impudent little puppy' (PWJ, p. 281). (13.601) **5 Billy Winks** That is, sleep. (13.608)

263 **1 Puddeny pie** Suggests the nursery rhyme: 'Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie' (*ODNR*). (13.613) **2 the veil that Father Conroy put round him round his shoulders** This is the humeral (shoulder) veil: 'an oblong vestment of silk worn round the shoulders in various rites and enveloping the hands when holding sacred vessels' (*OED*). (13.621) **3 the last glimpse of Erin** After Thomas Moore's song 'Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin with Sorrow I See'. (13.624) **4 those evening bells** From Thomas Moore's 'Those Evening Bells'. (13.625) **5 presbyterian church** The Presbyterian church at the corner of Tritonville Road and Sandymount Road (*Thom's*, p. 1785), just around the corner from the Catholic Star of the Sea church. (13.630) **6 Tritonville avenue** A small street just inland from the shore.

(13.631) **7 freewheel** 'A driving wheel of a bicycle which is able to revolve freely with the pedals at rest' (*OED*). (13.632) **8 *The Lamplighter* by Miss Cummins, author of *Mabel Vaughan* and other tales** Maria Susanna Cummins's (1827–66) sentimental and popular novel *The Lamplighter* (1854) features a heroine named Gerty Flint. *Mabel Vaughan* (1857) was another of Cummins's novels. (13.633) **9 child of Mary badge** The Children of Mary is a Catholic girls' society established in 1847 by the Sisters of Charity, who had a convent nearby in Sandymount on Park Avenue (*Thom's*, p. 1782). (13.639) **10 eyebrowleine** See note at **253:4**. (13.640) **11 pouncetbox** 'A small box with a perforated lid used for holding perfumes' (*OED*). (13.640) **12 Hely's of Dame Street** See note at **81:1**. (13.642) **13 *Art thou real, my ideal?* it was called by Louis J. Walsh, Magherafelt** Louis Walsh (1880–1942) was at university with Joyce and considered himself a rival in literary circles. Stanislaus Joyce writes that he became 'District Justice in Donegal from 1923 till his death. Known in youth as "the boy orator", he wrote several books of no consequence' (*My Brother's Keeper*, p. 170 n). 'Art thou real, my ideal' was a poem written by Walsh that Joyce had previously quoted in *Stephen Hero*, where Stephen called them 'tawdry lines' (p. 83). Walsh was from Magherafelt, a hamlet on Lough Neagh in Ulster. (13.645) **14 Dalkey hill** Dalkey Hill, in Dalkey (see note at **20:7**), lies along the coast and presents a view of the Irish Sea. (13.651) **15 Love laughs at locksmiths** The title of a play from 1803 by George Colman (1762–1836) and since then proverbial (*ODEP*). (13.653) **16 cruel only to be kind** From *Hamlet* (Act III, Sc. 4, 178) and since then proverbial. (13.659) **17 accommodation walk beside the Dodder** Accommodation walk: a prostitute's promenade (*OED*, s.v. accommodation house). This would likely be the path by the Dodder River in Irishtown near the Beggar's Bush military barracks. (13.662)

264 **1 from the days beyond recall** From the lyrics to 'Love's Old Sweet Song', see note at **49:5**. (13.667) **2 old love was waiting, waiting** Alludes to the song 'Waiting', see note at **201:8**. (13.669) **3 She would follow her dream of love** Alludes to 'Love's Young Dream' by Thomas Moore. (13.670) **4 *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*** Latin, 'Give praise to the Lord, O ye nations'; the opening line of Psalm 117 (116 in the Vulgate). This psalm is sung at the end of Benediction (see note at **256:7**). (13.675) **5 bazaar fireworks** These are the fireworks of the Mirus Bazaar (see note at **133:20**). The fairground was in Ballsbridge, about 1.5 km inland from the girls' location on Sandymount Strand. (13.686) **6 rossies** Hiberno-English (also 'rossey'), a strumpet (Dolan, s.v. rossey). (13.688) **7 Congested Districts Board** This was a governmental body set up by Balfour in 1891 to relieve poverty and overcrowding in western Ireland. One of its tactics was the progressive movement of land ownership from landlords to tenants (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 87). (13.703) **8 Besides there was absolution so long as you didn't do the other thing** Church doctrine holds that all sins, venial or mortal, can be forgiven in a proper confession and penance. (13.708)

265 **1 nainsook** A type of Indian cotton (*OED*). (13.724) **2 an infinite store of mercy** 'Mother of Mercy' is one of the epithets for the Virgin Mary. (13.748) **3 little bats don't tell** After the proverb, 'Little birds don't tell'. (13.752)

266 **1 Tranquilla convent** See note at **114:3**. (13.780) **2 rock oil** Petroleum (*OED*). (13.781) **3 That gouger M'Coy** See note at **52:4**. (13.788) **4 And his wife engagement in the country valise** See note at **58:3**. (13.788) **5 Catch em alive, O** Catch 'em (all) alive-o!: 'A catch phrase of circa 1850–80. Originally a fisherman's phrase, but by 1853, if not a year or two earlier, it had a tremendous vogue. Its intent was to raise a smile, its meaning almost null' (Partridge). (13.792) **6 Mutoscope pictures in Capel street** The mutoscope, invented by Herman Casler, was used for viewing of primitive motion pictures 'by looking through an aperture and turning a handle at the side of the instrument' (*OED*). Coin-operated mutoscopes with lewd films were set up in a parlour on Parliament Street, just south of the river from Capel Street (Katherine Mullin, *James Joyce, Sexuality and Social Purity*, pp. 145–47). (13.794) **7 Peeping Tom** *Peeping Tom* is the title of a lewd mutoscope film from 1901 that features people undressing (Mullin, p. 147). See also note at **120:9**. (13.794) **8 *deshabillé*** See note at **173:5**. (13.796) **9 He wore a pair of gaiters the night that first we met** After the title of a popular and much parodied Victorian song, 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses the Night When First We Met', by Thomas Haynes Bayly and Joseph Philip Knight. (13.801) **10 O Mairy lost the pin of her** See note at **60:6**. (13.803) **11 on the track of the secret** After the title of the book *In the Track of the Sun*, see note at **500:5**. (13.805) **12 Mary, Martha** See note at **61:1**. (13.805) **13 Barbed wire** See note at **114:7**. (13.813) **14 *Tableau!*** See note at **260:6**. (13.815)

267 **1 Wonder if it's bad to go with them then** Jewish law prohibits not just sex but any physical interaction with menstruating women (Leviticus 15:19–33). (13.825) **2 Turns milk, makes fiddlestrings snap. Something about withering plants** Examples of the types of different superstitions concerning menstruating women in various cultures. (13.826) **3 if the flower withers she wears she's a flirt** From the superstition that since a flower denotes purity, a withered flower denotes the loss of virginity. (13.827) **4 Kiss in the dark and never tell** 'Kiss and tell': from Act II, Sc. 10 of William Congreve's (1670–1729) *Love for Love* (1695) and proverbial since. (13.832) **5 dexter optic** *Dexter*: Latin, right; thus, dexter optic: right eye. (13.834) **6 on the rocks in Holles street** See note at **196:11**. (13.841) **7 Drimmie's** David Drimmie & Sons: 'English and Scottish Law Life and Phoenix Fire Offices, and National Guarantee and Suretyship Association (ltd.)', 41 Lower Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1857). Bloom worked for Drimmie's in 1896–97. (13.845) **8 Shark liver oil** Before the advent of petroleum-based products, various animal oils were used for lubricating watch parts and other pieces of delicate machinery. (13.847) **9 Nell Gwynn** See note at **149:14**. (13.857) **10 Mrs Bracegirdle** Anne Bracegirdle (1663–1748): noted English actress, associated with the comedies of William Congreve. She was not known for having numerous affairs. (13.857) **11 Maud Branscombe** Maud Branscombe (active 1875–1910): a famously beautiful actress. She was not known for having numerous affairs. Her divorce in 1895 was widely reported. (13.857) **12** ***Lacaus esant taratara*** A garbled version of *La causa è santa, tara tara*, see note at **123:24**. (13.862) **13 in a cart** In trouble (Partridge). (13.865) **14 the Appian way** The Appian Way, a main thoroughfare in Ranelagh, south-suburban Dublin, off Upper Leeson Street (*Thom's*, p. 1415). (13.866) **15 Mrs Clinch** In 1904 there was a Mrs Clinch at 24 Synnott Place (*Thom's*, p. 1604), very close to 7 Eccles Street but far from the Appian Way. The name Mrs Clinch comes from the sister-in-law to Fred Gallaher, the model for Ignatius Gallaher (Ellmann, p. 46 n); see notes at **68:11** and **541:14**. (13.867) **16 Meath street** Meath Street is in south-central Dublin. (13.868)

268 **1 Burton** See note at **118:38**. (13.876) **2 French letter** See note at **157:16**. (13.877) **3 lieutenant Mulvey** Harry Mulvey was Molly's first boyfriend. She knew him in Gibraltar, where he was a lieutenant in the garrison. Joyce took the name from Willie Mulvagh, a boyfriend of Nora's from when she lived in Galway (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 248). Joyce spelt his name 'Willy Mulvey' (Ellmann, pp. 158–59). (13.889) **4 under the Moorish wall beside the gardens** The Moorish Wall and the Alameda Gardens (see note at **232:15**) are two landmarks in Gibraltar, where Molly grew up, but they are not next to each other, the Moorish wall is farther up the mountainside than the gardens. (13.889) **5 Glencree dinner that was when we drove home the featherbed mountain** See note at **114:17** for the Glencree dinner and the note at **39:12** for the Featherbed Mountain. (13.891) **6 Val Dillon** See note at **114:16**. (13.893) **7 Up like a rocket, down like a stick** A cliché, after Thomas Paine's (1737–1809) attack in 1792 on Edmund Burke's waning enthusiasm for the American revolution: 'The final event to himself has been, that as he rose like a rocket, he fell like a stick' ('Letter to the Addressers of the Late Proclamation'). (13.895) **8 the ways of the world** After *The Way of the World* (1700), a comedy by William Congreve. (13.897) **9 Jammet's** Michel and François Jammet: proprietors of the Burlington hotel and restaurant, 26–27 St Andrew Street (*Thom's*, p. 1911). The Jammet brothers purchased the hotel and restaurant in 1900 and it was, at the time, the only French restaurant in Dublin (Bennett). (13.900) **10 Say prunes and prisms** From Charles Dickens's *Little Dorrit*: '*Papa* gives a pretty form to the lips. *Papa*, *potatoes*, *poultry*, *prunes*, and *prism* are all very good words for the lips; especially *prunes* and *prism*' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Nimini-pimini). (13.901) **11 Those girls, those girls, those lovely seaside girls** See note at **48:8**. (13.906) **12 Wilkins in the high school** In 1904 the headmaster of Erasmus Smith High School, which Bloom attended until *circa* 1880 (see note at **56:2**), was W. Wilkins, MA (*Thom's*, p. 2040). However, context suggests that Wilkins was a classmate of Bloom's, not the headmaster. (13.909) **13 Cuffe street** Cuffe Street runs off the south-west corner of St Stephen's Green. (13.914) **14 Roger Greene's** See note at **185:6**. (13.916) **15 understandings** The legs (Partridge). (13.917) **16 Presscott's, by the way that ad I must** See notes at **64:6** and **131:13**. (13.921)

269 **1 just before we left Lombard street west** See note at **83:9**. (13.926) **2 Ways of the world** See note at **268:8**. (13.927) **3 pins** Legs (*OED*). (13.928) **4 Beef to the heel** See note at **51:4**. (13.931) **5 monkey puzzle** 'The name given to a Chilean pine, whose twisted and prickly branches puzzle even a monkey to climb' (*Brewer's*). (13.933) **6 For this relief much thanks. In *Hamlet*, that is** After Francisco's line

to Barnardo in *Hamlet* when the latter relieves him from guard duty at Elsinore for the night: 'For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, / And I am sick at heart' (Act I, Sc. 1, 8–9). (13.939) **7 Your head it simply swirls** From 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls', see note at **48:8**. (13.942) **8 the address Dolphin's barn a blind** See note at **243:3**. That is, Martha's address could be just as legitimate as Henry Flower's. (13.945) **9 *Her maiden name was Jemima Brown*** [...] Should read 'Jemina' (the mistake was made in the Odyssey Press edition). The name 'Jemina Brown' comes from the music-hall song 'Jemina Brown, or the Queen of the Sewing Machine' by Harry Clifton, but the lyrics derive from the chorus of the minstrel song 'Hunkey Dorum, We Are the Boys': 'Her maiden name she said was Brown, / And she lived with her mother in Camden Town'. (13.947) **10 Every bullet has its billet** Proverbial for, 'Nothing happens by chance and no act is altogether without effect' (*Brewer's*, s.v. bullet). (13.951) **11 potwalloping** 'Boiling a pot' (*OED*). (13.953) **12 and papa's pants will soon fit Willy** From the American nonsense song 'Looking Through the Knothole' (also known as 'Go Get the Ax'). (13.954) **13 fullers' earth** A hydrous silicate of alumina, used for cleaning cloth (*OED*). (13.955) **14 not even closed at first** The soft spot or fontanelles on the top of a newborn infant's skull. (13.957) **15 Mrs Beaufoy, Purefoy. Must call to the hospital** For Beaufoy see note at **53:9**; for Purefoy see note at **116:9**; for the hospital see note at **116:11**. (13.959) **16 nurse Callan** A nurse at the National Maternity Hospital on Holles Street and a former neighbour of the Blooms. (13.960) **17 the Coffee Palace** See note at **196:12**. (13.961) **18 doctor O'Hare** Dr John O'Hare: Assistant Master of the National Maternity Hospital, Holles Street. He graduated from University College in 1902 and was one of Joyce's classmates. He died on 3rd May 1907 (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, p. 213). (13.961) **19 Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms** Mr and Mrs Joseph Duggan: 35 Prussia Street (*Thom's*, p. 1574), near the City Arms hotel, where the Blooms lived in 1893–94 (see note at **125:13**). (13.963) **20 knock spots off** To defeat utterly (Partridge). (13.968)

270 **1 height of a shilling in coppers** Copper: a penny or halfpenny coin (*OED*). With twelve pence to a shilling, a stack of a shilling's worth of coppers would not be tall. (13.975) **2 Marry in May and repent in December** Combines the proverb 'marry in haste, repent in leisure' with the cliché of a May–December romance; that is, the match of a young woman with a much older man. (13.978) **3 Well the foreskin is not back** This passage makes clear that Bloom has not been circumcised as according to Jewish traditions. (13.979) **4 Wristwatches are always going wrong** Wristwatches were first invented in 1868 and only became popular after the First World War. (13.984) **5 I remember looking in Pill lane** See note at **217:6**. (13.986) **6 ghesabo** Gazebo: Hiberno-English, 'a tall building; any tall object' (PWJ, p. 261); this spelling appears to be unique to *Ulysses*. (13.990) **7 Magnetic needle tells you what's going on in the sun, the stars** In *The Story of the Heavens* (see note at **113:10**), Robert Ball writes how sunspot activity can induce radical fluctuations on magnets: 'These observations demonstrate that there is *some* connection between solar phenomena and terrestrial magnetism, but what the nature of that connection may be is quite unknown' (p. 38). (13.990) **8 horse show** See note at **92:4**. (13.1000) **9 when the painters were in Lombard street west** See note at **83:9**. (13.1000) **10 How Giuglini began** Antonio Giuglini (1827–65): an Italian tenor who was very popular in Dublin. The source of Bloom's notion that Giuglini worked as a house painter when he was young is not known. (13.1001) **11 Why Molly likes opoponax. Suits her with a little jessamine mixed** Opoponax (more commonly spelt 'opopanax'): a perfume of gum resin obtained from the plant *Balsamodendron Kataf* (*OED*). Jessamine: a variant of jasmine (*OED*). (13.1010) **12 dance of the hours** See note at **53:17**. (13.1012) **13 Good conductor, is it? Or bad? Light too** See note at **44:16**. (13.1013) **14 Cinghalese this morning** See note at **55:19**. (13.1018)

271 **1 Hyacinth perfume made of oil or ether or something** Synthetic perfumes were produced from the middle of the nineteenth century. Compounds of ethers or esters were common ingredients: 'For example the methyl and ethyl ethers [...] have the odour of neroli' (*EB11*, s.v. perfumery). (13.1027) **2 Muskrat** Musk: 'a perfume obtained from the strong-smelling substance secreted in a gland by the musk-deer, and hence applied to other animals, and also to plants, possessing a similar odour' (*EB11*). (13.1028) **3 hogo** 'A highly flavoured or seasoned dish'; from the French *haut goût* (*OED*). (13.1032) **4 Cigary gloves Long John had on his desk** See note at **90:17**. (13.1034) **5 The tree of forbidden priest** After the tree of the forbidden fruit (Gen. 2:17 and 3:1–6). (13.1038) **6 Meagher's** See note at **90:18**. (13.1047) **7 Blown in from the bay** See note at **117:5**. (13.1053) **8 sit** Abbreviation of situation,

as in a job (*OED*). (13.1056) **9 See ourselves as others see us** See note at **7:6**. (13.1058) **10 prize titbit story** See notes at **52:6** and **53:8**. (13.1060) **11 Corns on his kismet** That is, 'Corns on his feet'. This is a play on words not unlike Cockney rhyming slang: kismet means 'fate', which is nearly homophonous with an Irish pronunciation of the word 'feet'. (13.1062) **12 Whistle brings rain they say** After the superstition that whistling (specifically at sea) can bring on winds and stormy weather (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. whistling at sea). (13.1063) **13 Old Betty's joints are on the rack** Line 12 of the poem 'Signs of Rain' by Dr Edward Jenner (1749–1823). (13.1064) **14 Mother Shipton's prophecy that is about ships around they fly in the twinkling** Mother (Ursula) Shipton: semi-legendary prophetess supposed to have lived in England during Henry VIII's reign. She is supposed to have predicted the deaths of Cardinal Wolsey and other members of Henry's court. *The Prophecie of Mother Shipton*, a tract published in 1641, is the first recorded example of her 'work' and other books attributed to her have followed since. The prediction that Bloom remembers comes from an 1862 edition, *The Wonderful History and Surprising Prophecies of Mother Shipton*, by Charles Hindley: 'Around the world thoughts shall fly / In the twinkling of an eye'; which makes it seem that she predicted the telegraph (which was invented in the early nineteenth century). (13.1065) **15 The royal reader** Mother Shipton was a 'royal reader' in that she 'read' the fate of royal personages. The *Royal Readers* were textbooks first published in the 1870s by Thomas Nelson & Sons of London and were used to cultivate reading skills in students. The Intermediate Examination Board of Ireland used the *Royal Readers* as standard texts for their exams (see note at **253:8**). (13.1066) **16 Howth. Bailey light** See note at **259:1**. (13.1068) **17 Wreckers** Wrecker: 'One who causes shipwreck, esp. for purposes of plunder by showing luring lights or false signals' or 'A person engaged in salving wrecked or endangered vessels or cargo; a salvager' (*OED*). (13.1069) **18 Grace Darling** Grace Darling (1815–42): the daughter of William Darling, the lighthouse keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands (off the coast of Northumberland in England). She and her father gained fame for rescuing passengers of the steamer *Forfarshire*, wrecked near the lighthouse on 7th September 1838 (*Brewer's*). Wordsworth commemorated her in his poem 'Grace Darling', written upon her death in 1843. The poem was included in the fifth Royal Reader (1876). (13.1069) **19 lightingup time** The time when cyclists should turn on their lamps. On 16th June 1904, lighting-up time was 8:17 p.m. (*Evening Telegraph*, p. 2, col. e). (13.1070) **20 Best time to spray plants too in the shade after the sun** Bloom is correct that it is more effective to water plants in the shade, rather than in the direct sunlight. (13.1074) **21 Red rays are longest** Red rays do have the longest wavelengths of the spectrum of visible light. (13.1075) **22 Roygbiv Vance taught us** Roygbiv: a well-known mnemonic for the colours of the spectrum: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. For Vance see note at **56:2**. (13.1075) **23 Venus?** The evening star on 16th June 1904 was not Venus but Saturn (*Thom's*, p. 14). (13.1076) **24 Two, when three it's night** After the Jewish custom that night-time begins when three stars are visible: 'If only one star it is yet day; if two stars, it is twilight; three stars, it is night' (*The Babylonian Talmud*, vol. 1, p. 61). (13.1077) **25 Looks like a phantom ship** *The Phantom Ship* (1839) by Frederick Marryat (English naval officer and novelist, 1792–1848) is one version of the legend of the *Flying Dutchman*, 'a spectre-ship popularly believed to haunt the waters around the Cape of Good Hope' (*EB11*). (13.1078)

272 1 Land of the setting sun this Other than Iceland, Ireland is the westernmost European nation and thus would be the 'Land of the setting sun'. (13.1079) **2 Homerule sun setting in the southeast** See note at **45:4**. (13.1079) **3 My native land, goodnight** From a lyric that appears in Canto I of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1823): 'Yon sun that sets upon the sea / We follow in his flight; / Farewell a while to him and thee, / My native Land – Good Night!' (1, 122–25). (13.1080) **4 fluxions** Vaginal discharges (*OED*). (13.1081) **5 sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes** These are similar plants. Jerusalem artichoke: 'A species of sunflower, *Helianthus tuberosus*, native to North America and widely cultivated for its edible, knobby, tuberous roots, which somewhat resemble the globe artichoke in flavour' (*OED*, s.v. artichoke). (13.1089) **6 Nightstock** Also known as night-scented stock: 'either of two plants of the family *Brassicaceae* (*Cruciferae*), *Hesperis tristis* and (now chiefly) *Matthiola longipetala subsp. bicornis*, with flowers which are scentless by day but strongly fragrant at night' (*OED*, s.vv. night; night-scented). (13.1090) **7 Mat Dillon's garden** See note at **80:4**. (13.1091) **8 Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again** From *William Tell* (1825), a play by the Irish-born writer James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862): 'Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!' (Act I, Sc. 2, 1). (13.1093) **9 Nothing new under the sun** 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and

that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun' (Eccles. 1:9). (13.1104) **10 At Dolphin's barn charades in Luke Doyle's house** Bloom recalled playing charades in Dolphin's Barn in 'Calypso' (see note at **50:1**). Luke Doyle was based on a friend of the Joyces: 'The Doyles lived in Camac Place in Kimmage, then on the attractive rural side of the Grand Canal at Dolphin's Barn. Later they moved to Mount Brown in Kilmainham' (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 60). (13.1106) **11 Mat Dillon and his bevy of daughters** Mathew Dillon had six daughters: Tiny, Floey, Atty, Sara, Nanna and Mamie. (13.1106) **12 the old major** That is, Molly's father. (13.1108) **13 Rip van Winkle we played** In Washington Irving's (1783–1859) story 'Rip Van Winkle', the hero sleeps for twenty years and wakes to find that his wife is dead and his house in ruins. (13.1112) **14 Henny Doyle's overcoat** Presumably a relative of Luke and Caroline Doyle. (13.1112) **15 Sleepy Hollow** Bloom confuses 'Rip Van Winkle' with 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow', another story by Washington Irving. (13.1115) **16 All changed. Forgotten** After Rip Van Winkle awakens and returns to his village he finds that his dog has forgotten him and that the village has changed: 'every thing's changed, and I'm changed' (Washington Irving, *The Sketch-Book*, p. 45). (13.1115) **17 His gun rusty from the dew** Right when Rip Van Winke wakes up, 'He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten' (Washington Irving, *The Sketch-Book*, p. 41). (13.1116) **18 Metempsychosis** See note at **49:10**. (13.1118) **19 They believed you could be changed into a tree from grief. Weeping willow** The myth of Phaëthon includes the change of his sisters, the Heliades, into poplar trees while they grieve over their brother's death (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II, 340–66). Strictly speaking, the Heliades suffered not metempsychosis (reincarnation), but metamorphosis (see note at **50:12**). (13.1118) **20 odour of sanctity** In the Middle Ages, the phrase 'odour of sanctity' was used for 'a sweet and delightful odour' 'given off by the bodies of saintly persons at their death' (*Brewer's*). (13.1121) **21 Mass** The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament (see note at **256:7**) is not a Mass since the host is not consumed. (13.1122) **22 Pray for us** See note at **258:2**. (13.1122) **23 mistake in the valuation when I was in Thom's. Twentyeight it is** Bloom remembers a mistake in the valuation of one of the two rectories (3 & 5 Leahy Terrace) adjoining St Mary, Star of the Sea church, when he worked for Alexander Thom & Co. The valuation for each house is listed at £28 in the 1904 *Thom's* (p. 1781), which is also the value listed in the 1886 *Thom's* (*Thom's 1886*, p. 1618) as well as all the years in between. Therefore, Joyce imputes a mistake that *Thom's* did not make. (13.1125) **24 Two houses they have** Refers to the two houses provided by the Church for the priests of St Mary, Star of the Sea church: one at 5 Leahy's Terrace for Fathers Bernard Smith and Ber. Conroy, the other at 3 Leahy's Terrace for Canon O'Hanlon (*Thom's*, p. 1781). (13.1126) **25 Gabriel Conroy's brother is curate** Ber. Conroy was one of the curates of Mary, Star of the Sea church (see note at **184:5**). In 'The Dead' in *Dubliners* we are told that Gabriel Conroy (see note at **94:9**) has a brother Constantine, 'senior curate in Balbriggan' (p. 187). (13.1126) **26 bird in drouth got water out of the end of a jar by throwing in pebbles** From Aesop's story 'The Crow and the Pitcher', which tells of a thirsty crow who drops stones in a jar to raise the level of the shallow water so he can reach it. (13.1129)

273 1 Stare the sun for example like the eagle then look at a shoe see a blotch blob Refers to the popular misapprehension that eagles are able to look directly into the sun and also to the after-image, the impression retained by the retina of a vivid sensation after turning away from the object. (13.1132) **2 *City Arms*** See note at **125:13**. (13.1136) **3 Glass flashing. That's how that wise man what's his name with the burning glass** Bloom has in mind a story that the Greek mathematician and inventor Archimedes saved Syracuse from Roman invasion by igniting the hulls of Roman ships with sunlight, which he focused and reflected in mirrors. 'This has been discredited because it is not mentioned by Polybius, Livy or Plutarch' (*EB11*). (13.1138) **4 Then the heather goes on fire** Outbreaks of fire on Howth Hill can be common during summertime. (13.1139) **5 Archimedes. I have it!** Another story about Archimedes has it that he cried *'Eureka!'* (Greek, 'I have found it!') when he stepped into his bath and, displacing a volume of water, recognized a method for determining specific gravity. Bloom thought of this principle in 'Lotus Eaters' (see note at **56:1**). (13.1142) **6 bee last week** See note at **52:14**. (13.1143) **7 *Faugh a ballagh*** *Fág a' bealach*: Irish, 'Clear the way'. This phrase was the battle cry of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, as well as the motto of the Goughs (see note at **327:10**); it is also the title of a song by the Irishman Charles Gavan Duffy (1816–1903) glorifying the achievements of the Fourth Dragoon Guard. (13.1149) **8 pitched about**

like snuff at a wake See note at **71:14**. (13.1151) **9 when the stormy winds do blow** From the 1840 song 'The Mermaid', which is about a shipwreck. (13.1151) **10 till Johnny comes marching home again** The title of a popular marching song of the Union Army in the American Civil War, by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore (1829–92). The song is based on the Irish anti-war song 'Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye' (see note at **199:2**). (13.1154) **11 The anchor's weighed** The title of a sea song, music by John Braham, lyrics by S.J. Arnold, that tells of a departing sailor promising fidelity to his sweetheart. (13.1156) **12 with a scapular or a medal on him** For scapular, see note at **46:6**. Catholic sailors often wear scapulars to symbolize a saint's protective presence. (13.1156) **13 And the tephilim no what's this they call it poor papa's father had on his door** The word Bloom is trying to think of is 'mezuzah': 'A piece of parchment inscribed on one side with the required Pentateuchal texts and on the other with the divine name Shaddai, enclosed in a container and attached to the doorpost of a Jewish house in fulfilment of religious law' (*OED*). Tephilim: 'A small leathern box containing four texts of Scripture, Deut. VI, 4–9, XI, 113–21, Ex. XIII, 1–10, 11–16, written in Hebrew letters on vellum and, by a literal interpretation of the passages, worn by Jews during morning prayer on all days except the sabbath, as a reminder of the obligation to keep the law' (*OED*). (13.1157) **14 That brought us out of the land of Egypt and into the house of bondage** See note at **92:14**. (13.1158) **15 Hanging on to a plank or astride of a beam for grim life, lifebelt round round him** For 'round round', read 'wound round'. Recalls how Odysseus was able to survive the onslaught of Poseidon's waves thanks to a veil given to him by Ino: 'now Odysseus / sat astride one beam, like a man riding horseback, / and stripped off the clothing which the divine Kalypso had given him, / and rapidly tied the veil of Ino around his chest' (*Odyssey*, v, 370–74). He then manages to reach the island of the Phaiakians, where Nausicaa is princess. (13.1160) **16 last of his nibs** His nibs: 'the person mentioned' (Partridge) often used as a mock title; thus, the last of his nibs: 'the last of him'. (13.1161) **17 Davy Jones' locker** 'The deep, a watery grave' (*ODEP*); Davy Jones: the spirit or devil of the sea (Partridge). (13.1164) **18 cockalorum** 'A very confident little man' (Partridge). (13.1165) **19 Mirus bazaar in search of funds for Mercer's hospital** See note at **133:20**. (13.1166) **20 The shepherd's hour: the hour of holding: hour of tryst** Folding (misspelt as 'holding' here): to put sheep in a holding pen or fold (*OED*). In French, 'the hour of the shepherd', *'l'heure du berger'*, is an expression that refers to a propitious time for a tryst. (13.1168) **21 nine o'clock postman** There was no 9:00-p.m. postal delivery service in Dublin; delivery times were 7 a.m., noon, 2:20, 6:10 and 8:00 p.m., with only one delivery, at 7 a.m., on Sundays (*Thom's*, p. 1049). (13.1170) **22 glowworm's lamp at his belt gleaming** See note at **140:3**. (13.1171) **23 lintstock** 'A staff about three feet [1 metre] long, having a pointed foot to stick in the deck or ground, and a forked head to hold a lighted match' (*OED*, s.v. lintstock). (13.1172) **24 Leahy's terrace** See note at **30:19**. (13.1173) **25** ***Evening Telegraph, stop press edition! Result of the Gold Cup race!*** See note at **88:18** for the *Evening Telegraph* and notes at **65:5** and **236:21** for the Gold Cup. (13.1174) **26 Dignam's house a boy ran out and called** Dignam's house is at 9 Newbridge Avenue in Sandymount (see note at **455:19**) and is not visible from Bloom's present location. The boy is likely Dignam's son Patsy. (13.1175) **27 Kish bank the anchored lightship** See note at **35:17**. (13.1180) **28 Irish Lights board** The Commissioners of Irish Lights: offices in the Carlisle Building, D'Olier Street, Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1350). The Irish Lights board maintained lighthouses throughout the country. (13.1182) **29 Coastguards** Great Britain and Ireland developed the coastguard over the course of the nineteenth century to 'suppress smuggling, aid shipwrecked vessels, and serve as a reserve to the navy. The coastguard was originally designed to prevent smuggling' (*EB11*, s.v. coastguard). After 1857, the coastguard was under the control of the British admiralty, and its members were recruited from the navy. (13.1183)

274 **1 Day we went out for the pleasure cruise in the Erin's King** See note at **51:13**. (13.1184) **2 funk** See note at **51:14**. (13.1188) **3 Crumlin** A village about 4.8 km south-west of central Dublin. (13.1190) **4 Babes in the wood** Proverbial for trusting, gullible types; after the story of a villainous uncle who plots to kill his little nephew and niece (*Brewer's*, s.vv. Babes; Children). In the 1798 rebellion, some insurgents who assembled in the wood of Kilaughrim were nicknamed 'the babes of the wood' (Edward Hay, *History of the Irish Insurrection of 1798*, p. 343). (13.1190) **5 Calomel** A chloride of mercury; used as a laxative (*EB11*). (13.1194) **6 Gibraltar. Looking from Buena Vista. O'Hara's tower** Buena Vista Point is located on the south-west coast of the Gibraltar peninsula. O'Hara's Tower, no longer extant, was an overlook on Sugar Loaf Hill. Buena Vista and O'Hara's Tower are about 800 metres apart on opposite sides of Gibraltar

(the south-west and south-east, respectively). (13.1204) **7 Old Barbary ape that gobbled all his family** Barbary ape: 'a tailless monkey inhabiting Algeria, Morocco, and the rock of Gibraltar (where it may have been introduced)[…]. This monkey, *Macacus inuus*, is light yellowish-brown above and yellowish-white below, with the naked part of the face flesh-coloured. It is entirely terrestrial in habits, at least on Gibraltar, and goes about in droves' (*EB11*). See note at **536:15**. (13.1205) **8 Sundown, gunfire for the men to cross the lines** Life on Gibraltar is regulated by gunfire: 'Everything goes by military rule; even the hours of the day are announced by "gun-fire"; the morning gun gives the exact minute at which the soldiers are to turn out of their beds, and the last evening gun the minute at which they are to "turn in"' (Henry M. Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 30). (13.1206) **9** ***Buenas noches, señorita. El hombre ama la muchacha hermosa*** Spanish, 'Good evening, miss. The man loves the pretty young lady'. (13.1208) **10** ***Leah, Lily of Killarney*** For *Leah* see note at **59:4**, for *Lily of Killarney* see note at **70:19**. Both performances began at 8:00 (*Freeman's Journal*, 16th June 1904, p. 4, col. a). (13.1212) **11 Call to the hospital to see. Hope she's over** That is, Bloom hopes that Mrs Purefoy has successfully delivered her child (see note at **116:9**). (13.1213) **12 The sister of the wife of the wild man of Borneo has just come to town** After the contemporary song 'The Wild Man of Borneo Has Just Come to Town', which builds in a progressive structure. The third verse begins with 'The child of the wife of the wild man of Borneo'; the sister of the eponymous wild man is not in the original song. (13.1223) **13 Everyone to his taste as Morris said when he kissed the cow** After a proverb used in Swift's *Polite Conversation*: 'Why, everyone as they like; as the good woman said, when she kiss'd her Cow' (p. 56). (13.1224) **14 But Dignam's put the boots on it** To put the boot on: 'To kick a prostrate foe' (Partridge); that is, going to Paddy Dignam's house to talk to his widow about Dignam's insurance policy has put the finishing touches on an already bad day. (13.1225) **15 Houses of mourning** See note at **205:9**. (13.1226) **16 those Scottish widows** The Scottish Widows' Fund (Mutual) Life Assurance Society, based in Edinburgh, Scotland with five agents in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1908). (13.1227) **17 Cramer's** Cramer, Wood, & Co.: pianoforte gallery and music warehouse, 4 & 5 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1842). (13.1229) **18 Her widow's mite** In the gospel of Mark, Jesus remarks on the relative generosity of the poor widow who contributed two mites – a small amount – to the temple treasury: 'And there came a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing' (Mark 12:42, Douay tr.; see also Luke 21:1–4). (13.1230) **19 O'Connor wife and five children poisoned by mussels here. The sewage** Dublin's sewer system was not completed until 1906, and until then the water in the Liffey and Dublin Bay was clogged with raw sewage. Contaminated shellfish from the these waters frequently caused diseases such as hepatitis (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, pp. 18–19). No record has been found of this poisoning incident, but *Thom's* lists a P.J. O'Conor at 75 Eccles Street (p. 1482). (13.1232)

275 **1 Love, lie and be handsome for tomorrow we die** See note at **126:5**. (13.1237) **2 U. p.: up** See note at **116:6**. (13.1239) **3 Dreamt last night?** See note at **315:6**. (13.1240) **4 Nannetti's gone. Mailboat. Near Holyhead by now** Councillor Nannetti and William Field, MP, are on the mailboat for Holyhead, their ultimate destination being London (see note at **229:15**). The second, and last, mailboat of the day, operated by the Dublin Steam Packet Company, left Kingstown Harbour at 8:15 p.m. (*Thom's*, pp. 1353, 1717). (13.1242) **5 that ad of Keyes's** See note at **88:17**. (13.1243) **6 Bread cast on the waters** 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days' (Eccles. 11:1). (13.1251) **7 Must come back. Murderers do** After the superstition that murderers return to the scene of their crime. (13.1254) **8 No fear of big vessels coming up here. Except Guinness's barges** Dublin Bay is shallow and the tide is out at this time; see note at **251:6**. (13.1267) **9 Round the Kish in eighty days** After the title of Jules Verne's novel *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1872); see also note at **35:17**. (13.1268) **10 Liverpool boat long gone** Steamships left Dublin for Liverpool daily at noon and at 8:00 p.m. (*Thom's*, 1353). (13.1274) **11 Belfast** Blazes Boylan will be bringing Molly to Belfast for her concert there on 25th June; see note at **58:5**. (13.1275) **12 I won't go. Race there, race back to Ennis** See note at **71:2**. (13.1276) **13 bracegirdle** See note at **267:10**. (13.1279) **14 Grace darling** See note at **271:18**. (13.1280) **15 met him pike hoses** See note at **49:10**. (13.1280) **16** ***señorita*** See note at **274:9**. (13.1282) **17 Mulvey** See note at **268:3**. (13.1282) **18 Agendath** See note at **47:1**. (13.1283) **19 her next year in drawers return next in her next her next** See note at **92:13**. (13.1283) **20** ***Cuckoo*** Both cuckold and fool (Partridge); see also note at **156:5**. (13.1289)

'OXEN OF THE SUN'
Time: 10–11 p.m.
Location: National Maternity Hospital
(29–31 Holles Street)

277 **1** **Deshil Holles Eamus** Deshil: Anglicization of the Irish *deasil*, 'towards the right [...] in the same direction as the hands of a clock, or the apparent course of the sun (a practice held auspicious by the Celts)' (*OED*). Holles: after Holles Street, location of the National Maternity Hospital (see note at **116:11**). Holles derives from the Old English root *háliz*: 'holy [... Suggestive of] health, happiness, good luck, omen' (*OED*). 'Deashil Holles' also echoes Denzil Holles (1599–1679), Earl of Clare, after whom Holles Street is named. *Eamus*: Latin, 'Let us go'. Thus, 'Deshil Holles Eamus': 'Let us go rightward to Holles Street'. (14.1) **2** **Send us bright one, light one, Horhorn, quickening and wombfruit** Stuart Gilbert describes this as 'an invocation to the Sun, Helios, personified by Sir Andrew Horne, the head of the Lying-in Hospital [from 1894–1908], the "House of Horne"' (p. 296). Quickening: the stage of pregnancy at which the child first shows signs of life (*OED*). (14.2) **3** **Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!** Stuart Gilbert describes this as 'the triumphant cry of the midwife as, elevating the newborn, she acclaims its sex' (p. 296). (14.5) **4** **omnipollent** All-powerful; pollent, from the Latin *pollere*, 'to be strong' (*OED*, s.v. pollent). (14.16) **5** **lutulent** 'Muddy, turbid' (*OED*); here with the figurative sense of 'moral decay'. (14.19) **6** **no nature's boon can contend against the bounty of increase** After Thomas Robert Malthus's (1766–1834) *An Essay of the Principle of Population* (1798): 'Population, when unchecked, increases in geometric ratio. Subsistence increases only in arithmetical ratio' (p. 71). (14.20) **7** **semblables** People similar to oneself, one's peers (*OED*). (14.23) **8** **inverecund** Immodest, shameless (*OED*, s.v. verecund). (14.25) **9** **that evangel simultaneously command and promise** Evangel: 'A doctrine or principle (pertaining e.g. to politics, social reform, or morals). [...] Sometimes with some notion of the etymological sense "good news"' (*OED*); in this case God's command and promise to Adam and Eve, 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it' (Gen. 1:28 and 9:7). (14.29) **10** **the art of medicine shall have been highly honoured** Ireland has a long history of excellence in the field of medicine dating back to medieval times. After a visit to Ireland in 1640, Van Helmot, the great Dutch chemist, wrote that 'the Irish are better managed in sickness than the Italians, who have a physician in every village' (quoted in P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 600). (14.35) **11** **hostels** Derives from the Latin *hospitale*, or hospital (*OED*). (14.36) **12** **leperyards** That is, leper asylums. (14.36) **13** **sweating chambers** Sweating house: effectively similar to a sauna, used for curing diseases in ancient Ireland (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, pp. 625–26). (14.36) **14** **O'Shiels** The O'Shiels have for centuries been a well-known medical family in Ireland, acting as hereditary physicians to the MacMahons of Oriel and the MacCoughlins of Devlin (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 607). (14.37) **15** **O'Hickeys** The O'Hickeys were a prominent family of physicians serving the O'Briens of Thomond. *The Book of the O'Hickey's* is an Irish translation of a medieval Latin medical treatise (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 606). (14.37) **16** **O'Lees** The O'Lees were a prominent family of physicians serving the O'Flahertys of Connacht. *The Book of the O'Lees* is 'a complete system of medicine' (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 607). (14.37) **17** **sedulously** Diligently, attentively (*OED*). (14.37) **18** **trembling withering** The 'trembling' diseases: ague, palsy and epilepsy. The 'withering' diseases: 'teine-buirr, "fire of swelling"' and 'St. Anthony's fire or erysipelas – which withered away all his body so that his bones fell asunder as they laid him in the grave' (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 614). (14.39) **19** **loose boyconnell flux** Loose flux: diarrhea; 'Diarrhœa was called in Irish *buinnech*, i.e. "flux," from *buinnech*, "wave or stream"' (P.W. Joyce, *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 613). '[The] most remarkable and destructive of all the ancient plagues was the *Blefed*, or *Buide-Connaill* [boy-connell] or yellow plague, which swept through Ireland twice, in the sixth and seventh centuries' (p. 610). (14.39)

278 **1** **plan was by them adopted** Up through the eighteenth century there was a high mortality rate for women and children in Dublin and so in 1745 the first lying-in hospital was founded on George's Lane; in 1757 it moved to the Rotunda. The National Maternity Hospital in Holles Street opened in 1894 to cater to Catholics in the inner city (Bennett, s.v.v Rotunda Hospital; National Maternity Hospital). (14.41) **2** **sejunct** Separate or distinct (*OED*). (14.67) **3** **Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared** See note at **27:10**. (14.72) **4** **Of that house A. Horne is lord** See note at **116:12**. (14.74) **5** **Seventy beds keeps he there** The National Maternity Hospital had sixty-nine

beds; 'there were 1,500 midwifery cases treated during the past year, and over 4,000 attendances at the Dispensary' (*Thom's*, p. 1381). (14.74) **6 to thole and bring forth bairns** To thole: to wait patiently, to forbear, to endure (*OED*). Bairns: children (*OED*). (14.75) **7 so God's angel to Mary quoth** God's angel, the Archangel Gabriel, announced to Mary, 'Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. [...] Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus' (Luke 1:28, 30–31). (14.75) **8 twey** Two (*OED*, s.v. tway). (14.76) **9 bedthanes** That is, the nurses; thane: attendant or servant (*OED*). (14.78) **10 eft** Again (*OED*). (14.80) **11 swire ywimpled** Swire: neck (*OED*). Ywimpled: Old English, 'covered with a wimple' (*OED*). (14.81) **12 levin** Middle English, a flash of lightning (*OED*). (14.81) **13 welkin** The sky or the heavens (*OED*). (14.82) **14 fordo** To kill (*OED*). (14.83) **15 rathe** Quickly, rapidly (*OED*). (14.84) **16 infare** To enter (*OED*). (14.84) **17 wotting** To wot: to know (*OED*). (14.85) **18 stow** A place (*OED*). (14.86) **19 over land and seafloor nine years had long outwandered** Odysseus, spent ten years in the Trojan War and another ten years trying to get back home to Ithaca. (14.87) **20 townhithe** Hithe: a port or haven (*OED*). (14.88)

279 **1 weeds swart** Weed: an article of clothing. Swart: black (both *OED*). (14.93) **2 O'Hare Doctor** See note at **269:18**. (14.94) **3 grameful** Full of grief, sorrow (*OED*, s.v. grame). (14.95) **4 algate** Always (*OED*). (14.98) **5 masspriest to be shriven, holy housel and sick men's oil to his limbs** Shriven: confessed, absolved (*OED*). For 'housel', see note at **32:23**. The 'sick men's oil' is the oil used in the sacrament of extreme unction, in which the priest anoints the dying person. (14.99) **6 nun** Derives from the Old English *nunne*, a title of respect for a woman, which in turn derives from the post-Classical Latin *nonna*, a wet nurse (*OED*). Throughout the Dark and Middle Ages nursing was affiliated with religious institutions (*EB11*, s.v. nursing). (14.101) **7 he was died in Mona island** Mona Island was formerly the name of Anglesey, an island near Holyhead off north-western Wales. O'Hare did not die there, but at his home in Newry, after contracting typhoid (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, p. 213). See also note at **269:18**. (14.102) **8 bellycrab** That is, stomach cancer. Crab: a malignant growth (*OED*). (14.102) **9 Childermas** The festival observed on 28th December to commemorate those who died in Herod's Massacre of the Innocents (Matt. 2:16). (14.103) **10 wanhope** Hopelessness or despair (*OED*). (14.105) **11 everyman** *Everyman* (*c.*1485): an anonymous Middle English allegorical play that attempts to universalize Christian struggles in the person of its protagonist, Everyman. (14.107) **12 every man that is born of woman** Echoes Job 14:1: 'Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble'; and also the witch's prophecy in *Macbeth*: 'none of woman born / Shall harm Macbeth' (Act IV, Sc. 1, 81–82). (14.108) **13 as he came naked forth from his mother's womb** Echoes Job 1:21: 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return hither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord'. (14.108) **14 unneth** Difficult (*OED*, s.v. uneath). (14.114) **15 that time was had lived nigh that house** See note at **197:3**. (14.118) **16 nighed** To nigh: to drew near (*OED*). (14.124) **17 mickle** Great or large (*OED*). (14.124) **18 meat** Food of any kind, be it animal flesh or otherwise (in Middle English spelt 'mete') (*OED*). (14.124) **19 learning knight** Dixon is an intern or junior medical officer (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, p. 211), hence 'learning knight'. (14.125) **20 yclept** Named or called (*OED*). (14.125) **21 Dixon** Dixon appeared in *Portrait* as a fellow student of Stephen's at the university; see also note at **119:28**. (14.125) **22 couth** Known (*OED*). (14.126) **23 the house of misericord** That is, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, see note at **74:15**. Misericord: an abbreviation of the Latin *misercordia*, tender-heartedness, pity, compassion, mercy. (14.127) **24 he was sore wounded** See note at **52:14**. (14.129) **25 chrism** A mixture of oil and balm used in sacramental anointments in the Church; from the Greek *chrisma*, an unguent (*OED*). (14.131) **26 cautels** As an adjective, cunning, and as a noun, stratagem or trick (*OED*). (14.134) **27 avis** Middle English, opinion (*OED*). (14.134) **28 trowed** Believed (*OED*). (14.135) **29 mandement** Middle English, commandment (*OED*). (14.137) **30 list** Will or inclination (*OED*). (14.137) **31 venery** The sport of hunting or the pursuit of sexual gratification (*OED*); these two senses are etymologically unrelated, but either is feasible within the context. (14.140) **32 swinking** Middle English, labouring, toiling (*OED*). (14.144) **33 Mahound** A corruption of the 'false prophet Mohammed, often in the Middle Ages vaguely imagined to be a god' (*OED*); often used as a negative epithet, meaning a monster, an idol or the devil. (14.147) **34 out of seasand and the air** Glass has long been made from the kind of silicates found naturally in sand. The raw materials are melted into a molten substance which is then blown and shaped. (14.147)

280 **1 strange fishes withouten heads** That is, tinned sardines in olive oil. (14.150) **2 wheat kidneys out of Chaldee** That is, bread. Chaldee, or Chaldea: an area in southern Mesopotamia inhabited by the Semitic Chaldeans. In context, Chaldee refers both to the ancient art of brewing beer (developed in the Middle East) and the aura of alchemical magic. For 'wheat kidneys', see note at **32:21**. (14.155) **3 serpents there to entwine themselves** That is, the hop vines, from which beer is made. The leafy cones or flowers of the hop vine (the 'scales') are used to flavour and aromatize the beer. (14.157) **4 childe** Middle English, a young man of noble birth (*OED*). (14.160) **5 halp** Middle English, helped (*OED*). (14.161) **6 And childe Leopold did up his beaver** After Horatio's description of King Hamlet's ghost, dressed as if geared for battle: 'he wore his beaver up' (Act I, Sc. 2, 229); see note at **144:30**. In context here, beaver is a variant of the Middle English 'bever', a drink (*OED*, s.vv. beaver; bever). (14.161) **7 apertly** Openly or plainly (*OED*). (14.162) **8 nist not** Nist: a contraction of 'ne wist', 'knew not' (*OED*). In Middle English a double negative is a reinforced negative. (14.165) **9 alther liege lord** Alther: of all (*OED*). Liege: lord or superior (*OED*). Thus, 'alther liege lord': 'most superior Lord or all'. In Old and Middle English, 'alther' is placed before the noun it modifies rather than after as in modern English. (14.168) **10 wassailing** 'Carousing, riotous festivity' (*OED*). (14.168) **11 quick with child** 'Said of a female in the stage of pregnancy at which the motion of the foetus is felt' (*OED*); see note at **277:2**. (14.169) **12 franklin that hight Lenehan** Franklin: a freeholder (one who owns his own property) and 'Applied allusively to: A liberal host' (*OED*). Hight: was named (*OED*). (14.172) **13 emprise** An undertaking or enterprise, especially one of a heroic or chivalrous nature (*OED*). Bloom and Lenehan work for the same employer, the *Freeman's Journal*. (14.174) **14 eke** 'In addition' or 'besides' (*OED*). (14.174) **15 saint Mary Merciable's** That is, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, see note at **74:15**. (14.189) **16 Lynch** Lynch, who appeared in *Portrait*, is based on Vincent Cosgrave, a close friend of Joyce's from their days at University College. Cosgrave spent time in medical school but never completed his studies. He lived in Dublin for some years, and in 1926 was found drowned in the Thames, apparently a suicide (Ellmann, p. 63). (14.190) **17 Madden** William Madden is based on the real Thomas J. Madden, a classmate of Joyce's at University College. He was the first person to use the Irish form of his name on the staff registers at the Holles Street Hospital, where he was employed from 1st July to 5th September 1903 (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, pp. 214–15). (14.190) **18 Alba Longa** Irish, Scotland (*OED*, s.v. Albanian). Alba Longa: an ancient Italian city, the oldest in Latium, 19 km south-east of Rome. (14.191) **19 Crotthers** Based on Robert Crothers, a Scottish-born and educated doctor who worked at the Holles Street Hospital from 26th August to 12th September 1903 (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, pp. 214–15). (14.191) **20 mien of a frere** Middle English, 'face of a brother'. (14.192) **21 clepen** To clepe: to call (*OED*). (14.193) **22 Punch Costello** Based on Francis Xavier Costello, a Dublin doctor and an in-law of Sir Andrew Horne. Costello attended Belvedere College and the Royal University (Tony Farmar, *Holles Street*, p. 215). (14.193) **23 gested** Variant of 'guested', from the verb 'to guest', to entertain, to spin out a tale (*OED*). (14.193)

281 **1 red** A form of the verb 'to rede', to guide or govern (*OED*). (14.201) **2 aresouns** Variant of 'areason', examination or interrogation (*OED*). (14.202) **3 Eblana** See note at **214:22**. (14.205) **4 now was trespassed out of this world** To trepass this life: to die (*OED*). (14.206) **5 leeches** Doctors (*OED*). (14.207) **6 in the beginning they said the woman should bring forth in pain** After Genesis 1:1: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth' and Genesis 3:16 when God punishes Eve: 'in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children'. (14.208) **7 but the law nor his judges did provide no remedy** There was neither established law nor precedent under British civil law to guide doctors in making a decision between saving the life of the mother and the life of the baby. (14.213) **8 wife should live and the babe to die** The Roman Catholic position is that a child should be saved and baptized, thus saving its soul, in precedence of the health of the mother, who presumably has already been baptized and thus saved; see also note at **281:34**. (14.215) **9 rede of palmer and bedesman** See note at **281:1** for 'rede'. Palmer: a pilgrim. Bedesman: variant of 'beadsman', a man of prayer or one paid to pray for someone else (all *OED*). (14.220) **10 Saint Ultan of Arbraccan** St Ultan of Ardbraccan (d.657 AD): an Irish bishop known for his kindness to poor and orphaned children. Ardbraccan in County Meath, was founded by St Brecan (the spelling mistake is Joyce's). (14.221) **11 let** Hinder (*OED*). (14.221) **12 Murmur** 'The expression of discontent or anger in subdued tones' (*OED*). (14.223) **13 the one in limbo gloom, the other in purge fire** In other words, the unbaptized child would go to limbo, the place of natural happiness for the

unbaptized dead (*Catholic Encyclopedia*), while the mother would likely go to purgatory. (14.224) **14 gramercy** Contraction of '[God] grant us mercy' (*OED*). (14.225) **15 Godpossibled souls that we nightly impossibilise** See note at **21:2**. (14.225) **16 sin against the Holy Ghost** Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit is considered the one unforgivable sin (Matt. 12:32, and see Mark 3:29 and Luke 12:10). (14.226) **17 dishonest** 'To violate the honour or chastity of; to defile' (*OED*). (14.230) **18 leman** Lover (*OED*). (14.231) **19 spleen of lustihead** Spleen: impulse or sudden passion (*OED*). Lustihead: lustfulness or libidinousness (*OED*). (14.232) **20 the unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn** Confuses the unicorn with the phoenix. From T.H. White's *Book of Beasts* (a translation of a twelfth-century bestiary): 'Our Lord Jesus Christ is also a Unicorn spiritually [...]. The fact that it has just one horn on its head means what he himself said: "I and the Father are One"' (p. 21). (14.233) **21 saint Foutinus** St Foutin (third century): first bishop of Lyon, France. Veneration of this saint was combined with non-Catholic rituals, such as pouring wine over a sculpture of the saint's genitals then allowing the wine to become vinegar, which was used as a remedy for infertility. (14.236) **22 bewray** To disclose or reveal (*OED*). (14.239) **23 orgulous** Proud or haughty (*OED*). (14.241) **24 law of canons** Canon law or ecclesiastical law, as established by papal decrees and the statutes of councils (*OED*). (14.242) **25 Lilith** Hebrew, 'night hag'; a female demon in Jewish folklore, believed to have been Adam's first wife. She torments children and pregnant women (*EB11*; *Brewer's*). (14.242) **26 bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness** Lilith is also allied with the Assyrian wind spirit. (14.242) **27 potency of vampires mouth to mouth** From the poem Stephen composed in 'Proteus'; see note at **38:4**. (14.243) **28 as Virgilius saith, by the influence of the occident** From Virgil's *Georgics*: 'And, soon as the flame has stolen into [the mares'] craving marrow [...] they all, with faces turned to the Zephyrs [west winds], stand on a high cliff, and drink in the gentle breezes. Then oft, without any wedlock, pregnant with the wind (a wondrous tale!) they flee over rocks and crags and lowly dales' (III, 271–77). (14.244) **29 moonflower** Either the ox-eye daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*) or the night-blooming tropical plant *Ipomea Bona-nox* (*OED*). (14.244) **30 *effectu secuto*** Latin, 'the accomplishment following'. (14.246) **31 opinions of Averroes and Moses Maimonides** For Averroës see note at **23:5**; for Moses Maimonides see note at **23:6**. In his *Colliget*, Averroës relates a case history of a woman impregnated in a bath with the semen of a man who was bathing in the same water. Maimonides does not relate a similar story, but he does imply that lustful thoughts are essentially equivalent to lustful action. (14.246) **32 how at the end of the second month a human soul was infused** According to Aristotle, in *Generation of Animals*, the human soul is present as potential at conception and only comes into being as the foetus develops (736b5–20). Later readers of Aristotle interpreted him to mean that for a male the soul comes into being after forty days of development and for a female after eighty. Catholic doctrine holds that the soul comes into being at conception (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. abortion). (14.247) **33 our holy mother** That is, the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by the Virgin Mary. (14.248) **34 mother which was but a dam to bring forth beastly should die by canon** The first Catholic dicta specifically prohibiting abortion were drafted in 527 AD by St Martin of Braga. Infanticide, abortion and contraception were considered equally sinful. No official canonical policy on the matter was made until the nineteenth century, when the Vatican Holy Office officially prohibited abortion, even when a mother's life was at stake (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (14.249)

282 1 he that holdeth the fisherman's seal That is, the Pope. The 'fisherman's seal' is the ring worn by the Pope, which portrays 'the device of St. Peter fishing from a boat' (*Brewer's*). Peter's name in Greek means 'rock' and Jesus told him in Matthew 16:18: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'. (14.250) **2 jeopard** 'To place in danger or jeopardy' (*OED*). (14.253) **3 deliverly** Nimbly or cleverly (*OED*). (14.258) **4 he who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord** See note at **19:5**. (14.261) **5 eftsoons** 'Soon after, presently' (*OED*). (14.263) **6 passing grave maugre his word** Passing: 'very' (*OED*). Grave: 'Serious, not mirthful or jocular' (*OED*). Maugre: 'in spite of' (*OED*). (14.264) **7 corselet** A garment which covers the trunk of the body, but not the arms and legs (*OED*). (14.269) **8 akeled** Cold or made cold (*OED*, s.v. akele). (14.270) **9 of real parts** Of genuine ability or capacity (*OED*, s.v. parts). (14.274) **10 murdered his goods with whores** From John Wyclif's (*c.*1328–1384) *Sermon on the Prodigal Son*: 'This thy son hath murthered his goods with hooris' (cited in George Saintsbury, *A History of English Prose Rhythm*, p. 62). In Jesus's parable of the Prodigal Son, the son's brother

complains to the father that he has 'devoured [his] living with harlots' (Luke 15:30). (14.276) **11 vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray** Vicar of Christ: one of the Pope's titles, as Christ's earthly representative (*Brewer's*). 'The Vicar of Bray': a seventeenth-century song about an unscrupulous vicar who swears allegiance to whichever church or king happens to be in power; apparently based on Simon Aleyn (or Allen), Vicar of Bray (*c.*1540–88), alleged to have been 'twice a papist and twice a Protestant' (*OED*, s.v. vicar). (14.280) **12 Now drink we, quod he, of this mazer** [...] Quod: Middle English form of 'quoth', said (*OED*, s.v. quoth). Mazer: a wooden cup or bowl (*OED*). Parodies the words of Jesus at the Last Supper, which inform the Eucharist: 'Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, drink ye all of it; For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins' (Matt. 26:26–28). (14.281) **13 Leave ye fraction of bread to them that live by bread alone** Fraction of bread: the breaking of the Eucharist during Holy Communion (*OED*, s.v. fraction). After Matthew 4:3–4: 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God'. (14.283) **14 coins of the tribute** See note at **21:9**. (14.286) **15 goldsmiths' notes** Paper money, since 'Down to the 18th *c.* these tradesmen acted as bankers' (*OED*, s.v. goldsmith). (14.286) **16 time's ruins build eternity's mansions** After William Blake's letter to William Hayley (6th May 1800): 'The ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity' (quoted in Arthur Symons, *William Blake*, p. 11). (14.289) **17 rose upon the rood of time** 'To the Rose upon the Rood of Time': the title of the first poem in Yeats's *The Rose* (1893). (14.291) **18 In woman's womb word is made flesh but in the spirit of the maker** After John 1:14: 'And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us'. (14.292) **19 *Omnis caro ad te veniet*** See note at **38:3**. (14.294) **20 aventried the dear corse of our Agenbuyer, Healer and Herd** Aventry: after *enventrer*: French, 'to put within the womb'. Corse: a living body or a corpse (*OED*). Agenbuyer: Middle English, Christ (see also notes at **145:6** and **14:6**). Herd: keeper of a flock (*OED*). (14.295) **21 our mighty mother** See note at **6:13**. (14.296) **22 mother most venerable** 'Virgin most venerable': one of the Virgin Mary's epithets from the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto, see note at **256:9**. (14.296) **23 Bernardus saith aptly that she hath an *omnipotentiam deiparae supplicem*** Latin, 'omnipotent intercession of the Mother of God'; this phrase does not appear in the 'Memorare' (see note at **258:4**), which is associated – but was not composed by – St Bernard of Clairvaux. (14.297) **24 she is the second Eve and she won us, saith Augustine too** The contrast between Mary (the mother) and Eve (the grandam) is a common theme in the Saturday Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (14.298) **25 successive anastomosis of navelcords** Anastomosis: 'Intercommunication between two vessels, channels, or distinct branches of any kind, by a connecting cross branch' (*OED*); this recalls an image Stephen thought of in 'Proteus' (14.300) **26 seed, breed and generation, for a penny pippin** Seed, breed and generation: proverbial in Ireland for 'everyone' (PWJ, p. 133). Pippin: an apple (*OED*). (14.301)

283 1 creature of her creature Creature: both 'creator' and 'that which is created' (*OED*). (14.302) **2 *vergine madre figlia di tuo figlio*** Italian, 'Virgin mother, daughter of your son'; from Dante's *Paradiso* (XXXIII, 1), spoken by St Bernard in his prayer to Mary on behalf of Dante. The correct quotation is '*Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio*'. (14.303) **3 Peter Piscator** *Piscator*: Latin, fisherman; thus the apostle Peter, who was a fisherman before joining Christ. Peter three times denied knowing Christ (Matt. 26:69–75). (14.304) **4 the house that Jack built** A prison (Partridge), and the title of a nursery rhyme. (14.304) **5 Joseph the Joiner patron of the happy demise of all unhappy marriages** See note at **16:8** for Joseph the Joiner. The reference is to Joseph's suspicions about being cuckolded by Mary; see Matthew 1:18–21. Demise: a 'devolution of sovereignty' (*OED*), since Joseph in effect abdicated to God the sovereignty over Mary he should have acquired with marriage. The Litany of St Joseph describes him as 'Glory of home life, / Guardian of virgins, / Pillar of families'. (14.305) **6 *parce que M. Léo Taxil nous a dit que qui l'avait mise dans cette fichue position*** [...] Slightly incorrect French, 'because Mr Léo Taxil has told us that the one who put her in this wretched position was the damned pigeon, bowels of God!'; see notes at **33:7** and **33:15**. (14.306) **7 *Entweder* transsubstantiality *oder* consubstantiality but in no case subsubstantiality** *Entweder*: German, either. *Oder*: German, or. Transsubstantiality is the doctrine which states that the bread and wine of the Eucharist become the body and blood of Christ while still maintaining the appearance of bread and wine (*OED*). See note at **18:7** for consubstantiality. Subsubstantiality refers to substantialism, the doctrine that there are real or underlying substances underlying phenomena, in this case, the idea that Christ partakes of his

mother's humanity. (14.307) **8 A pregnancy without joy, he said, a birth without pangs** A reference to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception (see note at **152:12**), which states that Mary was free from sin since the time of her conception and that her pregnancy was untainted by the lust usually associated with sexual relations. See also note at **281:6**. (14.309) **9 body without blemish, a belly without bigness** In Luke, Mary is described as being 'great with child' (Luke 2:5). See also note at **31:4**. (14.310) **10 withstand, withsay** Withstand: to oppose (*OED*). Withsay: to renounce (*OED*). (14.312) **11 *Staboo Stabella*** After one of Gogarty's unpublished obscene songs, 'Landlord, landlord, bring us some wine, staboo, staboo' (Ellmann, p. 118). (14.314) **12 in pod** Pregnant (Partridge). (14.314) **13 Almany** After the French word for Germany, *Allemagne*. (14.315) **14 nurse Quigley** There is no record of a Nurse Quigley at the Holles Street Hospital. (15.318) **15 hist** An interjection used to command attention and to urge silence (*OED*). (14.318) **16 against lord Andrew** Against: 'in anticipation of' (*OED*). Lord Andrew: Sir Andrew Horne (see note at **116:12**). (14.320) **17 jealous** 'Suspiciously careful or watchful' (*OED*). (14.320) **18 gasteful** Frightful; from 'gast', a fright (*OED*, s.v. gast). (14.321) **19 megrims** 'Low spirits' (*OED*). (14.323) **20 embraided** Reproached or upbraided (*OED*). (14.324) **21 chode** The past tense of 'to chide'. (14.326) **22 murrain** Pestilence or plague (*OED*). (14.326) **23 chuff** 'A rude coarse churlish fellow' (*OED*). The following string of insults recalls exchanges between Falstaff and Prince Hal throughout *1 Henry IV* (for example Act II, Sc. 4, 234–40). (14.327) **24 thou got in the peasestraw** Implies a lowly birth; pease: 'a type of something of very small value or importance' (*OED*). (14.327) **25 losel** A worthless person (*OED*). (14.328) **26 chitterling** Diminutive of 'chit', a contemptuous term that refers to one 'no better than a child' (*OED*, s.vv. chitterling; chit). (14.328) **27 dykedropt** Someone born in a dyke. (14.329) **28 margerain gentle** Margerain: an archaic spelling of 'marjoram', an aromatic herb (*OED*, s.v. marjoram). In Elizabethan times this was believed to be useful in curing sicknesses of the brain, because of its calming, quieting effects. This phrase appears in John Skelton's (*c.*1460–1529) 'To Mastres Margery Wentworthe'. (14.331) **29 Mary in Eccles** That is, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Eccles Street, see note at **74:15**. (14.334) **30 friar's vows** After the three priestly vows: obedience to the church, chastity and voluntary poverty (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. religious life). (14.336) **31 confiding** Trusting (*OED*, s.v. confide). (14.340) **32 they all intershowed it too** To intershow: combines the Latin '*inter-*', amongst, with 'showen', an archaic variant of 'show'; thus 'they all intershowed it too' would mean 'they all exhibited this act among themselves too'. (14.340) **33 his curious rite of wedlock for the disrobing and deflowering of spouses** The *ius primæ noctis* ('right of the first night') is an old custom in certain societies that involves a priest or chieftain initiating the bride in sexuality immediately before her wedding (Edward Westermarck, *The History of Human Marriage*, vol. I, p. 166). When a king or lord takes this role, this practice is known as the *droit du seigneur*. Among the Sakalava of Madagascar, it is common for someone other than the future husband (although not necessarily a priest or chieftain) to ritually deflower girls (vol. I, p. 181). (14.343) **34 nard** An aromatic balsam or ointment used in religious ceremonies (*OED*). (14.346) **35 kyries** See note at **99:21**. (14.347) **36 *Ut novetur sexus omnis corporis mysterium*** Latin, 'So that the mystery of the sexuality of everybody may be revealed'. (14.347) **37 hymen minim** That is, a marriage song. Hymen: the Greek god of marriage, used as a term for marriage itself (*OED*). Minim: a musical note of the least measure, thus, in this case, a small or light poem (*OED*). (14.349) **38 Master John Fletcher and Master Francis Beaumont that is in their *Maid's Tragedy*** Beaumont (*c.*1584–1616) and Fletcher (1579–1625): two of the most famous playwrights of the Jacobean stage. They wrote many plays together, including *The Maid's Tragedy* (*c.*1610). (14.349) **39 *To bed, to bed*** From Act I, Sc. 2 of *The Maid's Tragedy*: 'To bed, to bed! Come Hymen, lead the bride, / And lay her by her husband's side / Bring in the virgins every one, / That grieve to lie alone, / That they may kiss while they may say a maid'. (14.351) **40 burden** The refrain or chorus of a song (*OED*). (14.351) **41 concent upon the virginals** Concent: 'harmony of sounds; accord or concord of several voices or parts' (*OED*). Virginals: a single musical instrument resembling a spinet, common in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but also to 'of or pertaining to a virgin or virgins' (*OED*). Also alludes to the Beaumont and Fletcher song (see note at **283:39**). (14.352) **42 epithalame** Anglicization of *epithalamium*, a nuptial song or poem honouring the bride and groom (*OED*). (14.352) **43 suadency** Persuasiveness; from the Middle French *suasion* and the Latin *suasionem*, to persuade. (14.353) **44 odoriferous flambeaus of the paranymphs** Odoriferous flambeaus: fragrant candles or torches. Paranymphs: either the best man or bridesmaids, those who accompany

the bride and groom, from the Greek meaning 'besides [or alongside] the bride' (*OED*). (14.353) **45 quadrupedal proscenium** That is, the 'fourlegged stage', or the marriage bed, on which the action in Fletcher and Beaumont's play takes place. (14.354) **46 Beau Mount and Letcher** Puns on the names Beaumont and Fletcher, the first after the Latin name for the female pudendum, the *Mons Veneris* (Mount of Venus). (14.356)

284 1 they had but the one doxy between them See note at **140:25** for 'doxy'. According to an account in Aubrey's *Brief Lives* (see note at **150:15**), Beaumont and Fletcher 'lived together on the Banke side, not far from the Play-house, both bachelors; lay together; had one Wench in the house between them' (vol. I, p. 96). Fletcher was, however, married. Aubrey's line derives from a line in Ben Jonson's *Bartholemew's Fair* (1614): 'I say between you, you have both but one drab [whore]' (Act V, Sc. 4, 223). (14.358) **2 stews** Brothels (*OED*). (14.359) **3 to make shift with** To make shift of: 'To attain one's end by contrivance or effort' (*OED*, s.v. shift). (14.359) **4 life ran very high in those days** See note at **150:4**. (14.359) **5 custom of the country** *The Custom of the Country* (*c.*1628): a play by John Fletcher and Philip Massinger (1583–1640) noted for its bawdiness. (14.360) **6 Greater love than this, he said, no man hath that a man lay down his wife for his friend** After Jesus in John 15:12–13: 'This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'. (14.360) **7 Go thou and do likewise** After Christ tells the parable of the Good Samaritan, he says to the lawyer to whom he has been talking, 'Go, and do likewise' (Luke 10:37). See also note at **62:2**. (14.362) **8 Thus, or words to that effect, saith Zarathustra** See note at **19:6**. (14.362) **9 regius professor** 'One who holds in an English university a professorship founded by Henry VIII' and who receives a royally endowed stipend (*Brewer's*). *Regius*: Latin, royal. (14.363) **10 French letters** See note at **157:16**. (14.363) **11 Oxtail** That is, Oxford University. (14.364) **12 Bring a stranger within thy tower** See note at **28:4**. (14.365) **13 thou wilt have the secondbest bed** See note at **149:6**. (14.365) **14 *Orate, fratres, pro memetipso*** Latin, 'My brethren, pray for me'; this phrase is used often in Eastern rites and echoes a prayer spoken at the end of the Offertory in the Catholic Mass (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (14.366) **15 Remember, Erin, thy generations and thy days of old** Combines the title Thomas Moore's song 'Let Erin Remember the Days of Old' (see note at **36:6**) with Moses's song in Deuteronomy 32:7, 'Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations'. (14.367) **16 broughtest in a stranger to my gates** The image of the 'stranger within the gates' occurs in Exodus 20:10 and Deuteronomy 17:15. (14.368) **17 to wax fat and kick like Jeshurum** Jeshurun: Hebrew, righteous, upright; a poetical name for Israel (the spelling mistake is Joyce's). After Deuteronomy 32:15: 'But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked: thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness; then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation'. (14.369) **18 Therefore hast thou sinned against the light** [...] Echoes Lamentations 5:7–8: 'Our fathers have sinned, and are not; and we have borne their iniquities. Servants have ruled over us: there is none that doth deliver us out of their hand'. See also notes at **11:3** and **27:9**. (14.370) **19 Return, return, Clan Milly: forget me not, O Milesian** Echoes the Song of Solomon 6:13: 'Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee'. For 'Clan Milly' and 'Milesian', see note at **238:17**. (14.371) **20 merchant of jalaps** See note at **8:2**. (14.373) **21 didst deny me to the Roman and the Indian of dark speech** Refers to the conquering of Israel by Rome and India (actually Persia and Syria). Palestine was conquered by Pompey in 63 BC and subsequently ruled by Roman governors. The Book of Esther describes the rule of Ahasuerus (Xerxes) – 'which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia' (1:1) – who agrees to Haman's plan of destroying the Jews. (14.373) **22 Look forth now, my people, upon the land of behest, even from Horeb and from Nebo** Echoes two passages from Deuteronomy. One is the voice of God: 'Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel as a possession' (32:49). The other: 'And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho' (34:1). See also notes at **106:8** and **110:12**. Horeb: Mount Sinai. (14.375) **23 the Horns of Hatten** A mountain range in Israel (also spelt 'Horns of Hittin'), variously identified as the mountains west of the Sea of Galilee from which Moses viewed the Promised Land, but later thought to be a group of mountains at the north-eastern end of the Dead Sea, believed to be the place where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. (14.376) **24 land flowing with milk and money** After a name for the Promised Land, 'a land flowing with milk and honey' (Exod. 33:3 and elsewhere in the Old Testament). (14.377) **25 the**

septuagint The Greek translation of the Old Testament, used in the Eastern Orthodox Church, which also includes apocryphal books not accepted by Jews, Catholics and most Protestants. (14.381) **26 Orient from on high which brake hell's gates visited a darkness that was foraneous** Orient: Jesus; after *Oriens* (Latin, 'rising'), a scriptural title of the Messiah. According to the Apostles' Creed (see note at **18:2**), Christ descended into hell following the crucifixion, and on the third day rose from the dead. According to the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, 'the brazen gates were broken, and the iron bars were crushed, and all the dead that were bound were loosed from their bonds' (Charles F. Horne, *Sacred Books and Early Literature of the East*, vol. 14, p. 377). Foraneous: 'of the market-place, court of justice' (*OED*). (14.382) **27 Assuefaction minorates atrocities** Assuefaction: becoming accustomed to something. Minorates: 'diminishes or lessens the impact of' (both *OED*). From Sir Thomas Browne's (1605–82) *Christian Morals*: 'assuefaction unto anything minorates' (cited in Saintsbury, p. 199). (14.383) **28 as Tully saith of his darling Stoics** Tully: Marcus Tullius Cicero (see note at **93:11**). From his *Tusculan Disputations*: 'This anticipation therefore of the future mitigates the approach of evils whose coming one has long foreseen' (III, 14). (14.384) **29 Hamlet his father showeth the prince no blister of combustion** The Ghost tells Hamlet that the burning fires of purgatory show no evidence of physical blistering: 'for the day confin'd to fast in fires, / Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature / Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid / To tell the secrets of my prison house' (Act I, Sc. 5, 11–14). (14.384) **30 adiaphane** See note at **30:8**. (14.385) **31 *ubi* and *quomodo*** *Ubi*: Latin, where. *Quomodo*: Latin, what manner. (14.387) **32 ends and ultimates of all things accord in some mean and measure** After Aristotle's *Physics*: 'action for an end is present in things which come to be and are by nature' (tr. R.P. Hardie and R.K. Gaye, 199a7). (14.387) **33 minishing** Diminishing (*OED*). (14.391) **34 The aged sisters draw us into life** Combines the midwife with the woman who dresses the corpse, thereby suggesting the three Fates of Greek mythology. (14.392) **35 batten, sport, clip** To batten: to eat, often with the implication of gluttony. To sport: to amuse oneself (both *OED*). For 'clip', see note at **37:18**. (14.393) **36 First saved from water of old Nile, among bulrushes, a bed of fasciated wattles** See note at **36:2**. Fasciate: to bind together (*OED*). (14.394) **37 at last the cavity of a mountain, an occulted sepulchre** After Moses's burial, 'in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day' (Deut. 34:1). (14.395) **38 ossifrage** The name given by Pliny to the bird now known as the lammergeyer, which swallows and digests bones which it drops from the air and breaks on rocks below (*OED*). (14.396) **39 ubicity of his tumulus** Ubicity: a nonce word meaning 'whereness', or location, from the Latin *ubi* (where) + the adjectival suffix *-icity* ('ness'). Tumulus: 'ancient sepulchral mound' (*OED*); see note at **284:37**. (14.397) **40 Tophet** Also called Gehinnom, Tophet was an Old Testament place of unfettered evil in the Valley of Hinnom, which later became the Jewish place of punishment analogous to hell (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (14.398) **41 mainly** Eagerly or vehemently (*OED*). (14.401) **42 *Étienne chanson*** French, 'Stephen song'. (14.401) **43 wisdom hath built herself a house** 'Wisdom hath builded herself a house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars' (Proverbs 9:1). (14.402) **44 crystal palace of the Creator** That is, the world, God's creation. Alludes to the Crystal Palace, a vast glass structure built in London's Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition of 1851. (14.403) **45 applepie order** 'Perfect order, impeccable precision' (Partridge). (14.403) **46 penny for him who finds the pea** After the kind of invitation made by a con artist running a shell game (or thimble-rigging), in which a pea or ball is placed under one of usually three shells or cups, which are then rearranged. (14.404) **47 *Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack*** […] After 'The Domicile Erected by Jack' (1857), a parody of the rhyme 'The House that Jack Built' (see note at **283:4**). Dedal: skilful, cunning. Refluent: flowing back, reflowing. Cirque: a circular space or amphitheatre. Bivouac: 'a camping out of troops' (all *OED*). (14.405)

285 **1 noise in the street** See note at **28:1**. (14.408) **2 Thor thundered: in anger awful the hammerhurler** Thor: Norse god of thunder; he possessed a magic hammer which returned to him after he threw it. (14.409) **3 hist** Incited or enjoined (*OED*). (14.410) **4 witwanton** 'Making a wanton use of the "wit" or understanding' (*OED*, s.v. wit). (14.411) **5 hellprate** Prate: chatter, prattle (*OED*); thus 'hellprate', blasphemy or impious speech. (14.411) **6 doughty** Valiant, brave (*OED*). (14.412) **7 haught** Haughty or boastful (*OED*). (14.413) **8 his heart shook** Stephen admitted to being afraid of thunder in *Portrait* (p. 243), a fear he shares with Joyce (Ellmann, p. 25). (14.414) **9 rumour** Loud noise or din (*OED*). (14.415) **10 yale** Variant of ale (*OED*). (14.416) **11 a word and a blow** 'A brief utterance

of anger or defiance, followed immediately by the delivery of a blow [...] hence in reference to prompt or sudden action of any kind' (*OED*). (14.417) **12 colour** Pretext, reason, excuse (*OED*). (14.418) **13 an old Nobodaddy** An: archaic, if (*OED*). For 'Nobodaddy', see note at **151:7**. (14.418) **14 discharge of fluid from the thunderhead** Bloom's explanation of thunder and lightning reflects the belief that electricity is a fluid; a theory that held sway until the work of Michael Faraday (English scientist, 1791–1867). (14.426) **15 Bringforth** Recalls God's punishment of Eve, 'in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children' (Gen. 3:16). (14.436) **16 which Phenomenon has commanded them to do by the book Law** See note at **277:9**. (14.442) **17 wotted** See note at **278:17**. (14.443) **18 Believe-on-Me** That is, the kingdom of heaven as represented by Jesus; for example, John 1:12 mentions 'them that believe on his name'. (14.444) **19 no death and no birth neither wiving nor mothering** After Christ's description of conditions after the Resurrection: 'For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven' (Mark 12:25 and see Luke 20:35); see also note at **156:19**. (14.445) **20 Bird-in-the-Hand** After the proverbial expression 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. Bird: prostitute (Partridge). (14.450)

286 **1 shield of oxengut** That is, a condom. (14.465) **2 brenningly** Burningly; after 'bren': Middle English, burn (*OED*, s.v. burn). (14.473) **3 big wind of last February a year that did havoc the land so pitifully** The destructive storm that hit Ireland on 26–27th February 1903; see also notes at **12:2** and **102:26**. (14.482) **4 In Ely place, Baggot street, Duke's lawn, thence through Merrion green** [...] The path taken by Mulligan from George Moore's house party at 4 Ely Place to the Holles Street Hospital. Ely Place and Baggot Street are a few blocks south of Merrion Square. Duke's Lawn is at Leinster House, west of Merrion Square. Holles Street runs north-south from the north side of Merrion Square. (14.490) **5 the Rt. Hon. Mr Justice Fitzgibbon's door** See note at **104:18** for Fitzgibbon, who lived at 10 Merrion Square North (*Thom's*, p. 1871). (14.493) **6 (that is to sit with Mr Healy the lawyer upon the college lands)** See notes at **105:1** and **105:2**. (14.494) **7 (that was a papish but is now, folk say, a good Williamite)** That is, George Moore, who in 1903 renounced his Catholicism in favour of Protestantism. (14.496) **8 Kendal green** Green cloth manufactured in Kendal, Westmoreland, in north-east England (*OED*). (14.498) **9 Saint Swithin** St Swithin: a ninth-century English priest; feast day, 15th July. (14.500) **10 beef to the heel** See note at **51:4**. (14.503) **11 brangling** Brangling: noisy or quarrelsome (*OED*). (14.505) **12 scholar of my lady of Mercy** That is, Dixon received training at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. (14.505) **13 having dreamed tonight** See note at **315:6**. (14.508) **14 pleading her belly** That is, 'pleading on the grounds of her pregnancy'; after Daniel Defoe's *Moll Flanders* (1722): 'my Mother pleaded her Belly, and being found quick with Child, she was respited for about seven Months' (p. 8). (14.511) **15 on the stools** In context, this suggests that she is in labour. (14.511)

287 **1 Lady day** 'A day kept in celebration of some event in the life of the Virgin Mary' (*OED*). (14.516) **2 bit off her last chick's nails** Follows the superstition that it is bad luck to cut the nails of a child of under one year old with scissors (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. nails and hair, cutting: babies). (14.516) **3 the king's bible** That is, the King James Version of the Bible, which Mr Purefoy, raised Methodist, would certainly own. (14.517) **4 methodist but takes the Sacrament** John Wesley (1703–91), who founded Methodism, believed strongly in the sacrament, and advocated frequent communion (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Methodism). (14.518) **5 Bullock harbour** See note at **18:13**. (14.519) **6 dapping on the sound** To dap: to fish by 'letting the bait dip and bob lightly on the water' (*OED*). (14.520) **7 prognostication of Malachi's almanac** The Old Testament Book of Malachi offers a grim prediction: 'For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch' (4:1). (14.523) **8 Mr Russell has done a prophetical charm** The 'farmer's gazette' is the *Irish Homestead* (see note at **28:9**), which George Russell edited. The 'prophetical charm... out of the Hindustanish' refers to Russell's interest in Theosophy and Eastern mysticism. (14.524) **9 fetch without bottom of reason** An apparition (Partridge). Bottom: basis or foundation (*OED*). (14.526) **10 merryandrew** A buffoon or clown, with the added connotation of being a quack, after Andrew Borde, Henry VIII's eccentric personal physician (*Brewer's*). (14.534) **11 pickle** A person constantly causing trouble, also for a wild youth or young man (Partridge). (14.534) **12 crimps, ostlers** Crimps: swindlers or cheaters (*OED*). Ostlers: see note at **148:29**. (14.537) **13 Paul's men** Idlers or swindlers, after St Paul's Cathedral in London which used to be a prime location for

swindlers (*OED*, s.v. Paul). (14.537) **14 runners** Money collectors for a bookie (Partridge). (14.537) **15 flatcaps** Nickname for citizens of London, but especially for London apprentices, after the popularity of the low, flat-crowned hats from Henry VIII's time (*OED*). (14.537) **16 waistcoateers** Prostitutes (*OED*). (14.537) **17 ladies of the bagnio** That is, prostitutes; bagnio: formerly referring to a Turkish bath, came to be a term for brothel (*OED*). (14.537) **18 chanceable catchpole or a tipstaff** Chanceable: happening by chance. Catchpole: a tax collector. Tipstaff: a sheriff's officer or bailiff (all *OED*). (14.538) **19 sackpossets** Sackposset: a drink made from sack (a white wine imported from Spain and popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), sugar, hot milk, spices and raw eggs (*OED*, s.vv. sack; posset). (14.540) **20 ordinary** Regular daily meal served at a fixed price in a restaurant or tavern (*OED*). (14.540) **21 boiling-cook's** A low-class eating establishment; from Defoe's *Colonel Jack*: 'So we went to a boiling cook's in Rosemary-Lane' (vol. I, p. 21). (14.540) **22 broken victuals** Fragments of food left after a meal (*OED*, s.v. broken). (14.541) **23 tester** Sixpence (*OED*). (14.542) **24 he could always bring himself off with his tongue** From Defoe's *Colonel Jack*: 'I passed among my comrades for a bold, resolute boy […]. However, I many times brought myself off with my tongue, where my hands would not have been sufficient' (vol. I, p. 7). (14.542) **25 punk** 'A prostitute, strumpet, harlot' (*OED*). (14.543) **26 plague** That is, foot-and-mouth disease, see note at **26:9**. (14.547) **27 bully beef** Pickled or tinned beef (*OED*). (14.548) **28 There's as good fish in this tin as ever came out of it** After the proverbial phrase, 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it' (*ODEP*, s.v. fish), that is to say, 'there is plenty more where that came from'. (14.548) **29** ***Mort aux vaches*** French, 'Death to the cows'. An anti-establishment catchphrase originating in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Suggests a parallel with the Oxen of the Sun who are slaughtered by Odysseus's men. (14.551) **30 headborough** A petty constable (*OED*). (14.555) **31 justiciary and the parish beadle** Justiciary: 'one who holds that man can of himself attain to righteousness' (*OED*). Parish beadle: 'a parish constable' (*OED*). (14.558) **32 sutler or a welsher** Sutler: a private vendor who supplies food to troops, with the negative connotation of one who is a hanger-on (*OED*). Welsher: a swindler (Partridge, s.v. Welsh). (14.559) **33 bearpit** An arena for bear-baiting, wherein dogs are set on a bear that is chained to a stake (*OED*). (14.560) **34 cocking main** A 'match fought between two cocks' (*OED*, s.v. cock-fighting). (14.560) **35 Romany folk** That is, gypsies, whose language is called Romany (*OED*). (14.561) **36 fecking** See note at **199:14**. (14.562)

288 **1 hoggets** Yearling sheep (*OED*). (14.569) **2 wether wools** Wether: a ram, particularly one that has been castrated. Wether wool: 'the fleece obtained from the second or any subsequent shearing of a sheep' (both *OED*). (14.570) **3 actuary for Mr Joseph Cuffe** See note at **74:21**. (14.570) **4 meadow auctions** Livestock auctions held on farms. (14.571) **5 Mr Gavin Low's yard in Prussia street** Gavin Low: 'livestock agent, cattle and sheep salesman, stock auctioneer and valuator, and land agent', 47–53 Prussia Street (*Thom's*, p. 1933). (14.572) **6 the hoose or the timber tongue** For 'hoose', see note at **229:9**. For 'timber tongue', see note at **229:10**. (14.573) **7 emperor's chief tailtickler** That is, the Austrian veterinary surgeon Mr Deasy is trying to get to come to Ireland; see note at **27:5**. (14.575) **8 Doctor Rinderpest** See note at **27:4**. (14.576) **9 Mr Vincent** That is, Vincent Lynch; see note at **280:16**. (14.578) **10 bull that's Irish** Irish bull: an oxymoron spoken with a straight face. Asked what an Irish bull is, Trinity professor, and later provost, J.P. Mahaffy (1839–1919) replied, 'An Irish bull, madam, is always pregnant' (quoted in Ulick O'Connor, *Oliver St John Gogarty*, p. 30). (14.579) **11 An Irish bull in an English chinashop** Bull: a Papal edict (*OED*). The Irish bull in question is the Papal bull *Laudabiliter* of 1155, apparently decreed by Pope Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear, the only English Pope, d.1159, pope 1154–59). This granted political control of Ireland to Henry II (r.1154–89). Henry landed in Waterford on 17th October 1171 with 4,000 men and, without military action, gained the submission of the Irish kings, princes and clergy to his throne (MacManus, *The Story of the Irish Race*, pp. 321–26). See also note at **28:5**. (14.581) **12 emerald ring** According to John of Salisbury (*c.*1115–80), in 1155 Pope Adrian IV gave Henry II a golden ring adorned with an emerald as a gesture signifying Henry's right to take over Ireland (Curtis, *History of Ireland*, p. 49). (14.583) **13 farmer Nicholas that was a eunuch** That is, Pope Adrian IV, see note at **288:11**. (14.589) **14 cousin german** A first cousin or 'person or thing closely related or allied to another' (*OED*). (14.591) **15 the Lord Harry** King Henry II of England, see note at **288:11**. (14.592) **16 four fields of all Ireland** The four kingdoms of ancient Ireland: Connacht, Leinster, Ulster and Munster. (14.598) **17 point shift** That is, a smock or chemise (shift) made from fine lace done by hand, made by needlepoint (*OED*).

(14.600) **18** **tippet** A shoulder cape, usually made of fur (*OED*). (14.600) **19** **spermacetic oil** Spermaceti oil: the waxy material from the head of a sperm whale and other whales, used in the coronation of English kings and queens (*OED*). Joyce's spelling is idiosyncratic. (14.601) **20** **father of the faithful** That is, a Catholic priest. (14.604) **21** **cozening** Cozen: to beguile or cheat (*OED*). (14.606) **22** **Roscommon or the wilds of Connemara or a husbandman in Sligo** County Roscommon is in west-central Ireland. Connemara is a mountainous district on the western coast of Ireland in County Galway. Sligo is a city and a county in north-western Ireland. (14.614)

289 **1** **all the old Nicks** Old Nick: the devil (Partridge). (14.619) **2** **old whoremaster that kept seven trulls** That is, the Pope. It was once common for Protestants to identify the Catholic Church with the whore of Babylon as described in Revelations 17:5. Trull: a prostitute (*OED*). (14.620) **3** **pizzle** The penis, especially that of a bull (Partridge). (14.622) **4** **lefthanded descendant** That is, a child from a left-handed marriage, a marriage that is illegal or fictitious (*OED*, s.v. left-handed). (14.628) **5** **famous champion bull of the Romans** That is, Peter, from whom all of the popes 'descend'. (14.628) **6** ***Bos Bovum*** Latin, 'A bull among bulls'. (14.628) **7** **bog Latin** Spurious or phoney Latin, possibly a corruption of Dog Latin (Partridge). (14.629) **8** **bull's language** That is, Church Latin, the language of papal bulls and other official business of the church. (14.634) **9** **first personal pronoun** The first-person singular pronoun in Latin is *ego*. (14.635) **10** **sprang their luff** To spring one's luff: to bring the head of the ship closer to the wind (*OED*, s.v. luff). (14.643) **11** **spread three sheets in the wind** A nautical term but also a euphemism for being drunk (Partridge). (14.643) **12** **three times three** Three cheers (*OED*, s.v. three). (14.645) **13** **bullgine** A steam engine that propels a ship (*OED*). (14.645) **14** **bumboat** A boat carrying provisions or a scavenger's boat (Partridge). (14.646) **15** **to recover the main of America** Recover: to reach (*OED*). Main: 'main land' (*OED*). (14.646) **16** ***Pope Peter's but a piss-abed*** [...] Combines Robert Burns's 'Song – For a' that and a' that' (1795) with the schoolboy street rhyme 'Piss a Bed'. (14.649) **17** **to buy a colour or a cornetcy in the fencibles** That is, to buy a commission in the army, which was possible until 1871. Colour: a flag that identifies a military unit (*OED*). Cornet: the lowly officer who carried the colour (*OED*). Fencibles: 'companies of regular troops of horse and foot, raised for home service [...] for special emergencies' (*Brewer's*). (14.654) **18** **Mr Quinnell's** George Quinnell: printer, 45 Fleet Street (*Thom's*, p. 1493). (14.659) **19** ***Lambay Island*** Lambay Island is located 19 km north-east of Dublin and about 8 km offshore. 'Lambay is almost as desolate as Ireland's Eye. It is practically abandoned to rabbits and seabirds' (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 341). (14.660) **20** **sir Fopling Popinjay and sir Milksop Quidnunc** Richard Steele (1672–1729) used characters with suggestive names in his satirical stories and essays for *The Tatler*. (14.662) **21** **'Tis as cheap sitting as standing** From Jonathan Swift's *Polite Conversation*: 'sit while you stay; 'tis as cheap sitting, as standing' (p. 60). (14.666)

290 **1** **bonzes** 'A term applied by Europeans to the Buddhist clergy of Japan, and sometimes of China' (*OED*); and Gogarty's nickname for Catholic priests (Stanislaus Joyce, *Complete Dublin Diary*, p. 88). (14.674) **2** **who hide their flambeau under a bushel** After the Sermon on the Mount: 'Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house' (Matt. 5:14–15). (14.674) **3** **some unaccountable muskin** Muskin: a 'chap, fellow, man, especially if odd'; almost always preceded by 'unaccountable' (Partridge). (14.676) **4** **Lambay island from its holder, lord Talbot de Malahide** Richard Wogan Talbot (1846–1921) inherited the title Lord Talbot de Malahide in 1883. He sold Lambay Island in 1888. See also note at **164:8**. (14.682) **5** **Tory gentleman of not much in favour with our ascendancy party** Should read 'note' instead of 'not' (the mistake was made in the October 1922 printing). See note at **25:14** for 'Tory'. The ascendancy party, or Protestant Ascendancy, of eighteenth-century Ireland was an elite social class of mostly Trinity-educated Anglican (but not pro-British) Irishmen. (14.683) **6** ***Omphalos*** See note at **8:12**. (14.685) **7** **obelisk hewn and erected after the fashion of Egypt** Egyptian obelisks were placed in pairs in front of temples. (14.685) **8** **the flesh of these latter prolific rodents being highly recommended** The eating of rabbits is prohibited in the Bible (Deuter. 14:7–8). (14.694) **9** **smallclothes of a hodden grey** Smallclothes: breeches or knee breeches. Hodden grey (or more properly, 'grey hodden'): coarse woollen cloth made without dye and thus retaining a natural grey colour (all *OED*). (14.700) **10** ***Talis ac tanta depravatio hujus seculi*** [...] Latin, 'Such and so great is the depravity of this age, Citizens, that our mothers of families greatly

prefer the lascivious titillations of any Libicum eunuch to the heavy testicles and lofty erections of Roman centurions'; in a Ciceronian style. The Libici were a peoples of Gallia Transpadana (northern Italy), but Joyce might have meant the 'Libyici' (Libyans). Properly, '*anteponunt*' should read '*anteponant*'. (14.707) **11 animadversions** Animadversion: 'A criticism, comment, observation, or remark' (*OED*). (14.715) **12 those loaves and fishes** Jesus fed a crowd of 'five thousand men, beside women and children' (Matt. 14:21) with just 'five loaves and two fishes' (Matt. 14:17; see Mark 6:38, Luke 9:13, and John 6:9). (14.720)

291 **1 ventripotence** Ventripotent: big-bellied (*OED*). (14.727) **2 ovoblastic gestation in the prostatic utricle or male womb** Ovoblastic: a nonce word meaning 'egg-sprouting' or 'egg-growing', from the Latin *ovum*, egg, and the Greek *blastikos*, springing forth. Utricle: 'A small cul-de-sac in the prostatic portion of the urethra in man' (*OED*), here described as a 'male womb' analogous to the female uterus. (14.728) **3 Mr Austin Meldon** Austin S. Meldon FRCSI (Fellow Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland), LKQCPI. (Licentiate King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland) (*Thom's*, p. 878). Meldon was also ex-president RCPI (Royal College of Physicians of Ireland), senior surgeon to Jervis Street Hospital and lived at 15 Merrion Square North (p. 1955). (14.729) **4 a wolf in the stomach** After a proverbial description for hunger, 'a growing boy has a wolf in his belly' (*ODEP*). (14.730) **5 smalls** That is, the small intestines. (14.731) **6 Mother Grogan** See note at **12:1**. (14.732) **7 'tis pity she's a trollop** After the title of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (1633), a play by John Ford (*c.*1586–*c.*1655). (14.733) **8 larum** Larum: 'A call to arms [...] any sound to warn of danger' (*OED*). (14.736) **9** ***Mais bien sûr*** **[...]** French, 'But of course... and a thousand compliments'. (14.746)

292 **1** ***marchand de capotes*** French, 'condom vendor'. At this time condoms were illegal in Ireland but could be ordered from England. Literally, a *capote* is an overcoat. (14.776) **2 Monsieur Poyntz** There were two merchants with this name and both were '*marchands de capotes*' in the sense of 'overcoat vendor'. Benjamin Poyntz & Co.: 'hosiers, glovers, and colonial outfitters', 105 & 106 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1989, 2069); Samuel Robert Poyntz: 'india-rubber warehouse and water proofer', 20 Clare Street (p. 1989). Gogarty wrote a poem about the latter Poyntz: 'Gogarty's lines to Poyntz – a purveyor of preventatives – / And this my pardonable pride / Saves Erin from infanticide / Gutta-percha coffin maker / Antenatal undertaker'. (14.776) **3** ***livre*** The *livre* ('pound'): a French coin eventually replaced by the franc, which is of equivalent value (*OED*). (14.777) **4 Le Fécondateur** French, 'The Fertilizer'. (14.778) **5** ***avec lui*** French, 'with him'; see note at **157:15**. (14.780) **6 Cape Horn** The vagina (Partridge). (14.781) **7** ***ventre biche*** French, literally 'deer's belly', but here it functions as an expletive of excitement, something like 'what the devil?!' (14.781) **8** ***sans blague*** French, 'all joking aside' (literally, 'no joke'). (14.783) **9 sou** A French coin, twenty of them made up a *livre*. Proverbially, a sou is a worthless amount (Partridge). (14.785) **10 umbrella** In context, 'umbrella' here is used to mean a diaphragm. (14.785) **11 fairy mushroom** A toadstool (*OED*); here a reference to the umbrella shape of a diaphragm. (14.786) **12 ark of salvation** After Genesis 6–8, where Noah builds an ark to save representatives from each species from the flood. In context, the 'ark of salvation' is a condom. (14.788) **13** ***il y a deux choses*** French, 'there are two matters'. (14.792) **14 tilbury** A 'two-wheeled horse carriage or gig, without top or cover. It was designed by John Tilbury of London in the early 19th century' (*Brewer's*). (14.795) **15 Gad's bud** "God's body'; an eighteenth-century curse (Partridge, *OED*). (14.808) **16 Demme** An eighteenth-century variant of 'damn' (Partridge). (14.810) **17 Doctor O'Gargle** Not a real doctor. (14.810) **18 Lawksamercy** 'Lord have mercy' (Partridge, s.v. Lawk). (14.812) **19 Father Cantekissem** Not a real priest. (14.815) **20 pot of four** Four-ale: an amount of beer or spirits that costs four pence for a quart (*OED*, s.v. four). (14.816) **21 in the family way** Pregnant (*OED*, s.v. family). (14.817) **22 white swelling** To have a white swelling: to be pregnant (Partridge). (14.817) **23** ***enceinte*** French, pregnant. (14.821)

293 **1 a cloud of witnesses** 'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us' (Hebrews 12:1). (14.826) **2 exercitations** Duties or faculties, as of one's profession (*OED*). (14.827) **3 byword** An object of scorn or contempt (*OED*). (14.828) **4 he swore a round hand** That is, he swore strongly or vehemently. Round: 'bold, arrant, downright; not toned down in any way' (*OED*). (14.839) **5 Stap my vitals** 'A silly Curse' of the late-seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (Partridge). (14.840) **6 to honour thy father and thy mother** The fifth of the Ten

Commandments that God gives to Moses on Mount Sinai (Exod. 20:12; see also Deut. 5:16). (14.842) **7 sparks** Young men of foppish and affected character (*OED*). (14.848) **8 *mots*** French, words. (14.850) **9 resiled** Recoiled (*OED*). (14.851) **10 a cropeared creature of a misshapen gibbosity born out of wedlock** Gibbosity: the quality of being a hunchback (*OED*). This description of Costello recalls various descriptions of Richard III from Shakespeare's play, such as: 'But thou art neither like thy sire nor thy dam; / But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, / Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided, / As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings' (Act II, Sc. 2, 135–38; see also Act V, Sc. 6, 67–71). (14.854) **11 missing link of creation's chain** In *The Descent of Man*, Charles Darwin (1809–82) writes: 'it appears to me, in the plainest manner, that man is descended from some lower form, notwithstanding that connecting-links have not hitherto been discovered' (p. 185). (14.858) **12 middle span of our allotted years** From Psalm 90:10, man's allotted number of years is seventy ('The days of our years are threescore years and ten'). Bloom was born in 1866 and is thirty-eight years old in 1904, a bit past the middle span. See also note at **152:4**. (14.859) **13 choler** Anger; one of the four humours which it was then believed composed and controlled health (*OED*). (14.862) **14 mows of dotards** Mows: jests. Dotards: fools (both *OED*). (14.871) **15 pretermit** To overlook (*OED*). (14.874)

294 **1 auspicated** To auspicate: 'to give omen of, betoken, prognosticate' (*OED*). (14.878) **2 Ephesian matron** Epheseus: an ancient Ionian city on the western shores of Asia Minor. The reference is to Petronius's (d.66 AD) *Satyricon*, in which a grieving Ephesian widow's despair over her husband's death is matched only by the speed with which she redirects her affections towards an attractive young soldier. (14.886) **3 old Glory Allelujerum** 'Glory Hallelujah': a common enthusiastic refrain at revival meetings in American evangelical churches, here used in reference to Mr Purefoy, a Methodist. (14.888) **4 dundrearies** 'Long side whiskers worn without a beard' (*OED*); named for Lord Dundreary, a character in *Our American Cousin*, see note at **103:16**. (14.889) **5 'Slife** An oath, abridgement of 'God's life' (Partridge). (14.891) **6 another than her conjugial** The spelling 'conjugial' (as opposed to 'conjugal') follows Emanuel Swedenborg, see note at **148:2**. (14.894) **7 the man in the gap** See note at **216:42**. (14.895) **8 linkboy (virtuous)** A linkboy: a boy who carries a link (a torch of tow and pitch) to light passengers through the streets (*OED*). Virtuous: sexually 'powerful, potent, strong' (*OED*). (14.895) **9 metempsychosis** See note at **49:10**. (14.897) **10 puerperal** 'Following childbirth' (*OED*). (14.898) **11 birds of a feather laugh together** After the proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together' (*ODEP*). (14.904) **12 this alien, whom the concession of a gracious prince has admitted to civil rights** Jews were expelled by official decree from the British Isles on 18th July 1290. Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the open practice of Judaism was prohibited, but Cromwell and Charles II permitted them to immigrate as a buffer against Catholicism. Civil rights were granted only gradually and reluctantly over the centuries, and Jews were granted citizenship rights in 1816 (Hyman, pp. 3–50). (14.906) **13 recent war** That is, the Boer War (1899–1902). (14.909) **14 granados** Variant of grenades, explosive metal shells (*OED*). (14.910) **15 tenant at will** A tenant with no lease, thus a tenant only at the will of the landlord (*OED*). (14.911) **16 the security of his four per cents** His four per cents: investments that return four per cent in profit; see note at **510:5**. The security of these investments would be compromised by catastrophic political events in England. (14.912) **17 pelican in his piety** Pelicans feed their young with chewed food which the mother regurgitates and lowers to them in the pouch under her beak. She rests her beak on her chest to do this, which makes it looks as though she were tearing at herself. In heraldry, the representation of a pelican in this position is called 'a pelican in her piety' (*Brewer's*). (14.921) **18 tutelary angel** That is, guardian angel. (14.924) **19 Hagar, the Egyptian** The handmaiden of Abraham and Sarah, who gives birth to Abraham's first son Ishmael with Sarah's consent because she cannot conceive (Gen. 16:1–4). After Sarah gives birth to Isaac, Hagar and Ishmael are cast out into the wilderness (21:14). (14.925)

295 **1 balm of Gilead** After Jeremiah 8:22, where the question is asked, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?'. The phrase 'Balm of Gilead' is proverbial for consolation (*Brewer's*). (14.931) **2 apothegms** Apothegms (also spelt 'apophthegms'): short sayings expressing truths (*OED*). (14.932) **3 quondam** Quondam: Anglicized Latin, former (*OED*). (14.940) **4 the Sublime Porte** From the French *la Sublime Porte*, the sublime gate: the 'official name for the central office of the Ottoman government' in Constantinople (*OED*). (14.943) **5 licence** 'Disregard of law or propriety' (*OED*). (14.950) **6 abigail** A lady's maid, from the character

Abigail, a maid in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady* (1616) (Partridge). (14.951) **7 a strife of tongues** 'Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues' (Psalm 31:20). (14.952) **8 uterine brothers** Brothers that have the same mother, but not necessarily the same father (*OED*). (14.956) **9 posthumity with respect to the father and, that rarer form, with respect to the mother** Posthumity with respect to the father: the father died during the mother's pregnancy. Posthumity with respect to the mother: the mother died during the pregnancy (as opposed to while giving birth). (14.957) **10 fratricidal case known as the Childs murder** See note at **76:12**. (14.958) **11 Mr Advocate Bushe** See notes at **76:13** and **76:14**. (14.959) **12 primogeniture** The principle under which the eldest son inherits the estate of the father to the exclusion of younger siblings (*OED*). (14.960) **13 king's bounty** 'A grant made by the sovereign of his royal bounty to those of his subjects whose wives are delivered of three or more children at a birth' (*EB11*, s.v. bounty). (14.961) **14 acardiac *fœtus in fœtu*** Acardiac: 'Without a heart' (*OED*) *Fœtus in fœtu*: Latin, foetus in a foetus; a birth defect in which an infant is inside the body of another infant (now commonly called foetal inclusion). (14.962) **15 aprosopia** The absence or improper development of the face (*OED*). (14.963) **16 agnatia** Agnathia: the absence of the lower jaw as a result of arrested development. The spelling mistake is Joyce's. (14.963) **17 chinless Chinamen** See note at **158:6**. (14.963) **18 defective reunion of the maxillary knobs along the medial line** That is, a misalignment of the upper and lower jaw bones. (14.964) **19 twilight sleep** See note at **118:41**. (14.966) **20 gravidancy** Pregnancy (*OED*, s.v. gravidate). (14.967) **21 *Sturzgeburt*** German, 'sudden birth', that is, a birth that occurs before term and is alarmingly abrupt. (14.973) **22 the catamenic period** Catamenia: menstruation (*OED*). (14.975) **23 Aristotle has classified in his masterpiece** See note at **172:11**. (14.976) **24 forbidding to a gravid woman to step over a country stile** Following from recommendations in *Aristotle's Masterpiece* as to how pregnant (gravid) women should conduct themselves in order to avoid harming the baby. (14.979)

296 **1 injunction upon her in the event of a yearning** *Aristotle's Masterpiece* further recommends that pregnant women should refrain from sexual activity during the first four months of pregnancy. (14.981) **2 swineheaded (the case of Madame Grissel Steevens was not forgotten)** Miss Grissel Steevens (1653–1746): sister of the Dublin physician Richard Steevens. When her brother died he left her his estate, with the provision that she in turn leave it to establish a hospital after her death. But she founded Steevens's Hospital without delay in 1710. Because she often wore a shawl in public, rumours arose that she was deformed (*SS*, pp. 56–57). (14.986) **3 doghaired** *Aristotle's Masterpiece* includes an engraving of a boy covered with hair like a dog. (14.987) **4 plasmic memory** Plasm: 'a mould or matrix in which something is formed' (*OED*); thus 'plasmic memory' would be memories from the womb. (14.988) **5 metaphysical traditions of the land he stood for** That is, Scottish philosophers, such as Thomas Reid (1710–96), James Beattie (1735–1803), Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856) and James McCosh (1811–94). (14.989) **6 avouchment** Assertion (*OED*). (14.994) **7 Minotaur which the genius of the elegant Latin poet [...]** See note at **152:18**. (14.994) **8 juridical and theological dilemma in the event of one Siamese twin predeceasing** *Aristotle's Masterpiece* mentions a case in which one Siamese twin predeceased the other (a medical impossibility). (14.1002) **9 in obedience to an inward voice** Quakers are 'taught to believe that the inward light of each individual man was the only true guide for his conduct' (*EB11*, s.v. Friends, Society of). (14.1007) **10 the ecclesiastical ordinance forbidding man to put asunder what God has joined** In Matthew 19:3–6, Jesus is tempted by the Pharisees to say if it is lawful for a husband to divorce his wife. Jesus replies: 'What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' (14.1008) **11 portfolio full of Celtic literature** In 'Scylla and Charybdis', Mr Best said that Haines had gone to buy a copy of Douglas Hyde's *Lovesongs of Connacht* (see note at **137:10**). (14.1013) **12 the murderer of Samuel Childs** See note at **76:12**. (14.1017) **13 This is the appearance is on me** A literal translation of the Irish *'Seo é an chuma atá orm'*, 'This is the condition I am in'. (14.1018) **14 Tare and ages** Variant of 'tare an' ounds!', a mild oath referring to the tears and wounds of Christ (Partridge). (14.1018) **15 with my share of songs** A literal translation of the Irish *'lem' chuid amhrán'*, 'with such songs as I know'. (14.1020) **16 soulth** 'Ghost, apparition', from the Irish *samhailt* (PWJ, p. 331). (14.1021) **17 bullawurrus** Bullawurros: 'a spectral bull "with fire blazing from his eyes, mouth, and nose", that guards buried treasure by night' (PWJ, p. 227). (14.1021) **18 My hell, and Ireland's, is in this life** See note at **182:15**. (14.1021) **19 Erse** 'Used in literary English [in

the eighteenth century] as the ordinary designation of the Gaelic of Scotland, and occasionally extended to the Irish Gaelic; at present some writers apply it to the Irish alone' (*OED*). (14.1023) **20 The black panther!** See note at **6:5**. (14.1025) **21 Westland row station** The railway station at the northern end of Westland Row, off the north-east corner of College Park, a short distance from the Holles Street Hospital. The second-to-last train to Sandycove left Westland Row at 11:25 p.m. (*JJD*, p. 66). (14.1027) **22 Tears gushed from the eyes of the dissipated host** That is, George Moore's (see note at **141:1**). (14.1028) **23 The seer raised his hand to heaven, murmuring: The vendetta of Mananaan!** The seer is George William Russell (A.E.), who was among the guests at Moore's party. 'The Vendetta of Mananaan!' is a chant from Russell's verse play *Deirdre* (see notes at **139:8** and **31:19**). (14.1028) **24 The sage** This is John Eglinton, see note at **135:9**. (14.1029) **25** ***Lex talionis*** See note at **104:3**. (14.1029) **26 The sentimentalist is he who would enjoy without incurring** [...] See note at **146:9**. (14.1030)

297 **1 Haines was the third brother** See note at **154:32**. (14.1032) **2 For this relief much thanks** See note at **269:6**. (14.1034) **3 lonely house by the graveyard is uninhabited** After the title of Sheridan Le Fanu's (1814–73) novel, *The House by the Churchyard* (1863). See also note at **76:17**. (14.1035) **4 Murderer's ground** See note at **76:16**. (14.1037) **5 modest substance in the funds** See note at **510:5**. (14.1042) **6 Clambrassil street** Bloom's childhood residence was 52 Clanbrassil Street (see note at **510:7**). (14.1047) **7 the high school** See note at **56:2**. (14.1047) **8 hard hat** A hat made from stiffened felt, a bowler (*OED*). (14.1049) **9 baisemoins** *Baisemains*: compliments; from the French, 'kiss on the hands' (*OED*). The spelling mistake is Joyce's. (14.1055) **10 Jacob's pipe** A type of clay pipe popular in the late nineteenth century; the bowl was a bust of a bearded man. (14.1057) **11 The wise father knows his own child** See note at **68:4**. (14.1063) **12 Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores** Upper Hatch Street runs between Earlsfort Terrace and Harcourt Street and lies on the southern side of the block that contains University College. The bonded stores are W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., distillers, across from the college at 2 Upper Hatch Street (*Thom's*, p. 1515). (14.1064) **13 new royal university** The offices of the Royal University of Ireland were on Earlsfort Terrace, at the corner with Hatch Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1481, 2001). 'An act of 1879 established the Royal University, a non-teaching body which was empowered to bestow degrees through examination thus enabling Catholic students who had attained the required standards to have an academic qualification without being obliged to attend Trinity College Dublin' (Bennett, s.v. Catholic University of Ireland). (14.1067) **14 Bridie Kelly** No identity for Bridie Kelly is known outside *Ulysses*. (14.1068) **15 and in an instant (*fiat!*) light shall flood the world** *Fiat!*: Latin, 'Let it be done!' In English, fiat: decree (*OED*), such as God's command 'Let there be light' (Gen. 1:3). (14.1070)

298 **1 Agendath** See note at **47:1**. (14.1086) **2 screechowls** Screech owl: an English translation of the Hebrew 'Lilith', see note at **281:25**. In the King James Version of Isaiah 34:14, the wasteland that follows God's judgement of Israel is said to be inhabited by the 'screechowl'. In the Douay Bible, this is translated as 'Lamia', while the Revised Standard renders it as 'night hag'. (14.1086) **3 sandblind upupa** Sandblind: 'dim-sighted' (*OED*). Upupa: is the Latin name of the hoopoe bird in English, so named for its cry, 'up up' (*OED*, s.vv. upupa; hoopoe). (14.1086) **4 ghosts of beasts** After Odysseus's men kill the cattle of the sun god Helios in the *Odyssey*, they are haunted by the dead animals (XII, 393–96); see also note at **121:25**. (14.1088) **5 Parallax** See note at **113:11**. (14.1089) **6 lancinating lightnings of whose brow are scorpions** Lancinating: acute, piercing or darting (*OED*). In the Book of Revelation, the fifth angel sounds his trumpet and a huge bottomless pit opens, from which locusts are loosed on the earth. These locusts are compared to scorpions (9:5–7). (14.1089) **7 bulls of Bashan and of Babylon** Bashan: a region of south Syria, known for its fat bulls and sheep. 'Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and roaring lion' (Psalm 22:12–13; see also Ezekiel 39:18). Babylon, located along the Euphrates River in ancient Mesopotamia, was the ancient enemy of the Jewish people. Jeremiah calls upon Israel to rebel against the Babylonians: 'Slay all of her bullocks; let them go down to the slaughter: woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation' (Jer. 50:27). (14.1090) **8** ***Lacus Mortis*** Latin, 'lake of the dead'. The Romans' name for the Dead Sea is *Mare Mortuum* ('sea of the dead'). (14.1092) **9 zodiacal host** That is, the host of different animals represented by a constellation in the zodiac. (14.1092) **10 murderers of the sun** By slaughtering or murdering the oxen in Book XII of Homer's *Odyssey*, Odysseus's men earn the wrath of the sun god, Helios. (14.1095) **11 over the**

house of Virgo In astrology, Virgo is the zodiacal sign which governs the operation of the womb (Gilbert, p. 308 n). The 'equine portent' is the constellation Pegasus. Pegasus and Virgo were both visible over Dublin at this time of night on 16th June 1904 and, as night passed, Pegasus would rise while Virgo fell. (14.1099) **12 metempsychosis** See note at **49:10**. (14.1099) **13 everlasting bride, harbinger of the daystar** On 17th June, Venus rose at about 3:00 a.m. and would thus be the day star (*Thom's*, p. 14). See also note at **154:13**. This phrase recalls the types of epithets used for the Virgin Mary in the Litany of Our Lady of Loreto; see note at **256:9**. (14.1100) **14 Martha, thou lost one, Millicent** From Lionel's aria 'M'appari' in *Martha*, see note at **89:4**. (14.1101) **15 Pleiades** The Pleiades (or Seven Sisters): a cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus. These would rise at about 3:00 a.m. (14.1103) **16 the penultimate antelucan hour** Antelucan: the hours just before dawn (*OED*). Dawn on 17th June 1904 was 3:33 a.m. (*Thom's*, p. 14). (14.1103) **17 cold interstellar wind** See note at **496:8**. (14.1106) **18 winding, coiling, simply swirling** Echoes 'your head it simply swirls' from 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls', see note at **48:8**. (14.1106) **19 Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign upon the forehead of Taurus** Alpha Tauri, or Aldebaran, is a red-giant star that forms a triangle with two other stars to make the bull's forehead in the constellation Taurus. (14.1108) **20 Conmee's time** See note at **61:9**. (14.1111) **21 Glaucon** One of Socrates's principal interlocutors in Plato's *Republic*. (14.1111) **22 Alcibiades** Alcibiades (*c.*450–404 BC): a military commander, Athenian statesman. He appears in Plato's *Symposium* where he is a drunken and boisterous participant. Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864) wrote a dialogue between Alcibiades and Xenophon in his collection *Imaginary Conversations*. (14.1111) **23 Pisistratus** Pisistratus (*c.*605–527 BC): a powerful but benevolent Athenian ruler. He was a kinsman of Solon's (*c.*638– *c.*558 BC), the Athenian lawmaker whose constitution he largely kept intact. Landor wrote a dialogue between Pisistratus and Solon for his *Imaginary Conversations*. (14.1111) **24 Lethe** In Greek mythology, one of the four rivers in Hades. The word means 'forgetfulness' (*Brewer's*). (14.1114) **25 will not the poor ghosts troop to my call?** After Book XI of the *Odyssey*, in which Odysseus is able to communicate with the ghosts of the dead in Hades. (14.1114) **26 Bous Stephanoumenos** See note at **154:21**. (14.1115) **27 lord and giver of their life** From the Nicene Creed: 'the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son'. (14.1116) **28 gadding** 'Wandering, straggling' (*OED*). (14.1116) **29 coronal of vineleaves** A garland (coronal) of vine leaves traditionally symbolizes poetic achievement. (14.1116) **30 capful of light odes** This refers to the lyric poems which would appear in *Chamber Music*, see note at **206:15**. (14.1119) **31 his recent loss** Stephen's mother was interred on 26th June 1903 (see note at **490:3**). (14.1125) **32 whim of the rider's name** Madden the medical bet on Sceptre because the jockey's name was O. Madden, see note at **96:3**. (14.1127) **33 The flag fell and, huuh** Lenehan's account of the race is at variance from what was reported in the *Evening Telegraph*, which placed Throwaway in front right from the start, except for a period close to the finish when Sceptre temporarily managed to lead (16th June 1904, p. 3, col. h). (14.1128) **34 Phyllis** Phyllis is a conventional name in much pastoral poetry. The exclamation 'Juno… I am undone' suggests the Phyllis who was married to and abandoned by Demophon. In Ovid's *Heroides*, Phyllis exclaims to Demophon, 'by Juno, the kindly ward of the bridal bed' (tr. Grant Showerman, London: Heinemann, 1914, II, 41). (14.1130) **35 All was lost now** See note at **199:19**. (14.1133)

299 **1 W. Lane. Four winners yesterday and three today** W. Lane finished first in four races at the Ascot Meeting on 15th June 1904: the Biennial Stakes, the Coronation Stakes, the Fern Hill Stakes and the Triennial Stakes (*Freeman's Journal*, 16th June 1904, p. 7, col. d). On 16th June he finished first in three races: the Gold Cup (on Throwaway), the New Stakes and the St James's Place Stakes (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. h). (14.1137) **2 She is not the filly that she was** Sceptre was a mare, not a filly (a filly is five years or younger). (14.1140) **3 Lalage** A woman's name in Horace's *Odes* (II, 5, 15). (14.1143) **4 buns with Corinth fruit** That is, currant buns (*Brewer's*, s.v. currant). (14.1148) **5 Periplepomenos** Greek neologism, 'Full of drinking water'. (14.1148) **6 Conmee himself!** Vincent Cosgrave (the model for Lynch) attended Belvedere College with Joyce under Conmee 1892–95 (Bradley, *James Joyce's Schooldays*, p. 98). (14.1154) **7 brevier book** That is, a breviary book, see note at **164:19**. (14.1155) **8 Glycera or Chloe** Traditional names for classical beauties. The painter Pausias (fourth century BC) had a mistress named Glycera, as did Greek comic playwright Menander (*c.*342–*c.*293 BC). *Daphnis and Chloë* is a Greek pastoral drama by Longus (second century AD). (14.1156) **9 slight disorder in her dress** After the first line of Robert Herrick's (1591–1674) poem 'Delight in Disorder'

(1648), 'A sweet disorder in the dress / Kindles in clothes a wantonness'. (14.1157) **10 Bass's mare perhaps this draught of his** Sceptre was owned by William Arthur Hamar Bass, who was the nephew of Michael Arthur Bass, Baron Burton (1837–1909), the director of the brewery Messrs Bass & Co., Ltd, of Burton-on-Trent, England. (14.1161) **11 gate of access to the incorruptible eon of the gods** This language parodies the Theosophists, in particular that of George Russell, whose name A.E. derives from 'Æon', see note at **104:12**. (14.1167) **12 Theosophos** Stephen here personifies Theosophy into the character Theosophos in his parody of Theosophical language. (14.1168) **13 karmic law** See note at **133:9**. (14.1169) **14 etheric doubles** See note at **219:11**. (14.1171) **15 incarnated by the rubycoloured egos from the second constellation** The constellation Taurus is the second house of the zodiac, its brightest star is the red giant Aldebaran, see note at **298:19**. (14.1172) **16 number one Bass bottled by Messrs Bass and Co at Burton-on-Trent** See note at **113:16**. (14.1182)

300 1 the Mull of Galloway The Mull of Galloway is a cape jutting into the North Channel at the south-westernmost extremity of Scotland. It lies to the west of Luce Bay. (14.1205) **2 Malachi Roland St John Mulligan** Mulligan's full name includes a reference to the name of his prototype, Oliver St John Gogarty. The name Roland suggests Oliver through the expression 'a Roland for an Oliver', which means 'a blow for a blow, tit for tat. The exploits of these two Paladins are so similar that it is difficult to keep them distinct. What Roland did Oliver did, and what Oliver did Roland did' (*Brewer's*). Oliver and Roland are two characters from *The Song of Roland* (*c.*1100). (14.1213) **3 flippant prognosticator** That is, Lenehan. (14.1217) **4 the inspired pencil of Lafayette has limned for ages yet to come** James Lafayette: photographer, 30 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1620, 1925). (14.1221) **5 (Div. Scep.)** Abbreviation of *Divinitatis Scepticus*: Latin, Doubter of Divinity. (14.1224) **6 (Pubb. Canv.)** Abbreviation of Canvasser of Publications, that is, an advertising agent. (14.1230) **7 the view of Empedocles of Trinacria that the right ovary** [...] Empedocles (*c.*495–*c.*435 BC): pre-Socratic philosopher from Trinacria (Sicily). Trinacria is the island in Homer's *Odyssey* where Odysseus's men slaughter the sacred oxen (Book XII). According to Aristotle, this view was actually that of Empedocles's teacher Anaxagoras (*c.*500–*c.*428 BC), who held that 'the male embryo is in the right of the uterus, the female in the left. Others, as Empedocles, say that the differentiation takes place in the uterus' (*Generation of Animals*, 764a1). (14.1231) **8 or are the too long neglected spermatozoa or nemasperms the differentiating factors** Nemasperm: neologism, *nema* (threadlike) and sperm. 'The semen of the male differs in that it contains a principle within itself of such a kind as to set up movements also in the embryo and to concoct thoroughly the ultimate nourishment, whereas the secretion of the female contains material alone. If, then, the male element prevails it draws the female element into itself, but if it is prevailed over it changes into the opposite [female] or is destroyed' (Aristotle, *Generation of Animals*, 766b). (14.1233) **9 Culpepper** English physician Nicholas Culpeper (1616–54) wrote several books on several aspects of the practice of medicine, including: *The English Physician* (1648), *A Directory for Midwives: or a Guide for Women in Their Conception, Bearing, and Suckling Their Children* (1651). The spelling mistake is Joyce's. (14.1235) **10 Spallanzani** Lazzaro Spallanzani (1729–99): Italian naturalist. His studies focused on bodily functions, fertilization and on disproving notions of spontaneous generation. (14.1235) **11 Blumenbach** Johann Friedrich Blumenbach (1752–1840): German naturalist and scholar of comparative anatomy. In his work *De generis humani varietate nativa* (1775), translated into English in 1865 as *On the Natural Varieties of Mankind*, he outlined the study of physical anthropology and classified human beings into five racial types based on the size of their cranium. (14.1236) **12 Lusk** American William Thompson Lusk (1838–97) was the author of *The Science and Art of Midwifery* (1882), a standard text on its subject all over the world. (14.1236) **13 Hertwig** Oscar Hertwig (1849–1922): German embryologist, who, in 1875, established that fertilization takes place only when the nuclei of male and female sex cells come together. His brother, Richard (1850–1937), was the first to conduct studies on parthenogenesis. (14.1236) **14 Leopold** Christian Gerhard Leopold (1846–1911): German embryologist. His *Short Guide to the Examination of Lying-in Women* was translated into English in 1894 by William F. Wilson. (14.1236) **15 Valenti** Giulio Valenti (b.1860): Italian embryologist; author of *Lezioni elementari di embriologia* (1893). (14.1236) **16 *nisus formativus*** Latin, 'formative tendency'; Johann Friedrich Blumenbach's (see note at **300:11**) term for the development of bodily parts and organisms within the womb. (14.1238) **17 *succubitus felix*, of the passive element** *Succubitus felix:* Latin, 'of female fertility'. In the *Generation of Animals*, Aristotle writes, 'whenever one thing is made from two of which one is active and the

other passive, the active agent does not exist in that which is made [...] the female, as female is passive, and the male, as male, is active, and the principle of movement comes from him' (720b10). (14.1239)

301 **1** **(Hyg. et Eug. Doc.)** Abbreviation of *Hygeæ et Eugenicæ Doctor*: Latin, Doctor of Health and Eugenics; or *Hygieinæ et Eugenicæ Doctor*, Doctor of Hygiene and Eugenics. (14.1243) **2** **unfructified duennas** *Duenna*: archaic spelling of the Spanish word *dueña*, married lady or mistress. Thus, unfructified *duennas*: married women who have not been made fruitful, in the sense of giving birth to children. (14.1249) **3** **Kalipedia** Greek neologism, education concerning the beautiful. (14.1251) **4** **plastercast reproductions of the classical statues** See note at **129:1**. (14.1253) **5** **(Disc. Bacc.)** Abbreviation of *Disciplinæ Baccalaureus*: Latin, Bachelor of Discipline; or *Discipulus Bacchi*, Disciple of Bacchus. (14.1257) **6** **(Bacc. Arith.)** Abbreviation of *Baccalaureus Arithmetici*: Latin, Bachelor of Arithmetic. (14.1268) **7** **must certainly, in the poet's words, give us pause** That is, Shakespeare's words, from Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy: 'For in that sleep of death what dreams may come / When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, / Must give us pause' (Act III, Sc. 1, 66–68). (14.1276) **8** **morbous** 'Of, relating to, or causing disease; diseased' (*OED*). (14.1279) **9** **the survival of the fittest** This phrase was coined by Herbert Spencer (English philosopher, biologist, sociologist, 1820–1903): 'this survival of the fittest implies multiplication of the fittest' (*Principles of Biology*, vol. 1, p. 444). (14.1285) **10** **(Div. Scep.)** See note at **300:5**. (14.1286) **11** **deglute** 'To chew' (*OED*). (14.1287) **12** **pluterperfect imperturbability** From Deasy's letter; see note at **26:12**. (14.1288) **13** **innocent collation of staggering bob** See note at **125:17**. (14.1291)

302 **1** **(Pubb. Canv.)** See note at **300:6**. (14.1300) **2** **Dr A. Horne (Lic. in Midw., F. K. Q. C. P. I.)** Dr Andrew Horne, 'Licentiate in Midwifery' and 'Fellow, King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland' (*Thom's* pp. 868, 875). (14.1302) **3** ***accouchement*** French, child delivery. (14.1311) **4** **She had fought the good fight** 'Fight the good fight': proverbial phrase derived from Paul's letters to Timothy: 'Fight the good fight of faith' (1 Tim. 6:12) and 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith' (2 Tim. 4:7). (14.1313) **5** **Universal Husband** Once they take vows of chastity, nuns become known as 'brides of Christ'; thus God would be the 'Universal Husband'. (14.1319) **6** **Doady** A term of endearment used for David Copperfield by his first wife Dora (Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 608 *et passim*). (14.1320) **7** **whirligig of years** From *Twelfth Night*: 'And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges' (Act V, Sc. 1, 385). (14.1323) **8** **Ulster bank, College Green branch** Ulster Bank, Ltd: headquartered on Warin Street, Belfast, with numerous branches across Ireland, including five in the Dublin area. This one was at 32–33 College Green (*Thom's*, pp. 1031, 2029). (14.1324) **9** **that faroff time of the roses** From the poem 'The Time of the Roses' by the Irish poet James Clarence Mangan (1803–49). (14.1326) **10** **lord Bobs of Waterford and Candahar** That is, Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford (1832–1914). He was appointed field marshal in 1895 and, in 1899, commander-in-chief of the British Army. Asked to reverse losses in the Boer War, he succeeded, for which he was made an earl (*EB11*). Joyce's spelling 'Candahar' follows Roberts's entry in *Thom's* (p. 445). (14.1332) **11** **Treasury Remembrancer's office, Dublin Castle** The listing for the Treasury Remembrancer's Office, Dublin Castle in *Thom's* does not show Mortimer Edward Purefoy among its officers (p. 834). This office collected non-tax debts. (14.1335) **12** **Cronion** Greek, 'son of Cronus', another name for Zeus. Cronus was the youngest of the Titans (descendants of Gaia and Uranus). He overthrew his father and was, in turn, overthrown by his sons, Zeus, Hades and Poseidon. *Chronos* is the Greek word for 'time'. (14.1336) **13** **dout** To extinguish (*OED*). (14.1339) **14** **You too have fought the good fight** See note at **302:4**. (14.1341) **15** **Well done, thou good and faithful servant!** From the parable of the talents (Matt. 25:23), said by the master to the servant who uses his talents (coins) wisely. (14.1343)

303 **1** **timbrel and harp** From John Henry Cardinal Newman's (1801–90) sermon 'Purity and Love': 'They take the timbrel and the harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ' (*Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations*, p. 75). (14.1350) **2** **when he is now filled with wine** From Newman's sermon 'Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings': 'In his proud feast, when he was now filled with wine, he sent for the gold and silver vessels which belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem, and had been brought to Babylon on the taking of the holy city' (*Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations*, p. 28). (14.1352) **3** **Roundtown** See note at **80:4**. (14.1363) **4** **sward** 'The surface or upper layer of ground usually covered with herbage' (*OED*). (14.1365) **5** **Floey, Atty, Tiny** See note at **272:11**.

(14.1368) **6 Our Lady of the Cherries** *La Madonna delle ciliegie* (Italian, *Our Lady of the Cherries*): a painting of the Virgin Mary by Titian (Italian painter, *c.*1488–1576). (14.1369) **7 linseywoolsey** Fabric made of a mixture of wool and flax, 'now, a dress material of coarse inferior wool, woven upon a cotton warp' (*OED*). (14.1371) **8 *piazzetta*** Italian, small piazza; in context, the veranda. (14.1376) **9 *alles Vergängliche*** German, 'All that is destructible'; the first line of the Chorus Mysticus's speech that closes Goethe's *Faust*, Part II. (14.1378) **10 a crib in Bethlehem of Juda long ago** The gospel of Luke describes the birth of Jesus in a manger in the village of Bethlehem in the region of Judaea, with angels and shepherds in attendance (2:1–20). (14.1383) **11 utterance of the Word** 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God' (John 1:1). (14.1390) **12 Burke's!** Burke's pub: 17 Holles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1819). (14.1391) **13 tag and bobtail** Tag, rag and bobtail: a motley group drawn from the common herd or rabble (*OED*, s.v. bob-tail). (14.1391) **14 Zermatt** A Swiss resort village near the Matterhorn. (14.1394) **15 dedale** A maze (also spelt 'daedal') (*OED*). (14.1394)

304 **1 placentation** 'The formation and disposition of the placenta in the uterus' (*OED*). (14.1397) **2 Doctor Diet and Doctor Quiet** Superlative physicians from Swift's *Polite Conversation*: 'And the best Doctors in the World are Doctor *Dyet*, Doctor *Quiet*, and Doctor *Merryman*' (p. 151). (14.1402) **3 mother-wit** Common sense, native wit (*OED*). (14.1404) **4 *coelum Cœlum*** (or *cælum*): Latin, the sky, heaven or climate. (14.1408) **5 scintillant circumambient cessile air** Scintillant: sparkling. Circumambient: encompassing. Cessile: 'Yielding (applied only to the air […])' (all *OED*). (14.1409) **6 chaffering** Bandying words about, haggling over price, talking with idle speech (*OED*). (14.1412) **7 farraginous** 'Miscellaneous, indiscriminate' (*OED*). (14.1412) **8 bandog** A dog tied up either as a watchdog, or because it is excessively ferocious (*OED*). (14.1415) **9 Malthusiasts** Combines 'enthusiasts' and Malthusians, adherents of the theories Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834), an English population economist. Malthus warned that food supplies could not keep pace with population growth; see note at **277:6**. (14.1415) **10 bemoiled** Covered in dirt or mire (*OED*). (14.1416) **11 homer** Hebrew (more correctly, *omer*), sheaf of corn; a biblical dry measure equal to about 3.6 litres. (14.1418) **12 thy fleece is drenched** In the Bible, Gideon's drenched fleece shows that God has chosen him to save Israel from its enemies, the Midianites (Judges 6:36–38). (14.1419) **13 Darby Dullman there with his Joan** Darby and Joan: proverbial for inseparable companions (Partridge). (14.1419) **14 canting jay** To cant: to sing (*OED*); thus a canting jay is a singing bird. (14.1420) **15 Herod's slaughter of the innocents** See note at **126:4**. (14.1422) **16 quinsy** Tonsillitis (*OED*). (14.1425) **17 floating kidney** A kidney condition in which the kidney was loose and could move freely around the abdomen; caused by injury or pregnancy (*EB11*, s.v. Kidney diseases). (14.1426) **18 Derbyshire neck** Goitre (*Brewer's*). (14.1426) **19 threnes** Threne: a lamentation or dirge, formerly used specifically for the Lamentations of Jeremiah (*OED*). (14.1427) **20 trentals** A set of thirty requiem masses; figuratively, an elegy or dirge (*OED*). (14.1427) **21 jeremies** Jeremiad: generic for a sorrowful, pitiful tale; after the sorrowful prophet of the Old Testament (*Brewer's*). (14.1428) **22 defunctive music** Funereal music; from Shakespeare's 'The Phoenix and the Turtle': 'Let the priest in surplice white, / That defunctive music can [knows], / Be the death divining swan, / Lest the requiem lack his right' (ll. 48–50). (14.1428) **23 Thou sawest thy America** The use of 'America' as a nickname for a beloved comes from John Donne's 'Elegy 19: To His Mistress Going to Bed': 'O my America! my new found land' (l. 27). (14.1430) **24 transpontine** On the other side of the ocean, usually the Atlantic (*OED*). (14.1431) **25 Zarathusthra** See note at **19:6**. (14.1431) **26 *Deine Kuh Trübsal melkest Du. Nun trinkst Du die süsse Milch des Euters*** German, 'You milk your cow, Trouble. Now you drink her udder's sweet milk'. (14.1431) **27 displodes** To displode: to discharge with explosive violence (*OED*). (14.1433) **28 the milk of human kin** After Lady Macbeth's soliloquy in which she suspects her husband lacks a murderous instinct: 'It is too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way' (Act I, Sc. 5, 119). (14.1434) **29 rutilant** 'Glowing, shining, gleaming, glittering' (*OED*). (14.1435) **30 the honeymilk of Canaan's land** See note at **284:24**. (14.1436) **31 bonnyclaber** Hiberno-English, sour, thick milk that can be used for churning (Dolan). (14.1438) **32 *Per deam Partulam et Pertundam nunc est bibendum!*** Latin, 'By the goddesses Partula and Pertunda, now let us drink!' Partula, mentioned by Tertullian (*c.*160–*c.*230), governed childbirth (parturition). Pertunda, mentioned by Augustine in *The City of God* (VI, 9), governed the breaking of the hymen at the loss of virginity. *Nunc est bibendum* ('now let us drink'): the opening of Horace's Ode 1, 37. (14.1439) **33 buster** A drinking spree (Partridge). (14.1440) **34 armstrong** Arm-in-arm (*EDD*). (14.1440) **35 Bonafides. Where you slep las**

nigh? According to Irish law, a 'bona-fide traveller' could be served alcohol after closing time. The legal definition of a 'bona-fide traveller' is someone who 'came at least three miles [4.8 km] by the shortest route from wherever he slept the night before' (Dolan) – hence the question 'Where you slep las nigh?' (14.1440) **36 Timothy of the battered naggin** For 'naggin', see note at **47:19**. 'The Knight of the Battered Naggin' was the nickname of Sir Timothy O'Brien, who ran an inn near St Patrick's Cathedral in the early nineteenth century (Patrick Joseph McCall, *In the Shadow of St Patrick's*, p. 26). (14.1441) **37 Like ole Billyo** Like Billy-o: 'with great vigour or speed'; Billy-o: the Devil (Partridge). (14.1441) **38 gumboots in the fambly** Gumboots: galoshes made of India rubber (*OED*). Fambly: Cockney pronunciation for 'family' (Partridge). (14.1442) **39 Where the Henry Nevil's** Henry Meville: rhyming slang, the Devil (Partridge). (14.1442) **40 clo** Cockney slang, clothes; from a street vendor's cry: 'Clo! Old clo!' (Partridge). (14.1443) **41 Sorra** Hiberno-English, 'used to express absence or emphatic negative' (Dolan). (14.1443) **42 ribbon counter** Ribbon: alcoholic spirits (Partridge); thus the ribbon counter is Burke's. (14.1444) **43 the drunken minister** That is, Stephen who is wearing all black clothes and a soft hat. In Ireland, the word 'minister' is used only of Protestant clergymen (PWJ, p. 295). (14.1444) **44** ***Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius*** Latin, 'May almighty God bless you, Father and Son'; this blessing, from the Dismissal of the Mass, should properly conclude with '*et Spiritus Sanctus*' ('and the Holy Spirit'). (14.1445) **45 make** A halfpenny (Partridge). (14.1446) **46 The Denzille lane boys** That is, street urchins on Denzille Lane, which the group passes on their way from Holles Street to Burke's pub. (14.1446) **47 Righto, Isaacs, shove em out of the bleeding limelight** 'Isaacs' here is used as an epithet for a Jew (that is, Bloom). (14.1447)

305 **1** ***En avant, mes enfants!*** French, 'Onward, my children!' (14.1449) **2 parasangs** Parasang: 'a unit of length used in ancient Persia, originally the distance travelled in an hour and usually reckoned to be approx. 6 km' (*OED*). (14.1450) **3 Slattery's mounted foot** 'Slattery's Mounted Fut': a comic song by Percy French about hard-drinking 'soldiers'. (14.1450) **4 Parson Steve, apostates' creed!** Mocking the Apostles' Creed; see note at **18:2**. (14.1451) **5 Chuckingout time** Closing time in Dublin pubs was 11 p.m. (14.1453) **6** ***Ma mère m'a mariée*** French, 'My mother has married me'; the title of a song by Raphael May, music by H. Neuzillet (with thanks to Aida Yared). (14.1453) **7 British Beatitudes!** See note at **305:13**. (14.1453) **8** ***Ratamplan Digidi Boum Boum*** Nonsense rhythmic words. (14.1454) **9 at the Druiddrum press by two designing females** See note at **12:2**. (14.1455) **10 Most beautiful book come out of Ireland my time** See note at **158:24**. (14.1456) **11** ***Silentium!*** Latin, 'Silence!' (14.1457) **12 Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are (attitudes!) parching** After the chorus of 'Tramp, tramp, tramp', an American Civil War song by George F. Root. (14.1458) **13 Beer, beef, business, bibles, bulldogs, battleships, buggery and bishops** These are the British Beatitudes, as opposed to Jesus's Beatitudes (Matt. 5:3–11). (14.1459) **14 Whether on the scaffold high. Beerbeef trample the bibles. When for Irelandear** From the song 'God Save Ireland' (see note at **120:1**), sung to the tune of 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp'. (14.1460) **15 boosebox** The bar; Mulligan (like Gogarty) is fond of the word 'box' (see note at **141:5**). (14.1462) **16 Who's astanding this here do?** To stand drinks: to pay for drinks (Partridge). (14.1465) **17 Me nantee saltee** Parlyaree, 'I haven't a penny'; Parlyaree, based on Italian, was the late-nineteenth-century lingua franca of showmen and costermongers (Partridge). (14.1466) **18 a red** See note at **113:5**. (14.1466) **19** ***Übermensch*** See note at **19:4**. (14.1467) **20 number ones** That is, Number One Bass Pale Ale, see note at **113:16**. (14.1468) **21 Ginger cordial. Chase me, the cabby's caudle** Ginger cordial: 'a liqueur made from raisins, ginger, lemon rinds, ginger and water, occasionally strengthened with whisky or brandy' (*OED*). Caudle: 'A warm drink consisting of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced, given chiefly to sick people, esp. women in childbed' (*OED*). (14.1468) **22 Stopped short never to go again when the old** From 'Grandfather's Clock' (1875), an American song by Henry C. Work: 'But it stopped short never to go again / When the old man died'. (14.1469) **23** ***Caramba!*** A Spanish exclamation used to express astonishment. (14.1470) **24 prairie oyster** 'A raw egg seasoned and placed with the yolk unbroken in vinegar, spirits, etc., esp. as consumed to relieve the effects of alcohol' (*OED*). (14.1470) **25 Enemy** Time, since time is the quintessential mortal enemy (Partridge). (14.1471) **26 Avuncular's got my timepiece** Avuncular: a pawnbroker (Partridge). (14:1471) **27 Ten to** That is, it is now 10:50 p.m., ten minutes before the pubs' closing time of 11 o'clock. (14.1471) **28 Got bet be a boomblebee whenever he was settin sleepin in hes bit garten** King Hamlet was killed whilst 'sleeping within the orchard' (Act I, Sc. 5, 59). See

also note at **52:14**. (14.1472) **29 the Mater** See note at **74:15**. (14.1474) **30 Buckled** Married (Partridge). (14.1474) **31 Full of a dure** Dure: Irish pronunciation of 'door'. 'That's a fine doorful of a woman': Hiberno-English, a large, tall woman (PWJ, p. 137). (14.1474) **32 dishybilly** That is, *déshabillé*: French, undress or underwear. (14.1475) **33 lean kine** In Genesis 41:3 the Pharaoh dreams of 'seven other kine [cows] came up after them out of the river, ill favoured and leanfleshed'. Joseph explains to him that the seven lean cows represent seven years of famine. See note at **13:1**. (14.1476) **34 Pull down the blind, love** The title and refrain of a song by Charles McCarthy. (14.1476) **35 Ardilauns** That is, pints of Guinness. The expression comes from Baron Ardilaun, Arthur Edward Guinness, co-owner of the Guinness Brewery; see note at **61:7**. (14.1476) **36 mincepies** Rhyming slang, eyes (Partridge). (14.1478) **37 take me to rests and her anker of rum** 'Take me to rests' and 'anker of rum': rhyming slang, breasts and bum. Anker: an old measure of spirits (*OED*). (14.1478) **38 Your starving eyes and allbeplastered neck you stole my heart, O gluepot** That is, '[With] your starry eyes and alabaster neck you stole my heart, O true love'. (14.1479) **39 Spud again the rheumatiz?** Bloom's potato; see note at **44:13**. A reference to the belief that a potato will cure rheumatism (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). (14.1480) **40 I vear thee beest a gert vool** That is, 'I fear you are a great fool'; in the Devonshire accent, 'great' is pronounced 'gert'. (14.1481) **41 Lapland** The female genitalia, also the society of women (Partridge). Thus, Lapland is the maternity hospital. (14.1482) **42 Your corporosity sagaciating O K?** That is, 'how are you?' (*OED*, s.v. corporosity). (14.1482) **43 Womanbody after going on the straw?** That is, 'The woman has just given birth?' In the straw: in childbirth (Partridge). For the Hiberno-English use of 'after', see note at **219:7**. (14.1483) **44 Ours the white death and the ruddy birth** See note at **182:12**. (14.1484) **45 Cribbed out of Meredith** See note at **146:9**. (14.1486) **46 orchidised** From 'orchitis', inflammation of the testicles (*OED*), a symptom of venereal disease. (14.1486) **47 polycimical** Neologism, lice-infested; *poly-* (many) and *cimices* (bedbugs). (14.1486) **48 nappy** Ale (*OED*). (14.1489) **49 Jock braw Hielentman's your barleybree** Jock: a Scotsman (Partridge). Braw: Scottish dialect, 'brave' (*OED*). Hielentman: after the Scottish pronunciation of 'Highlandman' (a Scotsman). Barleybree: Scottish dialect, strong ale (*OED*, s.v. barley); from Robert Burns's poem 'Willie Brew'd a Peck of Maut'. (14.1489) **50 Lang may your lum reek and your kailpot boil!** Lum: Scottish dialect, chimney. Kail: Scottish dialect, a broth made from kale (both *OED*). This phrase means 'long may your chimney smoke and your soup pot boil', that is, 'long may you live'. (14.1490) **51 Leg before wicket** Wicket: rhyming slang, 'ticket' (Partridge); thus the phrase means 'that's the ticket', that is, 'that's good'. (14.1491) **52 sitinems** Sit-in-'ems: trousers (Partridge). (14.1492) **53 Caraway seed** Caraway seed, like pepper, is a carminative; that is, it helps expel flatulence and can also hide the alcohol on one's breath. (14.1493) **54 Twig** To recognize, to discern (*OED*). (14.1493) **55 Every cove to his gentry mort** Cove: thieves' cant, fellow. For 'mort', see note at **37:9**. (14.1493) **56 Venus Pandemos** *Pandemos*: Ancient Greek, 'belonging to all the people'. Venus Pandemos (Aphrodite) is the vulgar, lustful aspect of Love as opposed to Aphrodite Ourania ('Heavenly'), the spiritual aspect of Love (*EB11*, s.v. Aphrodite). (14.1494) **57** ***Les petites femmes*** French, 'the little women'. (14.1494) **58 axing** Hiberno-English, asking (Dolan, s.v. ax). (14.1495) **59 Hauding Sara by the wame** Wame: Scottish dialect, belly (*OED*); thus, 'holding Sara by the belly'. From Robert Burns's poem 'Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?' (14.1495) **60 On the road to Malahide** Combines 'The Bridal of Malahide' (see note at **164:7**) with a line from Rudyard Kipling's 'Mandalay' (1892): 'On the road to Mandalay'. (14.1496) **61 If she who seduced me had left but the name** After the first line of Thomas Moore's song 'When He, Who Adores Thee': 'When he, who adores thee, has left but the name'. (14.1496) **62 Machree, Macruiskeen** Irish, 'my heart's [love is] my little jug'; after the chorus of 'The Cruiskeen Lawn', see note at **215:26**. (14.1497) **63 Smutty Moll for a mattress jig** Moll: a prostitute (Partridge). Moll Peatley's gig: copulation (Partridge). (14.1498) **64 And a pull alltogether** After the Eton Boating Song: 'All pull together, / With your backs between your knees'. (14.1498) **65** ***Ex! Trink ex!*** German, 'Bottoms up!', 'Drink up!' (14.1498) **66 shiners** Money, coins (Partridge). (14.1500) **67 Underconstumble** Jocular colloquialism for 'understand' (Partridge). (14.1500) **68 chink** ***ad lib***. Chink: money, especially coin money. *Ad lib*: abbreviates *ad libitum*, as much as one likes (both Partridge). (14.1501)

306.1 oof Money (Partridge). (14.1502) **2 Two bar and a wing** For 'bar' see note at **183:28**. Wing (variant of win): Dublin slang, penny (Partridge, s.v. win). (14.1502) **3 bilks** Swindlers, cheaters (Partridge). (14.1503) **4 coon** American English racist word for a black person; this expression reached the British Isles by about

1890 (Partridge). (14.1504) **5 We are nae fou. We're nae tha fou** Fou: Scottish dialect, drunk (*OED*); from the chorus of Robert Burns's 'Willie Brew'd a Peck of Maut'. (14.1505) **6 two days teetee. Bowsing nowt but claretwine** Tee-tee: teetotaller. Bowsy: drinker (Partridge). After the second verse of the anonymous Irish song 'The Rakes of Mallow': 'One time nought but claret drinking'. (14.1508) **7 Garn!** 'Go on!' (Partridge). (14.1508) **8 glint** A look (Partridge). (14.1508) **9 Rose of Castille** See note at **98:1**. (14.1510) **10 The colleen bawn, my colleen bawn** See note at **216:71**. (14.1512) **11 O, cheese it! Shut his blurry Dutch oven** Cheese it!: 'Be quiet!' Dutch oven: boxers' slang, the mouth (both Partridge). (14.1513) **12 The ruffin cly the nab of Stephen. Hand as give me the jady coppaleen** The full stop between 'Stephen' and 'Hand' is a mistake (introduced in the 1932 printing of the Odyssey Press edition). Ruffian: the Devil. Cly: to take. Nab: the head (all Partridge). 'The ruffin cly the nab' comes from the song 'The Beggars Curse' in Richard Head's *The Canting Academy* (see also note at **37:18**). Jady: tricky. Coppaleen: Hiberno-English, horse (Dolan, s.vv. capall; coppaleen). Joyce explained to his German translator Georg Goyert (in a letter of 6th March 1927) that a man named Stephen Hand performed a swindle as described here, although not for the Gold Cup. (14.1514) **13 big bug Bass** Big bug: an important person (Partridge). Bass was the owner of Sceptre, see note at **299:10**. (14.1516) **14 joey** A fourpenny piece (Partridge). (14.1516) **15 grahamise** To open a letter illicitly (here, to steam it open); after Sir James Graham (1792–1861), the Home Secretary, who had the Italian revolutionary Giuseppe Mazzini's letters opened by such manner in 1844 as they came into the postal service's hands (*OED*). (14.1516) **16 Mare on form hot order** The first half of the telegram from Bass's stable; the horse in question is Sceptre. (14.1516) **17 Guinea to a goosegog** The second half of the telegram from Bass's stable. Goose-gog: gooseberry (Partridge, s.v. goose-gob). Guinea to a gooseberry: long odds (Partridge). See note at **96:3**. (14.1517) **18 Tell a cram** That is, 'telegram'. (14.1517) **19 chokee-chokee** Chokee (or chokey): prison (Partridge). (14.1518) **20 harman beck** Thieves' cant, constable (Partridge); from 'The Beggars Curse' in Richard Head's *The Canting Academy;* see note at **306:12**. (14.1519) **21 O, lust, our refuge and our strength** See note at **63:17**. (14.1520) **22 Comeahome, our Bantam** Echoes the title and chorus of the American domestic contrition song 'Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?' (1902) by Hughie Cannon. (14.1521) **23 Horryvar, mong vioo** Parodies the pronunciation of the French *Au revoir, mon vieux* ('Goodbye, old man'). (14.1522) **24 cowslips** Cowslip (*Primula veris*), also called the primrose: a yellow-petalled spring wildflower (*OED*). (14.1522) **25 Jannock** Lancashire dialect, honest (Partridge). (14.1523) **26 Of John Thomas, her spouse** Parodies the line 'of Saint Joseph her [Mary's] spouse' from the prayer that concludes the Low Mass. John Thomas: the penis (Partridge). (14.1523) **27 holy friar** Rhyming slang, 'liar' (Partridge). (14.1525) **28 sheeny nachez** For 'sheeny' see note at **147:12**. *Nachez*: Yiddish, 'psychological reward or gratification' (Leo Rosten, *The Joys of Yiddish*, p. 257). (14.1526) **29 misha mishinnah** The Mishnah is the Jewish legal codification of the Oral Law given to Moses on Mount Sinai, but here the general sense seems to be 'I'll be damned'. (14.1526) **30 Through yerd our lord, Amen** Concludes the parody of the prayer that concludes the Low Mass. Yerd: Old English, penis (*OED*, s.v. yard). (14.1527) **31 bluggy** Jocular pronunciation of 'bloody' (Partridge). (14.1528) **32 Landlord, landlord, have you good wine, staboo?** See note at **283:11**. (14.1531) **33 Hoots, mon, wee drap to pree** Pree: 'To sample by tasting; to taste, partake of' (*OED*); from Robert Burns's 'Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut': 'And Rab and Allen came to pree'. (14.1532) **34 Cut and come again** 'Take a cut from the joint, and come for another if you like it' (*Brewer's*). (14.1532) **35 Boniface** A country innkeeper (Partridge). (14.1533) **36 *Nos omnes biberimus viridum toxicum diabolus capiat posteriora nostra*** Latin, 'We shall all have drunk the green poison [absinthe] – let the devil take our backsides'. Joyce wrote '*posterioria nostria*', but his Latin was corrected for the Odyssey Press edition. (14.1533) **37 Rome** Thieves' cant, excellent (Partridge., s.vv. rome; rum). (14.1534) **38 Cadges** To cadge: to beg (Partridge). (14.1535) **39 papli** See note at **51:1**. (14.1535) **40 *Bonsoir la compagnie*** French, 'Goodnight everybody'. (14.1536) **41 And snares of the poxfiend** Parodies a line from the second of the vernacular prayers that closes the Low Mass: 'Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil'. (14.1537) **42 Namby Amby** A play on 'namby-pamby', a phrase meaning 'affected and effeminate' (Partridge). (14.1537) **43 Skunked?** To skunk: 'To betray; leave in the lurch' (Partridge). (14.1538) **44 Leg bail** To give leg bail: to escape custody on foot (Partridge). (14.1538) **45 Aweel, ye maun e'en gang yer gates** Aweel: Scottish dialect, well. Maun: Scottish dialect, do. Gang: Scottish dialect, go (all *OED*). To go through the gate: to speed up (Partridge). Thus, 'Well, you must hurry up'.

(14.1538) **46 Kind Kristyann** See note at **112:5**. (14.1539) **47 sprung** Drunk (Partridge). (14.1541) **48 longbreakyet** Long vacation: summer vacation (*OED*). (14.1542) **49 curate** See note at **45:10**. (14.1542) **50 Thrust syphilis down to hell** Parodies a line from the second of the vernacular prayers that closes the Low Mass: 'O prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls'. (14.1543) **51** ***A la vôtre!*** French, 'To yours!' (14.1545) **52 whatten tunket's** Tunket: hell, as in 'what the hell' (*OED*). (14.1546) **53 Dusty Rhodes** A turn-of-the-century American cartoon tramp. (14.1546) **54 Jubilee mutton** 'During Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897 mutton was distributed among some of the poor of Dublin in order I suppose to make them more kindly to English rule. When she visited Dublin later the crowds used to chant, "Here she is! What has she got? Jubilee mutton"' (Daniel Weiss, 'The End of the "Oxen in the Sun"', p. 13). (14.1547) **55 D'ye ken bare socks?** To ken: Scottish dialect, to see (*OED*); after the song 'John Peel', words by John W. Graves: 'D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray'. (14.1548) **56 the Richmond** See note at **9:1**. (14.1548) **57 cit** Citizen (Partridge). (14.1551) **58 Man all tattered and torn that married a maiden all forlorn** After the nursery rhyme 'The House that Jack Built', which begins: 'This is the man, all tattered and torn, / That kissed the maiden all forlorn'. (14.1551) **59 Slung her hook** To sling one's hook: to run away and, by extension, to die (Partridge). (14.1552) **60 Nix for the hornies** Nix: a warning of someone's approach (Partridge). See note at **119:22** for 'hornies'. (14.1553)

307 **1 passed in his checks** To pass in one's checks: to die (Partridge). (14.1554) **2** ***Tiens, tiens*** French, 'Well, well'. (14.1558) **3 O get, rev on a gradient one in nine** See note at **74:9** for the Gordon Bennett race. 'Rev on a gradient one in nine' means 'accelerate on an eleven-per-cent incline', which is very steep and difficult to achieve, impossible by the standards of 1904 cars. (14.1558) **4 Live axle drives are souped** Live axle drives (i.e., chainless drives) were new at the time (*EB11*, s.v. motor vehicles). The person speaking (mistakenly) believes that they will prove unsuccessful, that they are 'souped', used here in the sense of 'ruined' (Partridge). (14.1559) **5 Jenatzy licks him** M. Jenatzy, a Belgian, had won the 1903 Gordon Bennett, which was held in Ireland. The 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* closes its main article on the race by listing Jenatzy and Baron de Caters as the drivers best-positioned to win among the strong field of nineteen drivers (p. 2, col. g). In fact, the 1904 race was won by the French driver, Thery. (14.1560) **6 Jappies? High angle fire** A reference to the Russo-Japanese War (see note at **45:12**). Japanese naval supremacy was key in the first important naval battle of that war, 8–9th February 1904. (14.1560) **7 inyah** Hiberno-English (also 'inah'), 'a satirical expression of dissent or disbelief' (PWJ, p. 277). (14.1560) **8 war specials** Press reports on the Russo-Japanese war of 1904–5 often carried the sub-headline 'Press Association War Special'. (14.1561) **9 The Leith police dismisseth us** The first line of a nursery rhyme. Joyce told his German translator that this tongue-twister is a phrase police officers use to test the sobriety of drunkards. (14.1565) **10 Ware hawks** A warning that police officers ('hawks') are near (Partridge, s.v. hawk). (14.1566) **11 Mona, my thrue love. Yook. Mona, my own love** From the song 'Mona, My Own Love' by Weatherly and Adams. (14.1567) **12 obstropolos** Jocular for 'obstreperous' (Partridge, s.v. obstreperous), that is, noisy or, by extension, a noisy mouth. (14.1569) **13 Mount street way** The group turns back down Holles Street towards the hospital at the other end and in the general direction of Mount Street. (14.1570) **14 Denzille lane** Denzille Lane bisects Holles Street and connects to Denzille Street, which leads to Westland Row and the Westland Row station. It would have been slightly quicker to turn directly onto Denzille Street from Burke's pub, but the detour is not major. (14.1572) **15 We two, she said, will seek the kips where shady Mary is** After the eighteenth stanza of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's (1828–82) poem 'The Blessed Damozel' (1850): '"We two", she said, "will seek the groves / Where the lady Mary is.' For 'kips', see note at **146:10**. (14.1573) **16** ***Laetabuntur in cubilibus suis*** Latin, 'They [the prostitutes] will rejoice in their beds'; after Psalm 149:5 (Douay): '*Exultabunt sancti in gloria lætabuntur in cubilibus suis*' ('The saints shall rejoice in glory: they shall be joyful in their beds'). (14.1574) **17 Sinned against the light** See note at **27:9**. (14.1575) **18 that day is at hand when he shall come to judge the world by fire** Images of the Christian Last Judgement include an apocalypse of purging fire (see Peter 3:10). (14.1576) **19** ***Ut implerentur scripturae*** Latin, 'So that the scriptures might be fulfilled' (Matt. 26:56). (14.1577) **20 Then outspake medical Dick to his comrade medical Davy** See note at **153:19**. (14.1578) **21 excrement yellow** Lynch uses the word 'yellow' as a curse word, something which Stephen commends him for in *Portrait* (p. 204). (14.1579) **22 Merrion hall** The Merrion Hall Church on the corner of Lower Merrion Street

and Denzille Street, en route to Westland Row. See also note at **183:9**. (14.1579) **23 Elijah is coming** See note at **111:12**. (14.1580) **24 Washed in the Blood of the Lamb** See note at **111:8**. (14.1580) **25 fourflushers** Braggarts or cheats (Partridge). (14.1583) **26 Alexander J. Christ Dowie** See note at **111:13**. (14.1584)

'CIRCE'
Time: 12–1 a.m.
Location: Bella Cohen's brothel (Mecklenburgh Street) and environs

308 **1** ***Mabbot street*** Mabbot Street (now James Joyce Street) runs north-south about 400 metres from the Amiens Street rail terminal (now Connolly Station), north of the Liffey in east central Dublin. (15.1) **2** ***nighttown*** 'Nighttown': Joyce's name for Dublin's red-light district. At the time Dubliners called it Monto, after Montgomery (now Foley) Street, one of the area's main thoroughfares. 'Montgomery Street and adjacent areas continued to attract considerable notice as the "worst sink of iniquity in the British Isles"' (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 193). The area was cleaned up in 1925 after an extensive police operation (Bennett, s.v. Monto). (15.1) **3** ***will-o'-the-wisps*** Will-o'-the-wisp: the giddy flame that guides Faust and Mephistopheles to the 'Walpurgis Night' (Witches' Sabbath) in Goethe's *Faust*, Part I (Act I, 31). In nature, the will-o'-the wisp, or *ignis fatuus*, is a phosphorescent light hovering above marshes, which seems to move as its observer moves (*OED*). (15.3) **4** ***Rabaiotti's halted ice gondola*** See note at **165:6**. (15.5) **5** ***Saint Vitus' dance*** St Vitus's dance (or chorea): a sickness of the nervous system characterized by involuntary, jerky movements of all or part of the body. It typically strikes children. (15.15) **6 Kithogue** Hiberno-English, a left-handed person, an awkward person (Dolan, s.vv. kithogue; ciotóg). (15.18) **7** ***totting*** To tot: 'To pick anything saleable from a dustbin' (*OED*). (15.28)

309 **1** ***Private Carr*** Joyce took the name of this character from Henry Carr, an employee of the British consulate in Zurich (Ellmann, pp. 426–28, 440–47, 458–59). (15.48) **2** ***Private Compton*** As with Carr, Joyce took this name from someone with whom he had unfortunate dealings in Zurich (Ellmann, p. 459). (15.48) **3 Signs on you** Signs on (or, 'signs on it'): Hiberno-English, 'used to express the result or effect or proof of any proceeding'; in effect, it means 'sure enough' (PWJ, p. 323). (15.53) **4 the Cavan girl** See note at **238:13**. (15.53) **5 Cavan, Cootehill and Belturbet** Cootehill and Belturbet are villages in County Cavan. Cavan is the county town of County Cavan. (15.55) **6 parson** In Ireland, 'parson' has come to mean only a Protestant clergyman (PWJ, p. 300). (15.65)

310 **1 introit** ***for paschal time*** Paschal tide: the fifty-day period from Easter to the Pentecost. There is no *introit* (entrance prayer) specific to Paschal. (15.74) **2** ***Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro. Alleluia*** Latin, 'I saw a stream of water flowing out from the right side of the temple. Alleluia' (Ezekiel 47:1–9); the antiphon for the Paschal *asperges* (the ceremony in which the priest sprinkles the congregation with holy water). (15.77) **3** ***(Altius aliquantulum.) Et omnes ad quos pervenit aqua ista*** Latin, '(A little bit higher.) And all those to whom that water came [were saved]'; continues the quotation from Ezekiel 47. (15.84) **4 Faithful place** A short street parallel to Mabbot Street that runs off Lower Mecklenburgh Street. (15.91) **5 squarepusher** A boyfriend (*OED*). (15.92) **6 Stag** Hiberno-English, 'a cold-hearted unfeeling selfish woman' (PWJ, p. 334). (15.94) **7** ***(Triumphaliter.) Salvi facti i sunt*** Latin, '(Triumphantly.) And they were saved'; this completes the quotation from Ezekiel 47. The '*i*' is an error introduced on the typescript. (15.98) **8 So that gesture, not music, not odours, would be a universal language** Stephen expressed a similar idea in *Stephen Hero:* '"There should be an art of gesture", said Stephen one night to Cranly' (p. 184). (15.105) **9 gift of tongues** 'And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they [the apostles] were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance' (Acts 2:1–4). (15.106) **10 the first entelechy** See note at **139:15**. (15.106) **11 Pornosophical philotheology** Greek neologism, wisdom of prostitutes. (15.109) **12 Metaphysics in Mecklenburg street** Mecklenburgh Street (misspelt in the text) runs off Mabbot Street. See note at **157:10**. (15.109) **13 shrewridden Shakespeare and henpecked Socrates** See note at **140:4**. (15.111) **14 Even the allwisest stagyrite was bitted, bridled and mounted by a light of love** That is, Aristotle, who came from Stagira (see note at **149:13**). Light-of-love: courtesan (see note at **140:22**).

Aristotle's light-of-love was Herpyllis, his mistress. A print by Hans Baldung Grien (*c.*1484–1545) depicts Aristotle mounted by a woman as though he were a horse. (15.111)

311 **1** **the loaf and jug of bread and wine in Omar** After Stanza 12 of Edward FitzGerald's (1809–83) translation of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* (1859): 'A Book of Verse underneath the Bough, / A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread – and Thou / Beside me singing in the Wilderness – / Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!' (15.117) **2** **Damn your yellow stick** See note at **307:21**. (15.120) **3** ***la belle dame sans merci*** French, 'the beautiful lady without mercy'; the title of a poem by John Keats. (15.122) **4** **Georgina Johnson** See note at **139:11**. (15.122) **5** ***ad deam qui laetificat juventutem meam*** Latin, 'to the goddess who gladdens my youth'; after the altar boy's reply to the priest's call at the beginning of the Ordinary of the Latin Mass *'Introibo ad altare Dei'* (see note at **5:3**): *'Ad deum qui lætificat iuventutem meam'* ('To God who gladdens my youth'). Stephen's transposition of gender is incomplete; if *'deum'* becomes *'deam'* then the *'qui'* should be changed to *'quæ'*. (15.122) **6** ***span*** 'The distance from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger [...] when the hand is fully extended' (*OED*). (15.125) **7** **It skills not** See note at **151:19**. (15.129) **8** **customhouse** See note at **166:11**. It is possible to see the Custom House from Mecklenburgh Street. (15.129) **9** **Here take your crutch and walk** After the Gospel of John, where Jesus heals a cripple at the pool of Bethesda, saying, 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk' (John 5:8; see also Matt. 9:6, Mark 2:9, Luke 5:24). (15.130) **10** ***cresset*** An iron vessel used to hold inflammable substances, and used as a torch and by extension, a torch (*OED*). (15.137) **11** ***under the railway bridge Bloom appears flushed, panting*** The Loop Line Bridge crosses over Talbot Street (which is parallel to and one block south of Montgomery Street). Bloom is about 370 metres behind Stephen and Lynch. (15.142) **12** ***Gillen's*** P. Gillen: hairdresser, 64 Talbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1605). (15.144) **13** ***Nelson's*** See note at **109:12**. (15.145) **14** ***Gladstone*** See note at **61:14**. (15.146) **15** ***Wellington*** See note at **216:79**. (15.148) **16** ***bonham*** A suckling pig; from the Irish *banbh* (*OED*). (15.148) **17** ***Antonio Rabaiotti's door*** Rabaiotti ran a flotilla of ice cream gondolas (see note at **165:6**), but this is his restaurant at 65 Talbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1605). (15.150) **18** **N. g.** That is, 'No good' (Partridge). (15.154) **19** ***Olhousen's*** W. Olhausen: pork butcher, 72 Talbot Street, across the street from Rabaiotti's (*Thom's*, pp. 1605, 1977). The mistake in spelling his name occurred on the typescripts. (15.155) **20** ***crubeen*** See note at **108:4**. (15.158)

312 **1** ***Cormack's corner*** Thomas Cormack: grocer, tea, wine and spirit merchant, 74 Talbot Street, at the corner with Mabbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1605). (15.168) **2** **brigade** That is, the Dublin fire brigade. (15.170) **3** **Beggar's bush** An area (also spelt 'Beggarsbush') in south-eastern Dublin, named after the beggars 'who solicited alms by day and demanded them at the pistol point after dark' (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 336). (15.171) **4** **London's burning, London's burning! On fire, on fire!** After the song: 'Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning! Look out! Look out! Fire, fire! Fire, fire! Pour on water! Pour on water!' (15.172) **5** ***Talbot street*** Bloom has been walking west along Talbot Street from the Amiens Street station in the direction of Mabbot Street. Lynch and Stephen, who are ahead of Bloom, have turned off Mabbot Street onto Mecklenburgh Street. (15.174) **6** ***sandstrewer*** The special tram car that cleans the tracks and strews dry sand down afterwards. (15.185) **7** **hattrick** 'The "hattrick" is a dirty Irish trick: an Irishman covers a turd on the curb with his hat. Telling a policeman it is a bird, the Irishman goes off for help, asking the policeman to stand guard' (William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce*, p. 209). See also note at **313:2**. (15.195) **8** **Sandow's exerciser again** Se note at **47:22**. (15.200) **9** **The Providential** There was no insurance company called 'Providential', Bloom might be referring to either Provident Life, whose Dublin agent was located at 113 Grafton Street (*Thom's*, p. 1597), or the Provident Clerks' Guarantee and Accident Offices, whose head office for Ireland was at 27 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, advertisements, p. 39). (15.201) **10** **Poor mamma's panacea** Bloom's potato; see notes at **305:39** and **44:13**. (15.201)

313 **1** **Leonard's corner** F. Leonard: grocer, ironmonger, 64–66 Upper Clanbrassil Street, at the corner with the South Circular Road. By 1904 a new ironmonger, James Forsythe, had moved into the premises but the name 'Leonard's Corner' remained current (*Thom's*, p. 1455; *JJD*, p. 115). Bloom grew up at 52 Clanbrassil Street, just off Leonard's Corner. (15.203) **2** **Third time is the charm. Shoe trick** Combines two proverbial expressions: 'The third time's lucky' and 'The third is a charm' (*ODEP*). 'Shoe trick' plays off the sense of 'hat trick' as 'a threefold feat in other sports or activities' (*OED*). (15.203) **3** **Lad lane** Lad Lane runs from Baggot Street south-west to the Grand Canal. Within

Ulysses, Bloom has not been to Lad Lane. (15.207) **4** **Mark of the beast** In Revelation, John writes of the beast that 'causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of the same' (13:16–17). (15.209) **5** ***O'Beirne's wall*** This is the wall of O'Beirne Brothers: tea and wine merchants, 62 Mabbot Street, at the corner with Talbot Street (*Thom's*, p. 1537). (15.212) **6** ***visage unknown, injected with dark mercury*** The most common treatment for syphilis at this time was mercury, sometimes mixed with iodine, either by injection or oral consumption. Mercury is both highly toxic and not particularly effective as a treatment. In the *Odyssey*, Hermes (Mercury) protects Odysseus from harm on Circe's island by providing him with the herb moly (x, 305). (15.213) **7** ***Buenas noches, señorita Blanca, que calle es esta?*** Spanish, 'Good evening, Miss White. What is this street?' Joyce originally wrote '*Buenas*' as '*Bueñas*'; this was corrected (perhaps mistakenly) for the 1932 Odyssey Press edition. See also note at **274:9**. (15.216) **8** ***Sraid Mabbot*** Irish, Mabbot Street. (15.218) **9** **Esperanto** An artificial international auxiliary language invented by L.L. Zamenhof (1859–1917), a doctor from Warsaw. The idea behind it was that it would serve as a universal second language throughout the world, thereby facilitating concord between nations. (15.220) **10** ***Slan leath*** See note at **229:1**. (15.220) **11** **Gaelic league spy** For the Gaelic League, see note at **142:3**. An anonymous article in the 17th October 1908 issue of *Sinn Féin* claimed that Esperanto was a weapon to stifle the growth of Gaelic and thereby weaken the cause of the Irish (Dominic Manganiello, *Joyce's Politics*, p. 144). (15.220) **12** **fireeater** An 'excessively belligerent person, especially if under no necessity to fight' (Partridge). (15.221) **13** **Touring Club** Touring clubs promoted cycling by putting up road markers and organizing bicycling outings and tours. (15.231) **14** **Stepaside** A village 11 km south of central Dublin. (15.232) **15** ***Irish Cyclist*** The *Irish Cyclist*: a weekly magazine with offices at 2 Dame Court (*Thom's*, pp. 1357, 1467). They sponsored touring clubs. (15.233) **16** ***In darkest Stepaside*** After the title of Sir Henry Morton Stanley's (British-American explorer, 1841–1904) book *In Darkest Africa* (1890) and also William Booth's (founder of the Salvation Army, 1829–1912) social critique *In Darkest England* (1890). (15.233) **17** **Wash off his sins of the world** From John's Gospel, in which, upon seeing Jesus, John the Baptist says: 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (1:29). (15.234) **18** ***sweets of sin*** See note at **173:4**. (15.243) **19** ***elder in Zion*** A reference to the anti-Semitic tract, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, first published in Russia in 1903. These were forged documents purporting to be plans for Jewish world domination by disrupting Christian morals and cornering financial markets. They were first exposed as forgeries by Philip Graves, a London *Times* reporter, in 1921 (*Brewer's*). (15.249)

314 **1** **goy** Hebrew and Yiddish, Gentile (plural, *goyim* or *goim*). (15.253) **2** ***Ja, ich weiss, papachi*** Yiddish (or German), 'Yes, I know, papa'. (15.257) **3** **Are you not my son Leopold** See note at **59:11**. (15.260) **4** **and left the god of his fathers Abraham and Jacob** In Exodus 3:6, God identified Himself to Moses as 'I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob'. Abraham is also the name of the old man in *Leah* (see note at **59:11**). (15.262) **5** **Mosenthal** See note at **59:10**. (15.264) **6** ***waterbury keyless watch*** Waterbury, Connecticut, was a leading centre of watch manufacture in the United States (*EB11*, s.v. Waterbury). Keyless watch: a watch that is wound up without the use of a special key (*OED*). (15.270) **7** ***double curb Albert*** Curb: a chain or strap (*OED*). A double-curb Albert is a type of watch chain, named after Queen Victoria's husband. (15.271) **8** **kaput** Yiddish, dead, finished, destroyed broken (in German, *kaputt*). (15.275) **9** **Leopoldleben** Yiddish, 'Darling Leopold'. (15.275) **10** ***Goim nachez*** Yiddish, 'The gratification of the gentiles!'; see note at **314:1** for '*goim*' and note at **306:28** for '*nachez*'. (15.279) **11** ***widow Twankey's blouse*** Widow Twankey is Aladdin's mother in the pantomime (*SS*, p. 204). (15.283)

315 **1** ***blay*** Hiberno-English, unbleached (*OED*). (15.288) **2** ***Agnus Dei*** Latin, lamb of God; the name of a waxen medallion stamped with the figure of a lamb and blessed by the Pope, worn around the neck or kept as an object of devotion (*Catholic Encyclopedia*); see also note at **111:8**. (15.289) **3** ***a shrivelled potato*** See note at **44:13**. (15.289) **4** **Sacred Heart of Mary** This oath is incorrect, it should be 'Sacred Heart of Jesus', a devotion to Jesus Christ as the incarnation of the Word of God. The oath derives from Jesus's assertion that living water would flow from his heart (John 7:37–39). St Margaret Mary Alacoque crusaded for devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; see note at **86:1**. (15.290) **5** **at all, at all?** A common Hiberno-English catchphrase denoting exasperation: 'A mother says to her mischievous child, "Oh blessèd hour,

what am I to do with you at all at all!"' (PWJ, p. 196). (15.290) **6** ***Beside her mirage of datepalms a handsome woman in Turkish costume*** Molly's Turkish costume is the same as from Bloom's dream of her the previous night (see note at **275:3**). It follows from Gustave Flaubert's description of the Queen of Sheba in *The Temptation of St Antony*. (15.297) **7** ***white yashmak*** See note at **205:13**. (15.300) **8** ***howdah*** 'A seat to contain two or more persons, usually fitted with a railing and a canopy, erected on the back of an elephant' (*OED*). (15.315) **9** **Nebrakada! Feminimum** See note at **177:25**. (15.319)

316 **1** **This moving kidney** Bloom confuses the kidney he had for breakfast and the soap he purchased for Molly at Sweny's, which has been in his pockets all day. See also note at **304:17**. (15.334) **2** **We're a capital couple are Bloom and I** [...] After an advertising slogan for Brooke's Monkey Brand soap: 'We're a capital couple the Moon and I, / I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky' (with thanks to Hye Ryoung Kil). (15.338) **3** ***Sweny, the druggist*** See note at **64:8**. (15.340) **4** ***Ti trema un poco il cuore?*** Italian, 'Does your heart tremble a little?'; after a line from Zerlina to Don Giovanni in *'Là ci darem la mano'*: *'Mi trema un poco il cor'* ('My heart trembles a little'); see also note at **49:3**. (15.351) **5** **that *Voglio*** See note at **49:6**. (15.355) **6** ***Bridie Kelly*** See note at **297:14**. (15.362) **7** **Hatch street** See note at **297:12**. (15.364)

317 **1** **flash houses** Brothels (Partridge). (15.370) **2** **polis** That is, police; this spelling is common in Hiberno-English and Scottish English (*OED*). (15.370) **3** **Sixtyseven is a bitch** Evidently, 67 is the number of a constable who patrols the brothel district; see also note at **412:10**. (15.371) **4** ***clout*** A rag or handkerchief (*OED*). (15.373) **5** **With all my worldly goods I thee and thou** After the groom's lines in the Catholic marriage vow: 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow'; see also note at **255:5**. (15.375) **6** **bottom drawer** A girl's dowry (*OED*, s.v. bottom). (15.384) **7** ***Mrs Breen*** See note at **115:4**. (15.386) **8** **Black refracts heat** See note at **44:16**. (15.401) **9** **Rescue of fallen women Magdalen asylum** Magdalen: generic name for an asylum for saving prostitutes (*Brewer's*); named after Mary Magdalene, a follower of Jesus (Mark 16:9, Luke 8:2). There were two Magdalen Asylums in Dublin: the Catholic one at 104 Lower Gloucester Street and the Protestant one at 8 Lower Leeson Street (*Thom's*, p. 1386). The Catholic one is only a few blocks distant. (15.402)

318 **1** **Othello black brute** At the beginning of *Othello*, Iago tells Desdemona's father Brabantio that 'an old black ram / Is tupping your white ewe' (Act I, Sc. 1, 89–90). At this time, Othello was almost always played by a white actor in black face paint. (15.409) **2** **Eugene Stratton** See note at **70:16**. (15.410) **3** **bones and cornerman at the Livermore christies** Bones and cornerman: players in a minstrel show (*OED*, s.vv. bone; corner-man). Christy: generic name for blackface minstrels, after the Christy Brothers (*OED*). The Livermore Brothers' World Renowned Court Minstrels were a popular group who played Dublin in 1894 (*Freeman's Journal*, 3rd February 1894, p. 4, col. a). (15.410) **4** **Bohee brothers** George and James Bohee, performing as the Bohee Brothers' Operatic Minstrels, played in Dublin in 1894. Unlike most minstrels, the Bohees were actually black performers who wore black face paint over their skin (Cheryl Herr, *Joyce's Anatomy of Culture*, p. 15). (15.411) **5** ***Sambo*** See note at **238:27**. (15.413) **6** ***white Kaffir eyes*** Kaffir: the stage name of George H. Chirgwin, a music-hall entertainer who performed in blackface with a white diamond painted about the eye. The white kaffir eye diamond was popular in Dublin minstrel shows (Herr, *Joyce's Anatomy of Culture*, p. 157). (15.415) **7** **There's someone in the house with Dina** After the American song 'I've Been Working on the Railroad': 'Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, / Someone's in the kitchen I know, / Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, / Strummin' on the old banjo'. (15.420) **8** ***raw babby faces*** Babby: common colloquial variant of 'baby' (Partridge). The action of wiping off the mask is frequently part of a minstrel performance (Herr, *Joyce's Anatomy of Culture*, pp. 157–58). (15.424) **9** **ruck** Hiberno-English (from *rúcach*), 'a rough, boorish person' (Dolan). (15.431) **10** **square party** A party of four people, sometimes a party of two women and two men, after the French *partie carrée* (*OED*). (15.433) **11** **conjugials** See note at **148:2**. (15.434) **12** **dear gazelle** From Thomas Moore's long poem 'Lalla Rookh' (1817): 'I never nursed a dear gazelle, / To glad me with its soft black eye, / But when it came to know me well, / And love me, it was sure to die' (ll. 283–86). (15.435) **13** **Old Christmas night** Old Christmas is 6th January: it was the only Christmas until the change from the Julian calendar to the Gregorian calendar (ordained by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582; adopted in the British Isles in 1752). (15.443) **14** **Georgina Simpson's** Identity unknown. (15.443) **15** **Irving Bishop game** That is, thought-reading; after Washington Irving Bishop (1847–89), an American thought-reader and magician. (15.444)

319 **1** ***blue masonic badge*** 'No matter how the idea may have arisen, it seems that, from the early eighteenth century, blue has been deemed the colour appropriate to the Craft Degrees and Lodges' (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). (15.450) **2** **Ireland, home and beauty** See note at **165:8**. (15.453) **3** **The dear dead days beyond recall. Love's old sweet song** 'One in the dear, dead days beyond recall' is the first line of 'Love's Old Sweet Song'; see note at **49:5**. (15.455) **4** **The witching hour of night** See note at **82:1**. (15.467) **5** ***Là ci darem la mano*** See note at **49:3**. (15.469) **6** ***Voglio e non*** See note at **49:6**. (15.473) **7** ***Wisdom Hely's*** See note at **81:1**. (15.479) **8** ***Little Alf Bergan*** See note at **117:9**. (15.481) **9** ***ace of spades*** See note at **116:5**. (15.482) **10** **U. p.: up** See note at **116:6**. (15.485) **11** **High jinks** A parlour game in which a roll of the dice determined who would perform some comical task, such as drinking large quantities of liquor or, failing to perform the task, entail a forfeit (*OED*). (15.487) **12** ***glad eye*** A come-hither look (Partridge). (15.487)

320 **1** **The answer is a lemon** A catchphrase used as a derisive reply (Partridge). (15.492) **2** ***Leah*** See note at **59:4**. (15.496) **3** **Mrs Bandman Palmer** See note at **59:5**. (15.496) **4** ***Richie Goulding*** See note at **31:28**. (15.499) **5** ***Collis and Ward*** See note at **68:8**. (15.500) **6** ***skull and crossbones are painted in white limewash*** The skull and crossbones are used in some Masonic rites, specifically some Templar degrees or orders and especially in some French degrees (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). Limewash: a mixture of lime and water, used as whitewash (*OED*, s.v. lime). (15.501) **7** ***polonies*** Polony: a dried sausage made from partly cooked pork (*OED*). (15.502) **8** ***Findon haddies*** Findon haddies (or Finnan haddock): fish cured with the smoke of peat turf or green wood (*OED*, s.v. finnan). (15.502) **9** ***tightpacked pills*** A reference to his 'backache pills'; see note at **199:9**. (15.503) **10** ***Bald Pat, bothered*** See note at **193:1**. (15.506) **11** **Bright's! Lights!** See note at **199:9**. (15.516) **12** **deluthering** Hiberno-English, 'deceiving in a fawning, coaxing manner' (Richard Wall, *Anglo-Irish Dialect Glossary for Joyce's Works*). (15.521) **13** **cock and bull story** A long and rambling or incredible yarn, a tall tale (*Brewer's*). (15.521)

321 **1** **Jewman's melt** Melt: pejorative 'especially in the phr. "hoor's melt"' (Dolan). (15.534) **2** ***Saint Andrew's cross*** St Andrew's cross is depicted in the form of a white X on a blue field, because, according to tradition, St Andrew was crucified on such a cross. It is the national emblem of Scotland and the emblem of the highest rank of knighthood in Scotland (*Brewer's*). (15.537) **3** ***billycock hat*** Billycock (or bullycock) hat: a 'low-crowned felt hat worn by men' (*OED*). (15.539) **4** **Fairyhouse races** The Fairyhouse racetrack is 24 km north-west of Dublin in County Meath and is the home of annual steeplechase races, including the Irish Grand National. (15.541) **5** ***Saxe tailormade*** A tailor-made outfit in Saxon blue, a colour associated with the German province Saxony (*OED*). (15.543) **6** **Leopardstown** A racetrack 9.7 km south-east of Dublin. (15.543) **7** **a three year old named Nevertell** The only recorded horse in the British Isles named Nevertell was foaled in 1910 and went to stud in 1912 (Gifford). (15.546) **8** **Foxrock** In 1904, Foxrock Estate was considered part of the village of Stillorgan (*Thom's*, p. 1787); it is 9.7 km south-east of Dublin. Foxrock is an affluent, mostly Protestant suburb (Bennett). (15.547) **9** **shanderadan** Variant of 'shandrydan', jocular for a 'rickety old-fashioned vehicle' (*OED*). (15.548) **10** **tammy** A fine worsted cloth of good quality' (*OED*). (15.557) **11** **Mrs Joe Gallaher's** Based on the wife of Fred Gallaher, the model for Ignatius Gallaher; see notes at **68:11** and **541:14**. (15.565)

322 **1** **Maggot** 'Whimsical fellow' (Partridge). (15.570) **2** **Marcus Tertius Moses** See note at **171:7**. (15.571) **3** ***hellsgates*** Hell's gates: the nickname of the intersection of Tyrone Street with Mabbot Street, where the lower-class and rougher brothels were located. (15.578) **4** **the scaffolding in Beaver Street** Beaver Street is parallel to Mabbot Street and connects Tyrone Street and Montgomery Street. (15.585) **5** **Derwan's plasterers** James Derwin: builder and alderman for Drumcondra Ward; he lived at 114 Lower Drumcondra Road (*Thom's*, pp. 1347, 1687; *SS*, pp. 239–40). The spelling mistake is Joyce's. (15.587) **6** ***Spattered with size and lime of their lodges*** Lime (calcium oxide) is the main component of mortar, sometimes thickened with 'size', a generic term for a thickening or stiffening agent (*OED*). The word 'lodge' suggests the Freemasons. (15.590) **7** **Glauber salts** Glauber's salts (or sodium sulfate decahydrate) are used as a laxative and cathartic. It was first produced in 1656 by Johann Rudolf Glauber (German chemist, 1604–70) (*OED*). (15.596) **8** ***plodges*** To plodge: to walk heavily and slowly through water, mud or soft ground (*OED*). (15.604) **9** ***a shebeenkeeper*** See note at **228:6**. (15.606)

323 **1** **Purdon street** Purdon Street bisected Mabbot Street and Beaver

Street and was parallel to Tyrone Street and Montgomery Street. It no longer exists. (15.611) **2 Shilling a bottle of stout** The inflated price of a shilling for a bottle is explained by this being an unlicensed bar ('shebeen') operating after hours. (15.611) **3 Portobello barracks** See note at **126:14**. (15.620) **4 We are the boys. Of Wexford** See note at **97:1**. (15.623) **5 Bennett** See note at **183:26**. (15.627) **6 The galling chain** [...] From the chorus of 'The Boys of Wexford': 'We are the boys of Wexford / Who fought with heart and hand, / To burst in twain the galling chain / And free our native land'. (15.630) **7 Nice mixup. Scene at Westland row** Mulligan and Haines went back to Sandycove from Westland Row Station on the 11:25 train (see note at **296:21**). They abandoned Stephen and Lynch who, instead, headed north on the train to the Amiens Street station. Bloom, following behind them, mistakenly entered a first-class carriage with only a third-class ticket, and then inadvertently missed the Amiens Street stop. Bloom got off at the following stop (Killester) and took the next incoming train back to Amiens Street (*JJD*, p. 66). (15.636) **8 Malahide** See note at **34:31** for Malahide. Bloom is mistaken: the terminus for a train that went through Amiens Street from Westland Row was Howth, not Malahide (*JJD*, p. 66). (15.638) **9 Mrs Beaufoy Purefoy** See notes at **53:9** and **116:9**. (15.640) **10 Relieving office here** Bloom, with his bladder full, makes a pun on 'relieving officer': 'an officer appointed [...] to administer relief to the poor' (*OED*). (15.642) **11 cheapjacks** Travelling salesmen known for jacking up prices and then greatly lowering them so as to give the impression of a bargain (*OED*). (15.642) **12 organs** Workmen who lend money to their co-workers at exorbitant interest rates (Partridge). (15.642) **13 If I had passed Truelock's window that day two minutes later would have been shot** Trulock, Harriss, & Richardson: gun and rifle manufacturers, ammunition merchants, cycle and motor makers, 9 Dawson Street, with cycle show rooms at 123 Stephen's Green and a factory in Glover's Alley. There was also a Richard Trulock, gunsmith, 13 Parliament Street (*Thom's*, p. 2028). (15.645)

324 1 Kildare street club See note at **66:10**. (15.648) **2** ***birdseye cigarettes*** Bird's-eye tobacco: 'A variety of manufactured tobacco in which the ribs of the leaves are cut along with the fibre' (*OED*, s.v. bird's-eye). (15.652) **3 Sweet are the sweets. Sweets of sin** See note at **173:4**. (15.655) **4** ***rencontres*** French, encounters. (15.661) **5** ***Chacun son goût*** French, 'Each person to his own taste'; properly, '*Chacun à son goût*'. (15.661) **6 Garryowen** See note at **215:24**. (15.663) **7** ***stalestunk*** Stinking of stale, or urine, especially that of horses (*OED*). (15.667) **8** ***The mastiff mauls the bundle clumsily and gluts himself*** Recalls Virgil's account of Cerberus, the three-headed guard dog at the gates of Hades in the *Aeneid*, being distracted by drugged food: 'His triple mouths / yawn wide with rapid hunger as he clutches / the cake' (VI, 555–57). (15.672) **9 Bloom. Of Bloom. For Bloom. Bloom** Bloom's name is presented in a sequence of cases, as if it were a Greek noun (in Greek, unlike English, the ending of the word would vary between the cases). The cases are presented in their usual sequence: nominative, genitive, dative and accusative (the vocative, 'O, Bloom!' is omitted). Latin, unlike Greek, has an additional case, the ablative, which would be rendered as 'with Bloom'. (15.677) **10** ***Banbury cakes*** See note at **112:12**. (15.684)

325 1 Prevention of cruelty to animals The Dublin Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was located on 36 Westmoreland Street (*Thom's*, p. 1393). (15.697) **2 Harold's cross bridge** Harold's Cross Bridge (now the Robert Emmet bridge) crosses over the Grand Canal in southern Dublin. (15.699) **3 Bad French** Euphemism for swearing or impolite English (*OED*). (15.700) **4 All tales of circus life are highly demoralising** See note at **50:2**. (15.701) **5** ***Signor Maffei*** See note at **50:4**. (15.703) **6 the bucking broncho Ajax** Broncho: variant spelling of 'bronco' (*OED*, s.v. bronco). There are two Ajaxes in the *Iliad*, one is a rival of Odysseus who fights and almost defeats Hector in a duel. The other is a lesser warrior who is also a rival of Odysseus. The horse in question here is unknown. (15.709) **7 Block tackle** Block tackle (or tackle block): 'a pulley or system of pulleys mounted in a case, used to increase the mechanical power of the ropes running through them' for the purpose of lifting a great weight (*OED*, s.v. tackle). (15.710) **8** ***Leo ferox*** Latin, 'ferocious lion'. (15.712) **9 Fritz of Amsterdam, the thinking hyena** Unknown. (15.713) **10 the Indian sign** 'Power or an advantage over someone; a curse, a jinx' (*OED*). (15.714) **11 Mademoiselle Ruby, the pride of the ring** See note at **50:2**. (15.716) **12** ***high grade hat*** See note at **44:12**. (15.720) **13 Dr Bloom, Leopold, dental surgeon** See note at **183:13**. (15.721) **14 von Bloom Pasha. Umpteen millions** Sir Julius Blum (1843–1919): Hungarian-born Jewish financier; he 'lived in Egypt where he was appointed director of the Austro-Egyptian bank in 1869, and finance minister from 1879 until 1890 when he moved to Vienna to direct the Austrian Creditanstalt. He was widely known as Blum

Pasha' (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). The spelling here as 'Bloom' was the result of a typist's error. (15.721) **15** ***Donnerwetter!*** German, 'I'll be damned!'; literally, 'thunder weather'. (15.722) **16** ***cadi's dress*** Cadi: 'A civil judge among the Turks, Arabs, Persians' (*OED*). (15.728) **17** ***Legion of Honour*** An award of distinction established by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802 as a reward for military or civil service (*OED*). (15.729) **18** **Junior Army and Navy** A London club for officers of middle rank in the British Army; located at 12 Grafton Street, London. Membership in clubs like this was considered as a stepping stone to admission to the more illustrious and prestigious clubs (Ralph Nevill, *London Clubs*, p. 31). (15.730) **19** **Messrs John Henry Menton** See note at **78:8**. (15.730)

326 **1** **besetting** 'The action of surrounding with hostile intent' (*OED*). (15.733) **2** **that old joke, rose of Castille** See notes at **98:1** and **100:10**. (15.740) **3** **The change of name Virag** See note at **245:2**. (15.740) **4** **inspector** Police Inspectors do not routinely patrol the streets. In 1902, there were 24 inspectors and 956 constables on the Dublin Police Force (*Thom's*, p. 691). (15.747) **5** THE DARK MERCURY See note at **313:6**. (15.749) **6** **The Castle** See note at **118:30**. (15.750) **7** ***crimson halter*** See note at **62:3**. (15.752) **8** ***the*** **Irish Times** See note at **117:12**. (15.752) **9** **Lionel, thou lost one!** See notes at **89:3**, **89:4** and **89:5**. (15.753) **10** ***on the square, he gives the sign and dueguard of fellowcraft*** Being on the square: being a freemason (Partridge). Fellow Craft: the Second Degree in the Craft Rite of Freemasonry. Bloom's gesture is one of the Freemason's 'signs of distress', a signal used to identify oneself as a Freemason in order to request assistance from other Freemasons (Avery Allyn, *A Ritual of Freemasonry*, p. 61). (15.759) **11** **worshipful master** The master is the chief officer of a Masonic lodge. 'Worshipful' is not part of the master's title but is simply a term of respectful address (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). (15.760) **12** **light of love** See note at **140:22**. (15.760) **13** **The Lyons mail. Lesurques and Dubosc** Joseph Lesurques (1763–96) was executed by guillotine for the armed robbery of the Lyon mail. However, in 1800 it was discovered that a man named Dubosc, who bore a striking resemblance to Lesurques, was the actual culprit. He was himself guillotined. This story provided the basis for a play by Eugène Moreau, Paul Siraudin and Alfred Delacour. In 1854 this was adapted into English by Charles Reade (1814–84) as *The Courier of Lyons: or The Attack Upon the Mail* (later known as, simply, *The Lyons Mail*). (15.760) **14** **Childs fratricide case** See note at **76:12**. (15.761) **15** **Better one guilty escape than ninetynine wrongfully condemned** See note at **76:15**. (15.763) **16** **the Bective rugger fullback** The Bective Rangers: a rugby team from Bective, a small town in County Meath. (15.767) **17** ***the past of Ephraim.)*** **Shitbroleeth** Should read 'pass of Ephraim' (the mistake was made on the page proofs). The password for the Fellow Craft degree of masonry (see note at **326:10**) is 'Shibboleth' (Avery Allyn, *A Ritual of Freemasonry*, p. 65). *Shibboleth*: Hebrew, 'sheaf of corn'; the word used in Judges 12:6 as a password by the men of Gilead to determine if the speaker was one of their own or an enemy Ephraimite, since the Ephraimites could not correctly pronounce this word. (15.770)

327 **1** **mare's nest** Proverbial for an illusory, irrelevant discovery (*Brewer's*). (15.775) **2** **Majorgeneral Brian Tweedy** See notes at **44:9** and **197:8**. (15.779) **3** **Got his majority for the heroic defence of Rorke's drift** On 22nd January 1879, 4,000 Zulu soldiers attacked the British post at Rorke's Drift, which was successfully defended by about 120 soldiers (*EB11*, s.v. Zululand). (15.780) **4** **royal Dublins** See note at **56:11**. (15.785) **5** **finest body of men** The minimum height requirement for the Dublin Metropolitan Police was 5'9" and the average height was 5'11", which was considerably taller than the population as a whole (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, p. 181). (15.788) **6** **Up the Boers!** See note at **119:32**. (15.791) **7** **Who booed Joe Chamberlain?** See note at **119:23**. (15.791) **8** **J. P.** Abbreviation for 'Justice of the Peace'. (15.793) **9** **absentminded war** This is, the Boer War; see also note at **137:25**. (15.795) **10** **general Gough in the park** Sir Hubert de la Poer Gough (1870–1963) fought in the Boer War. The Irish-born General Hugh Gough (1779–1869) is commemorated by a statue in Phoenix Park that was erected in 1880. (15.795) **11** **Spion Kop** Spion Kop is a large hill in Natal, 39 km west-south-west of Ladysmith. On 24–25th January 1900, the Boers, commanded by General Louis Botha, scored a major victory over the advancing British forces commanded by Sir Redvers Buller (*EB11*, s.v. Sir Redvers Buller). (15.796) **12** **Bloemfontein** The capital of the Orange Free State in South Africa. It was taken and occupied without Boer opposition on 13th March 1900 by the British under the command of Lord Frederick Roberts (*EB11*). (15.796) **13** **Jim Bludso. Hold her nozzle again the bank** From 'Jim Bludso (of the Prairie Belle)', a nineteenth-century American ballad by John Hay (1838–1905): 'And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire – / A

thousand times he swore, / He'd hold her nozzle again the bank / Till the last soul got ashore'. (15.797) **14** *Myles Crawford* See note at **94:10**. (15.806) **15** **Bluebags?** Blue bag: 'a barrister's (originally a solicitor's) brief bag of blue stuff; hence, one carrying such a bag' (*OED*). (15.813) **16** *Mr Philip Beaufoy* See note at **53:9**. (15.814)

328 **1** *portfolio labelled* **Matcham's Masterstrokes** See note at **53:8**. (15.817) **2** **disincommodate** 'An erroneous mixture of discommodate [to disturb] and incommodate [inconvenient]' (*OED*). (15.834) **3** **Mr J. B. Pinker** Joyce's London literary agent from 1915 onwards (Ellmann, p. 384 *et passim*). (15.835) **4** **jackdaw of Rheims** 'The Jackdaw of Rheims': one of the stories collected in the *Legends* (1840) of 'Thomas Ingoldsby' (Revd Richard Harris Barham, 1788–1845). In it, a jackdaw steals a cardinal's ring and, after admitting the theft, is canonized as 'Jem Crow'. (15.837) **5** *corpus delicti* Latin, 'the body of the crime'; 'The material thing in respect to which a crime has been committed; thus a murdered body or some of the stolen property would be a *"corpus delicti"*' (*Brewer's*). (15.843) **6** **hallmark of the beast** See note at **313:4**. (15.844) **7** **Moses, Moses, king of the jews,** After the street rhyme 'Moses': 'Holy Moses, King of the Jews, / Bought his wife a pair of shoes. / When the shoes began to wear, / Holy Moses began to swear. / When the shoes were quite worn out, / Holy Moses began to shout'. (15.847) **8** **Street angel and house devil** Proverbial for a woman who gives a pleasant impression to the public but is unpleasant at home (Dent). (15.854)

329 **1** **Mary Driscoll** The Blooms' maid when they were living in Rathmines, at Ontario Terrace, in 1897–98. (15.861) **2** **of the unfortunate class** Unfortunate: 'in distress'; a white-slavers' term for a potential prostitute (Partridge). (15.865) **3** **chances** Prospects for livelihood, such as marriage (Dent). (15.868) **4** **the rere of the premises** See note at **61:24**. (15.885) **5** **twict** Dublin dialect form of 'twice' (*OED*, s.v. twice). (15.887)

330 **1** **your lord** Confuses the two titles ordinarily used in addressing British judges, 'My Lord' and 'Your Lordship'. (15.893) **2** GEORGES FOTTRELL See note at **249:9**. (15.895) **3** *waterlily* The lily is a traditional symbol of chastity, innocence and purity (*Brewer's*). (15.898) **4** *the memory of the past* See note at **259:7**. (15.902) **5** *seven months' child* That is, a child born two months premature. (15.904) **6** *Loop line railway* See note at **57:18**. (15.911) **7** *Dockrell's wallpaper* See note at **114:22**. (15.914) **8** *boreens* Hiberno-English, country lanes (Dolan). (15.919) **9** *melodeon Britannia metalbound* Melodeon: 'A kind of simple reed organ with a single keyboard, usually powered by pedal-operated bellows' (*OED*). Britannia metal: 'an alloy consisting chiefly of tin, antimony, and copper, resembling silver in appearance and formerly much used for cheap tableware' (*OED*, s.v. Britannia). (15.920) **10** PROFESSOR MACHUGH See note at **93:4**. (15.927) **11** **Titbits** See note at **52:6**. (15.934)

331 **1** J. J. O'MOLLOY See note at **94:1**. (15.938) **2** *stuffgown* A gown made of a woollen fabric called 'stuff'; worn by a junior counsel, as opposed to the silk gown that would be worn by a King's or Queen's Counsel (*OED*, s.v. stuff). (15.939) **3** **disguised** Drunk (*OED*). (15.941) **4** **infant** 'In common law, one who has not completed his or her twenty-first year' (*OED*). (15.942) **5** *Prima facie* Latin, 'at first sight'; in English legal usage, 'on the face of it' (*OED*). (15.947) **6** **he could a tale unfold** See note at **119:18**. (15.951) **7** *pigeonbreasted* Pigeon breast: 'A deformed human chest, laterally constricted, so that the sternum is thrust forward, as in a pigeon' (*OED*). (15.957) **8** *lascar's vest and trousers* Lascar: an East Indian sailor (*OED*). (15.957) **9** **The Mosaic code has superseded the law of the jungle** See note at **104:3**. (15.969) **10** **the hidden hand** See note at **120:13**. (15.975) **11** **cast a stone at a girl who took the wrong turning** From the Gospel of John when the Pharisees bring an adulterous woman to Jesus and proclaim she must be punished. Jesus replies, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her' (John 8:7). (15.978) **12** **dastard** 'One who meanly shrinks from danger; a mean, base, or despicable coward' (*OED*). (15.979) **13** **Agendath Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (15.982)

332 **1** *lake of Kinnereth* See note at **46:3**. (15.986) **2** *Moses Dlugacz* See note at **44:3**. (15.987) **3** *citron* See note at **47:6**. (15.989) **4** **Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W. 13** See note at **47:7**. In 'Calypso', Joyce wrote the correct post code (W15), whereas here he wrote W13. (15.991) **5** *John F. Taylor* See note at **104:16**. (15.995) **6** **recently come from a sickbed** See note at **105:7**. (15.999) **7** *avine* Variant of 'avian' (*OED*). (15.1000) **8** *Seymour Bushe* See note at **76:13**. (15.1000) **9** **Messrs Callan, Coleman** See note at **70:4**. (15.1007) **10** **Wisdom Hely** See note at **81:1**. (15.1008) **11** **Joe Cuffe** See note at **74:21**. (15.1008) **12** **V. B. Dillon** See note at **114:16**. (15.1008) **13** **sir Robert and lady Ball** See note

at 113:10; Ball married Frances Elizabeth Steele in 1868 (*DIB*). (15.1011) **14 levee** 'An assembly held (in the early afternoon) by the sovereign or his representative, at which men only are received' (*OED*). (15.1012) **15** MRS YELVERTON BARRY After Barry Yelverton (1736–1805): the First Viscount Avonmore, lawyer and MP. He was made a Viscount to reward his support of Union with England (*DIB*). (15.1013) **16 prentice backhand** Prentice: abbreviation of apprentice. Backhand: 'handwriting with the letters sloped backwards' (both *OED*). (15.1017) **17 North Riding of Tipperary on the Munster circuit** Riding: a division of a county or district in the United Kingdom or one of its colonies (*OED*). County Tipperary lies in the province of Munster in the south of Ireland and was divided into two ridings, North and South (*Thom's*, p. 1220). The Munster circuit was the group of provincial courts which a judge visited annually, trying civil cases. (15.1017) **18 James Lovebirch** See note at 173:3. (15.1018) **19 the gods** See note at 199:16. (15.1019) **20** *Theatre Royal* See note at 199:16. (15.1019) **21 command performance of *La Cigale*** Command performances were those instigated by the Lord Lieutenant. *Cigale*: French, grasshopper. This could be either *La Cigale* (1877) by Henry Meilhac (1831–97) and Ludovic Halévy (1834–1908), translated into English in 1879 by John H. Delafield; or *La Cigale et la fourmi* (*The Grasshopper and the Ant*), by Henri-Alfred Duru (1829–89) and Henri Chivot, music by Edmond Andran (1840–1901), translated into English by F.C. Burnaud (1890). (15.1020) **22 Dunsink time** See note at 113:9. (15.1022) **23 Monsieur Paul de Kock** See note at 50:8. (15.1023) **24 *The Girl with the Three Pairs of Stays*** Translation of the title of a novel by Paul de Kock, *La Femme aux trois corsets* (1878). (15.1023) **25** MRS BELLINGHAM After Sir Daniel Bellingham (*c.*1622–71), who became the first lord mayor of Dublin in 1665 (Bennett, s.v. Lord Mayor). (15.1025) **26 sir Thornley Stoker's** Sir William Thornley Stoker (1845–1912): president of the Royal College Surgeons of Ireland and surgeon to Richmond Hospital. He lived at 8 Ely Place (*Thom's*, p. 2018). (15.1029) **27 cold snap of February ninetythree** The winter of 1893 was so cold that the Grand and Royal Canals froze. (15.1030)

333 **1 forcingcase** Force: 'To hasten by artificial means the maturity of (plants, fruit, etc.)' (*OED*); thus a 'forcing case' is some compact form of hothouse. (15.1035) **2 model farm** The Model Farm in Glasnevin, also known as the Albert Institution, was administered by the Department of Agriculture (*Thom's*, p. 1697). See also note at 46:3. (15.1035) **3 Bluebeard** A legendary figure who murdered his wives. The most famous literary portrayal of him is in Charles Perrault's (French writer, 1628–1703) *Histoires ou contes du temps passé* (1697) (*Brewer's*). (15.1040) **4 Ikey Mo** See note at 147:13. (15.1040) **5 darbies** Handcuffs (Partridge). (15.1043) **6 Venus in furs** The English translation of *Venus im Pelz* (1870), by the Austrian novelist, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1835–95), from whose name we get the word 'masochism'. (15.1046) **7 my frostbound coachman** In *Venus in Furs*, Severin's masochistic role-playing includes adopting the name 'Gregor' and acting as Wanda's coachman during a trip and dresses in her livery, a Cracovian costume. (15.1046) **8 armorial bearings of the Bellingham escutcheon** [...] Armorial bearings: coat of arms. Escutcheon: the surface upon which the armorial bearings appear, traditionally a shield (*OED*). Buck: male deer. Couped head: cut off smoothly. Or: gold. This is actually a description of the Bellingham crest, not their coat of arms (Michael O'Shea, *Joyce and Heraldry*, p. 148). (15.1049) **9** THE HONOURABLE MRS MERVYN TALBOYS The baronetcy of the Talboys, the Lords of Kyme, ended in 1560 when there were no more male heirs. (15.1057) **10 Captain Slogger Dennehy of the Inniskillings** In 1904 there was no officer named Dennehy in the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons (*Thom's*, p. 562). Inniskilling, or Enniskillen, is the seat of County Fermanagh. (15.1063) **11 chukkar** Chukka (properly, chucker or chukker): the name for each of the periods into which a polo match is divided (*OED*). (15.1063) **12 cob** A short-legged horse, often ridden by heavier persons (*OED*). (15.1064) **13 to bestride and ride him, to give him a most vicious horsewhipping** After Wanda in *Venus in Furs*: 'What will happen when I begin to carry your dreams to their realization, when I shall lead a gay, free life and have a circle of admirers about me, when I shall actually fulfil your ideal, tread you underfoot and apply the lash?' (p. 123). (15.1072)

334 **1 I'll make you dance Jack Latten** '"I'll make you dance" is a common threat heard everywhere: but "I'll make you dance Jack Lattin" is ten times worse – "I'll make you dance excessively"' (PWJ, p. 172). The spelling mistake 'Latten' is Joyce's. (15.1088) **2 *He offers the other cheek*** After Jesus's Sermon on the Mount: 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also' (Mat. 5:38–39). (15.1109) **3 rowel** 'A

small spiked revolving wheel or disc attached to the end of a spur' (*OED*). (15.1116)

335 **1** ***Davy Stephens*** See note at **88:20**. (15.1122) **2** ***Messenger of the Sacred Heart*** A Catholic newspaper, also known as the *Irish Rosary*, published monthly in Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1357). (15.1125) **3** ***Evening Telegraph*** See note at **28:8**. (15.1125) **4** ***The very reverend Canon O'Hanlon in cloth of gold cope*** See notes at **259:12** and **262:1**. (15.1128) **5** **Cuckoo** See note at **275:20**. (15.1133) **6** THE QUOITS See note at **44:7**. (15.1137) **7** **Jigjag, Jigajiga. Jigjag** Jig-a-jig: sexual intercourse (Partridge). (15.1138) **8** ***the featureless face of a Nameless One*** From the title of James Clarence Mangan's poem 'The Nameless One'. (15.1143) **9** **Weight for age** A weight-for-age horse race: 'A sort of handicap in which the weights carried are apportioned according to certain conditions. Horses of the same age carry similar weights, *ceteris paribus*' (*Brewer's*). (15.1145) **10** **Arse over tip** Head over heels (Partridge). (15.1149) **11** **Hundred shillings to five** That is, the odds on Throwaway (20 to 1 against); see note at **236:21**. (15.1149) **12** **Another girl's plait cut** In his study of deviant sexual behaviour, the *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886), Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing (German psychiatrist, 1840–1902) recorded the case history of a man with a fetish for cutting the hair off young girls. (15.1153) **13** **Jack the Ripper** The murderer who called himself 'Jack the Ripper' killed five (perhaps more) prostitutes in the Whitechapel section of London in 1888. To this day, his true identity remains a mystery (*Brewer's*). (15.1153)

336 **1** **And in black. A mormon. Anarchist** Bloom is wearing black because he is in mourning. Because of this attire, he is identified as either a Mormon or an anarchist, both of whom also wear black. (15.1156) **2** **commission of assizes** See note at **133:14**. (15.1160) **3** ***sir Frederick Falkiner*** See note at **133:10**. (15.1162) **4** ***From his forehead arise starkly the Mosaic ramshorns*** See notes at **104:4** and **104:6**. (15.1164) **5** ***the black cap*** 'A small square of black cloth. In Britain it was worn by a judge when passing the death sentence' (*Brewer's*). (15.1168) **6** **Mountjoy prison** See note at **218:6**. (15.1169) **7** ***subsheriff Long John Fanning*** See note at **90:17**. (15.1173) **8** ***smoking a pungent Henry Clay*** See note at **181:1**. (15.1174) **9** **Who'll hang Judas Iscariot?** After betraying Jesus to the Romans for a few pieces of silver, Judas Iscariot tried to return the blood money, but no one would take it back. Judas then 'cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself' (Matt. 27:3–5). (15.1176) **10** ***H. Rumbold*** See note at **221:9**. (15.1177) **11** **your Majesty, the Mersey terror** A judge is addressed as 'My Lord' or 'Your Lordship', not 'Your Majesty'. The River Mersey runs through Liverpool. (15.1182) **12** **Neck or nothing** Swift uses the phrase in his *Polite Conversation*: 'Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: Well, but I hope the poor Fellow has not sav'd the Hangman a Labour' (p. 117). (15.1183) **13** ***George's church*** See note at **44:15**. (15.1184) **14** **Zoo** The Zoological Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland are in the south-eastern part of Phoenix Park. The zoo was established in 1831 (*Thom's* pp. 706, 887). (15.1189)

337 **1** ***scorbutic*** Afflicted with scurvy (*OED*); Dignam died of apoplexy. (15.1204) **2** **Doctor Finucane** Thomas D. Finucane: apothecary and accoucheur (male midwife); he lived at 34 Main Street in the Dublin suburb of Blackrock (*Thom's*, p. 1870). (15.1210) **3** **Bloom, I am Paddy Dignam's spirit. List, list, O list!** See notes at **112:10** and **138:15**. (15.1218) **4** **The voice is the voice of Esau** See notes at **155:7** and **59:11**. (15.1220) **5** **It is not in the penny catechism** The penny catechism is a nickname for the *Shorter Catechism* (Dublin, 1886), which was designed to make the teachings of the Church readily accessible. Church doctrine explicitly warns against all forms of superstitious belief such as spiritualism. (15.1224) **6** **metempsychosis** See note at **49:10**. (15.1226) **7** **Mr J. H. Menton** See note at **78:8**. (15.1230) **8** ***John O'Connell*** See note at **81:3**. (15.1236) **9** ***Father Coffey*** See note at **78:13**. (15.1237)

338 **1** ***staff of twisted poppies*** A staff of poppies recalls Morpheus, the God of sleep. The staff Coffey uses here recalls the aspergill; see note at **78:11**. (15.1239) **2** **Namine. Jacobs Vobiscuits. Amen** Parodies a phrase common in Roman Catholic liturgy, including the funeral mass: *Dominus vobiscum* ('the Lord be with you'). See also note at **222:14**. (15.1241) **3** ***With pricked up ears*** Alludes to the corporate logo of the Victor record company (later RCA Victor), which shows a dog (Nipper), cocking his ear to listen to a gramophone, with the slogan 'His Master's Voice'. (15.1246) **4** **Overtones** See note at **54:2**. (15.1246) **5** **U. P.** See note at **116:6**. (15.1249) **6** **House of Keys** See note at **91:1**. (15.1250) **7** **Dignam's dead and gone below** After 'Old Roger,' a singing game for children. One child is elected to play 'Old Roger' and lies flat on his back pretending to be dead. The other children circle around him and sing, 'Old Roger is dead and laid in his grave, / Laid in his grave, laid in

his grave' (Iona and Peter Opie, *The Singing Game*, pp. 250–51). (15.1258) **8** ***Tom Rochford*** See note at **130:4**. (15.1259) **9** **Reuben J. A florin I find him** See note at **72:8**. (15.1262) **10** **My turn now on** See note at **170:2**. (15.1263) **11** **Follow me up to Carlow** The title of a patriotic song by Patrick J. McCall (1861–1919). This tells the story of Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne (1544–97), who successfully resisted Queen Elizabeth's forces in Ireland. (15.1263) **12** ***daredevil salmon leap*** Salmon Leap: a waterfall on the Liffey just west of Dublin where the fish leap up (P.W. Joyce, *Origin and History of Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 109). (15.1265) **13** **micky** Hiberno-English (Also spelt 'mickey'), the penis (Partridge). (15.1272) **14** ***Zoe Higgins*** *Zoe*: Greek, life (*OED*). Higgins was the maiden name of Bloom's mother. (15.1279)

339 **1** **Mrs Mack's** Mrs Annie Mack was the most successful madam in Dublin's brothel district (Terry Fagan, *Monto*, p. 15). In 1904 her main establishment was at 85 Lower Tyrone Street (*Thom's*, p. 1611). (15.1285) **2** **eightyone. Mrs Cohen's** Bella Cohen's establishment was at 82 Lower Tyrone Street. The occupant of no. 81 was a Miss Callan (*Thom's*, p. 1611). (15.1287) **3** **Mother Slipperslapper** See note at **67:5**. (15.1287) **4** **Mesias** See note at **83:10**. (15.1302) **5** **chancre** 'An ulcer occurring in venereal diseases' (*OED*). (15.1304) **6** ***shrivelled potato*** See note at **44:13**. (15.1310)

340 **1** **I never loved a dear gazelle** Lewis Carroll's (pseudonym of Charles Dodgson, 1832–98) parody of a line from Thomas Moore's poem *Lalla Rookh* in his 'Tema con Variazione'. Moore's original line is 'I never nursed a dear gazelle'. (15.1323) **2** ***womancity*** That is, Jerusalem, after William Blake's description in *The Four Zoas*, 'Night the Ninth: Being the Last Judgment': 'Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife / That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem / Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman / Mother of myriads redeemd & born in her spiritual palaces / By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death' (p. 122, ll. 16–20). (15.1327) **3** ***odalisk*** Also spelt 'odalisque', a female slave in a harem (*OED*). (15.1332) **4** ***Schorach ani wenowach, benoith Hierushaloim*** Hebrew, 'I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem'; from the Song of Solomon (1:5). Joyce's transliteration is idiosyncratic. (15.1333) **5** ***sepulchre of the gold of kings and their mouldering bones*** This is the biblical City of David, which is on one of the hills (Zion or Sion) upon which Jerusalem was built (the names Zion, City of David and Jerusalem are equivalent). The City of David is where the kings of Israel, such as David (1 Kings 2:10) and Solomon (1 Kings 11:43), are buried. (15.1341) **6** **swaggerroot** This word suggests 'cigarette' and 'cheroot', a small and thin cigar with both ends clipped off that is made in southern India (*OED*). (15.1347) **7** ***gansy*** Variant of guernsey: a jersey, or sweater (*OED*). (15.1355) **8** ***red floating tie*** A floating tie was a common style of cravat in the nineteenth century; it has a large and loose knot. (15.1355) **9** **Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the new world that potato and that weed** Sir Walter Raleigh (English explorer and poet, 1552–1618) did introduce tobacco to Europe from the New World (*EB11*, s.v. tobacco). However, potatoes were brought by the Spanish from South America to Europe in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Finally, in 1719, potatoes were brought from Europe (specifically, Ireland) to North America (*Brewer's*, s.v. potato). (15.1356) **10** **killer of pestilence by absorption** See note at **305:39**. (15.1357) **11** **poisoner of the ear** See note at **103:32**. (15.1358)

341 **1** **Turn again, Leopold! Lord mayor of Dublin!** After the story of Dick (Sir Richard) Whittington (*c.*1358–1423), Lord Mayor of London three times, in 1397, 1406 and 1419. According to legend, popularized in a pantomime by Samuel French, Whittington was a poor country boy who went to London to seek his fortune. Dejected, he planned to return home, but was persuaded by ringing bells that seemed to say, 'Turn again Whittington / Thrice Lord Mayor of London' (*Brewer's*). (15.1364) **2** ***In alderman's gown and chain*** In 1904, Dublin had twenty aldermen (one for each of the city's municipal wards) and sixty town councillors (three for each ward). The lord mayor is chosen annually from the aldermen or town councillors (*Thom's*, p. 1335). During formal and ceremonial occasions, aldermen wear gowns of either scarlet, violet or black, as well as a chain necklace that denotes their rank (*EB11*, s.v. robes). (15.1366) **3** **Arran Quay, Inns Quay, Rotunda, Mountjoy and North Dock** These are five of Dublin's twenty political wards, from which aldermen and town councillors are elected to the municipal council. They run in this order, from west to east, along the north bank of the Liffey (*Thom's*, pp. 1347–48). (15.1366) **4** **run a tramline, I say, from the cattlemarket to the river** See note at **45:9**. (15.1367) **5** ***Cui bono?*** Latin, 'For whose good?' or 'What good is it?' (15.1369) **6** **Vanderdeckens in their phantom ship of finance** According to some versions of the legend, including Frederick Marryat's novel *The Phantom Ship* (1839), Vanderdecken is the

name of the captain of the *Flying Dutchman*; see note at **271:25**. This also suggests 'Commodore' Cornelius Vanderbilt (1794–1877), the American financier and prototypical robber baron. (15.1369) **7 Three times three** See note at **289:12**. (15.1372) **8** ***Timothy Harrington, late thrice Lord Mayor of Dublin*** Timothy Harrington (1851–1910): elected lord mayor of Dublin three times: 1901, 1902 and 1903 (*Thom's*, p. 1398). He was also an MP for Harbour Division, Dublin City and Secretary of the Irish National League. He lived at 5 Esplanade Terrace in Bray (p. 346). (15.1377) **9** ***mayoral scarlet*** On most public occasions, the Lord Mayor wears robes of scarlet. Upon being presented to the monarch or during his investiture, he wears a violet robe. During solemn religious rituals, the robe is black (*EB11*, s.v. robes). (15.1378) **10** ***gold chain*** This is the 'Great Chain', a twenty-two-carat gold ceremonial chain given to the city of Dublin in 1698 by King William III (Bennett, s.v. Civic Regalia). (15.1379) **11** ***councillor Lorcan Sherlock, locum tenens*** See notes at **181:8** and **181:9**. (15.1379) **12** ***mace*** The Lord Mayor has several ceremonial maces, such as the 'Great Mace', which was made in 1717–18 by Thomas Bolton, the Lord Mayor in 1716, who was also a goldsmith (Bennett, s.v. Civic Regalia). (15.1382) **13 Cow Parlour off Cork street** Cork Street continues Dolphin's Barn Lane (which runs through the Dublin suburb of the same name) and runs towards The Coombe. Cow Parlour is a small street just south of Cork Street, about 400 metres south-west of The Coombe. (15.1385) **14 flying Dutchmen** See notes at **341:6** and **271:25**. (15.1390) **15 upholstered poop** See note at **198:7**. (15.1391) **16 Machines is their cry** Echoes the condemnation of mechanization in Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels's *Manifesto of the Communist Party* (1848): the workman 'becomes an appendage of the machine' (p. 16). (15.1391) **17 But their reign is rover for rever and ever and ev** After the *Alleluia* chorus of Handel's *Messiah* (see note at **133:23**), which quotes Revelations 11:15: 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever'. (15.1397) **18** ***Venetian masts*** Poles with ribbons of several colours wound around them; used as decoration on a float, or along the route of a parade (*OED*, s.v. Venetian). (15.1398) **19 Cead Mile Failte** *Céad Míle Fáilte*: Irish, 'a hundred thousand welcomes'; a traditional Irish greeting, also the title of a poem by Gerald Griffin (1803–40). (15.1399) **20 Mah Ttob Melek Israel** Hebrew, 'How goodly is your King, Israel'; this conflates two passages from the Old Testament. In Numbers, Balaam praises the Israelites: 'How goodly [*tob*] are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel' (24:5). In 2 Samuel, a drunk King David danced in front of a large assembly. When Michal, Saul's daughter, berated him for his exhibitionism, David responded that he was dancing before God. To this Michal sarcastically replied: 'How glorious was the king of Israel to day [*mah nikhbad ha'yom melek Israel*]' (6:20). (15.1400) **21** ***royal Dublin fusiliers*** See note at **56:11**. (15.1402) **22** ***King's own Scottish borderers*** The first battalion of this regiment, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was billeted in Belfast in 1904 (*Thom's*, p. 589). (15.1402) **23** ***Cameron Highlanders*** The full name of this regiment was The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (*Thom's*, p. 604). (15.1403) **24** ***Welsh Fusiliers*** The full name of this regiment was the Royal Welsh Fusiliers (*Thom's*, p. 588). (15.1403)

342 **1** ***The pillar of the cloud appears*** See note at **106:6**. (15.1407) **2** ***Kol Nidre*** Hebrew, 'all our vows'; the title of a chanted prayer central to ceremonies at synagogue on the Eve of Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. (15.1408) **3** ***beaters*** Beater: 'A man employed in rousing and driving game' (*OED*). (15.1408) **4** ***imperial eagles*** A military emblem of both the Roman empire and Napoleon's army (among others). (15.1409) **5** ***chryselephantine*** 'Of gold and ivory: applied to statues overlaid with gold and ivory' (*OED*). (15.1410) **6** ***John Howard Parnell*** See note at **121:5**. (15.1412) **7** ***Athlone Poursuivant and Ulster King of Arms*** There are three orders of heraldic officials, officers in the College of Arms. The Pursuivant (spelt the French way in the text) is the lowest-ranking officer and the King of Arms is the highest. In Ireland, 'in the court of the Ulster King of Arms [...] there are two Heralds and four Pursuivants' (*OED*, s.v. pursuivant). (15.1413) **8** ***Right Honourable Joseph Hutchinson*** See note at **181:6**. (15.1414) **9** ***the lord mayor of Cork*** In 1904–1905, the lord mayor of Cork was Augustine Roche (*Thom's 1905*, p. 1308). The honorific 'lordship' is equivalent to 'right honourable', but is used when the person in question is not explicitly named. (15.1415) **10** ***their worships the mayors of Limerick, Galway, Sligo and Waterford*** In 1904–1905, the mayors of Limerick, Sligo and Waterford were, respectively, Michael Donnelly (*Thom's 1905*, p. 1321), Thomas Flanagan (p. 1328) and Sir James A. Power (p. 1331). Under the Local Government Act (Ireland) of 1898, Galway did not have its own borough administration council and thus no mayor (p. 1316). These officers are called 'their worship' because their rank is mayor and not lord mayor. (15.1415) **11** ***twentyeight Irish representative peers*** Following the Act of Union,

'The Temporal [i.e. non-ecclesiastical] Peers of Ireland [...] elected 28 representatives for life, and supply vacancies as they occur by the exertion of the same elective power' (*Thom's*, p. 213). (15.1416) **12 sirdars, grandees and maharajahs** Sirdar: Indian military chief. Grandee: 'A Spanish or Portuguese nobleman of the highest rank'. Maharaja: Indian prince (all *OED*). (15.1417) **13** ***cloth of estate*** The canopy spread over a throne, or held over the head of royalty (*OED*). (15.1418) **14** ***Dublin Metropolitan Fire Brigade*** The City of Dublin Fire Brigade Fire Station, John J. Myers, Lieutenant, 12 Winetavern Street (*Thom's*, p. 1625). (15.1418) **15** ***bishop of Down and Connor*** In 1904, the Catholic bishop of Down and Connor was the Most Reverend Henry Henry, DD (*Thom's*, p. 991). The bishop of the United Dioceses of Down, Connor and Dromore in the Protestant Church of Ireland (Dromore is a separate diocese in the Catholic Church) was the Right Reverend Thomas James Welland, DD (*Thom's*, p. 949). (15.1420) **16** ***His Eminence Michael cardinal Logue archbishop of Armagh*** The Province of Armagh, comprising fifty-five parishes of the diocese of Armagh, is the centre of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. In 1904, the cardinal-archbishop of the province was His Eminence Michael Cardinal Logue, DD (1840–1924), Primate of all Ireland (*Thom's*, p. 988). (15.1420) **17** ***primate of all Ireland*** Both the Catholic archbishop of Armagh and the Protestant Church of Ireland archbishop of Armagh take the title 'Primate of all Ireland' (P.W. Joyce, *Atlas and Cyclopedia of Ireland*, s.v. Armagh). (15.1421) **18** ***His Grace, the most reverend Dr William Alexander*** In 1904, the Archbishop of the Diocese of Armagh in the Protestant Church of Ireland was the Most Reverend William Alexander DD, DCL, LL D (1824–1911) (*Thom's*, p. 942). (15.1422) **19** ***chief rabbi*** There was no chief rabbi in Ireland in 1904; the office was not created until 1918 (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. Ireland). The office of the chief rabbi is not analogous to the cardinal in the Catholic Church and, instead, is concerned with 'representing the Jews of a country in their relations with the secular authorities' (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. Chief rabbinates). (15.1423) **20** ***presbyterian moderator*** The title of the leader of the Irish Presbyterian Church is Moderator. In 1904, the moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland was Revd John MacDermott, in Belfast (*Thom's*, p. 1018). (15.1424) **21** ***baptist*** The president of the Baptist Union of Ireland in 1904 was Pastor J. Dinnin Gilmore (*Thom's*, p. 1026). (15.1424) **22** ***anabaptist*** 'A name given by their enemies to various sects which on the occasion of Luther's revolt from Romanism denied the validity of infant baptism, and therefore baptized those whom they quite logically regarded as not having received any Christian initiation at all' (*EB11*). In 1904 no Anabaptist sect, as such, existed in Ireland. (15.1424) **23** ***methodist*** In 1904, the president of the Methodist Church in Ireland was the Revd John Shaw Banks, DD (*Thom's*, p. 1024d). (15.1425) **24** ***Moravian*** The official name of the church is the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United Brethren. In 1904 there were ten congregations in Ireland, but there was no head minister (*Thom's*, p. 1026). (15.1425) **25** ***honorary secretary of the society of friends*** In 1904, John Bewley Beale (1832–1910) was the registering officer for the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in Dublin, offices at 6 Eustace Street (*Thom's*, p. 1487). (15.1425) **26** ***guilds and trades and trainbands*** The medieval institutions of guilds and trades are represented by costumed participants in public occasions such as the installation of a new mayor of London. Train band: 'A trained company of citizen soldiery, organized in London and other parts in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries' (*OED*). (15.1426) **27** ***tabinet*** A blend of silk and wool (*OED*). (15.1429) **28** ***factors*** Mercantile agents (*OED*). (15.1435) **29** ***gentlemen of the bed chamber*** Lord of the bedchamber: 'the designation given to noblemen holding certain offices in attendance on the person of the sovereign' (*OED*, s.v. lord). (15.1436) **30** ***Black Rod*** The Black Rod's job is to keep order in the House of Lords and to summon the House of Commons to the House of Lords for such events as when a bill receives royal assent. The name derives from the staff of office, a black wand with a gold lion perched on top (*Brewer's*). In 1904 the Black Rod was General Sir Michael Biddulph (*Thom's*, p. 510). (15.1437) **31** ***Deputy Garter*** The Order of the Garter is the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain, and includes the sovereign, the Prince of Wales, twenty-five knights companions and various princes and foreign royalty. The Deputy Garter is the Garter King of Arms, the executive officer of the sovereign for the Order of the Garter (*Brewer's*, s.v. Garter, the most noble order of). In 1904 the Deputy Garter was Sir Albert W. Woods (*Thom's*, p. 510). (15.1437) **32** ***Gold Stick*** The ceremonial office of the Captain and Gold Stick of His Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms has held by the Right Honourable Baron Belper in 1904 (*Thom's*, p. 106). (15.1437) **33** ***master of horse*** The master of the horse is the officer in charge of the English sovereign's horses (*OED*, s.v. master). In 1904 this office was held by the Duke of Portland (*Thom's*,

p. 105). (15.1437) **34** ***lord great chamberlain*** The Lord Great Chamberlain governs the Palace of Westminster. In 1904 this office was held by the Right Honourable the Marquis of Cholmondeley (*Thom's*, p. 105). (15.1438) **35** ***earl marshal*** The Earl Marshal is head of the College of Arms. In 1904 this office was held by the Duke of Norfolk (*Thom's*, p. 150). (15.1438) **36** ***high constable carrying the sword of state*** The Lord High Constable: 'the supreme judge of military offences and of questions of chivalry'; this office was abolished in 1521 and has since been revived only 'temporarily for particular occasions, esp. the sovereign's coronation' (*OED*, s.v. constable). (15.1438) **37** ***saint Stephen's iron crown*** St Stephen (975–1038): the first King of Hungary (r.1001–38). His gold crown was given to him by Pope Sylvester II (r.999–1003) and for centuries has stood as a symbol of Hungary (*EB11*, s.v. Stephen of Hungary). Arthur Griffith incorrectly states that this crown was iron (*The Resurrection of Hungary*, p. xvii). (15.1439) **38** ***chalice and bible*** At their coronation, English sovereigns must declare themselves 'defenders of the faith'. The chalice and Bible are carried as part of the coronation ceremony to symbolize this commitment (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). (15.1440) **39** ***sennet*** A series of notes played on trumpets to signal the arrival of an important group (*OED*). (15.1440) **40** ***Beefeaters*** 'Popular appellation of the Yeomen of the Guard, in the household of the Sovereign of Great Britain, instituted at the accession of Henry VII in 1485' (*OED*). (15.1440) **41** ***Saint Edward's staff*** St Edward's staff is used in the coronation of English monarchs. The original staff was believed to have dated back to the reign of Edward the Confessor (r.1042–66) (*EB11*, s.v. sceptre). (15.1443) **42** ***orb and sceptre with the dove*** These are two important pieces of the coronation regalia (*EB11*, s.v. regalia). (15.1443) **43** ***curtana*** A blunted sword carried before the monarch at the coronation (*OED*). (15.1444) **44** ***caparisoned*** That is, the horse is decked with caparisons, ornamental cloth hangings, armour, etc. (*OED*). (15.1445) **45** ***headstall*** The part of the bridle that fits around the horse's head (*OED*). (15.1445) **46** ***hawthorn and wrenbushes*** The hawthorn was Henry VII's chosen device, after his recovery of the crown from a hawthorn bush at the battle of Bosworth Field (*Brewer's*). In the Irish tradition of 'Hunting the Wren', on St Stephen's Day (26th December), children in costume go from house to house with pieces of holly or gorse from which a dead wren hangs. At each house, the children sing and demand money to pay for the wren's burial (Seán O Súilleabháin, *A Handbook of Irish Folklore*, p. 353). (15.1448) **47** **The wren, the wren [...]** From 'The Wren, the Wren', performed by wren boys on St Stephen's day (see the previous note). (15.1451) **48** **furze** See note at **216:5**. (15.1454) **49** **For the Honour of God!** After the Jesuits' motto: *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* ('To the greater glory of God'). (15.1456) **50** **scarcely looks thirtyone** According to Roman cultural practices, a man was considered a youth until the age of thirty. According to the Gospel of Luke, Christ was 'about thirty; when he began his ministry (3:23). (15.1456)

343 **1** A PAVIOR AND FLAGGER Pavior: 'A person who lays paving'. Flagger: 'One who flags or lays down flagstones' (both *OED*). (15.1458) **2** BELLHANGER One who hangs and repairs bells (*OED*, s.v. bell). (15.1467) **3** ***Bloom's weather. A sunburst appears in the northwest*** See note at **45:4**. (15.1469) **4** THE BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR See note at **342:15**. (15.1470) **5** ***dalmatic and purple mantle*** Dalmatic: a loose 'robe worn by kings and emperors at coronation and other solemnities' (*OED*). Purple is conventionally associated with royalty. (15.1477) **6** ***shovel hat*** See note at **38:12**. (15.1480) **7** **Will you to your power cause law and mercy to be executed in all your judgments** After two separate parts of the British coronation oath: 'Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereto belonging according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?' and 'Will you to the utmost of your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?' (*EB11*, s.v. oath). (15.1480) **8** ***Placing his right hand on his testicles, swears*** In Roman Law, a witness (*testis*) holds his testicles when he swears to tell the truth, so that the truthfulness of his testimony is guaranteed on the basis of his own procreative powers (W.W. Buckland, *A Text-Book of Roman Law*, p. 288). Swearing on one's testicles also occurs in the Old Testament (Gen. 24:2–3 and 48:29–31). (15.1484) **9** **So may the Creator deal with me. All this I promise to do** At the end of the coronation ceremony, the monarch says 'All this I promise to do' in response to a series of questions that pertain to upholding and preserving the Church of England and its clergy (*EB11*, s.v. oath). (15.1484) **10** MICHAEL, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH See note at **342:16**. (15.1486) **11** ***Pours a cruse of hairoil over Bloom's head*** As part of the coronation ceremony, before the monarch is vested, he is anointed with holy oil in order to sanctify and distinguish his person (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). Cruse: a small vessel for liquids (*OED*). (15.1487) **12** ***Gaudium magnum annuntio vobis.***

Habemus carneficem Latin, 'I proclaim to you a great joy. We have an executioner'; a variation on the highest cardinal's pronouncement declaring a new pope: '*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: habemus pontificem*' ('I proclaim to you a great joy: we have a pope') (*EB11*, s.v. papacy). (15.1487) **13 Patrick, Andrew, David, George** Patrick, Andrew, David and George are, respectively, the patron saints of Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England. (15.1488) **14** ***mantle of cloth of gold*** Following the anointing of the monarch with holy oil, he is clothed in royal vestments, concluding with the mantle of gold (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). (15.1490) **15** ***ruby ring*** The ruby ring is the coronation ring of Scotland. Immediately after the crown is placed on his head, the ring is placed on his wedding finger (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). (15.1490) **16** ***stone of destiny*** This is the Stone of Scone, or the coronation stone. It was removed from Scone, Scotland in 1296 by Edward I of England to Westminster Abbey, where it has remained since, under the throne occupied by the monarch during coronation. It is the 'stone of destiny' because Scottish tradition says that wherever the stone rests, there will be the Scottish ruler (*Brewer's*). (15.1491) **17** ***representative peers put on at the same time their twentyeight crowns*** During coronation ceremonies all peers of the realm donned their coronets or caps once the king was crowned (*EB11*, s.v. peerage). See also note at **342:11**. (15.1491) **18** ***Joybells*** See note at **164:7**. (15.1492) **19** ***Christ church, Saint Patrick's*** These are Dublin's two medieval cathedrals, now part of the Church of Ireland. (15.1493) **20** ***George's*** See note at **44:15**. (15.1493) **21** ***gay Malahide*** See note at **164:7**. (15.1493) **22** ***Mirus bazaar fireworks*** See note at **133:20**. (15.1494) **23** ***The peers do homage*** After crowning a new sovereign, the attending peers, or noblemen, approach him and, as part of the ceremony, 'do homage' by bowing and swearing the Oath of Fealty (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). (15.1495)

344 1 I do become your liege man of life and limb to earthly worship The first sentence of the Oath of Fealty taken by the peers during the coronation ceremony (*EB11*, s.v. coronation). (15.1498) **2** ***Koh-i-Noor diamond*** *Koh-i-Noor*: Persian, 'Mountain of Light'. The Koh-i-Noor diamond is one of the largest diamonds in the world. It was discovered in 1550 and passed through the hands of numerous rulers before it was annexed to the British Crown when England won the Second Anglo-Sikh War in 1849, and it has remained in British hands ever since as one of the crown jewels of England (*Brewer's*). (15.1499) **3** ***Wireless intercontinental and interplanetary transmitters*** Wireless (radio) transmission across the Atlantic was possible by 1901, when Marconi transmitted the letter 'S' across the ocean, but commercial transmission was not fully reliable at such distances. (15.1500) **4 nominate our faithful charger Copula Felix hereditary Grand Vizier** Bloom repeats an act of the Roman Emperor Caligula (12–41 AD, r.37–41), who appointed his favourite horse to his college of priests and later to the consulship. *Copula Felix*: Latin, 'Happy Union'. Grand Vizier: Western name for a ruler of an Islamic country (*OED*). (15.1504) **5 Selene** The Greek goddess of the moon. (15.1506) **6** ***morganatic spouse*** A morganatic spouse is one of markedly inferior social rank (*OED*). (15.1508) **7** ***Black Maria*** A police van used to transport prisoners (Partridge). (15.1509) **8 promised land of our common ancestors** Combines the biblical notion of Israel with the idea of Ireland as a country promised to a people by God; see note at **106:8**. (15.1517) **9** ***keys of Dublin, crossed*** See notes at **88:17** and **91:1**. (15.1520) **10** ***he is wearing green socks*** Charles Stewart Parnell was much derided for never wearing green. He called it 'a colour I detest' (Robert Kee, *The Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 400). (15.1521) **11 On this day twenty years ago we overcame the hereditary enemy at Ladysmith** The enemy at Ladysmith were the Dutch, who fought the English in the Natal province of South Africa during the Boer War. The British garrison at Ladysmith, a town in Natal, was contested from 29th October 1899 to 28th February 1900, when troops directed by General Buller relieved the fortress (*EB11*, s.v. Natal). The 'twenty years ago' is an exaggeration for 1904, but not for 1921, when Joyce wrote this passage. (15.1525) **12 Half a league onward!** From Alfred Tennyson's poem 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', a paean to the fatal attack on Russian artillery troops by the Light Brigade during the Crimean War (1853–56): 'Half a league, half a league / Half a league onward, / All in the valley of Death / Rode the six hundred' (ll. 1–4). (15.1527) **13 All is lost now!** See note at **199:19**. (15.1527) **14 Plevna** See note at **44:10**. (15.1529) **15** ***Bonafide Sabaoth*** *Bona fide*: Latin, good faith or, more colloquially, genuine. *Sabaoth*: the Greek form of the Hebrew word *tseboath*, armies or hosts. This appears in Romans 9:29 and James 5:4 as 'the Lord of Sabaoth', suggesting God as a divine warrior. (15.1530) **16** CHAPEL OF FREEMAN TYPESETTERS Chapel: a printer's workshop or a printing office or a meeting of workers in a printing office that functions like a union meeting (*OED*); see also note at **92:5**. (15.1531) **17** JOHN WYSE NOLAN See note at **129:10**. (15.1533) **18 There's the man**

that got away James Stephens See notes at **34:30** and **230:6**. (15.1534) **19** A BLUECOAT SCHOOLBOY See note at **133:14**. (15.1535)

345 **1** **verily it is even now at hand** In Matthew, Jesus declares, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand' (4:17; see also 3:2, 10:7, Mark 1:15 and Luke 21:31). He also uses the expression 'verily' several times. (15.1542) **2** **golden city** The golden city is Jerusalem, after the hymn 'Jerusalem the Golden' words by Bernard of Cluny (*c.*1122–56), translated by John Mason Neale (1818–66) and music by Alexander Ewing (1830–95). (15.1544) **3** **new Bloomusalem** See note at **241:47**. (15.1544) **4** **Nova Hibernia** Latin, 'New Ireland'. (15.1544) **5** ***Thirtytwo workmen wearing rosettes, from all the counties of Ireland*** There are thirty-two counties in Ireland. This image recalls the reception given the Hungarian Emperor Francis Joseph who, when Hungary achieved a measure of independence, was cheered by representatives – 'professional men, merchants, artisans, and farmers, all clad in national costume' – from each of Hungary's fifty-two counties (Arthur Griffith, *Resurrection of Hungary*, p. 65). (15.1546) **6** ***Derwan the builder*** Should read 'Derwin' (the mistake was Joyce's); see note at **322:5**. (15.1547) **7** ***with crystal roof*** See note at **214:30**. (15.1548) **8** ***walls of Dublin*** By the time of the Norman invasion in 1170, what then existed as Dublin was fortified with walls. It is not known when the walls were built, but most of the old city walls were gone by the end of the eighteenth century (Bennett, s.v. walls). (15.1555) **9** ***Morituri te salutant*** Latin, 'These men about to die salute you'; Roman gladiators said this to the emperor before engaging in combat. (15.1557) **10** **Leopold M'Intosh, the notorious fireraiser** Fireraiser: an arsonist (*Brewer's*). After John McIntosh, a Scotsman who rented a house on Patrick Street in order to make gunpowder and explosives for Robert Emmet. An explosion in this factory led Henry Charles Sirr (see note at **176:26**) to investigate. McIntosh was then convicted of treason and hanged (Patrick Joseph McCall, *In the Shadow of St Patrick's*, pp. 42–43). (15.1561) **11** **Higgins** Higgins is Bloom's mother's maiden name as well as the prostitute Zoe's surname. See also notes at **176:28** and **176:26**. (15.1562) **12** **So much for M'Intosh!** After an emendation made by Colley Cibber (English actor, 1671–1757) to Shakespeare's *Richard III* (1700): 'Off with his head – so much for Buckingham' (Act IV, Sc. 3, 188). (15.1564) **13** ***with his sceptre strikes down poppies*** According to a later legend, Lucius Tarquinius Superbus (*c.*534–510 BC), the last of the legendary rulers of Rome before the establishment of the Republic, ordered the capture of the town of Gabii by walking through his garden striking the heads off the tallest poppies, which led to the chief men of the town being put to death by his son, Sextus (*EB11*, s.v. Tarquinius). (15.1565) **14** ***Maundy money*** The money given by the English monarch to the infirm and poor on Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday. Special coins are struck for the occasion (*Brewer's*). (15.1569) **15** ***commemoration medals*** Commemoration medals were traditionally distributed at great state occasions such as coronations or other celebrations of state (*EB11*, s.v. medal). (15.1569) **16** ***loaves and fishes*** See note at **290:12**. (15.1569) **17** ***temperance badges*** See note at **226:14**. (15.1570) **18** ***Henry Clay cigars*** See note at **181:1**. (15.1570) **19** ***rubber preservatives*** Condoms; after the French word for condom, *préservatif*. (15.1571) **20** **billets doux** French, 'sweet notes'; that is, love letters. (15.1572) **21** ***Jeyes' Fluid*** The proprietary name of a disinfectant fluid manufactured by Jeyes Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd, of London (*OED*). (15.1574) **22** ***purchase stamps*** (Also known as trading stamps): a form of currency issued by retail merchants to their customers to be used instead of cash. (15.1574) **23** ***40 days' indulgences*** Indulgences – from *'indulgentia'*, forbearance, as in kindness for not exacting the full measure of what is due – are the remission of the temporal punishment of sins once the sin has been confessed. Thus, a '40 days' indulgence' is the remission of forty days of the earthly punishment of sin, which is a very small amount. (15.1574) **24** ***royal and privileged Hungarian lottery*** See note at **114:30**. (15.1576) **25** ***penny dinner counters*** See note at **116:1**. (15.1577) **26** ***Froggy and Fritz*** Apparently fictitious. (15.1578) **27** ***Care of the Baby*** Perhaps J.P. Cozier Griffith's (1856–1941) *The Care of the Baby* (1895, with numerous reprints and subsequent editions). (15.1578) **28** ***50 Meals for 7/6*** Apparently fictitious, but guides to inexpensive dining and cooking were (and still are) prevalent. (15.1579) **29** ***Was Jesus a Sun Myth?*** Apparently fictitious; in Malachi 4:2 Christ is associated with the sun: 'But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings'. (15.1579) **30** ***Expel that Pain*** Apparently fictitious. (15.1580) **31** ***Infant's Compendium of the Universe*** Apparently fictitious; Bloom does own two books on astronomy: *The Story of the Heavens* (see notes at **113:10** and **499:11**) and A *Handbook of Astronomy* (see note at **500:2**). (15.1580) **32** ***Let's All Chortle*** Apparently fictitious. (15.1581) **33** ***Canvasser's Vade Mecum*** Apparently fictitious. *Vade mecum*: Latin, 'go with me'; 'A book or manual suitable for carrying about with

one for ready reference [...] (Sometimes used as the title of such a work.)' (*OED*). (15.1581) **34** ***Loveletters of Mother Assistant*** Apparently fictitious. (15.1582) **35** ***Who's Who in Space*** The first *Who's Who* – a biographical dictionary of notable people – was published in 1849 by A & C Black in London. Versions exist for other countries, but, as of 2012, no extant edition covers the heavens. (15.1582) **36** ***Songs that Reached Our Heart*** After the titles of various song anthologies, such as *Harps of Gold: Songs which Reach the Heart* (1909). (15.1583) **37** ***Pennywise's Way to Wealth*** Apparently fictitious, but after the proverbial expression 'Penny-wise, poundfoolish' (*Brewer's*). (15.1584) **38** ***Women press forward to touch the hem of Bloom's robe*** After Matthew 9:20–22: 'And behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him [Jesus], and touched the hem of his garment: For she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole. But Jesus turned about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour' (see also Mark 5:27 and 6:56 and Luke 8:44). (15.1585) **39** ***lady Gwendolen Dubedat*** See note at **128:23**. (15.1586)

346 **1** ***Babes and sucklings*** 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger' (Psalm 8:2; see also Matt. 21:16). (15.1588) **2** **Little father!** Little father translates the Russian *batyushka* (diminutive of the Old Russian *batka*, father), an epithet for the Tsar, a village priest or any figure of authority; also used as a general exclamation. (15.1591) **3** **Clap clap hands till Poldy comes home** After the nursery rhyme, 'Clap hands, clap hands, / Till father comes home; / For father's got money, / But mother's got none' (*ODNR*). (15.1593) **4** ***pussy fourcorners*** After the game 'Puss in the Corner' (variants of the name include 'Puss in Four Corners') in which four children stand at four corners of a square. A fifth child, playing the 'Puss', stands in the middle of the square. The children at the corners taunt the Puss and change places with each other when the Puss is not looking and the Puss then has to try to reach one of the vacated corners (Iona and Peter Opie, *Children's Games in Street and Playground*, p. 207). (15.1602) **5** **Peep! Bopeep!** Samuel Johnson defined 'bo-peep' as 'The act of looking out and then drawing back as if frightened, or with the purpose to fright some other'; after the nursery rhyme 'Little Bo-Peep' (*ODNR*, s.v. bo-peep). (15.1602) **6** **Ticktacktwo wouldyousetashoe?** Possibly after the nursery rhyme from *Mother Goose's Melody* (*c.*1785) by Isaiah Thomas: 'Is John Smith within? / Yes, that he is. / Can he set a shoe? Aye, marry two. / Here a nail, and there a nail, / Tick, tack, too'. (15.1603) **7** **Roygbiv** See note at **271:22**. (15.1605) **8** **32 feet per second** See note at **56:4**. (15.1605) **9** **Absence makes the heart grow younger** After the proverb 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder' (*ODEP*). (15.1606) **10** **U. p.: up.** See note at **116:6**. (15.1609) **11** ***Maurice Butterly*** A magistrate, Court Duff House, Blanchardstown (*Thom's*, pp. 1135, 1821). See also note at **15:4**. (15.1611) **12** ***The rams' horns sound for silence. The standard of Zion is hoisted*** The horn of a ram (in Hebrew, *shophar*) is the battle trumpet of the ancient Israelites and is used to signal various Jewish religious holidays. (15.1619) **13** **Aleph Beth Ghimel Daleth** The first four letters of the Hebrew alphabet. (15.1623) **14** **Hagadah** See note at **92:11**. (15.1623) **15** **Tephilim** See note at **273:13**. (15.1623) **16** **Kosher** See note at **48:3**. (15.1623) **17** **Yom Kippur** See note at **111:25**. (15.1623) **18** **Hanukah** (Also spelt 'Hanukkah' or 'Chanukkah'): Hebrew, dedication; an eight-day celebration that commemorates Judas the Maccabee's victory over Antiochus Epiphanes in 165 BC. (15.1624) **19** **Roschaschana** Also spelt 'Rosh Hashanah': Hebrew, 'head of the year'; the holiday that marks the start of the Jewish New Year. (15.1624) **20** **Beni Brith** Hebrew (also spelt 'B'nai B'rith'), 'Sons of the Covenant'; the name of a Jewish fraternity founded in 1843 in New York City. (15.1624) **21** **Bar Mitzvah** Hebrew, 'Son of Command'; a ceremony undertaken by Jewish males at the age of thirteen that marks his initiation into the Jewish religious community as well as signalling his arrival at early manhood. (15.1624) **22** **Mazzoth** Hebrew, the plural form of the word *mazzah*, the flat, unleavened bread that the Jews were forced to eat as they fled their enslavement in Egypt. During the Passover Seder (see note at **92:11**), the breaking and distribution of the mazzoth is an important ritual. (15.1624) **23** **Askenazim** The Askenazim (or Ashkenazim): 'Jews of middle and northern Europe as distinguished from Sephardim or Jews of Spain and Portugal' (*OED*); the name is the plural of Ashkenaz, one of Noah's great-grandchildren (Gen. 10:3) and also the name of a kingdom that was allied with Israel against Babylon (Jeremiah 51:27). Ashkenaz was also the medieval Jewish name for Germany. (15.1625) **24** **Meshuggah** See note at **117:6**. (15.1625) **25** **Talith** (Also spelt 'tallit'): Hebrew, prayer shawl; a scarf-like garment worn by Jewish men during their morning

prayers and worn all day on Yom Kippur (*OED*). (15.1625) **26** ***Jimmy Henry*** See note at **180:19**. (15.1626) **27** **Court of Conscience** Courts of conscience: small claims courts set up in London and other cities and replaced by the county courts (*Brewer's*); also figurative for a moral tribunal (*OED*). (15.1629) **28** **His Most Catholic Majesty** The King of Spain was addressed 'His Catholic Majesty' and the King of France was 'His most Christian Majesty' (*Brewer's*, s.v. majesty). (15.1629) **29** **solution of doubles and other problems** Double: an 'evasive turn, a trick' (*OED*). (15.1630)

347 **1** PADDY LEONARD See note at **69:11**. (15.1633) **2** NOSEY FLYNN See note at **125:24**. (15.1639) **3** **Can I raise a mortgage on my fire insurance?** Under British law this is not permitted (Gifford); see also note at **129:9**. (15.1640) **4** **by the law of torts you are bound over in your own recognisances** Tort: the breach of a duty imposed by law, in consequence of which someone is entitled to take legal action to seek damages (*OED*). The law of torts is thus a key component of civil law, such as any infraction regarding insurance policies. However, Bloom claims that the terms of Flynn's bail (£5) are dictated under the law of torts, which confuses civil law with criminal law. (15.1642) **5** **A Daniel** Elizabethan idiom, a fair-minded person; after 'the prophet [in the Book of Susanna in the Apocrypha] celebrated for his sagacity as a judge' (Alexander Schmidt, *Shakespeare Lexicon and Quotation Dictionary*; see the *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, Sc. 1, 223, 333, 340). (15.1645) **6** **Peter O'Brien** See note at **216:57**. (15.1645) **7** PISSER BURKE See note at **222:20**. (15.1648) **8** ***Acid. nit. hydrochlor dil.*, 20 minims** [...] Latin abbreviations for chemist's supplies (see also note at **64:12**). Minim: 'The least possible portion of something; a tiny particle, a jot. Formerly also in scientific use' (*OED*). *Acid. nit. hydrochlor. dil.*: nitric and hydrochloric acid; used for afflictions of the alimentary canal and the liver. *Tinct. mix. vom.*: tincture of *nux vomica* ('the foul nut'); a heart stimulant and emetic. *Extr. taraxel. lig.*: extract of *taraxaci ligni* ('the wood of dandelion root'); a mild laxative also prescribed for liver problems. *Aq. dis. ter in die*: distilled water, (taken) three times a day. (15.1651) **9** CHRIS CALLINAN See note at **102:22**. (15.1655) **10** **What is the parallax of the subsolar ecliptic of Aldebaran?** Aldebaran is the brightest star in the constellation Taurus. When a star's position is measured at six-month intervals, its coordinates appear to change slightly because of the effect of parallax produced by the earth's orbit around the sun (see note at **113:11**). In effect, Callinan is asking for the measurement of this apparent shift in its position, which can be used to calculate its distance. (15.1656) **11** **K. 11** In 1910 the parallax of Aldebaran was measured as 0.073 seconds of arc, indicating a distance of 44.7 light years (Kelvin McKready, *A Beginner's Star-Book*, p. 139). Contemporary measurements place its parallax at 0.048 seconds of arc, indicating a distance of about 68 light years. The answer Bloom gives, K.11, takes the form of the Draper classification of stellar spectral class (temperature). Aldebaran is a type K.5 star (Henry Norris Russell et al., *Astronomy II*, p. 637); the subclass designations runs from 1 to 10 and so K.11 is an incorrect form. (15.1658) **12** JOE HYNES See note at **69:3**. (15.1659) **13** **When my progenitor of sainted memory wore the uniform of the Austrian despot** It is possible (although there is no other reference to this in *Ulysses*) that Bloom's Hungarian father Rudolph was imprisoned for fighting against the rule of the Austrian 'despot' Franz Joseph (1830–1916, r.1848–1916). Even though he might have been a partisan, he would still have worn the Austrian military uniform. (15.1662)

348 **1** **Father (pater, dad) starts thinking** That is, if his wife gives birth to twins, the father starts thinking that there are two fathers. (15.1671) **2** LARRY O'ROURKE See note at **45:6**. (15.1672) **3** **eight day licence** In Ireland in 1904, bars were strictly licensed to sell spirits for either six or seven days a week, but only during prescribed hours. (15.1673) **4** CROFTON See note at **72:1**. (15.1678) **5** **house of keys** See note at **91:1**. (15.1683) **6** **the plain ten commandments** Exodus 20:3–17 and Deuteronomy 5:7–21. (15.1685) **7** **Three acres and a cow** The phrase 'three acres and a cow' was coined by Jesse Collings (English MP, 1831–1920) as a catchphrase of the movement to force land reform against the opposition of the Conservative government of Lord Salisbury in 1885. The idea was that land should be so cheap that every farmer could afford to own 'three acres and a cow' (Avner Offer, *Property and Politics 1870–1914*, pp. 352–54). (15.1687) **8** **esperanto** See note at **313:9**. (15.1691) **9** **dropsical impostors** Dropsy: another name for oedema, a condition characterized by a build-up of fluid and swelling of the body (*OED*). (15.1692) **10** O'MADDEN BURKE See note at **98:14**. (15.1694)

349 **1** ***Kildare Street museum*** See note at **129:1**. (15.1703) **2** ***Venus Callipyge*** See note at **147:20**. (15.1705) **3** ***Venus Pandemos*** See note at **305:56**. (15.1705) **4** ***Venus Metempsychosis*** See note at **49:10**. (15.1706) **5** ***new nine muses*** The nine Muses of Greek mythology were the

children of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the goddess associated with memory; these are: Calliope (epic poetry), Clio (history), Erato (lyric poetry or hymns), Euterpe (flutes), Melpomene (tragedy), Polyhymnia (the mimic arts), Terpsichore (dance), Thalia (comedy and pastoral poetry) and Urania (astronomy). (15.1707) **6** ***Plural Voting*** Plural voting means that a single voter is permitted to cast more than one ballot in a single district, or to vote in more than one district. (15.1708) **7** FATHER FARLEY See note at **61:22**. (15.1711) **8** **anythingarian** An individual of 'no fixed or decided views' (Partridge). (15.1712) **9** MRS RIORDAN See note at **74:18**. (15.1714) **10** MOTHER GROGAN See note at **12:1**. (15.1716) **11** **One of the old sweet songs** See note at **49:5**. (15.1720) **12** **I vowed that I never would leave her** See note at **55:14**. (15.1723) **13** HOPPY HOLOHAN See note at **57:1**. (15.1726) **14** **Stage Irishman!** A character type common in music-hall routines and dramas. 'The stage Irishman of the 19th century, generous, drunken, thriftless, with a joke always on his lips and a sentimental tear always in his eye' (George Bernard Shaw, cited in the *OED*, s.v. stage). (15.1729) **15** **The Rows of Casteele** See note at **98:1**. (15.1731) **16** SIBYL 'A prophetess of classical legend' (*Brewer's*). (15.1735)

350 **1** ***prussic acid*** See note at **243:15**. (15.1746) **2** ***aconite*** See note at **482:2**. (15.1746) **3** ***Nelson's Pillar*** See note at **72:14**. (15.1748) **4** ALEXANDER J. DOWIE See note at **111:13**. (15.1752) **5** **stinking goat of Mendes** Mendes was an ancient Egyptian city in the Nile delta which was home to a cult that worshipped a ram (E.A. Wallis Budge, *The Gods of the Egyptians*, p. 27). (15.1755) **6** **cities of the plain** See note at **47:16**. (15.1756) **7** **white bull mentioned in the Apocalypse** There are no white bulls mentioned in the Book of Revelation, the traditional Christian account of the Apocalypse. However, a white bull is mentioned in the *Book of Enoch*, an apocryphal and apocalyptic text (second or first century BC). From the time of Noah to the apocalypse, all humanity is described as being sheep, and when the Messiah arrives to announce the Last Judgement, he appears as a white bull (89:37–38). (15.1757) **8** **Scarlet Woman** From the Book of Revelation; she is 'decked with gold and precious stones and pearls', with a cup 'in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication' (17:4). This description is followed by a vision that was also commonly used by Protestants as a symbol of the corrupted Catholic church: 'And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH' (17:5). (15.1758) **9** **Caliban!** See note at **7:9**. (15.1760) **10** **He's as bad as Parnell was. Mr Fox!** 'Mr Fox' was one of several aliases that Parnell used during his relationship with Kitty O'Shea; others were 'Preston', 'Stewart' and 'Smith' (Kee, *The Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 552–54). (15.1762) **11** **This is midsummer madness** In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia comments on Malvolio's dramatic change in character, 'Why, this is very midsummer madness' (Act III, Sc. 4, 61). (15.1768) **12** **as the unsunned snow** From *Cymbeline*, when Posthumus believes his wife Imogen is guilty of adultery: 'I thought her / As chaste as unsunned snow' (Act II, Sc. 5, 12–13). (15.1769) **13** **number 2 Dolphin's Barn** Occupied in 1904 by Daniel Whelan, victualler (*Thom's*, p. 1476); see also note at **205:1**. (15.1770) **14** **Slander, the viper, has wrongfully accused me** After *Cymbeline*: 'This viperous slander enters' (Act III, Sc. 4, 37). (15.1770) **15** ***sgeul inn ban bata coisde gan capall*** Garbled Irish, 'Story in the end of a stick, coach without a horse'. (15.1771) **16** **Dr Eustace's private asylum** Dr Henry M. Eustace: physician and surgeon, 'private lunatic asylum for gentlemen and ladies, Hampstead and Highfield, Glasnevin' (*Thom's*, p. 1699); he also had offices at 41 Grafton Street (p. 1506). (15.1776) **17** **elephantiasis** 'The name given to various kinds of cutaneous disease, which produce in the part affected a resemblance to an elephant's hide' (*OED*); the most famous victim was Joseph Carey Merrick (1862–90), known as the 'Elephant Man'. (15.1778) **18** **Ambidexterity is also latent** According to some superstitions, ambidexterity is a sign of untrustworthiness, since the ambidextrous are equally adept at using both hands (*Brewer's*). (15.1780) **19** **prematurely bald from selfabuse** After the superstition that masturbation leads to baldness. (15.1780) **20** **more sinned against than sinning** See note at **259:5**. (15.1783) **21** **axillary** Axillary hair: armpit hair (*OED*). (15.1785) **22** ***virgo intacta*** Latin, 'intact virgin'; that is, the hymen has not been broken by sexual intercourse. (15.1785) **23** ***his high grade hat*** See note at **44:12**. (15.1787)

351 **1** DR MADDEN See note at **280:17**. (15.1788) **2** **Hypsospadia** Properly spelt 'hypospadias': 'A congenital malformation consisting in a fissure of the lower wall of the male urethra, the result of arrested development' (*OED*). (15.1789) **3** **teratological museum** A teratological museum preserves biological abnormalities or monstrosities (*OED*). There was no such museum in Dublin in 1904. (15.1791) **4** DR CROTTHERS See note at **280:19**. (15.1792) **5** **albuminoid. Salivation is insufficient, the patellar**

reflex intermittent Albuminoid: like albumin, a protein (*OED*, s.vv. albuminoid; albumin). Kidneys normally filter and retain proteins, and so albuminoid urine indicates a serious impairment, which can be produced by a variety of causes, such as syphilis or alcoholism (*EB11*, s.v. kidney diseases). The patellar reflex test measures the leg's reaction to a light blow directed at the tendon beneath the patella (kneecap), and establishes whether the nervous pathway from leg to spinal chord is intact. (15.1793) **6** DR PUNCH COSTELLO See note at **280:22**. (15.1795) **7** ***fetor judaicus*** Latin, 'Jewish odour'; see note at **221:13**. (15.1796) **8** DR DIXON See note at **74:19**. (15.1797) **9** **the new womanly man** 'Womanly man': an epithet coined by the anti-Semitic and misogynistic author Otto Weininger (1880–1903) in his only work *Geschlecht und Charakter* (German, *Sex and Character*; 1903). Weininger asserted that 'Judaism is saturated with femininity' (p. 306). (15.1798) **10** **Reformed Priests' Protection Society** The Reformed Priests' Protection Society, Captain R. Wade Thompson, honorary secretary: 13 D'Olier Street (*Thom's*, p. 1475). Founded in 1844, the society provided assistance to priests 'who conscientiously abandon the Church of Rome for the pure faith of the Gospel' (p. 1389). (15.1802) **11** **grocer's peas** Pale, mushy, processed peas. The qualifier 'grocer's' denotes inferior quality or mass-produced merchandise (*OED*, s.v. grocer). (15.1805) **12** **Glencree reformatory** See note at **114:17**. (15.1808) **13** **posthumous child** 'Born after the death of its father' (*OED*). (15.1808) **14** MRS THORNTON See note at **51:8**. (15.1818) **15** ***Nasodoro*** Italian, 'Nose of gold'. (15.1827) **16** ***Chrysostomos*** See note at **5:5**. (15.1827) **17** ***Maindorée*** French, 'Gilt-hand'. (15.1827) **18** ***Silberselber*** German, 'Silver-self'. (15.1828) **19** ***Vifargent*** French, 'Quicksilver' (that is, mercury). (15.1828) **20** ***Panargyros*** Greek, 'All silver'. (15.1828) **21** **Messiah ben Joseph or ben David** Messiah: Hebrew, 'Anointed One'. Ben: Hebrew, 'son of'. In the Old Testament, the word Messiah refers to any leader of the Jewish peoples or anyone with a special mission ordained by God. In post-exilic times, the Messiah is the leader who re-establishes the land of Israel as the spiritual home for the Jewish people. In Jewish folklore, the true Messiah is a descendant of King David (i.e. Ben David) and is preceded by a Messianic descendent of Joseph (i.e. Ben Joseph) (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). See also note at **111:12**. (15.1834)

352 **1** **You have said it** In Luke 23:3, after having been accused by the Jewish elders and head priests of declaring himself the Messiah. Jesus is brought before the Roman governor, Pilate: 'And Pilate asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? and he answered him and said, Thou sayest it'. (15.1836) **2** BROTHER BUZZ See note at **64:2**. (15.1837) **3** **the Saint Leger** A horse race run every September at Doncaster, England. (15.1840) **4** ***Nelson's Pillar*** See note at **72:14**. (15.1842) **5** ***king's evil*** 'Scrofula; supposedly cured by the royal touch, hence the name' (*Brewer's*). (15.1844) **6** ***Lord Beaconsfield*** In 1876, the title of First Earl of Beaconsfield was bestowed upon Benjamin Disraeli (1804–81), the English author, politician and statesman. (15.1845) **7** ***Lord Byron*** George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824): English poet, famous for his good looks as well as his poetry. He died at Missolonghi, serving the cause of Greek independence (*Brewer's*). (15.1845) **8** ***Wat Tyler*** Wat Tyler (d.1381) led the unsuccessful Peasants' Revolt against excessive oppression and taxation in England in 1381. (15.1846) **9** ***Moses of Egypt*** See note at **105:9**. (15.1846) **10** ***Moses Maimonides*** See note at **23:6**. (15.1846) **11** ***Moses Mendelssohn*** See note at **248:3**. (15.1846) **12** ***Henry Irving*** Sir Henry Irving (born John Brodribb, 1838–1905): English actor and theatre director best known for his Shakespeare productions. (15.1847) **13** ***Rip van Winkle*** See note at **272:13**. (15.1847) **14** ***Kossuth*** Lajos (Louis) Kossuth (1802–94): Hungarian revolutionary hero who led the 1848 revolt against Austrian rule and demanded parliamentary government in Hungary. (15.1847) **15** ***Jean Jacques Rousseau*** Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78): Swiss philosopher whose writings are associated with the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. (15.1847) **16** ***Baron Leopold Rothschild*** Leopold de Rothschild (1845–1917): scion of a prominent Jewish European family of bankers. (15.1848) **17** ***Robinson Crusoe*** See note at **83:4**. (15.1848) **18** ***Sherlock Holmes*** The fictional detective created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (English author, 1859–1930) in 1887. (15.1848) **19** ***Pasteur*** Louis Pasteur (1822–95): French chemist whose studies of fermentation and bacteria led to the germ theory of infection. (15.1849) **20** ***bids the tide turn back*** According to legend, Canute (995–1035), King of England, Norway and Denmark, commanded the rising tide of the Thames to go back, which it did not. From this disappointment Canute learnt that he did not have power over all things, and that even a king needs to be humble (*EB11*). (15.1850) **21** NUNCIO Italian, messenger or ambassador. See note at **233:15**. (15.1852) **22** ***papal zouave's*** See note at **233:17**. (15.1853) **23** ***Leopoldi autem generatio*** Latin, 'Now the generation of Leopold [was in this wise]'; after Matthew 1:18 in the Vulgate,

'Christi autem generatio sic erat' ('Now the generation of Christ was in this wise'). This verse concludes a listing of Christ's genealogy (1:1–17). (15.1855) **24 Moses begat Noah** In the Bible, Noah preceded Moses. Noah's father was Lamech (Gen. 5:25–32). Moses's father is unnamed; he is simply called 'a man of the house of Levi' (Exod. 2:1). (15.1855) **25 Noah begat Eunuch** Noah's sons were Shem, Ham and Japheth (Gen. 10:1). Perhaps 'Eunuch' might be a play on the name Enoch, who was Noah's great-grandfather (Gen. 5:19–32). Enoch is also the name of a son of Cain and the father of Irad (Gen. 4:17–18). Normally, eunuchs do not beget children. (15.1855) **26 Eunuch begat O'Halloran** Technically, Halloran would beget O'Halloran. There are two distinct branches of the O'Hallorans in Ireland, one from Clare and the other from Galway (Edward MacLysaght, *Irish Families*, p. 170). (15.1856) **27 Guggenheim** Possibly Meyer Guggenheim (1828–1905): a Swiss Jew who emigrated to Philadelphia and eventually made a fortune in the business of smelting and refining metal. (15.1856) **28 Agendath begat Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (15.1857) **29 Le Hirsch** Baron Maurice de Hirsch (1831–96): German banker and philanthropist, known for his assistance to Jews living under anti-Semitic regimes in Europe. In 1891 he established the Jewish Colonization Association, which encouraged Jews to emigrate out of Europe (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (15.1858) **30 Jesurum** Possibly a corruption of 'Jesum', the accusative form of Jesus in Latin; or a variant of 'Jeshurun'; see note at **284:17**. (15.1858) **31 MacKay** Another typical Irish name. (15.1858) **32 Ostrolopsky** Perhaps a corruption of 'Ostropolsky', 'Eastern Pole' in various Slavic languages. (15.1859) **33 Smerdoz** Properly known as Smerdis: younger son of Cyrus the Great, the King of Persia. On his deathbed, Cyrus appointed Smerdis governor of the eastern provinces. In 523 BC, Smerdis's brother Cambyses had him murdered in secret out of fear that he might attempt a rebellion. The following year a priest from Media claimed to be Smerdis and proclaimed himself king (*EB11*). (15.1859) **34 Weiss begat Schwarz** *Weiss*: German, white. *Schwarz*: German, black. (15.1860) **35 Adrianopoli** Adrianopoli or Adrianople: a city in Turkey named after the Roman Emperor Hadrian (76–138, r. 117–138); known today as Edirne. In 1904 it was the third largest city in Turkey. From 1361 until the fall of Constantinople in 1453, Adrianople was the residence of the Turkish sultans (*EB11*). (15.1861) **36 Aranjuez** A city in Spain 42 km south south-east of Madrid and a vacation residence of the court of the Spanish royal family (*EB11*). (15.1861) **37 Ichabudonosor** Combines Ichabod and Nebuchadnezzar (transliterated as Nabuchodonosor in the Douay Bible). *Ichabod*: Hebrew, 'No glory'; his mother gave him this name because of her grief over the capture of the Ark of the Covenant (1 Sam. 4:21). Nebuchadnezzar II: King of Babylonia (r.605–562 BC); he conquered Jerusalem, destroyed Judaea and burned the Temple of Solomon (2 Kings 24–25). (15.1862) **38 O'Donnell Magnus** Magnus: Latin, 'great', a title often affixed to the name Red Hugh O'Donnell, see note at **216:17**. (15.1863) **39 Christbaum** German, 'Christ tree'; that is, a Christmas tree. (15.1863) **40 Ben Maimun** Hebrew, 'of the house of Maimun'; the Hebraic form of the name Maimonides, see note at **23:6**. (15.1864) **41 Dusty Rhodes** See note at **306:53**. (15.1864) **42 Benamor** Combines *Ben* (Hebrew, 'son of') with *amor* (Latin, love); thus, 'Son of Love'. (15.1865) **43 Jones-Smith** Combines the two most stereotypically common English surnames. (15.1865) **44 Savorgnanovich** In Russian, the suffix -ovich means 'son of'; thus Savorgnanovich means 'son of Savorgnan'. Savorgnan is an Italian surname, as in the Franco-Italian explorer Pietro Paolo Savorgnan di Brazzà (1852–1905). (15.1866) **45 Jasperstone** The jasper stone is mentioned several times in the Bible, most notably in Exodus and in Revelation (Exodus 28 and 39; Rev. 21:2, 11, 18–19). (15.1866) **46 Vingtetunieme** French, twenty-first (this is the twenty-seventh term in the genealogy). (15.1867) **47 Szombathely begat Virag and Virag begat Bloom** Szombathely: Hungarian, 'Saturday place'; a town in Hungary 260 km west of Budapest and the birthplace of Bloom's father Rudolph Virag. (15.1868) **48 *et vocabitur nomen eius Emmanuel*** Latin, 'and the name of him will be called Emmanuel'; after two passages in the Vulgate Bible. Isaiah 7:14 prophesies a messiah for Israel: *'et vocabitis nomen eius Emmanuhel'* ('and you will call the name of him Emmanuel'). Matt. 1:23 presents Jesus as the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy: *'et vocabunt nomen eius Emmanuhel'* ('and they will call the name of him Emmanuel'). Emmanuel: Hebrew, 'with us is God'. (15.1868) **49 A DEADHAND** Dead hand (more commonly *mortmain*): a legal term 'applied to land held inalienably by ecclesiastical or other corporations, and stems from the medieval practice in which peasants turned their lands over to the Church' (*Brewer's*). (15.1870) **50 cod** A parody, hoax, joke (*OED*). (15.1871) **51 CRAB** See note at **159:6**. (15.1872) **52 cattlecreep** Creep: an enclosure for feeding young animals (*OED*). (15.1873) **53 Kilbarrack** A suburb north of Dublin, near

Howth and Sutton. (15.1874) **54 Ballybough bridge** The Ballybough Bridge crosses the Tolka River in the suburban neighbourhood of Fairview, just outside the north-eastern boundaries of the city of Dublin. (15.1876) **55** A HOLLYBUSH See note at **22:2**. (15.1877) **56 devil's glen** A scenic wooded area in County Wicklow. (15.1878)

353 **1** ***nates*** The buttocks (*OED*). (15.1880) **2** THE IRISH EVICTED TENANTS Parnell rose to prominence advocating on behalf of tenants dispossessed of their property by rapacious landlords (see note at **239:16**). However, during the O'Shea divorce scandal (see note at **28:6**), evicted tenants turned angrily on Parnell and claimed that he was holding on to the Paris Funds, which were meant to help them, for his own private advancement (Callanan, *The Parnell Split*, pp. 287–89). (15.1882) **3** ***Donnybrook fair shillelaghs*** Shillelagh (or shillelah): Hiberno-English, an oak club used in fighting (PWJ, p. 321). See note at **66:12**. (15.1883) **4 Sjambok** An Afrikaans name for a whip made of rhinoceros or hippopotamus hide used to administer punishment or for driving cattle (*OED*). (15.1883) **5** ***with asses' ears*** In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, King Midas was given the ears of an ass by Apollo after he had judged Pan's pipe-playing superior to Apollo's lyre-playing (XI, 181). (15.1885) **6** ***He whistles*** **Don Giovanni, a cenar teco** See note at **131:6**. (15.1886) **7** ***Artane orphans*** See note at **77:10**. (15.1887) **8** ***Prison Gate Mission*** Dublin Prison Gate Mission: 40 Blackhall Place, 'Established (1876) for the purpose of affording employment and elementary instruction to women and young girls leaving the City Short Sentence Prisons' (*Thom's*, p. 1372). (15.1887) **9** HORNBLOWER See note at **66:5**. (15.1897) **10** ***ephod*** A Jewish priestly vestment, without sleeves, slit at the sides below the armpits, fastened with buckles at the shoulders, and by a girdle at the waist' (*OED*; see Exodus 28:4 and 39:2). (15.1898) **11 he shall carry the sins of the people to Azazel, the spirit which is in the wilderness** In his 1530 translation of the Bible, William Tyndale translated the Hebrew word 'Azazel' with the English word 'scapegoat', a translation that is now considered spurious, and modern translations (since 1884) treat the name 'Azazel' as a proper name. 'In the Mosaic ritual of the Day of Atonement (Lev. xvi), that one of two goats that was chosen by lot to be sent alive into the wilderness, the sins of the people having been symbolically laid upon it, while the other was appointed to be sacrificed' (*OED*, s.v. scapegoat). (15.1898) **12 Lilith, the nighthag** See note at **281:25**. (15.1899) **13 Agendath Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (15.1900) **14 Mizraim, the land of Ham** Mizraim: from the Hebrew *mitsrayim*, the Old Testament name for Egypt, which is called 'the land of Ham' (Psalm 78:51), after Noah's youngest son. Ham's second son is named Mizraim (Gen. 10:13–14). (15.1901) **15** ***bonafide travellers*** See note **304:35**. (15.1902) **16** ***Mastiansky and Citron*** See notes at **47:9** and **47:10**. (15.1904) **17** ***gaberdines*** 'A garment worn by Jews' (*OED*); after a line of Shylock's in *The Merchant of Venice*: 'You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, / And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine' (Act I, Sc. 3, 112–13). (15.1904) **18** ***long earlocks*** In Leviticus 19:27, Jewish men are commanded, 'Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard'. (15.1904) **19 Belial** Hebrew, wicked or worthless; as in the epithet 'Sons of Belial' (for example, Deuteronomy 13:13, Judges 19:22 and 1 Samuel 2:12). In the New Testament Paul uses it as a proper noun for that which is opposed to Christ, and therefore the equivalent of Satan (2 Corinthians 6:15). (15.1907) **20 Laemlein of Istria** In Istria (outside Venice) between 1500 and 1502, a man named Asher Laemlein (or Lämmlin) preached the coming of the Jewish Messiah (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (15.1907) **21 Abulafia** Abraham Ben Samuel Abulafia (1240–*c*.1291): a Spanish Jew from Saragossa who declared himself to be the Messiah, or, at least, an omen that the Messiah was coming. His messianic declarations earned him the enmity of the rabbinical community (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (15.1907) **22** ***George S. Mesias, Bloom's tailor*** See note at **83:10**. (15.1908) **23** ***tailor's goose*** A smoothing iron (*OED*, s.v. goose). (15.1908) **24** ***Reuben J. Dodd, blackbearded Iscariot*** See note at **72:5**. Traditionally, Judas Iscariot is portrayed with red hair and beard (*Brewer's*). (15.1918) **25** ***bad shepherd*** A bad shepherd is the opposite of Jesus Christ, who is called the 'good shepherd' in John 10:14. (15.1918) **26** ***drowned corpse of his son*** See note at **72:8**. (15.1919) **27 squeak** A piece of information leaked to the police (Partridge). (15.1922) **28 split** 'A police spy, an informer' (Partridge). (15.1922) **29 flatties** Policemen (Partridge). (15.1922) **30 Nip** To steal (Partridge). (15.1922) **31 rattler** A horse-drawn coach (Partridge). (15.1923)

354 **1** BROTHER BUZZ See note at **64:2**. (15.1926) **2** ***yellow habit with embroidery of painted flames and high pointed hat*** In the Middle Ages, those accused of heresy were forced to wear 'crosses of yellow felt sewn on to the clothes or sometimes of tongues of red, letters, &c' (*EB11*, s.v. Inquisition). Jews were also forced to wear yellow habits in some Italian states during

the Middle Ages and the Renaissance (*Brewer's*, s.v. yellow). In Germany and Poland, Jews were enjoined to wear pointed hats (Léon Poliakov, *The History of Anti-Semitism*, vol. I, p. 66). (15.1927) **3** ***hands him over to the civil power*** Those accused of heresy were given one final chance to confess; 'if they did not consent, they were handed over to the secular arm.[…] In effect, handing over to the secular arm was equivalent to a sentence of death, and of death by fire' (*EB11*, s.v. Inquisition). (15.1928) **4** **Forgive him his trespasses** From the Lord's Prayer: 'And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us'; from Matt. 6:9–13 (see also Luke 11:4). (15.1929) **5** ***Lieutenant Myers*** John J. Myers: Lieutenant, City of Dublin Fire Brigade, 12 Winetavern Street (*Thom's*, p. 1625). (15.1930) **6** ***seamless garment*** Jesus's garment at his crucifixion is described as 'without seam, woven from the top throughout' (John 19:23). (15.1935) **7** ***I. H. S.*** See note at **62:21**. (15.1935) **8** **Weep not for me, O daughters of Erin** As Jesus is bearing his cross towards his crucifixion, he turns to the weeping women who are following him and says, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children' (Luke 23:27–28). For the Daughters of Erin, see note at **159:11**. (15.1936) **9** **Kidney of Bloom, pray for us** […] After the Litany of Loreto (see note at **256:9**) where each invocation to Mary is followed by the appeal 'pray for us': 'Holy Mary, pray for us / Holy Mother of God, pray for us', etc. (15.1941) **10** **Sweets of Sin** See note at **173:4**. (15.1947) **11** **Music without Words** See note at **208:20**. (15.1948) **12** **Potato Preservative against Plague and Pestilence** See note at **305:39**. (15.1952) **13** ***Vincent O'Brien*** Vincent O'Brien (1870–1948): conductor of the Palestrina Choir at the Metropolitan Pro-Cathedral in Dublin. Joyce studied music under him for a time (*DIB*; Ellmann, p. 151). (15.1953) **14** ***Alleluia chorus*** See notes at **133:23** and **341:17**. (15.1954) **15** ***Joseph Glynn*** See note at **63:2**. (15.1955) **16** ***In caubeen with clay pipe*** For 'caubeen', see note at **141:24**. Bloom's outfit is that of a stage Irishman, for which see note at **349:14**. (15.1960) **17** ***sugaun*** A rope of hay or straw (PWJ, p. 338). (15.1962) **18** ***with a smile in his eye*** See note at **216:6**. (15.1962) **19** **I'm after having the father and mother of a bating** For 'I'm after', see note at **219:7**. The father and mother of a beating: a great beating (PWJ, p. 338). The spelling 'bating' indicates a strong Irish pronunciation of 'beating'. (15.1963)

355 **1** **To be or not to be** See note at **205:5**. (15.1965) **2** **pastilles of aconite** See note at **482:2**. (15.1967) **3** ***neckfillet*** Fillet: a thin strip of cloth used as edging on a garment (*OED*). (15.1970) **4** **Hog's Norton where the pigs plays the organs** To be from Hog's Norton where the pigs plays the organs: to be rural, ill-mannered, uncouth (*Brewer's*). (15.1983) **5** **Tommy Tittlemouse** Tommy Tittlemouse is a nursery rhyme: 'Little Tommy Tittlemouse / Lived in a little house; / He caught fishes / In other men's ditches' (*ODNR*). (15.1984) **6** **houri** Houris: 'The large black-eyed damsels of Paradise, possessed of perpetual youth and beauty, whose virginity is renewable at pleasure' (*Brewer's*). (15.1988) **7** **The greeneyed monster** That is, jealousy. In *Othello*, Iago disingenuously warns Othello: 'Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy. / It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock / The meat it feeds on' (Act III, Sc. 3, 165–67; see also the *Merchant of Venice*, Act III, Sc. 2, 110). (15.1995) **8** **What the eye can't see the heart can't grieve for** After the proverb 'What the eye sees not, the heart craves not' (*ODEP*). (15.1998) **9** **Laughing witch!** From 'Matcham's Masterstroke' (see note at **53:8**). (15.2001) **10** **The hand that rocks the cradle** See note at **210:8**. (15.2001)

356 **1** ***pelisse*** A garment worn outdoors by children over their other clothing (*OED*). (15.2005) **2** **Love me. Love me not. Love me** From the game in which children pluck petals off a flower, traditionally a daisy, attributing alternating phrases to each: 'She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not'. (15.2009) **3** ***her forefinger giving to his palm the passtouch of secret monitor*** 'The Secret Monitor or Trading Degree is the specific title of a Master who has the duty of helping his brothers in trades and bargains with signs: "When you take the hand of a brother, if you grip him in the centre of the hand with two fingers, it means *desist*, if you grip him with one finger, it means *proceed*"' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 154). (15.2011) **4** **Hot hands cold gizzard** After the proverb, 'A cold hand and a warm heart' (*ODEP*). (15.2013) **5** ***ramping in their loosebox*** Ramping: 'Standing erect, rearing, showing fierceness' (*OED*). Loosebox: 'a separate compartment or stall for a horse, etc., in a stable, or railway truck' where the animal is free to move about (*OED*, s.vv. loose; box). (15.2019) **6** ***their drugged heads*** In the *Odyssey*, Circe's palace is protected by animals 'whom the goddess had given evil drugs and enchanted' (x, 213). (15.2020) **7** **Hoopsa! Don't fall upstairs** Falling upstairs is supposedly a good omen and portends a wedding in the immediate future (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. stairs, stumbling going up). (15.2025) **8** **The just man falls seven times** 'For a just man falleth seven times,

and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief' (Proverbs 24:16). (15.2027) **9 After you is good manners** From Swift's *Polite Conversation*: 'O, Madam, after you is good Manners' (p. 141). (15.2027) **10** ***morris*** See note at **23:3**. (15.2045)

357 1 ***Kitty Ricketts*** Ellmann suggests that this is Becky Cooper, 'probably the best known among Dublin prostitutes from the beginning of the century until the 'twenties' (p. 368). (15.2050) **2** ***series of empty fifths*** An empty fifth is a combination of two notes separated by five degrees of the scale, such as C and G, without the third degree (which means there is no indication of major or minor tonality). Stephen seems to be playing the 'circle of fifths': 'The arrangement of the tonics of the 12 major or minor keys by ascending or descending perfect 5ths, thus making a closed circle' (*Grove*). (15.2073) **3** ***Florry Talbot*** According to Ellmann, Florry Talbot is very likely Fleury Crawford, a Dublin prostitute (p. 368). (15.2073) **4 whether Benedetto Marcello found it or made it** The music is Benedetto Marcello's (Italian nobleman and composer, 1686–1739) *Estro poetico-armonico* (1724–27), a setting for voices and strings of Italian translations of the first fifty Psalms. For the penultimate Psalm (49), he used what he believed to be an ancient Greek melody from the Homeric hymn to Demeter (see the following note); thus Stephen asks whether Marcello copied a pre-existing melody ('found it') or created an original composition ('made it'). (15.2087) **5 It may be an old hymn to Demeter** The 'Hymn to Demeter' is the fifth of the Homeric Hymns, which were written between 800 and 400 BC. Demeter was the goddess of grain (in Rome she was called Ceres). (15.2088) **6 or also illustrate** ***Cœla enarrant gloriam Domini*** Latin, 'The heavens relate the glory of the Lord'; paraphrases the opening line of Psalm 19 (in the Vulgate, Psalm 18). The Vulgate reads '*Dei*' ('of God') instead of '*Domini*' ('of the Lord'). (15.2089) **7 nodes or modes** In musicology, a node is: 'A point, line or surface which, in a vibrating body, is at rest' (*Grove*). For modes, see the following note. (15.2089) **8 hyperphrygian and mixolydian** These are two of the modes in the Greek musical system; however, no Greek writer gave a technical definition of modes. Starting in the Middle Ages, modes are defined as a certain octave scale pattern of tones and semitones with a definite tonal centre. The *Estro poetico-armonico* primarily follows the hypolydian mode. However, parts of it range from the hyperphrygian (more accurately, the hypophrygian) to the mixolydian. The hypophrygian spans the octave B–b, whereas the mixolydian is based on g–g'. Therefore, these two modes are separated by almost a complete octave (*Grove*, s.v. mode). (15.2090) **9 priests haihooping round David's that is Circe's or what am I saying Ceres' altar** Stephen is praising Marcello's synthesis of the Bible's Psalms (written by King David) with the Homeric 'Hymn to Demeter' (known by the Romans as Ceres). Ceres – a goddess – would have been venerated by priests, not David and so Stephen corrects himself but slips again and says 'Circe'. (15.2091)

358 1 David's tip from the stable to his chief bassoonist Tip from the stable: that is, straight from the horse's mouth (Dent). Some Psalms, such as '*Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei*', have a heading, 'To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David' (Psalm 19). David was divinely inspired and thus in a position to give his chief bassoonist inside information. (15.2092) **2** ***Mais, nom de nom*** French, 'But, name of [the] name'; colloquially, it functions as a mild intensifier such as 'But, in the name of God!' (15.2093) **3** ***Jetez la gourme. Faut que jeunesse se passe*** French, 'Sow your wild oats. Youth must pass'. (15.2094) **4 Which side is your knowledge bump?** In the pseudo-science of phrenology, a bump is 'One of the prominences on the cranium associated [...] with special mental faculties and propensities' (*OED*, s.v. bump). (15.2095) **5 It is because it is. Woman's reason** After *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: 'I have no other but a woman's reason: / I think him so because I think him so' (Act I, Sc. 2, 25–26). (15.2097) **6 Jewgreek is greekjew** See note at **8:3**. (15.2097) **7 Whetstone!** See note at **155:6**. (15.2101) **8 fundamental and the dominant** The fundamental: the lowest note (root or tonic) of a musical chord (*OED*). The dominant is the fifth note of a chord. The interval from the fundamental to the dominant is the greatest perfect interval of a chord (*Grove*). (15.2106) **9 Interval which. Is the greatest possible ellipse. Consistent with. The ultimate return** Stephen is trying to describe basic harmonic progression. The progression begins with the fundamental note (or tonic) and moves to the dominant before returning to the fundamental (*Grove*). This particular progression is a common warm-up technique (with thanks to Michelle Witen). (15.2111) **10 The Holy City** 'The Holy City' (1892): a hymn by Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929) and Stephen Adams (born Michael Maybrick). The song describes a dream in which Jerusalem succumbs to darkness after the Crucifixion but again becomes a city of promise after the resurrection. In *Stephen Hero*, Father Moran describes this song as 'beautiful, full of melody and yet – religious' (p. 66). (15.2115)

11 What went forth to the ends of the world to traverse not itself See note at **156:16**. (15.2117) **12 Damn that fellow's noise in the street** See note at **28:1**. (15.2119) **13 Self which it itself was ineluctably preconditioned to become** See note at **30:1**. (15.2120) **14** ***Ecco!*** Italian, 'Behold!' (15.2121)

359 **1 Antichrist** The personification of the enemy of Christians and, indeed, of good itself. His appearance is involved with the end of time and its reckonings (1 John 2:18, see also 1 John 2:22 & 2 John 7). (15.2135) **2 Sea serpent in the royal canal** Although the Antichrist is unnamed in the Book of Revelation, he does appear there as a dragon-like beast: 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy' (13:1). The Royal Canal defines Dublin's northern border. (15.2140) **3 A time, times and half a time** 'And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child. And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent' (Rev. 12:13–14). (15.2144) **4** ***Reuben J. Antichrist*** See note at **72:5**. (15.2146) **5** ***wandering jew*** See note at **27:10**. (15.2146) **6** ***Punch Costello*** See note at **280:22**. (15.2151) **7** ***hipshot*** Having a dislocated hip joint (*OED*). (15.2151) **8** ***hydrocephalic, prognathic*** Hydrocephalus: a disease in which serous fluid accumulates in the cranial cavity, resulting in an expansion of the skull (*OED*). Prognathic: 'Having projecting or forward-pointing jaws or lower jaw' (*OED*). (15.2151) **9** ***Ally Sloper nose*** Ally Sloper: a cartoon character in an illustrated penny weekly, *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, published in London. Sloper's appearance was quite comical: 'A dissipated-looking old man with a red and swollen nose' (J. Reading Ware, *Passing English of the Victorian Era*, p. 6). (15.2152) **10** ***Il vient! C'est moi! L'homme qui rit! L'homme primigène!*** French, 'He comes! It's me! The man who laughs! Primal man!' *L'Homme qui rit* is the title of an 1869 novel by Victor Hugo (French writer, 1802–85). (15.2159) **11** ***Sieurs et dames, faites vos jeux!*** French, 'Gents and ladies, make your bets!'; typically said by a croupier at a roulette table as he sets the wheel going. (15.2161) **12** ***Les jeux sont faits!*** French, 'The bets are made!' (15.2162) **13** ***Rien n'va plus*** *Rien ne va plus*: French, 'Nothing goes any more'; that is, no more bets may be placed, spoken by a croupier at the roulette table as the wheel starts to slow down. (15.2163) **14 Jerusalem!** [...] From 'The Holy City'; see note at **358:10**. (15.2171)

360 **1** ***second coming of Elijah*** See note at **111:12**. (15.2175) **2** ***from zenith to nadir the End of the World*** After the description of a vision of the apocalypse in Blake's *Milton*: 'Four universes round the universe of Los remain chaotic, / Four intersecting Globes – and the egg-formed world of Los / In midst, stretching from zenith to nadir in midst of Chaos' (11, 152–54). (15.2176) **3** ***twoheaded octopus*** See note at **121:17**. (15.2177) **4** ***gillie's kilts, busby and tartan filibegs*** Gillie: an aide to a Highland chief and, by extension, a synonym for a Scotsman. Busby: a tall fur hat with a bag hanging from the top at the right side, worn by officers in the British army. Filibeg: a kilt (all *OED*). (15.2177) **5** ***Three Legs of Man*** The triskelion (from Greek, three-legged): a heraldic emblem for the Isle of Man, as well as Sicily and Mananaan MacLir (see note at **31:19**). This may also refer to the Riddle of the Sphinx that only Oedipus was able to solve. The question is 'What being, with only one voice, has sometimes two feet, sometimes three, sometimes four?' The answer is man, since he crawls on all fours as an infant, walks upright as an adult and leans on a cane in old age. (15.2179) **6 Wha'll dance the keel row, the keel row, the keel row?** From the Scottish dance tune 'Smiling Polly, or The Keel Row'. (15.2181) **7** ***corncrake's*** See note at **203:3**. (15.2184) **8** ***loose lawn surplice with funnel sleeves he is seen, vergerfaced*** Lawn: 'This fabric used for the sleeves of a bishop'. Verger: a minor church official, one who takes care of the church interior or carries a rod or other symbol before the dignitaries of a church or cathedral (both *OED*). (15.2184) **9** ***old glory*** A nickname for the American flag. (15.2186) **10** ELIJAH See note at **111:13**. (15.2188) **11 Creole Sue** 'My Creole Sue': a popular American song from 1898, with words and music by Gussie L. Davis. (15.2189) **12 trunk line** 'A telephone line connecting two exchanges a long way apart [...] [or] a line connecting selectors or the like of different rank within an exchange' (*OED*). (15.2191) **13 God's time** Before standardized time zones were introduced, railway timetables were chaotic, since each municipality had its own individual time. To reduce confusion, Cornelius Vanderbilt (see note at **341:6**) introduced four time zones for the continental United States. 'Some complained they preferred to live in "God's time", not "Vanderbilt's time"' (John F. Stover, *The Routledge Historical Atlas of the American Railroads*, p. 45). (15.2191) **14 Tell mother you'll be there** 'Tell Mother I'll Be There': an American song from 1890 by Charles

Fillmore. (15.2191) **15 the second advent** That is, the second coming of Jesus Christ. (15.2194) **16 Coney Island** Coney Island, on the seaside at the southern end of Brooklyn, in New York City, is a beachfront famous for its many amusements and rides located along a three-kilometre-long boardwalk. (15.2195) **17 Be on the side of the angels** A colloquial expression; first used by Benjamin Disraeli (see note at **352:6**) in a speech in opposition to Darwin's theory of evolution, held on 25th November 1864 at the Oxford Diocesan Society: 'That question is this: is man an ape or an angel? I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate, with ignorance and abhorrence, these new-fangled theories' (*ODEP*). (15.2197) **18 Be a prism** Possibly after Disraeli's speech before the House of Commons on 15th February 1849: 'A man, always studying the subject, will view the general affairs of the world through the coloured prism of his own atmosphere'. (15.2198) **19 higher self** Blavatsky defined the Higher Self as 'the real Ego who alone is divine and god' (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. 1, p. 445). (15.2198) **20 Gautama** See note at **61:16**. (15.2199) **21 Ingersoll** Robert Green Ingersoll (1833–99): American lawyer, orator and politician. Known has 'the great agnostic', his religious beliefs cost him his political career. In 1896 he wrote a book entitled *Why I Am an Agnostic* (*EB11*). (15.2199) **22 vibration** For the Theosophists, vibrations are 'etheric tremors', divine force working through physical matter (*The Secret Doctrine*, vol. 1, p. 515). (15.2200) **23 nobble** 'To seize, catch, get hold of' (Partridge). (15.2200) **24 Seventyseven west sixtyninth street** A non-existent address in Manhattan, New York City. Dowie never lived in New York. (15.2206) **25 Bumboosers** Bum boozer: 'a desperate drinker' (Partridge). (15.2207) **26 Whorusalaminyourhighhohhhh** A distortion of the chorus from 'The Holy City' (see note at **358:10**): 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, / Lift up your gates and sing, / Hosanna in the highest, / Hosanna for evermore'. (15.2211)

361 **1 twig** To twig: to understand (Partridge). (15.2223) **2 Constitution hill** Constitution Hill is that section of road that runs north and south from the centre of Dublin behind King's Inns and the Registry of Deeds. In 1904 it was a low-rent tenement district (*Thom's*, p. 1461). (15.2227) **3 Montmorency** The De Montmorencys were an old and distinguished Anglo-Irish family of French ancestry. The paterfamilias in 1904 was Willough John Horace, fourth Viscount Frankfort De Montmorency (*Thom's*, p. 323). (15.2228) **4 Hennessy's three stars** An expensive French cognac (known today as Hennessy V.S.). (15.2233) **5 Whelan** Identity unknown (a Whelan was mentioned in 'Lestrygonians', see note at **118:26**). (15.2234) **6 In the beginning was the word** See note at **303:11**. (15.2236) **7 in the end the world without end** See note at **24:1**. (15.2236) **8 Blessed be the eight beatitudes** Jesus spoke of the eight Beatitudes at the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount; each is prefaced by the phrase 'Blessed are' (Matt. 5:3–12; a similar but shorter list of beatitudes is recounted in Luke 6:20–23). (15.2236) **9** THE BEATITUDES See note at **305:13**. (15.2241) **10 barnum** Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810–91): American showman who, in 1871, founded the 'Greatest Show on Earth', the most popular circus of the late nineteenth century. (15.2242) **11** LYSTER See note at **135:1**. Lyster's attire is typical of the clothes worn by a Quaker during the seventeenth century, the era when that religion was founded. (15.2244) **12 Seek thou the light** See note at **142:5**. (15.2246) **13** *He corantos by* See note at **135:6**. (15.2247) **14** *Best* See note at **136:33**. (15.2247) **15** *John Eglinton* See note at **135:9**. (15.2248) **16** *Nankeen* 'A kind of pale yellowish cloth, originally made at Nanking from a yellow variety of cotton' (*OED*). (15.2249) **17 don't you know** See note at **58:17**. (15.2254) **18 A thing of beauty** From John Keats's poem *Endymion* (1818): 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever: / Its loveliness increases; it will never / Pass into nothingness' (ll. 1–3). (15.2254) **19 Tanderagee** A small town about 30 km south of Lough Neagh, in County Armagh, Ulster. (15.2259) **20** *ollave* See note at **135:12**. (15.2261) **21** *Mananaan MacLir* This is A.E. in the guise of Mananaan MacLir (see note at **31:19**). See also note at **139:8**. (15.2262) **22** *elvers* Young eels (*OED*). (15.2264) **23** *bicycle pump* See note at **121:18**. (15.2265)

362 **1 Aum! Hek! Wal! Ak! Lub! Mor! Ma!** In *The Candle of Vision*, A.E. claims that the basic elements of human speech, vowels and consonants, 'are the sound correspondences of powers which in their combination and interaction make up the universe' (p. 120). Although he does not discuss 'Aum', he did write a poem entitled 'Om' (a variant spelling). In his book, he does discuss each of the other vocables here (pp. 129–30). (15.2268) **2 White yoghin of the gods** 'Yogin' is the term Blavatsky uses for a practitioner of the Indian mysticism yoga (the usual English word is 'yogi'). 'In the ecstatic Yogin, in the illuminated Seer, the spirit will shine like the noon-day sun' (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. 1, p. xviii). (15.2268) **3 Occult pimander of Hermes Trismegistos** Hermes Trismegistos: the name the Greeks used for the Egyptian

god of wisdom Thoth. 'Pimander' refers to *Poimandres*, the title of one the books attributed to Hermes Trismegistos, a source venerated by the Theosophists. (15.2269) **4 Punarjanam patsypunjaub!** Punarjanam: Hindi, rebirth. The Theosophists used the Sanskrit equivalent, Punarjanman (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*). Patsy: nickname for Patrick. Punjaub (or Punjab): the north-western region of India. (15.2270) **5 beware the left, the cult of Shakti** Shakti: Sanskrit, power; specifically the female generative power, which is associated with the left-hand side, whereas male energy is located on the right (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*). (15.2271) **6 Shiva** One of the three gods of the Hindu trinity and is both the destroyer and the regenerator (Hoult, *Dictionary of Some Theosophical Terms*). (15.2272) **7** ***its cooperative dial*** See note at **140:40**. (15.2273) **8 Aum! Baum! Pyjaum!** A.E. does not mention 'Baum' or 'Pyjaum' in *The Candle of Vision*; see note at **362:1**. (15.2275) **9 I am the light of the homestead** See note at **28:9** for the *Irish Homestead*. The exclamation 'I am the light of the world' was made by Christ (John 8:12). See also note at **136:18**. (15.2275) **10** ***nixie's green*** Nixie: 'In German folklore: a water sprite or nymph having a human torso and the tail of a fish' (*OED*). (15.2292) **11** ***Lipoti Virag*** Bloom's grandfather, 'Leopold' Virag. See also note at **248:7**. (15.2304) **12** ***basilicogrammate*** That is, royal secretary. *Basilikos*: ancient Greek, royal. *Grammateus*: ancient Greek, secretary, registrar. The title *basilikos grammateus* is attested in papyri (Henry George Liddell and Robert Scott, *Greek-English Lexicon*, s.v. basilikos). (15.2304) **13** ***Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell*** See note at **117:2**. (15.2308) **14** ***Egyptian pshent*** Pschent: 'The double crown of ancient Egypt' (*OED*). Joyce's spelling is idiosyncratic. (15.2309) **15 Szombathely** See note at **352:47**. (15.2312)

363 **1 gopherwood** The material Noah used for building the ark (Gen. 6:14). (15.2321) **2 Hippogriff** A mythical creature, 'like a griffin, but with body and hind-quarters resembling those of a horse' (*OED*). (15.2325) **3 gull has been mulcted** Gull: a credulous person. To mulct: to extract money from (both *OED*). (15.2331) **4 Never put on you tomorrow what you can wear today** After the proverb, 'Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today' (*ODEP*). (15.2333) **5 Parallax!** See note at **113:11**. (15.2334) **6 Did you hear my brain go snap?** After Mrs Leonora Piper, a nineteenth-century spiritualist medium from Boston. When coming out of a trance, she often asked, 'Did you hear something snap in my head?' (Gilbert, p. 332 n). (15.2334) **7 flapper** A young prostitute; in the early twentieth century the word was applied to 'a very immoral young girl' (Partridge). (15.2340) **8 Lily of the alley** After the Song of Solomon: 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys' (2:1). (15.2341) **9 bachelor's button discovered by Rualdus Colombus** Bachelor's button: a type of flower of round or button-like shape (*OED*). Matteo Realdo Colombo (Italian anatomist, 1516–59) claimed to have 'discovered' the clitoris in *De re anatomica* (1559): '*Amor Veneris, vel Dulcedo Appelletur*' ('It should be called the love or sweetness of Venus') (Maurizio Calbi, *Approximate Bodies*, p. 147 n. 45). (15.2341) **10 Tumble her** See note at **140:38**. (15.2342) **11 What ho, she bumps!** A satirical and slightly obscene catchphrase applied to 'any display of vigour – especially feminine' (Partridge); also a music-hall song from 1899 by Harry Castling and A.J. Mills (the expression pre-dates the song). (15.2345) **12 ugly duckling** From Hans Christian Andersen's (Danish writer, 1805–75) story of this name about a misfit little ugly duckling who grows up and turns into a beautiful swan. (15.2345) **13 longcasted** Cast: form or shape (*OED*); thus, 'long-casted', tall. (15.2346) **14 deep in keel** Keel: Scottish dialect, posterior; thus, 'deep in keel', large buttocks. (15.2346) **15 When you come out without your gun** From the catchphrase 'the things you see when you haven't got your gun', said at the sight of an oddly dressed or strange-looking person (Partridge). (15.2348) **16 Pay your money, take your choice** After the catchphrase, 'You pays your money and you takes your choice' (*ODEP*). (15.2350) **17 How happy could you be with either** After John Gay's (English playwright and poet, 1685–1732) *The Beggar's Opera* (1728): 'How happy I could be with either' (Act II, Sc. 13, 38). (15.2351)

364 **1 When coopfattened their livers reach an elephantine size** Foie gras (literally 'fatty liver') is a pâté made from goose livers; the geese are force-fed massive quantities of food in order to expand the liver. (15.2361) **2 fennygreek and gumbenjamin** Fennygreek (properly spelt 'fenugreek'): 'A leguminous plant (*Trigonella Fœnum Græcum*) cultivated for its seeds'. Gum benjamin: a popular corruption of gum benzoin, 'A dry and brittle resinous substance with a fragrant odour and slightly aromatic taste [...] used in the preparation of benzoic acid, in medicine, and extensively in perfumery' (both *OED*). (15.2363) **3 Fleshhotpots of Egypt** See note at **33:21**. (15.2365) **4 Lycopodium** 'A plant of the cryptogamous genus *Lycopodium*: a club-moss'; powder made from its seeds are

called 'vegetable brimstone' because of its flammability (*OED*). (15.2365) **5 Slapbang! There he goes again** After the title of a music-hall song, 'Slap Bang! Here We Are Again' (1866), by Sheridan. (15.2365) **6 Contact with a goldring** 'The peasantry, both in England and Ireland [...] fancy any growth like a wart on the skin may be removed by rubbing a wedding ring upon them' (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). (15.2371) **7 *Argumentum ad feminam*** Latin, 'Argument against the woman'; after the expression in logic '*argumentum ad hominem*', 'argument against the man', that is, discrediting an argument by discrediting the person making it. (15.2371) **8 consulship of Diplodocus and Ichthyosaurus** After the Roman formula for telling dates, 'in the consulship of X and Y'. Diplodocus: a large herbivorous dinosaur. Ichthyosaurus: an extinct sea animal, with features akin to reptiles and fish (both *OED*). (15.2372) **9 sovereign** 'Efficacious or potent in a superlative degree' (*OED*, s.v. sovereign). (15.2373) **10 Huguenot** See note at **64:11**. (15.2374) **11 Wheatenmeal with lycopodium and syllabax** See note at **364:4**. (15.2376) **12 mnemotechnic** Also known as mnemonics: 'the art of refreshing, improving, or developing the memory, especially by artificial aids; a system of precepts and rules intended to aid or improve the memory' (*OED*, s.v. mnemonics). (15.2385) **13 *La causa è santa.* Tara. Tara** See note at **123:24**. (15.2385) **14 Rosemary** Reminiscent of Ophelia's line: 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance – pray you, love, remember' (*Hamlet*, Act IV, Sc. 5, 173). (15.2388) **15 The touch of a deadhand cures** Touching a dead man's hand is supposed to cure warts and other ailments and blemishes (*Dictionary of Superstition*, s.v. corpse's hand cures). (15.2389) **16 aconite** See note at **482:2**. (15.2394) **17 melancholy of muriatic** Muriatic acid: the commercial name for hydrochloric acid, which, in a concentrated dose, is fatal if ingested (*OED*). (15.2394) **18 priapic pulsatilla** The pasqueflower, or *Anemone pulsatilla*, is a plant that grows wild throughout Europe (*OED*). Its oil is supposedly an aphrodisiac. (15.2395) **19 caustic. They must be starved. Snip off with horsehair under the denned neck** If a wart is simply cut off, it will grow again, since blood will still be forced into the stem. Therefore, as the wart is being cut off, by means of a gradually tightening wire loop (made of either elastic or horsehair), a caustic is applied to destroy the blood vessels at its stem. (15.2396) **20 Bulgar and the Basque** In both these cultures, close-fitting trousers worn beneath wide skirts are traditional dress for women. (15.2397)

365 1 summer months of 1882 to square the circle and win that million The problem of squaring the circle, of producing a square with the same area as a given circle, is of ancient origin. In 1882, Ferdinand Lindemann proved that a Euclidean construction for squaring the circle is impossible (*EB11*, s.v. circle). (15.2400) **2 From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step** Translates Napoleon's wry comment to De Pradt, the Polish ambassador after his retreat from Moscow, '*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*' (Dominique Georges Frédéric De Pradt, *Histoire de l'Ambassade*, p. 215). (15.2401) **3 *pig's whisper*** 'A very brief space of time' (*OED*, s.v. pig). (15.2412) **4 extendified pudendal verve in dorsal region** For 'verve' read 'nerve' (the mistake was made in setting the proofs of the first edition). The pudendal nerve is the nerve complex of the genitalia (pudenda), in this case, the nerve on the back (dorsal) side of the genitalia. (15.2414) **5 They had a proverb in the Carpathians** [...] This proverb is (usually) attributed to Benjamin Franklin (American statesman, 1706–1790): 'Tart Words make no Friends: spoonful of honey will catch more flies than Gallon of Vinegar'. The year 5550, measured on the Jewish calendar, corresponds to 1789–1790 AD. (15.2415) **6 An illusion for remember their complex unadjustable eye** Moths fly into a light because, like most nocturnal insects, their eyes do not adjust to different degrees of light. (15.2421) **7 Chase me, Charley!** 'Chase me, girls!': Edwardian catchphrase for 'high male spirits' (Partridge); thus, 'Chase me, Charley!' would be the female equivalent. (15.2426) **8 Bee or bluebottle** See note at **52:14**. (15.2429) **9 Spanish fly in his fly** Spanish fly (or cantharides): an ointment made with cantharides (a type of beetle), used medicinally and formerly considered an aphrodisiac (*OED*, s.v. cantharides). (15.2432) **10 mustard plaster** An anti-irritant made with mustard (*OED*). (15.2433) **11 Bubbly jock!** Scottish dialect, a bird's gobbling noise (Partridge). (15.2434) **12 Open Sesame!** The magical command to open the door to a secret cave in the story 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' from the *Arabian Nights*; see also note at **224:6**. (15.2434) **13 Redbank oysters** Oysters are supposedly an aphrodisiac; see also note at **128:3**. (15.2437) **14 truffles of Perigord** Périgord: a region in south-western France known for its truffles. (15.2439) **15 Jocular. With my eyeglass in my ocular** After Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta *Patience* (1881): 'I'll tell him that unless he will consent to be more jocular – / To cut his curly hair, and stick an eyeglass in his ocular' (Act II, Sc. 6). (15.2441) **16 Yet Eve and the serpent contradict** That is, women do not fear creeping

things, as he had previously asserted, because Eve was not afraid of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. However, the serpent had legs when it approached Eve and only became a creeping animal afterwards as punishment (Gen. 3:14). (15.2445)

366 **1 Elephantuliasis** Bloom means Elephantis, a Greek erotic poetess of unknown dates. (15.2449) **2 Instinct rules the world** See note at **210:8**. (15.2457) **3 Who's dear Gerald?** See note at **379:13**. (15.2462) **4 O, I much fear he shall be most badly burned** Recalls Stephen Dedalus's defence of the martyred heretic Giordano Bruno (Italian philosopher, 1548–1600): 'He said Bruno was a terrible heretic. I said he was terribly burned' (*Portrait*, p. 249). (15.2463) **5** ***Mario, prince of Candia*** See note at **89:3**. (15.2485) **6 There is a flower that bloometh** See note at **259:7**. (15.2489)

367 **1 Filling my belly with husks of swine. Too much of this. I will arise and go to my** After the parable of the Prodigal Son in Luke 15:11–32, which tells of a son who squanders his inheritance and is reduced to filling 'his belly with the husks that the swine did eat'. Starving, he says, 'I will arise and go to my father,' and the latter welcomes him back despite his behaviour. (15.2495) **2 thou art in a parlous way** Parlous: perilous (*OED*); from *As You Like It*: 'Thou are in a parlous state, shepherd' (Act III, Sc. 2, 45). (15.2497) **3** ***Almidano Artifoni holds out a batonroll of music*** See note at **167:9**. (15.2501) **4** ***Ci rifletta. Lei rovina tutto*** Italian, 'Think about it. You are ruining everything'. (15.2504) **5 Love's old sweet song** See note at **49:5**. (15.2506) **6 the letter about the lute** See note at **465:10**. (15.2508) **7 The bird that can sing and won't sing** After the proverb, 'The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing' (*ODEP*). (15.2511) **8** ***Philip Drunk and Philip Sober*** After the legendary story in which a woman said she would appeal the harsh judgement set by Philip of Macedon. Philip incredulously asked her to whom she would appeal; her reply, 'To Philip sober' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Philip sober). (15.2512) **9** ***Matthew Arnold's face*** See note at **8:8**. (15.2514) **10 if youth but knew** See note at **25:1**. (15.2518) **11 Mooney's en ville, Mooney's sur mer** See note at **192:7**. (15.2518) **12 Moira** See note at **72:3**. (15.2519) **13 Larchet's** Larchet's Hotel and Restaurant: 11 College Green; named for its proprietor, John Edward Larchet (*Thom's*, p. 1458). (15.2519) **14 Holles street hospital** See note at **116:11**. (15.2519) **15 Burke's** See note at **303:12**. (15.2519) **16 If I could only find out about octaves. Reduplication of personality** 'The octave forms the starting point of a new scale of identical intervals but different pitch' (*OED*); thus an octave is the same note reduplicated into a different register; see also note at **203:5**. (15.2522) **17** ***Zoe mou sas agapo*** Greek, 'My life, I love you'; or also, 'My Zoe, I love you' (*zoe*: Greek, life). This is the epigraph for and refrain in Lord Byron's poem 'Maid of Athens, Ere We Part' (1810, 1812). This poem was set to music and became a popular ballad. (15.2524) **18 not Atkinson** See note at **158:15**. (15.2525) **19 Mac somebody** Possibly F. McCurdy Atkinson (see note at **158:15**) or Mrs Mack (see note at **339:1**). (15.2526) **20 Swinburne** See note at **6:8**. (15.2527) **21 Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak** In Matt. 26:40–41, Jesus reproaches his disciples when they fall asleep while he goes to pray: 'What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak'. The expression is proverbial (Dent). (15.2531) **22 Are you out of Maynooth?** See note at **240:12**. (15.2533)

368 **1** ***grasshalms*** See note at **8:9**. (15.2537) **2 Nothing new under the sun** See note at **272:9**. (15.2546) **3 Why I left the Church of Rome** See note at **132:6**. (15.2547) **4 the Priest, the Woman and the Confessional** Charles Pascal Telesphore Chiniquy, the author of *Why I Left the Church of Rome* (see note at **132:6**), also wrote a book with this title (1874). It was another one of his tracts against Catholicism. He claimed that the experience of the Confessional was corrupting to the delicate souls of women. (15.2548) **5 Penrose** The 'priestylooking' fellow with voyeuristic tendencies first mentioned in 'Lestrygonians'; see notes at **114:26**, **132:15** and **532:7**. (15.2548) **6 Flipperty Jippert** A demon; best known from *King Lear*, 'the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet' (Act III, Sc. 4, 120). (15.2549) **7 pudor** 'Due sense of shame; bashfulness, modesty' (*OED*). (15.2549) **8 yoni to man's lingam** *Yoni*: Sanskrit, vagina. *Lingam*: Sanskrit, penis. (15.2550) **9** ***Coactus volui*** See note at **183:11**. (15.2553) **10 spucks** After the German verb *spucken*, to spit, but with an English ending since in German the third-person singular is *spuckt*. (15.2554) **11 yadgana** Sanskrit, buttocks. (15.2555) **12 penance. Nine glorias** Gloria: any of several Christian formulae that begin with 'Gloria', such as the *Gloria Patri*, the *Gloria tibi* and the *Gloria in excelsis*. The recitation of Glorias serves as an indulgence against the prescribed penance for a sin. Nine Glorias as penance for soliciting a prostitute is a surprisingly mild penance.

(15.2558) **13** ***mooncalf nozzle*** Mooncalf: abortion, misshapen birth or a person born with an undeveloped brain (*OED*). Nozzle: nose (Partridge). (15.2571) **14** ***Verfluchte Goim!*** Yiddish, 'Cursed Gentiles!' (15.2571) **15** **He had a father, forty fathers** After Chapter 4 of Flaubert's *Temptation of St Antony*, when an assembly of Heresiarchs confront Antony with many differing theories about Jesus's status as the Son of God. (15.2572) **16** **Pig God!** After the Italian curse, *Porco Dio!* (15.2572) **17** **two left feet** The Devil is said to have two left feet (*Brewer's*); having two left feet is also an expression for clumsiness. A picture of the infant Jesus in the *Book of Kells* shows him having two left feet. (15.2573) **18** **Judas Iacchias** Iacchias (or Iacchus): a minor Greek deity associated with mystical beliefs. The Cainites, a Gnostic sect, inverted the Judeo-Christian order by praising Cain and claiming that Judas Iscariot (rather than Christ) possessed 'the true Gnosis' (Augustus Neander, *General History of the Christian Religion and Church*, vol. I, p. 448). (15.2573) **19** **Libyan eunuch** See note at **290:10**. (15.2573) **20** **A son of a whore. Apocalypse** If Jesus was the son of the Scarlet Woman, or Whore of Babylon, who appears in Revelation 17:8, that would make him the Antichrist and the harbinger of the Apocalypse. (15.2575)

369 **1** **Mary Shortall that was in the lock with the pox she got from Jimmy Pidgeon** Refers to Mary and the Holy Spirit who impregnated her (see notes at **33:7** and **33:15**). The 'lock' would be the Westmorland Lock (Government) Hospital for the Relief of Destitute Female Patients Exclusively, on Townsend Street (*Thom's*, p. 1380). (15.2578) **2** **the blue caps** The Blue Caps: the Dublin Fusiliers (Partridge). (15.2579) **3** ***Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position, Philippe?*** [...] See note at **33:7**. (15.2583) **4** **Metchnikoff inoculated anthropoid apes** Élie Metchnikoff (Russian biologist, 1845–1916): a pupil of Louis Pasteur's in Paris and, from 1904, deputy director of the Pasteur Institute. In 1904 he infected anthropoid apes with syphilis by inoculation. His work on this won him the Nobel Prize in 1908. (15.2590) **5** **Locomotor ataxy** An 'inability to co-ordinate the voluntary movement, constitutional unsteadiness in the use of legs, arms, etc.' (*OED*, s.v. ataxy); a symptom of syphilis, as well as of other afflictions. (15.2592) **6** **Three wise virgins** See note at **107:12**. (15.2596) **7** **Panther, the Roman centurion, polluted her with his genitories** Genitories: the testicles (*OED*). In *Alethes Logos* (the *True Discourse*, *c.*180), Celsus put forward the first philosophical criticism of Christianity. He claimed that Jesus was fathered by a Roman centurion called Pantherus. While Celsus's work has not survived, much of it, including the assertion about Pantherus, is quoted in Origen's (theologian, *c.*185–*c.*253) rebuttal, *Contra Celsum*. See also note at **6:5**. (15.2599) **8** ***He sticks out a flickering phosphorescent scorpion tongue*** Virag's action parallels that taken by demons in the fifth valley of the Malebolge in Dante's *Inferno* (XXI, 136); Stephen remembered part of this passage in 'Scylla and Charybdis', see note at **135:15**. (15.2600) **9** ***fork*** Crotch (Partridge). (15.2601) **10** **He burst her tympanum** After the medieval Scholastic belief that the Virgin Mary conceived Christ through her unbroken eardrum (tympanum) by the 'Word of God'; see also note at **197:18**. (15.2601) **11** **Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk! Kok! Kuk!** See note at **362:1**. (15.2603) **12** ***Nakkering*** See note at **209:13**. (15.2609) **13** **When love absorbs my ardent soul** See note at **197:14**. (15.2610) **14** **Big Ben! Ben MacChree!** Machree: Hiberno-English, 'my dear', a term of endearment (Dolan). See also note at **113:14**. (15.2614)

370 **1** **When first I saw** See note at **200:3**. (15.2621) **2** ***Dreck*** Yiddish, junk, trash, shit. (15.2626) **3** ***his wild harp slung behind him*** From Thomas Moore's song 'The Minstrel-Boy'" 'And his wild harp slung behind him. / Land of song! said the warrior-bard'. (15.2629) **4** **K. II** See note at **113:1**. (15.2633) **5** **Dr Hy Franks** See note at **113:4**. (15.2633) **6** **All is lost now** See note at **199:19**. (15.2635) **7** ***Virag unscrews his head in a trice and holds it under his arm*** In the *Inferno*, the pilgrim encounters Bertram de Born, who is carrying his severed head on his arm as if it were a lantern (XXVIII, 199). (15.2636) **8** **preferred the fighting parson who founded the protestant error** That is, Martin Luther (1483–1546). 'The fighting parson': nickname of William Gannaway Brownlow (1805–77), a Methodist journalist who became the governor of Tennessee. (15.2641) **9** **Antisthenes, the dog sage** See note at **110:2**. Antisthenes is credited as being the founder of the Cynics. The name 'Cynic' derives from the Greek *kynikos*, which means literally 'dog-like', since the Cynics professed that all human activity could be performed in public without shame, as is the custom of dogs. (15.2642) **10** **last end of Arius Heresiarchus. The agony in the closet** See notes at **18:6** and **31:14**. (15.2643) **11** **spoiled priest** Hiberno-English, 'a postulant in for the priesthood who left the seminary before ordination' (Dolan). (15.2649) **12** **Monks of the screw** Also known as the Order of St Patrick: a short-lived society of prominent Irish statesmen, lawyers and intellectuals; founded in 1783 and disbanded

in 1795. This was primarily a social club and the members affected the trappings of ascetic life and met wearing monks' habits. John Philpot Curran (see note at **103:27**) wrote a song entitled 'The Monks of the Screw' (William Henry Curran, *The Life of John Philpot Curran*, pp. 80–84). (15.2653)

371 **1** ***His Eminence, Simon Stephen Cardinal Dedalus, Primate of all Ireland*** In both the Protestant and Catholic churches, the archbishop of Armagh carries the title Primate of All Ireland (P.W. Joyce, *Atlas and Cyclopaedia of Ireland*, s.v. Armagh). (15.2654) **2** ***red soutane*** Soutane: 'A long buttoned gown or frock, with sleeves, forming the ordinary outer garment of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and worn under the vestments in religious services' (*OED*). The colour denotes rank: white for the Pope, for the cardinals black with scarlet trim, for the bishops black with red trim and for the priests solid black. There is no red soutane. (15.2655) **3** **Conservio lies captured** [...] Joyce described this as the verse his father quoted most often, but the source is unknown (Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain, *The Workshop of Dædalus*, p. 104). (15.2664) **4** **O, the poor little fellow** [...] After the second verse of the Irish ballad 'Nell Flaherty's Drake'. (15.2671) **5** **By the hoky** By the hoaky: an expletive, mainly nautical, from *circa* 1820 (Partridge). (15.2679) **6** ***Easter kiss*** The Easter kiss is part of the traditional conclusion of the Easter Sunday Mass (*Catholic Encyclopedia* s.v. Easter). (15.2683) **7** **Shall carry my heart to thee** [...] Simon Daedalus sings this in *Stephen Hero* (p. 160). (15.2688)

372 **1** **Fingers was made before forks** A proverbial expression used to point out that formality is unnecessary (*Brewer's*). (15.2708) **2** **bazaar** See note at **133:20**. (15.2717) **3** **the viceroy was there with his lady** See note at **133:21**. (15.2718) **4** **gas** Hiberno-English, fun (Dolan). (15.2718) **5** **Toft's hobbyhorses** The carousel at the Mirus Bazaar; the Tofts were a Cork family who owned touring bazaars. (15.2719) **6** ***In Svengali's fur overcoat*** Svengali: a character in the popular novel *Trilby* (1894) by George du Maurier (English artist, 1834–96). Trilby is an artist's model in Paris who falls under the influence of the villainous Svengali, a German-Polish musician and mesmerist. (15.2721) **7** ***Napoleonic forelock*** Napoleon's brushed-forward lock is one of the trademarks of his portraits. Napoleon is supposed to have been initiated into Freemasonry on the isle of Malta in 1798 (*Brewer's*). (15.2721) **8** ***sign of past master*** Past Master: the honorary degree held by the Master of a Lodge, the local chapter of the secret brotherhood of Freemasons. Bloom performs two signs: the Master 'steps off with the left foot, placing the heel of the right at the toe of the left, so as to bring the feet at right angles [...]. He 'then gives his sign, placing the thumb of the right hand upon the lips, the fingers clenched' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 89). (15.2724)

373 **1** **Aphrodisiac? But I thought it. Vanilla calms or?** Bloom asks if chocolate is an aphrodisiac. Vanilla is aromatic and acts as a mild stimulant, and as such has been considered helpful for nervous disorders. (15.2736) **2** **Red influences lupus** Lupus: a non-infectious disease in which the body's immune system attacks substances occurring normally in the body. 'Professor Niels Finsen of Copenhagen first used the ultra-violet rays of solar light in the treatment of skin diseases, notably of lupus' (*EB11*, s.v. Surgical Instruments and Appliances). (15.2737) **3** **Eat and be merry for tomorrow** See note at **126:5**. (15.2739) **4** **Try truffles at Andrews** Andrews and Co.: tea and coffee dealers, wine and spirit merchants, 19–22 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1798). (15.2741) **5** ***Bella Cohen*** The proprietor of the establishment at 82 Lower Tyrone Street (*Thom's*, p. 1611). She was Jewish (Hyman, pp. 167–68). (15.2742) **6** ***selvedge*** 'The edge of a piece of woven material finished in such a manner as to prevent the ravelling out of the weft' (*OED*, s.v. selvage). (15.2744) **7** ***Minnie Hauck in*** **Carmen** Minnie Hauck (1852–1929): American mezzo-soprano most famous for her role as the title character in George Bizet's *Carmen* (1875). (15.2745) **8** ***keeper rings*** Keeper ring: a ring which keeps another ring, especially a wedding ring, safely on the finger (*OED*). (15.2746) **9** ***embonpoint*** See note at **173:6**. (15.2753) **10** **Powerful being. In my eyes read that slumber which women love** After Severin's submissiveness to Wanda in Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* (see also notes at **333:6**, **333:7** and **333:13**). (15.2772)

374 **1** **draught of thirtytwo feet per second according to the law of falling bodies** This formula is not applicable, however, to air currents since air cannot fall within air; see also note at **56:4**. (15.2781) **2** **king David and the Sunamite** In the Third Book of Kings in the Douay Bible (1 Kings in the King James), King David's servants brought him a beautiful young virgin, 'Abisag a Sunamitess', to marry when he was very old. In the King James Bible, she is called 'Abishag, a Shunamite' (1 Kings 2:13–25). (15.2785) **3** **he shared his bed with Athos** See note at **69:9**. (15.2786) **4** **black**

knot 'A fast knot as distinguished from a running knot' (*OED*, s.v. black). (15.2805) **5 Kellet's** David Kellett (the spelling mistake was made in the 1926 edition): draper, 19–21 South Great George's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1917). (15.2806) **6 To be a shoe-fitter in Mansfield's** Manfield & Sons: boot and shoe warehouse, 78 & 79 Grafton Street and 43 Lower Sackville Street (*Thom's*, p. 1950). In the *Psychopathia Sexualis*, Krafft-Ebing records many cases of foot fetishism, including one young man who opened a women's shoe store in order to fulfil his desires. (15.2814) **7 my love's young dream** After Thomas Moore's 'Love's Young Dream'. (15.2814) **8 Clyde Road** An upscale street in the neighbourhood of Pembroke Township, south-south-east of the centre of Dublin. (15.2817)

375 **1 Handy Andy** The hapless and buffoonish title character of an 1842 novel by Samuel Lover. (15.2824) **2 night of the bazaar dance** See note at **53:17**. (15.2826) **3 tache** A fastening which attaches two parts together (*OED*). (15.2827) **4 Adorer of the adulterous rump!** Krafft-Ebing claims that *oscula ad nates* (rump-kissing) is a symptom of masochism (*Psychopathia Sexualis*, p. 126). (15.2839) **5 Dungdevourer!** Krafft-Ebing describes this type of coprophilia (sexual excitement derived from the ingestion of excrement) as the most extreme symptom of masochism (*Psychopathia Sexualis*, p. 123). (15.2843) **6** ***on all fours, grunting, snuffling, rooting*** In the *Odyssey*, Circe transforms Odysseus's crew into pigs (x, 237–41), but Odysseus himself is spared such a transformation because of his possession of the magical herb moly (see note at **313:6**). (15.2852) **7** ***attitude of most excellent master*** Part of the ritual of becoming a Most Excellent Master: 'The members all kneel and join hands [...] The most excellent master now kneels and joins hands with the rest. They all then repeat in concert the word, "For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever", six times, each time bowing their heads low towards the floor' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 103). (15.2854)

376 **1** ***places his heel on her neck*** After Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs*: 'whichever of the two fails to subjugate will soon feel the feet of the other on his neck' (p. 56). (15.2860) **2 I promise never to disobey** After the oath of Entered Apprentices, a part of the Masonic initiation rite: 'I [...] promise and swear, that I will always hail, ever conceal, and never reveal, any part or parts, art or arts, point or points, of the secret arts and mysteries, of ancient Freemasonry' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, pp. 11–12). Also recalls the contract Severin undertakes with Wanda in *Venus in Furs*: 'he is unconditionally to comply with every one of her wishes and to obey every one of her orders' (p. 147). (15.2864) **3 You little know what's in store for you** In *Venus in Furs*, after Severin signed the contract with Wanda (see the previous note), she taunts him with the punishments she will soon inflict and says, 'You shall know me!' (p. 151). (15.2866) **4 tartar** A cruel and savage person, supposed to resemble the inhabitants of central Asia, known as Tartars; when applied to a woman 'it denotes a vixen or shrew' (*Brewer's*). (15.2867) **5 break you in** At the climax of *Venus in Furs*, Wanda takes on a Greek lover, Alexis, and abandons Severin. Before leaving him, she forces Severin to submit to a whipping from Alexis. When he takes up the lash, Alexis says to Wanda: 'Now watch me break him in' (p. 206). (15.2867) **6 Kentucky cocktails** Kentucky cocktail: made of two parts bourbon and one part pineapple juice shaken over ice. Also, cocktail: harlot (Partridge). (15.2867) **7 gym costume** That is, naked. *Gymnos*: ancient Greek, naked. (15.2869) **8 bastinado** 'A blow with a stick or cudgel; a whack or thwack; esp. one upon the soles of the feet' (*OED*). (15.2891) **9 knout** 'A kind of whip or scourge, very severe and often fatal in its effects, formerly used in Russia as an instrument of punishment' (*OED*). (15.2892) **10 I shall sit on your ottomansaddleback** Should be 'ottoman saddleback' (the mistake was made on the proofs for the first edition). Krafft-Ebing records the account of a masochist who longed to be ridden like a horse: 'I made my back horizontal, and she mounted astride, after the manner of a man. I then did the best I could to imitate the movements of a horse, and loved to have her treat me like a horse, without consideration' (*Psychopathia Sexualis*, p. 102). (15.2894) **11 Matterson's** Matterson & Sons: merchants, 12 Hawkins Street (*Thom's*, p. 1953). (15.2896) **12** ***Licensed Victualler's Gazette*** A weekly trade publication, published in London on Fridays. (15.2898)

377 **1** ***turning turtle*** To turn turtle: to turn over on one's back and become upset (*OED*). (15.2902) **2 Hold him down, girls, till I squat on him** In *Venus in Furs*, right after Severin signs the contract forcing him to be Wanda's slave (see note at **376:2**), she summons three maidservants to tie him securely (p. 150). Krafft-Ebing records similar scenes of degradation in his *Psychopathia Sexualis*. (15.2916) **3 Keating Clay is elected chairman of the Richmond Asylum** The *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904 reported that Robert Keating

Clay, a Dublin solicitor, had been appointed Vice-Chairman of the Richmond Asylum (p. 4, col. g). Joyce originally wrote 'vice chairman', but an amanuensis inadvertently omitted the 'vice'. See note at **9:1** for the Richmond Asylum. (15.2932) **4 Guinness's preference shares are at sixteen three quarters** According to the *Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904: 'Guinness Ordinary, for a few shares, rose 1/16, to 55 3/8, while the Preference maintained previous value, 16 11/16' (p. 4, col. c). (15.2933) **5 Craig and Gardner** Craig, Gardner, and Co.: chartered accountants, 40 & 41 Dame Street (*Thom's*, p. 1841). (15.2934) **6 And that Goddamned outsider *Throwaway* at twenty to one** See note at **236:21**. (15.2935)

378 **1** ***figged fist*** A contemptuous and obscene gesture made by pushing the thumb between the first two fingers, also known as the 'Fig of Spain' (Partridge). (15.2942) **2 A cockhorse to Banbury cross** From a nursery rhyme typically sung whilst pretending to ride a toy horse, called a 'cock-horse' (*OED*): 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross' (*ODNR*). (15.2944) **3 Eclipse stakes** The Eclipse stakes was run on 16th July 1904 at Sandown Park on the Isle of Wight (*EB11*, s.v. horse-racing). (15.2944) **4** ***cockhorse*** Astride or mounted upon; figuratively, triumphantly or haughtily (*OED*). (15.2946) **5 The lady goes a pace a pace and the coachman goes a trot a trot** After a nursery rhyme: 'This is the way the ladies ride, / Nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble; / This is the way the gentlemen ride, / A gallop a trot, a gallop a trot' (*ODNR*). (15.2947) **6 suckeress** Suckstress: a female who fellates or a low colloquialism for a lesbian (Partridge). (15.2953) **7 sixteen three quarters** See note at **377:4**. (15.2959) **8 a thing under the yoke** In *Venus in Furs*, as one of his punishments, Severin is yoked to a plough, driven by Wanda's servant girls (p. 162). (15.2965) **9 Ruby Cohen** Combines Bella Cohen's name with Ruby, from *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring* (see note at **50:2**). (15.2967) **10 As they are now, so will you be** See note at **86:5**. (15.2973) **11 coutille** A close-woven type of canvas used in making stays, corsets and mattresses (*OED*, s.v. coutil). (15.2976)

379 **1 Martha and Mary** See note at **61:1**. (15.2981) **2** ***charming soubrette with dauby cheeks*** See note at **168:21**. (15.2985) **3 I tried her things on** Krafft-Ebing gives many examples of cross-dressing (*Psychopathia Sexualis*, pp. 164–66). (15.2986) **4 Mrs Miriam Dandrade sold you from the Shelbourne Hotel** See notes at **118:22** and **118:23**. (15.2994) **5 Demimondaine** A woman of questionable reputation and social standing (*OED*). (15.2997) **6 Mr Philip Augustus Blockwell, M. P.** Not included in the listing of members of Parliament in *Thom's*. To block: to have sexual intercourse (Partridge). (15.3002) **7 signor Laci Daremo** See note at **49:3**. (15.3002) **8 blueeyed Bert** After 'blue-eyed boy': a favourite to whom great preference is shown (Partridge). (15.3003) **9 Henry Fleury of Gordon Bennett fame** After Henry Flower. See note at **74:9** for the Gordon Bennett race. (15.3003) **10 Sheridan, the quadroon Crœsus** Croesus: the last king of Lydia (560–546 BC). He was so rich that his name is synonymous with wealth (*ODEP*). Possibly Bello is referring to the Sheridans, an illustrious Anglo-Irish family. (15.3004) **11 wetbob** Eton slang for a boy who participates in water sports, rowing and sailing, rather than cricket and rugby (*Brewer's*). (15.3004) **12 Manorhamilton** A village in the north-west of Ireland, in County Leitrim, about 25 km east of Sligo. (15.3005) **13 It was Gerald converted me to be a true corsetlover** Identity unknown. Krafft-Ebing describes several cases of transvestism in the *Psychopathia Sexualis*. (15.3009) **14 the High School play *Vice Versa*** *Vice Versa* (subtitled *A Lesson to Fathers*): a novel from 1882 by F. Anstey (real name, Thomas Anstey Guthrie, 1856–1934); adapted into a play by Edward Rose in 1883 and, again, by Guthrie himself in 1910. Joyce acted in a production of *Vice Versa* on 10–11th January 1898, when he was a student at Belvedere College (Ellmann, p. 56). (15.3010)

380 **1 jinkleman** A baby-talk pronunciation of 'gentleman'. (15.3024) **2 By the ass of the Dorans** After the traditional Irish ballad 'Doran's Ass', which tells of how Paddy Doyle, drunk, cannot distinguish Doan's ass from his own beloved, Biddy Toole. (15.3024) **3 Black Church** The local nickname for St Mary's Chapel of Ease, a Protestant church. Built in 1830 in a Gothic Revival style (Bennett s.v. St Mary's). It stands off Mountjoy Street, on St Mary's Place. (15.3029) **4 Miss Dunn at an address in d'Olier Street** Possibly related to Joseph Dunn, poulterer and fishmonger, 26 D'Olier Street (*Thom's*, p. 1476). Boylan's secretary is named Miss Dunne (see note at **168:13**). While Boylan's office's address is unspecified, there was an 'Advertising Co. (limited)' at 15 D'Olier Street (p. 1475). (15.3030) **5 vitriol works** Dublin Vitriol Works, Ballybough Bridge (*Thom's*, p. 1859). (15.3036) **6** ***Poldy Kock*** See note at **50:8**. (15.3045) **7** ***Cassidy's hag*** See note at **47:18**. (15.3045) **8** ***Larry Rhinoceros*** That is, Larry O'Rourke (see note at **45:6**). See also note at **192:8**. (15.3046) **9 Pleasants street** See note at **47:11**. (15.3049)

381 **1 With this ring I thee own** After of the Christian marriage service, 'With this ring, I thee wed'; see also note at **317:5**. (15.3068) **2 Miss Ruby** See note at **50:2**. (15.3077) **3 Hanaper and Petty Bag office** Hanaper: 'The department of the Chancery, into which fees were paid for the sealing and enrolment of charters and other documents'; abolished in 1832 (*OED*). Petty Bag: 'An office of the common-law jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, dealing with suits for and against the Lord Chancellor's staff'; abolished in 1889 (*OED*). (15.3085) **4** ***Dillon's*** See note at **96:4**. (15.3094) **5 Two bar** See note at **183:28**. (15.3102) **6 Fourteen hands high** The height of horses is measured in units called hands; 1 hand = 4 inches = 10.16 cm. (15.3103)

382 **1 Caliph Haroun Al Raschid** See note at **37:5**. (15.3113) **2 four inch Louis XV heels** Louis heels: a curved and tapered heel, rarely high, launched during the reign of Louis XV of France (1710–74, r.1715–74) and popular in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (Paola Jacobbi, *I Want Those Shoes!*, pp. 42–43). (15.3119) **3 Grecian bend** 'An affected carriage of the body, in which it is bent forward from the hips' (*OED*, s.v. Grecian); the expression was made popular by a song from 1868 performed by the female impersonator William Horace Lingard. (15.3120) **4 fluescent** Neologism from 'fluent', 'Moving easily or gracefully' (*OED*, s.v. fluent). (15.3120) **5 Gomorrahan** Sinful (*OED*), with a connotation of sexual transgression; after Gomorrah, one of the cities of the plain destroyed by God for its wickedness (Gen. 19). (15.3122) **6 Manx cat!** A Manx cat lacks a tail, having instead only a tuft of hair (*EB11*, s.v. cat). (15.3129) **7 cockyolly** A pet name, usually applied to a bird (*OED*). (15.3130) **8 doing his pooly** That is, urinating. Pooly: 'A small pool, spec. of urine' (*OED*). (15.3131)

383 **1 in Sleepy Hollow your night of twenty years** See notes at **272:13** and **272:15**. (15.3154) **2** ***wold*** 'Forest, forest land; wooded upland' (*OED*). (15.3156) **3 Rip van Winkle!** During his hunting trip in the Catskills, Rip Van Winkle 'heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"' (Washington Irving, *The Sketch-Book*, p. 38). (15.3158) **4** ***fowlingpiece*** 'A light gun for shooting wild fowl' (*OED*); see note at **272:17**. (15.3160) **5 The first night at Mat Dillon's!** See note at **80:4**. (15.3162) **6 owl** A solemn dullard (*OED*). (15.3165) **7** ***simply swirling*** From the song 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls'; see note at **48:8**. (15.3168) **8 Papli** See note at **51:1**. (15.3171) **9 Aunt Hegarty's** Hegarty is Bloom's maternal grandmother's maiden name, so Aunt Hegarty would be her sister, Bloom's great-aunt. (15.3173) **10 Sauce for the goose, my gander, O** See note at **204:14**. (15.3178) **11 Brusselette carpet** Brussels carpet: 'a kind of carpet having a back of stout linen thread and an upper surface of wool' (*OED*, s.v. Brussels). (15.3183) **12 Wren's auction** See note at **76:1**. (15.3184) **13 little statue you carried home in the rain for art for art's sake** For the statue, see notes at **500:15** and **547:8**. 'Art for art's sake': a slogan associated with *fin de siècle* artists such as Oscar Wilde. (15.3185) **14 handbook of astronomy** See note at **500:2**. (15.3187) **15 Hampton Leedom's** Hampton Leedom and Co.: 'wax and tallow chandlers, hardware, delph, and china merchants', 50 Henry Street (*Thom's*, p. 1929). (15.3189)

384 **1 Swear!** In *Hamlet*, the Ghost commands 'Swear!' repeatedly from under the stage as Hamlet commands Horatio and the others to swear to secrecy about the Ghost's appearance (Act I, Sc. 5, 148, 155, 161, 181). (15.3194) **2 You have made your secondbest bed and others must lie in it** After the proverb, 'As you make your bed, so you must lie in it' (*ODEP*); see also note at **149:6**. (15.3198) **3 Your epitaph is written** See note at **212:8**. (15.3199) **4 I can give you a rare old wine that'll send you skipping to hell and back** After Circe's instructions to Odysseus to return home via Hades: 'Dig a pit of about a cubit in each direction, / and pour it full of drink offerings for all the dead, first / honey mixed with milk, then a second pouring of sweet wine' (x, 517–19). (15.3205) **5 Cuck Cohen** See note at **156:5**. (15.3208) **6 I have sinned! I have suff** See note at **62:21**. (15.3215) **7** ***passing bell*** A passing bell is rung when someone is dying or immediately after he is dead, requiring the faithful to say prayers for the soul of the deceased (*OED*). (15.3220) **8** ***the circumcised, in sackcloth and ashes, stand by the wailing wall*** Counting Bloom there are ten people here, the minimum number for a *minyan*, a communal prayer. The wearing of sackcloths and the placing of earth, dust and ashes on the head are common traits of Jewish mourning rituals (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.vv. minyan; mourning). The Wailing Wall in Jerusalem is the only remaining part of Herod's Temple, which was destroyed on 9th August 70 AD by the Romans. In 1904, Jews were forbidden to engage in mourning rituals at the Wailing Wall by the Turks who were then in control of Jerusalem. In 1917 the British took control of Palestine and allowed Jews to resume prayers there. (15.3220) **9** ***M. Shulomowitz*** Israel Shmulowitz: the

secretary of the Jewish Library, 57 Lombard Street West. Thom's lists him as M. Shumolovitz (p. 1535); Joyce spelt his name 'Shulomowitz'; the man himself spelt his name as 'Shmulowitz' on the 1901 census. (15.3221) **10** ***Joseph Goldwater*** Joseph Goldwater, 77 Lombard Street West (*Thom's*, p. 1535). (15.3222) **11** ***Moses Herzog*** See note at **213:12**. (15.3222) **12** ***Harris Rosenberg*** Harris Rosenberg, 63 Lombard Street West (*Thom's*, p. 1535). (15.3222) **13** ***M. Moisel*** See note at **47:11**. (15.3223) **14** ***J. Citron*** See note at **47:9**. (15.3223) **15** ***Minnie Watchman*** Minnie Watchman, 20 St Kevin's Parade (*Thom's*, p. 1589). *Thom's* lists this name as 'Mr. Minnie Watchman', but she was a woman (Hyman, p. 329 n. 9). (15.3223) **16** ***O. Mastiansky*** See note at **47:10**. (15.3223) **17** ***the Reverend Leopold Abramovitz, Chazen*** Revd Leopold Abramovitz, 'Jewish minister', 3 St Kevin's Road (*Thom's*, p. 1589). Chazzan: 'A cantor or precentor in a Jewish synagogue' (*OED*). (15.3224) **18** ***pneuma*** A medieval musical term for 'a group of notes sung to one (inarticulate) syllable at the end of a plain-song melody' (*OED*). (15.3225) **19** ***recreant*** Cowardly and craven or unfaithful, apostate (*OED*). (15.3226) **20** ***dead sea fruit*** Also called the Apples of Sodom: proverbial for disillusionment; after the fruit that grows near the Dead Sea, which look beautiful but have an ashen taste (*Brewer's*, s.v. Apples of Sodom). (15.3228) **21** ***no flowers*** Orthodox Jews do not allow flowers at funerals or by the graveside (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. mourning). (15.3228) **22** ***Shema Israel Adonai Elohenu Adonai Echad*** See note at **92:16**. (15.3229) **23** ***suttee pyre*** See note at **77:13**. (15.3232) **24** ***camphire*** Archaic spelling of camphor, 'it is used in pharmacy, and was formerly in repute as an antaphrodisiac' (*OED*, s.v. camphor). (15.3232) **25** ***nymph with hair unbound*** See note at **50:11**. (15.3234) **26** ***interlacing yews*** Yew trees are commonly planted in churchyards, because as long-lived evergreens they are a symbol of immortality (*Brewer's*). (15.3235)

385 **1** **coster picnic makers** Coster: short for 'costermonger', a hawker who sells fruit from a barrow, especially apples (costards); a term of contempt since Shakespeare's day (*OED*, s.vv. coster; costermonger). Coster singer: a music-hall performer who adopts the persona of a cockney vendor. Picnic Society: a London institution begun in the early 1800s which promoted entertainments such as vaudeville shows or pantomimes (*OED*). (15.3245) **2** **La Aurora and Karini, musical act** *Photo Bits* (see note at **50:11**) included photographs of 'frilly-skirted highkickers, knickers on view' (Tess March, 'Is There More to *Photo Bits* than Meets the Eye?', p. 884). (15.3247) **3** **transparencies** Transparency: 'A picture, print, inscription, or device on some translucent substance, made visible by means of a light behind' (*OED*). (15.3250) **4** **truedup** Trued-up: made with geometrical precision (*OED*). (15.3250) **5** **Professor Waldmann's wonderful chest exuber** No advertisement has been identified, although *Photo Bits* did advertise products like this. (15.3258) **6** ***Photo Bits*** See note at **50:11**. (15.3261) **7** **shame** Genitalia (*OED*). (15.3265) **8** **a thing of beauty** See note at **361:18**. (15.3268) **9** **Steel wine** A medicinal drink fortified with iron (*OED*, s.v. steel). (15.3274) **10** **that English invention** See note at **509:3**. (15.3274)

386 **1** **Frailty, thy name is marriage** See note at **236:24**. (15.3277) **2** **The quoits are loose. From Gibraltar by long sea, long ago** See notes at **44:7** and **44:8**. (15.3289) **3** **orangekeyed** See note at **49:7**. (15.3295) **4** **Poulaphouca** A waterfall on the River Liffey at Wicklow, 32 km south of Dublin; its name means 'Pool of Pooka', Pooka being a Celtic fairy and the model for Puck in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (P.W. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. 1, p. 188). (15.3299) **5** JOHN WYSE NOLAN See note at **129:10**. (15.3304) **6** ***Irish National Forester's*** See note at **237:30**. (15.3305)

387 **1** **old Royal stairs** See note at **199:16**. (15.3321) **2** **There were sunspots that summer** See note at **122:9**. The original Theatre Royal burned down in 1880; there was a 'very low minimum' of sunspot activity in 1879 and no maximum between 1870 and 1883 (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 41). (15.3323) **3** **tipsycake** A cake soaked in wine or spirits (*OED*). (15.3324) **4** ***Master Donald Turnbull*** This and the following are the names of Bloom's school friends at Erasmus Smith High School (see note at **56:2**). In 1904, a Donald Munro Turnbull was listed at 53 Harcourt Street, the street where the school is located (*Thom's*, p. 2028). (15.3326) **5** ***Master Abraham Chatterton*** Abraham Chatterton (b.1862): an alumnus of Erasmus Smith High School and, in 1904, the registrar (*SS*, p. 213); he was a Justice of the Peace and lived at 10 Clyde Road (*Thom's*, pp. 863, 1830). (15.3326) **6** ***Master Owen Goldberg*** See note at **119:8**. (15.3327) **7** ***Master Jack Meredith*** In 1904, John W. Meredith lived at 97 Haddington Road (*Thom's*, p. 1955). (15.3327) **8** ***Master Percy Apjohn*** See note at **497:1**. (15.3327) **9** **Mackerel!** See note at **119:10**. (15.3331) **10** ***Hobbledehoy*** An awkward youth between boyhood and manhood (*OED*).

(15.3333) **11** **Montague Street** Montague Street is off Harcourt Street, on the west side of the street, near the Erasmus Smith High School. (15.3335) **12** ***hamadryads*** Wood nymphs who live in trees and share the sufferings and triumphs, life and death of the tree (*OED*). (15.3341) **13** **sward** Old English, skin. (15.3346) **14** **The flowers that bloom in the spring** From a song in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* (1885). (15.3354) **15** **Capillary attraction** The force that causes liquids to rise in a fine tubes and wicks and to spread in other absorbent materials such as blotting paper (*EB11*, s.v. capillary action). (15.3354)

388 **1** **Rialto Bridge** A steep bridge which takes the South Circular Road over the Grand Canal between Kilmainham and Dolphin's Barn; it lies 2.5 km west on the South Circular Road from Bloom's boyhood home at 52 Clanbrassil Street. It is named after the Rialto Bridge in Venice. (15.3357) **2** ***Staggering Bob*** See note at **125:17**. (15.3360) **3** ***Ben Howth*** See note at **128:32**. (15.3367) **4** **Circumstances alter cases** Proverbial (*ODEP*) and the title of a one-act comedy, adapted by William Jones Hoppin (1813–95) from a story by Alexandre Dumas called 'L'Invitation à la valse'. (15.3373) **5** **Thirtytwo head over heels per second** See note at **56:4**. (15.3374) **6** **Giddy Elijah** See notes at **111:12** and **250:2**. (15.3375) **7** **government printer's clerk** See note at **92:22**. (15.3375) **8** ***Lion's Head cliff*** See note at **128:29**. (15.3378) **9** ***Bailey and Kish lights the*** **Erin's King** The Bailey lighthouse is on the south-eastern side of the promontory of Howth, on the same side as the Lion's Head cliff. See notes at **35:17** and **51:13** for the Kish lightship and the Erin's King. (15.3382) **10** COUNCILLOR NANNETTI See note at **89:7**. (15.3385) **11** **When my country takes her place** See note at **212:8**. (15.3387)

389 **1** **quassia** 'The bitter-tasting wood, bark, or root of *Quassia amara*; a medicinal preparation made from this, usually by infusion, used as an antipyretic or parasiticide' (*OED*). (15.3398) **2** **Hamilton Long's** See note at **64:10**. (15.3399) **3** ***Peccavi!*** Latin, 'I sinned!' or 'I have sinned!'; see also note at **62:21**. (15.3405) **4** **the hand that rules** See note at **210:8**. (15.3407) **5** ***cooeeing*** See note at **136:5**. (15.3409) **6** **Show us** See note at **49:8**. (15.3411) **7** ***in war panoply with his assegai*** Panoply: a suit of armour (*OED*). Assegai: a slender wood spear tipped with a metal point (*OED*, s.v. assagai). (15.3420) **8** **Sitting Bull** A famous Sioux Indian chief (*c.*1831–90), who led the victory of the Sioux Indians at Little Bighorn in 1876. (15.3422) **9** **divaricated** Divaricate: to spread apart (*OED*). (15.3425) **10** **white sateen coatpans** Sateen: a cotton or wool material with a satin-like look (*OED*). *Pan*: French, coat tail. (15.3426)

390 **1** ***in nun's white habit, coif and huge winged wimple*** A Carmelite nun's habit. (15.3434) **2** **Tranquilla convent** See note at **114:3**. (15.3435) **3** **Mount Carmel** A ridge which extends for 21 km from the plain of Esdraelon to the Mediterranean Sea, where it ends in the southernmost promontory on the Bay of Haifa. It is associated with the prophets Elijah and Elisha (Isaiah 35:2, Amos 9:3 and 1 Kings 18) and has been the site of monasteries since the thirteenth century. (15.3435) **4** **apparitions of Knock and Lourdes** See notes at **62:16** and **62:17**. (15.3436) **5** ***the Coombe*** See note at **60:5**. (15.3442) **6** **O Leopold lost the pin of his drawers** After the song that Bloom recalled hearing the 'sluts of the Coombe' sing, 'O Mairy lost the pin of her drawers' (see note at **60:6**). (15.3444) **7** ***elected knight of nine, strikes at his loins.)*** **Nekum!** The Elected Knights of Nine are the sixth of the Eleven Ineffable Degrees in Freemasonry. The sign of this degree is to have one brother strike the other's forehead; 'the brother will answer by carrying his hands to his forehead, as if to examine the supposed wound, plunge the poniard at the breast, crying "Nekum" (i.e. vengeance) – the brother replies by carrying his hand to his heart, saying "Necar"' (Allyn, *Ritual of Freemasonry*, p. 292). (15.3461) **8** **Nebrakada!** See note at **177:25**. (15.3463) **9** **Cat of nine lives!** Combines the proverb that a cat has nine lives with the cat-o'-nine-tails, a nine-thonged whip used in the British army and navy until 1881 (Partridge). (15.3463) **10** **The fox and the grapes** 'The Fox and the Grapes': one of Aesop's fables. The fox tries to leap up a vine to taste some grapes, but fails each time. He gives up, deciding that the grapes were most likely sour in any case. (15.3464) **11** **your barbed wire** See note at **114:7**. (15.3465) **12** **statue of the watercarrier** Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the zodiac, is represented as a water-carrier. (15.3466) **13** **good Mother Alphonsus** Possibly in reference to the Monastery of St Alphonsus (church and monastery of the Redemptoristines), Saint Alphonsus Road, Fairview (a suburb of Dublin), Reverend Sister Mary Stanislaus, superioress (*Thom's*, p. 1684). (15.3467) **14** **Reynard** The hero of the fourteenth-century epic prose poem *Reynard the Fox*. 'Reynard typifies the church; his uncle, Isengrin the wolf, typifies the baronial element; and Nodel the lion, the regal' (*Brewer's*). (15.3467) **15** ***a cloud of stench escaping from the cracks*** Recalls the pilgrim's dream of the Siren in Dante's *Purgatorio*: 'he [Virgil] seized the other

and laid her bare in front, tearing her clothes, and showed me her belly. That awoke me with the stench that came from her' (XIX, 31). (15.3469)

391 **1** ***a keen*** An Irish funeral song, traditionally accompanied with wailing in lamentation for the dead (*OED*). (15.3475) **2** ***Passée*** French, past, gone, faded. (15.3483) **3** **Fohracht** This word was set as 'Fohracht' on the page proofs; a previous draft, in an amanuensis's hand, reads 'Fbhracht', which is not any clearer. (There is no extant draft of this passage in Joyce's hand.) (15.3490) **4** **cod** Scrotum (Partridge). (15.3496) **5** **kipkeeper! Pox and gleet vendor!** Kipkeeper: brothel-keeper (see note at **146:10**). Gleet: morbid discharge from the urethra (*OED*), an effect of gonorrhoea ('pox'). (15.3498) **6** **dead march from *Saul*** See note at **74:13**. (15.3500)

392 **1** **Give a thing and take it back [...]** A children's rhyme that accompanies a giving or swapping game which originated in Laurencetown, County Galway (Iona and Peter Opie, *Lore and Language of Schoolchildren*, p. 133). (15.3515) **2** **To have or not to have, that is the question** See note at **205:5**. (15.3522) **3** **This silken purse I made out of the sow's ear of the public** Inverts the proverb, 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear'. (15.3533) **4** ***Dans ce bordel où tenons nostre état*** French, 'In this brothel where we hold our state'; after François Villon's (French poet, *c.*1431–*c.*1463) 'Ballade de la grosse Margot' ('Ballad of Fat Margot'). (15.3536) **5** ***brevi manu*** Latin, 'with short hand' or 'offhand'. (15.3546)

393 **1** **The fox crew, the cocks flew [...]** See note at **22:2**. (15.3577)

394 **1** ***Le distrait*** **or absentminded beggar** See notes at **137:23** and **137:25**. (15.3594) **2** **Lucifer** That is, a lucifer match, a friction match made of wood tipped with a flammable substance (*OED*). (15.3599) **3** **Proparoxyton** In ancient Greek, a word with an acute accent on its antepenultimate syllable (*OED*). (15.3609) **4** **Moment before the next Lessing says** In *Laocoön (1766)*, Gotthold Lessing (1729–81) argued that the plastic arts can only represent a single moment of action, an *Augenblick*, (the 'blink of an eye'). In contrast, poetry can represent a sequence of moments. See also note at **30:9**. (15.3609) **5** **Thirsty fox** See note art **390:10**. (15.3610) **6** **Burying his grandmother. Probably he killed her** See note at **22:2**. (15.3610) **7** **Georgina Johnson** See note at **139:11**. (15.3620)

395 **1** **Broke them yesterday. Sixteen years ago** Apparently Stephen broke his glasses on 15th June since he is not wearing any glasses on 16th June. When he was a schoolboy at Clongowes he also broke his glasses (*Portrait*, pp. 49–59). (15.3628) **2** **Distance. The eye sees all flat** See note at **38:14**. (15.3629) **3** **Ineluctable modality of the visible** See note at **30:1**. (15.3630) **4** **The beast that has two backs** See note at **104:1**. (15.3631) **5** **Lamb of London, who takest away the sins of our world** After John the Baptist's greeting of Jesus at John 1:29: 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world'. The Latin version of these lines is used in the *Agnus Dei* prayer in Mass. (15.3638) **6** ***Dona nobis pacem*** Latin, 'Grant us peace'; the concluding phrase from the *Agnus Dei* prayer in Mass. (15.3640) **7** ***bloodoath in*** **The Dusk of the Gods** From Wagner's *Die Götterdämmerung* (more commonly translated as 'The Twilight of the Gods'), the last opera of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (*The Ring of Nibelungs*). In Act I, Siegfried takes a blood oath of friendship with Gunther so that he might marry his sister Gutrune. However, he is being manipulated by Hagen and this blood oath sets in motion his own death and the downfall of the gods. (15.3649) **8** **Hangende Hunger [...]** German, 'Hunger hanging over us, inquisitive woman, ruins us all'. The phrase 'fragende Frau' appears in the second of Wagner's four *Ring* operas, *Die Walküre*, (Act I, Sc. 2). (15.3651) **9** **Hamlet, I am thy father's gimlet!** See note at **112:10**. (15.3655) **10** **Two, three, Mars, that's courage** Zoe is reading Stephen's palm and is counting the small areas of the palm known as 'mounts'. There are three mounts on the inner line of the upturned palm: the Mount of Mars lies in between the base of the little finger and the heel of the hand. This mount symbolizes active courage and self-possession (Henry Frith and Edward Heron Allen, *The Language of the Hand*, p. 90). (15.3657) **11** **Sheet lightning courage** That is, false or superficial courage. (15.3660) **12** **The youth who could not shiver and shake** After the Grimms' fairy tale 'The Boy Who Could Not Shiver and Shake'. (15.3660)

396 **1** **I see it in your face. The eye, like that** See note at **101:2**. (15.3663) **2** **Pandy bat.** See note at **139:17**. (15.3666) **3** ***Father Dolan*** The sadistic prefect of studies at Clongowes Wood College from Chapter 1 of *Portrait*. (15.3668) **4** **Any boy want flogging? Broke his glasses?** See note at **101:2**. (15.3671) **5** ***Don John Conmee*** See notes at **61:9** and **139:17**. (15.3673) **6** **His criminal thumbprint on the haddock** After the belief that the two dark

marks on the haddock's neck are impressions made by St Peter's finger and thumb (*Brewer's*). (15.3681) **7 Thursday. Today** While Stephen's exact birthdate is never specified, Joyce was born on Thursday, 2nd February 1882. (15.3685) **8 Thursday's child has far to go** After the nursery rhyme: 'Monday's child is fair of face, / Tuesday's child is full of grace, / Wednesday's child is full of woe, / Thursday's child has far to go' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Monday). (15.3687) **9 Line of fate. Influential friends** The 'Line of Fate' is a line on the palm from the middle of the wrist to the base of the middle finger. A clear line denotes that one will enjoy a 'wide circle of influential friends' (Ray Douglas, *Handbook of Palmistry*, p. 129). (15.3687) **10 Imagination** The Mount of the Moon is the fleshy part of the palm at the heel of the hand below the little finger and its presence signifies imagination (Frith and Allen, *Language of the Hand*, pp. 85, 90). (15.3690)

397 **1 Gridiron. Travels beyond the sea and marry money** 'Grating-marks, a kind of beatified gridiron upon the hand, are also considered as unfortunate' (Frith and Allen, *Language of the Hand*, p. 151). (15.3701) **2 Short little finger. Henpecked husband** Rip Van Winkle is described as 'an obedient hen-pecked husband' (Washington Irving, *The Sketch-Book*, p. 34). (15.3706) **3** ***Black Liz, a huge rooster*** See note at **229:14**. (15.3707) **4 See? Moves to one great goal** See note at **27:13**. (15.3718) **5** ***driven by James Barton*** See note at **204:15**. (15.3727) **6 boots** See note at **189:5**. (15.3729) **7 Haw, haw, have you the horn?** See note at **195:9**. (15.3733)

398 **1 quims** Coarse slang for female genitalia (*OED*). (15.3744) **2** ***antlered head*** Traditionally, a cuckolded husband is characterized by horns coming out of his head (*Brewer's*, s.v. To wear the horns). (15.3764) **3 Raoul, darling** From *The Sweets of Sin*, see note at **173:4**. (15.3770) **4 I'm in my pelt** After the title of Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs*, in the original German: *Venus im Pelz*. (15.3770)

399 **1 pishogue** See note at **233:11**. (15.3778) **2 Ride a cock horse** See note at **378:4**. (15.3804)

400 **1 The mirror up to nature** From Hamlet's advice to the actors in 'The Mouse-Trap', the play-within-a-play: 'Suit the action to the word, the word to the action [...] hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure' (Act III, Sc. 2, 16–24). (15.3820) **2 'Tis the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind** After Oliver Goldsmith's (Anglo-Irish author, 1728–74) poem *The Deserted Village* (1770): 'And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind' (l. 122). (15.3826) **3 Even the great Napoleon, when measurements were taken** The English doctors who performed Napoleon's autopsy recorded that the measurements of Napoleon's body resembled those of a woman, particularly his enlarged breasts (Sir Walter Scott, *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. 3, pp. 353–57). (15.3835) **4** ***Tunny's tawny sherry*** See note at **183:21**. (15.3838) **5** ***weeds*** See note at **64:7**. (15.3839) **6** ***pen chivvying her brood of cygnets*** See note at **138:27**. (15.3840) **7** ***Scottish widow's insurance policy*** See note at **274:16**. (15.3842) **8 beeftea** 'The juice of beef extracted by prolonged simmering in a very little water, used as a nutritious food for invalids' (*OED*, s.v. beef). (15.3851) **9 Weda seca whokilla farst** That is, 'Wed the second who kills the first'; see note at **148:40**. (15.3853) **10** ***Martin Cunningham, bearded, refeatures Shakespeare's beardless face*** See note at **73:21**. (15.3854) **11** ***Merry Widow hat*** A hat in the style of the broad-brimmed hat worn by the heroine of the popular light opera *The Merry Widow* (1905) by the Hungarian composer Franz Lehár (1870–1948). (15.3857) **12** ***And they call me the jewel of Asia*** See note at **74:4**. (15.3861)

401 **1 demirep** 'A woman whose character is only half reputable; a woman of doubtful reputation or suspected chastity' (*OED*). (15.3863) **2** ***Et exaltabuntur cornua iusti*** Latin, after Psalm 74:11 in the Vulgate: '*et omnia cornua impiorum confringam / exaltabuntur cornua iusti*'. English (Psalm 75:10): '[And] all the horns of the wicked also will I cut off; but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted'. (15.3865) **3 Queens lay with prize bulls. Remember Pasiphae** See note at **152:18**. (15.3865) **4 Forget not Madam Grissel Steevens** See note at **296:2**. (15.3867) **5 suine scions of the house of Lambert** Possibly an allusion to the 'well-known family of Lambert', for five successive generations the males suffered from a skin disease that left their skin covered with bristles (George M. Gould and Walter L. Pyle, *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine*, pp. 823–24). (15.3867) **6 And Noah was drunk with wine. And his ark was open** After Genesis 9:21–22, Noah 'drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father'. (15.3868) **7 parleyvoo** The French language (Partridge); from the French '*parlez-vous*', 'do you speak?' (15.3875) **8 cocottes** Cocotte: French, 'woman of loose

morals' or 'prostitute'. (15.3885) **9 heaven and hell show** Le Ciel (French, Heaven) and L'Enfer (French, Hell) were two adjacent cabarets on the Boulevard de Clichy in Paris. The entertainments at both establishments parodied Christian iconography. L'Enfer specialized in phantasmagoria and ghost shows (with thanks to Aida Yared). (15.3889) **10 with mortuary candles and they tears silver which occur every night** The Cabaret du Néant, at 34 Boulevard de Clichy in Paris, featured an 'intoxication room' decorated with mortuary candles, skeleton chandeliers and tables shaped like coffins (with thanks to Aida Yared). (15.3889) **11 vampire man debauch nun** The cabarets Stephen is referring to would include performances of actresses (who were often prostitutes) dressed as nuns (with thanks to Aida Yared). (15.3892) **12** ***dessous troublants*** French, 'disturbing lower parts'. (15.3893) **13** ***Ce pif qu'il a!*** French, 'The nose he has'. Cabaret owner Aristide Bruant (1851–1925) would taunt bourgeois clientele with this phrase when they entered his working-class cabaret (with thanks to Aida Yared). (15.3893) **14** ***Vive le vampire!*** French, 'Long live the vampire!' (15.3896) **15** ***Demimondaines*** See note at **379:5**. (15.3902)

402 **1 omelette on the belly** ***pièce de Shakespeare*** The French pronunciation of 'Hamlet' is almost homophonous with 'omelette'. See note at **137:24**. (15.3909) **2** ***double entente cordiale.* O yes, *mon loup*** French, 'double cordial understanding. O yes, my wolf'. *Loup*: a term of endearment used for a loner. '*Double entente cordiale*' combines *double entendre* (double understanding or meaning) and *entente cordiale* (cordial understanding; see note at **240:1**). (15.3915) **3 I dreamt of a watermelon** See note at **37:7**. (15.3922) **4 Across the world for a wife** The title of a novel (1897) by the Australian writer Guy Newell Boothby (1867–1905). (15.3926) **5 Dreams go by contraries** After a popular and ancient 'axiom' for interpreting dreams (*Dictionary of Superstitions*). (15.3928) **6 Street of harlots** From Stephen's dream, see note at **37:7**. (15.3930) **7 In Serpentine Avenue Beelzebub showed me her, a fubsy widow** See note at **32:30**. (15.3930) **8 And ever shall be. World without end** See note at **24:1**. (15.3935) **9** ***Pater!* Free!** See note at **154:29**. (15.3936)

403 **1** ***O merde alors!*** French, 'Oh, shit!' (15.3940) **2 Hola! Hillyho!** The command with which a falconer recalls his falcon; In *Hamlet*, Marcellus summons the prince with, 'Hillo, hi, ho, my lord!'; to which Hamlet replies, 'Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come' (Act I, Sc. 5, 115–16). (15.3941) **3 An eagle gules volant in a field argent displayed** A coat of arms with a red (gules) eagle in flight (volant) with its wings spread (displayed) on a field of silver (argent). This is similar to the coat of arms of Joyce's father as well as of the Joyces of County Galway (O'Shea, *James Joyce and Heraldry*, p. 49). (15.3948) **4 Ulster king at arms!** See note at **342:7**. (15.3949) **5** ***A stout fox drawn from covert*** After Stephen's riddle; see note at **22:2**. (15.3952) **6** ***Ward Union*** See note at **118:11**. (15.3956) **7** ***Six Mile Point, Flathouse, Nine Mile Stone*** Stephen imagines a fox-hunt in County Wicklow, south of Dublin, on Ireland's eastern shore. Six Mile Point lies six miles (9.7 km) north of Wicklow. Flathouse is a country house and the Nine Mile Stone is a marker on the Wicklow-Dublin road nine miles (14.5 km) north of Wicklow. (15.3957) **8** ***crown and anchor*** 'A gambling game played with three dice, each having faces bearing a crown, an anchor, and the four card-suits; the players place their bets on a board or cloth bearing similar figures' (*OED*). (15.3961) **9** ***thimbleriggers*** See note at **26:7**. (15.3961) **10** ***broadsmen*** Card-sharpers, expert players of cards who swindle their opposition (Partridge). (15.3962) **11** ***Crows*** A crow is a confederate on watch, one who looks out against discovery while his companions rob or steal (Partridge). (15.3962) **12 Ten to one the field!** See note at **26:6**. (15.3966) **13 Ten to one bar one** This phrase indicates that bet can be placed, at ten-to-one odds, against the favourite winning the race (*OED*, s.v. bar). (15.3968) **14 spinning Jenny** A gambling apparatus that moves miniature metal horses over a table (*OED*). (15.3969) **15 monkey** £500 (*OED*). (15.3971) **16** ***A dark horse riderless, bolts like a phantom past the winningpost*** This scene re-enacts Throwaway's victory at the Gold Cup race on 16th June; see note at **236:21**. (15.3974) **17** ***Sceptre, Maximum the Second, Zinfandel*** Three horses that lost to Throwaway at the Gold Cup. For Sceptre, see notes at **96:3** and **171:11**. For Zinfandel, see note at **127:7**. (15.3977) **18** ***Duke of Westminster's Shotover, Repulse, the Duke of Beaufort's Ceylon*** These horses did not run in the Gold Cup against Throwaway; rather Stephen saw pictures of these three horses on the wall in Mr Deasy's office in 'Nestor'. See notes at **26:3–26:5**. (15.3977) **19** ***isabelle nag*** Also known as isabella: a greyish yellow colour (*OED*). (15.3980) **20** ***Cock of the North*** The nickname of the Scotsman George Gordon (1770–1836), Fifth Duke of Gordon. Under his command, the Gordon Highlanders quelled the 1798 Wexford Catholic peasant insurrection (*SS*, p. 24). (15.3980) **21** ***jogs along the rocky road*** See note at **26:1**.

(15.3983) **22** THE ORANGE LODGES See note at **25:17**. (15.3984)

404 **1** *Per vias rectas!* See note at **25:29**. (15.3989) **2** ***mutton broth with dancing coins of carrots, barley, onions, turnips, potatoes*** The basic ingredients for Irish stew. (15.3991) **3** THE GREEN LODGES As opposed to the Orange Lodges, the Green Lodges were Irishmen who were actively pro-Home Rule. See note at **25:22**. (15.3993) **4** **Soft day, sir John!** See note at **26:2**. (15.3994) **5** **noise in the street** See note at **28:1**. (15.3998) **6** **Yet I've a sort a** [...] From the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl' (see note at **185:29**): 'I've a sort of Yorkshire Relish for my little Yorkshire Rose'. (15.4002) **7** **augur's rod** See note at **38:8**. (15.4012) **8** ***tripudium*** See note at **39:2**. (15.4013) **9** ***Professor Goodwin*** See note at **114:31**. (15.4017)

405 **1** **My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl** See note at **185:29**. (15.4027) **2** ***clouded cane*** From Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* (1712): 'Sir Plume, of Amber Snuff-box justly vain, / And the nice Conduct of a Clouded Cane' (IV, 123–24). (15.4038) **3** **Madam Legget Byrne's** Mr and Mrs Talbot Leggett Byrne: dancing teachers, 27 Adelaide Road and 63 Mountjoy Square (*Thom's*, pp. 1552, 1822). The spelling mistake is Joyce's. (15.4043) **4** **Levinstone's** Levenston's dancing academy, see note at **133:6**. The spelling mistake here is Joyce's. (15.4043) **5** **Katty Lanner** Katti Lanner (1831–1915): Austrian ballet dancer. She helped establish the National School of Ballet in London and choreographed for the English Theatre of Varieties of London. (15.4044) **6** **terpsichorean** That is, pertaining to dancing. Terpsichore is the muse of the art of dancing (*OED*). (15.4044) **7** ***Tout le monde en avant! Révérence! Tout le monde en place!*** French dancing instructions, 'Everybody forward! Curtsy! Everybody stay in place!' (15.4045) **8** **Two young fellows were talking about their girls** From 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4052) **9** ***the morning hours*** See note at **53:17**. (15.4054) **10** ***Carré! Avant deux!*** **Breathe evenly!** ***Balance!*** French dancing instructions. *Carré*: a chain performed in the shape of a square. *Avant deux*: two steps forward. *Balancé*: a swaying, rocking step from one foot to the other. (15.4060)

406 **1** **My little shy little lass has a waist** From 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4074) **2** ***cipria*** Cypre: another name for the henna plant, commonly used to make red hair dyes and also make-up (*OED*). Joyce's spelling is idiosyncratic. (15.4077) **3** ***Avant huit! Traversé! Salut! Cours de mains! Croisé!*** French dance instructions, 'Forward eight steps! Cross over! Nod! Exchange hands! *Croisé!*' *Croisé*, literally 'crossed', is a position in which the dancer stands obliquely to the audience. (15.4080) **4** ***curchycurchy*** Parodies the dance instructions to 'curtsy-curtsy'. (15.4083) **5** **Heigho! Heigho!** See note at **54:1**. (15.4086) **6** ***Les tiroirs! Chaîne de dames! La corbeille! Dos à dos!*** French dance instructions. *Faire les tiroirs* (or as here simply *les tiroirs*): literally 'move like a chest of drawers'; a movement in which opposite lines of dancers cross the stage. *Chaîne de dames*: literally 'chain of women', means 'Women, form a chain!' *La corbeille*: literally 'basket', an instruction to the women at the ends of the chain to join hands, thereby forming a circle around the men. *Dos à dos*: back to back. (15.4090) **7** ***simply swirling*** From 'Those Lovely Seaside Girls', see note at **48:8**. (15.4092) **8** ***Boulangère! Les ronds! Les ponts! Chevaux de bois! Escargots!*** French: 'Baker! The circles! The bridges! Hobby horses! Snails!' Only *'ronds'* is a ballet term: *rond de jambe*, a rotary movement of the leg. (15.4098) **9** ***Dansez avec vos dames! Changez de dames! Donnez le petit bouquet à votre dame!*** French, 'Dance with your ladies! Change ladies [partners]! Give the little bouquet to your lady! Give thanks to each other!' (15.4103) **10** **Best, best of all** [...] From the first verse of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4106) **11** **the hobbyhorses at the Mirus bazaar!** See notes at **133:20** and **372:5**. (15.4109)

407 **1** ***Toft's cumbersome whirligig*** See note at **372:5**. (15.4112) **2** **Yorkshire through and through** From the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4115) **3** ***Pas seul!*** French: 'Solo step!' (i.e. solo dance) or 'Not alone!' (15.4120) **4** ***jujuby*** See note at **111:4**. (15.4123) **5** ***tallyho hornblower*** See notes at **66:5** and **186:9**. (15.4125) **6** ***Toft's cumbersome turns with hobbyhorse riders*** See note at **372:5**. (15.4126) **7** **Though she's a factory lass** [...] From the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4130) **8** TUTTI Italian, 'all'; in music it is an instruction for players or singers to join in (*OED*). (15.4134) **9** **Bis** Latin, 'twice'; used by French and Italian audiences in place of 'encore' (*Brewer's*). (15.4135) **10** **Dance of death** 'An allegorical representation of Death (usually a dancing skeleton or corpse) leading all sorts and conditions of men to the grave' (*Brewer's*). (15.4139) **11** ***lacquey's bell*** At Dillon's auction rooms, see notes at **96:4** and **166:6**. (15.4140) **12** ***Conmee on Christass*** Christ rode into Jerusalem on the back of an ass (John 12:12–15). (15.4141) **13** ***cockboat*** A small, light boat usually towed behind a

larger vessel (*OED*). (15.4142) **14** ***through and through, Baraabum!*** From the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4142) **15** ***bellhorses*** Horses decked with bells, flowers, ribbons, etc., as a part of May Day celebrations (*OED*). (15.4143) **16** ***Gadarene swine*** Gadara is a town east of the River Jordan where Jesus met two men possessed by devils. He cast the devils out of the men and allowed them to enter into a herd of nearby swine. The herd then plunged off a cliff into the sea (Matt. 8:28–34; see also Mark 5:1–20 and Luke 8:26–29). (15.4143) **17** ***Corny in coffin*** That is, Corny Kelleher, see note at **55:12**. (15.4144) **18** ***Steel shark stone onehandled Nelson*** That is, the 3.9-metre high Portland stone statue of Lord Horatio Nelson which stands atop Nelson's Pillar; see notes at **72:14** and **109:12**. (15.4144) **19** ***Frauenzimmer*** See note at **30:20**. (15.4145) **20** ***Gum, he's a champion*** After a line in the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl' (see note at **185:29**): 'Eh! by gum, she's a champion!' (15.4145) **21** ***peer from barrel*** Perhaps a reference to Barons Iveagh and Ardilaun, Edward Cecil Guinness and Arthur Edward Guinness, scions of the Guinness family who were made peers of the realm; see notes at **61:5** and **61:7**. (15.4146) **22** ***rev. evensong Love*** Evensong: the service in the Anglican and Episcopal churches corresponding to vespers in the Catholic Church (*OED*). For Revd Love, see note at **169:14**. (15.4146)

408 **1** ***blind coddoubled bicyclers*** See note at **66:4**. (15.4147) **2** ***Dilly with snowcake no fancy clothes*** Snowcake: a cake made from sugar, butter, eggs and lemon (*OED*, s.v. snow). The phrase 'no fancy clothes' comes from the chorus of 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at see note at **185:29**. (15.4147) **3** ***mashtub*** See note at **226:5**. (15.4149) **4** ***sort of viceroy and reine relish for tublumber bumpshire rose. Baraabum!*** Recalls the end of 'Wandering Rocks' where the viceregal cavalcade, as it passes Trinity College, is accompanied by a band playing 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at **185:29**. (15.4149) **5** ***Stephen's mother, emaciated, rises stark through the floor*** Recalls the appearance of Hamlet's father's ghost in *Hamlet* (Act I, Sc. 5 and Act III, Sc. 4). (15.4157) **6** **Liliata rutilantium te confessorum** [...] See note at **10:5**. (15.4164) **7** **Mulligan meets the afflicted mother** After the fourth of the Stations of the Cross, 'Jesus meets his afflicted mother'; see also note at **15:2**. (15.4170) **8** **Lemur** Lemures: 'The name given by the Romans to evil spirits of the dead' (*Brewer's*). (15.4176) **9** **Our great sweet mother!** See note at **6:8**. (15.4180) **10** ***Epi oinopa ponton*** See note at **6:9**. (15.4180) **11** **More women than men in the world** See note at **77:12**. (15.4183)

409 **1** ***Love's bitter mystery*** See note at **9:6**. (15.4190) **2** **at Dalkey with Paddy Lee** Before marrying Mary Murray, John Joyce was briefly engaged to Annie Lee, the daughter of his friend Paddy Lee (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 49). In 1904, P.J. Lee lived at 2 Convent Road in Dalkey (*Thom's*, p. 1673). (15.4195) **3** **Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and forty days' indulgence** The Ursulines: a formal order of cloistered nuns founded in 1535 by Angela Merici to educate women and nurse the sick (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). The *Ursuline Manual* is a payer book that originated at the Ursuline Convent in Cork. The 'Devotion for the Souls in Purgatory' is a prayer to reduce the torments inflicted in Purgatory. See also note at **345:23**. (15.4197) **4** **Raw head and bloody bones!** See note at **125:20**. (15.4214) **5** **God's hand!** The Hand of God (Latin, *Manus Dei*): a traditional symbol of God the Father, His absolute power and will. It is often depicted as a hand descending from a cloud. (15.4219) **6** ***crab*** In Latin *cancer* originally meant 'crab' and was subsequently used to name the disease cancer; 'the tumour [...] was so called because the swollen veins surrounding the part affected bore a resemblance to the limbs of a crab' (*OED*, s.v. carcinoma). (15.4220)

410 **1** ***Ah non, par exemple!*** French, 'Ah no, upon my word!' (15.4227) **2** **The intellectual imagination!** In *Jerusalem*, Blake explicitly counters the idea that imagination is a weakness of the intellect and instead states that 'all things exist in the human imagination' (111, 862). (15.4227) **3** **With me all or not at all** After Jesus's line: 'He that is not with me is against me' (Matt. 12:30). (15.4227) **4** ***Non serviam!*** Latin, 'I will not serve!' In *Portrait*, Father Arnall says Satan's sin was 'the sin of pride, the sinful thought conceived in an instant: *non serviam: I will not serve*' (p. 117). Stephen later invokes this phrase, explaining to Cranly that he will not perform his Easter duty because 'I will not serve' (p. 239). (15.4228) **5** **O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him!** After the Prayer to the Sacred Heart: 'Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us'. (15.4232) **6** **Inexpressible was my anguish when expiring with love, grief and agony** This prayer has no specific source, but is typical of prayers for Christ during his crucifixion and for Mary's endurance of Christ's pain. For Calvary, see note at **16:9**. (15.4239) **7** ***Nothung!*** German, 'needful'; the name of the magic sword forged by Wotan, the king of the gods, in Wagner's four-opera

cycle, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In *Siegfried*, the third opera, Siegfried re-forges *Nothung*, his father's sword, and uses it to kill the dragon Fafner. This sets off a chain of events that leads to the end of the old regime of Wotan and the gods and establishes a new world order. (15.4242)

411 **1** **chimney's broken** Chimney: 'A tube of glass placed over the wick of a lamp to protect the flame and promote combustion' (*OED*). (15.4285) **2** **Bulldog** 'A sheriff's officer' (Partridge). (15.4297) **3** **he's a Trinity student** Untrue; like Joyce, Stephen attended University College Dublin. This statement implies that Stephen is Protestant, and thus part of the ruling minority in Ireland (see also note at **253:10**). (15.4297) **4** **Gentlemen that pay the rent** Gentleman who pays the rent: Hiberno-English, pig (Partridge). (15.4298) **5** ***He makes a masonic sign*** See note at **326:10**. (15.4298) **6** **Nephew of the vicechancellor** Also untrue. In 'Aeolus', Bloom imagines that Ned Lambert is related to the vice-chancellor; see note at **93:7**. (15.4299)

412 **1** **incog** Abbreviation of incognito (*OED*). (15.4308) **2** ***Corny Kelleher*** See note at **55:12**. (15.4318) **3** ***Incog Haroun al Raschid*** See notes at **37:5** and **412:1**. (15.4325) **4** ***drag*** 'The line of scent left by a fox' (*OED*). (15.4327) **5** ***Hornblower of Trinity brandishing a dogwhip in tallyho cap*** See notes at **66:5** and **186:9**. (15.4329) **6** ***at fault*** A fox-hunting term meaning off the scent, not on the right track (*Brewer's*, s.v. fault). (15.4331) **7** ***lugs laid back*** See note at **143:8**. (15.4333) **8** ***woman's slipperslappers*** See note at **67:5**. (15.4334) **9** ***follow my leader*** After the children's game 'Follow the Leader' or 'Follow my Leader' (Iona and Peter Opie, *Children's Games in Street and Playground*, pp. 267–68). (15.4336) **10** ***65 C 66 C night watch*** These two night-watch patrolmen have not previously appeared in *Ulysses*. See note at **165:3** for the C Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. (15.4336) **11** ***Mrs O'Dowd*** See note at **223:7**. (15.4338) **12** ***Nameless One*** See note at **335:8**. (15.4339) **13** ***sir Charles Cameron*** See note at **171:25**. (15.4341) **14** ***red Murray*** See note at **88:16**. (15.4342) **15** ***T. M. Healy*** See note at **105:1**. (15.4343) **16** ***Mr Justice Fitzgibbon*** See note at **104:18**. (15.4343) **17** ***the reverend Tinned Salmon*** See note at **121:3**. (15.4344) **18** ***Professor Joly*** See note at **122:14**. (15.4344) **19** ***Westland Row postmistress*** See note at **56:8**. (15.4345) **20** ***friend of Lyons*** Presumably, this is the 'railway bloke' seen drinking with Bantam Lyons at Burke's pub at the end of 'Oxen of the Sun'. (15.4346) **21** ***Mrs Ellen M'Guinness*** See note at **162:9**. (15.4348) **22** ***Mrs Joe Gallaher*** See note at **321:11**. (15.4349)

413 **1** ***George Lidwell*** See note at **191:16**. (15.4349) **2** ***Jimmy Henry*** See note at **180:19**. (15.4349) **3** ***Superintendent Laracy*** John Laracy, Lower Castle Yard: superintendent of the B division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police (*Thom's*, p. 851). (15.4350) **4** ***Father Cowley*** See note at **178:8**. (15.4350) **5** ***Crofton out of the Collector General's*** See note at **72:1**. (15.4350) **6** ***dental surgeon Bloom*** See note at **183:13**. (15.4351) **7** ***handsomemarriedwomanrubbedagainstwidebehindinClonskeatram*** This incident is not mentioned elsewhere in *Ulysses*. See note at **88:4** for Clonskea. (15.4353) **8** ***bookseller of*** **Sweets of Sin** See notes at **172:14** and **173:4**. (15.4354) **9** ***Miss Dubedatandshedidbedad*** See note at **128:23**. (15.4354) **10** ***Mesdames Gerald and Stanislaus Moran of Roebuck*** Mrs Gerald Moran and Mrs Stanislaus Moran: Roebuck Hill, Dundrum (*Thom's*, p. 1695). (15.4355) **11** ***Drimmie's*** See note at **267:7**. (15.4356) **12** ***colonel Hayes*** Possibly Lt Col. Clarence Henry Hayes of the 1st Bengal Lancers and the Indian Staff Corps, who appears in the Army List for 1902 (*SS*, pp. 155–56). (15.4356) **13** ***Mastiansky, Citron*** See notes at **47:10** and **47:9**. (15.4357) **14** ***Penrose*** See notes at **114:26**, **132:15** and **532:7**. (15.4357) **15** ***Aaron Figatner*** See note at **190:4**. (15.4357) **16** ***Moses Herzog*** See note at **213:12**. (15.4357) **17** ***Michael E. Geraghty*** See note at **213:14**. (15.4358) **18** ***Inspector Troy*** See note at **213:1**. (15.4358) **19** ***Mrs Galbraith*** See note at **530:6**. (15.4358) **20** ***old doctor Brady*** See note at **532:8**. (15.4359) **21** ***Mrs Miriam Dandrade*** See note at **118:22**. (15.4360) **22** **THE HUE AND CRY** See note at **142:6**. (15.4362) **23** ***Beaver Street*** See note at **322:4**. (15.4365) **24** **fifth of George and seventh of Edward** Ostensibly a reference to George V (1865–1936, r.1910–36, and, thus, anachronistic in 1904) and Edward VII (1841–1910, r.1901–10). However, legal statues in the UK are referred to by monarch and so 'fifth of George' would be the fifth statue passed under any monarch named George and, likewise, 'seventh of Edward' the seventh statue passed under a monarch named Edward. (15.4371) **25** **Fabled by mothers of memory** See note at **20:2**. (15.4372) **26** **vocative feminine. Probably neuter. Ungenitive** The vocative: one of six grammatical cases in Latin (or one of five in Greek); used for addressing or invoking people or things. Had Stephen addressed Cissy by name in Latin, he would have used the vocative feminine. Since the Latin word for prostitute, *scortum*, is neuter, had he addressed her in Latin as a prostitute, it would have been in the vocative neuter. The genitive is another case (denoting relation between objects), but also means 'Pertaining to generation' (*OED*). (15.4376)

27 Sisyphus Sisyphus's punishment in Hades is eternally to roll a huge stone to the top of a hill; as soon as it nears the top it rolls down again forcing him to start over. According to some post-Homeric sources, Sisyphus is Odysseus's father (*Brewer's*). In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus sees Sisyphus's punishment (XI, 593–600). (15.4387) **28 Neopoetic** Should read 'Uropoetic' (the error was made by an amanuensis). Uropoetic: pertaining to the secretion of urine (*OED*, s.v. uropoietic). (15.4388)

414 1 blighter 'A contemptible or unpleasant person' (*OED*). (15.4392) **2** LORD TENNYSON See note at **39:23**. (15.4395) **3 Their's not to reason why** From Tennyson's poem 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' (1854): 'Theirs not to make reply, / Theirs not to reason why, / Theirs but to do and die' (ll. 13–15); see also note at **344:12**. (15.4397) **4 Doctor Swift says one man in armour will beat ten men in their shirts** After one of Jonathan Swift's formulations on Irish civil liberties (*Drapier's Letters*, Letter 4): 'For, in reason, all government without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery: but, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt' (*Works of Jonathan Swift*, vol. 7, p. 182). (15.4402) **5 Shirt is synechdoche. Part for the whole** Synecdoche: in rhetoric, 'A figure by which a more comprehensive term is used for a less comprehensive or *vice versa*; as whole for part or part for whole' (*OED*). (15.4402) **6 The bold soldier boy** See note at **216:67**. (15.4407) **7 Noble art of selfpretence** After the phrase 'the noble art of self-defence', that is, boxing or fencing (*Brewer's*, s.v. Noble Science). (15.4413) **8** ***Enfin, ce sont vos oignons*** French, 'Well, it's your business'. (15.4415) **9** DOLLY GRAY The title character in the song 'Goodbye, Dolly Gray' (1898), by Americans Will D. Cobb and Paul Barnes, originally written for the brief Spanish-American War, but also associated with the Boer War. In the song, Dolly is the girl left behind by her soldier lover. (15.4417) **10** ***the sign of the heroine of Jericho.)*** **Rahab** The Heroine of Jericho: a Masonic order conferred upon wives and widows of Masons. The order's name comes from the biblical story of Rahab, the harlot who protects the men sent to spy on the city of Jericho (Joshua 2:1–6:25). (15.4418) **11 Cook's son, goodbye** From 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' (see note at **137:25**): 'Cook's son – Duke's son – son of a belted Earl'. (15.4419) **12 girl you left behind** See note at **140:17**. (15.4420) **13 oblate** A sphere that is flattened at the poles (*OED*); the earth's shape is oblate. (15.4427)

415 1 philirenists Neologism, peace-lovers, from the Greek *philo-*, lover, and *eirene*, peace. (15.4435) **2 the tsar** Tsar Nicholas II (1868–1918, r.1894–1917) was noted for his pacifism. In 1899, he initiated the Hague Conference of the Nations, the first modern attempt to ratify universal laws of engagement during wartime (*EB11*). In *Portrait*, Stephen refuses to sign the Tsar's peace petition (pp. 194–98). (15.4435) **3 the king of England** See note at **240:9**. (15.4435) **4 But in here it is I must kill the priest and the king** On 12th August 1803 William Blake suffered an altercation with two drunken English soldiers who subsequently indicted him and his wife for treason. Although acquitted in the subsequent trial, his poetry does express cynicism towards God and country. From 'The Chimney Sweeper' (in *Songs of Experience*): 'And because I am happy & dance & sing, / They think they have done me no injury, / And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King, / Who make up a heaven of our misery' (ll. 9–12). (15.4436) **5** ***the Sacred Heart*** The Sacred Heart is a post-Reformation Catholic image; see note at **86:1**. (15.4450) **6** ***insignia of Garter and Thistle*** The British sovereign is a member of these orders of knighthood. The Order of the Garter, Britain's highest, was founded by Edward III *c.*1348. The Order of the Thistle (Scottish), founded by James II in 1687, is second in rank to the Garter (both *Brewer's*). (15.4451) **7** ***Golden Fleece*** An order of knighthood established by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in 1429 upon his marriage to the Infanta Isabella of Portugal. The order once contained both Spain and Austria, but the two branches split in 1713 (*Brewer's*). (15.4451) **8** ***Elephant of Denmark*** Christian I is believed to have established the Danish Order of the Elephant in 1462, although it may be even older. In addition to the sovereign and his sons, there are thirty knights (*Brewer's*). (15.4451) **9** ***Skinner's and Probyn's horse*** Skinner's Horse (or the Yellow Boys): a cavalry of irregulars serving in India in the early nineteenth century; named after its leader, James Skinner (1778–1841) (*EB11*). Probyn's Horse (the 11th King Edward's Own Lancers): named after its commander, General Sir Deighton Macnaghten Probyn (1833–1924), who had a career as an officer in India (Lee, *King Edward VII*, vol. 2, p. 55). (15.4452) **10** ***Lincoln's Inn bencher*** Lincoln's Inn: one of the four English Inns of Court, the organizations with exclusive right to admit lawyers to the bar. Its senior members are called benchers. Edward VII was made a bencher in 1861 when he was Prince of Wales (*EB11*, s.v. Inns of Court). (15.4452) **11** ***ancient and honourable artillery***

company of Massachusetts King Edward VII was an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, a training regiment, founded in 1637 by Robert Keayne, a member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London (*Souvenir Portrait Album of Members: Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts*). (15.4453) **12** ***He sucks a red jujube*** See note at **111:4**. (15.4454) **13** ***grand elect perfect and sublime mason with trowel and apron*** See note at **56:18**. The trowel is a symbol of the third degree of masonry (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). (15.4454) **14** **made in Germany** Valueless, colloquial since the late nineteenth century (Partridge). Also see note at **240:4**. (15.4455) **15** **Défense d'uriner** French, 'No urinating'. (15.4456) **16** **Peace, perfect peace** After the hymn 'Peace, Perfect Peace' (1875) by Bishop Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825–1906). (15.4459) **17** **Mahak makar a back** Mahak-makar-a-bak: the third password of the Grand Elect, Perfect and Sublime Mason; it means 'God be praised, we have finished it' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 246). (15.4462)

416 **1** **But I say: Let my country die for me** After Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead, the high priest Caiaphas warned his people against following Jesus: '"Ye know nothing at all, Nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not". And this spake he not of himself: but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation' (John 11:49–51). (15.4473) **2** ***Joking Jesus*** See note at **16:6**. (15.4476) **3** ***white jujube*** See note at **111:4**. (15.4477) **4** **My methods are new and are causing surprise** [...] From the third stanza of Gogarty's 'Song of the Cheerful (but Slightly Sarcastic) Jesus', which was not part of Gogarty's recitation in 'Telemachus'; see also note at **16:6**. (15.4478) **5** **Kings and unicorns!** The arms of the English royal house feature lions and unicorns. (15.4481) **6** **knackers** Testicles (Partridge). (15.4484) **7** **Absinthe, the greeneyed monster** See note at **34:5**. (15.4487) **8** ***Kevin Egan*** See note at **33:10**. (15.4498) **9** ***peep-o'-day boy's hat*** See note at **34:29**. (15.4499) **10** ***vieille ogresse*** **with the** ***dents jaunes*** See note at **34:21**. (15.4501) **11** ***Patrice Egan*** See note at **33:8**. (15.4502) **12** ***Socialiste!*** See note at **33:16**. (15.4505)

417 **1** DON EMILE PATRIZIO FRANZ RUPERT POPE HENNESSY This multilingual name with Continental and Irish elements suggests the Wild Geese (see note at **33:10**). The name also suggests Sir John Pope Hennessy (1834–91): elected MP from Kilkenny in December 1890, defeating Vincent Scully, the candidate backed by Parnell. Previously, he had been a colonial governor (*DIB*). (15.4506) **2** ***two wild geese valant*** For 'valant' read 'volant' (the mistake was made on the page proofs for the first edition). Volant: in heraldic art, flying (*OED*). See note at **33:10** for wild geese. (15.4507) **3** **Werf those eykes to footboden, big grand porcos of johnyellows** [...] A mixture of various languages, meaning, 'Throw your eyes/yourself to the floor, you big fat John Bulls all covered in gravy!' *Werf*: German, 'throw'. *Eyke*: suggests the German *ich*, 'I', and also the English 'eye'. *Footboden*: suggests the German *Fußboden*, 'floor'. *Porcos*: suggests the Spanish *puercos*, 'pigs'. 'Johnyellows' inverts 'yellowjohns', see note at **237:23**. *Todos*: Spanish, all. (15.4508) **4** **Green above the red** 'The Green Above the Red': a song by the Irish nationalist poet and politician Thomas Osborne Davis (1814–45). (15.4517) **5** **Wolfe Tone** See note at **168:20**. (15.4517) **6** **Hands up to De Wet** Hands up to: surrender to (*OED*, s.v. hand). See note at **119:33** for De Wet. (15.4522) **7** ***shillelagh*** (Also spelt 'shillelah'): Hiberno-English, an oak club used in fighting (PWJ, p. 321). (15.4524) **8** THE CROPPY BOY See note at **206:20**. (15.4531) **9** **I bear no hate to a living thing** [...] See notes at **208:9** and **208:11**. (15.4534) **10** RUMBOLD, DEMON BARBER See note at **221:9**. The epithet 'Demon Barber' comes from George Dibdin Pitt's play *Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street* (1842). (15.4536) **11** **cleaver purchased by Mrs Pearcy to slay Mogg** In November 1890 in London, Mrs Mary Eleanor Pearcey (real name Wheeler) was found guilty of murdering Mrs Phoebe Hogg and her eighteen-month-old infant with a cleaver. The case attracted considerable public interest (London *Times*, 19th November 1890, p. 3, col. f). 'Mogg' is Joyce's mistake. (15.4538) **12** **Knife with which Voisin dismembered the wife of a compatriot** On 31st October 1917, Louis Voisin, a French butcher resident in London, and Berthe Roche killed Mrs Émilienne Gérard. Part of her body was disposed in a meat sack in Regent Square and the rest was placed in Voisin's cellar (London *Times*, 29th November 1917, p. 3, col. f). (15.4539) **13** **Phial containing arsenic retrieved from the body of Miss Barrow** [...] On 14th September 1911, Mr and Mrs Frederick Seddon poisoned Miss Barrow, a lodger of some means, with arsenic. It was originally thought that the victim died of natural causes, but tests performed after an exhumation showed arsenic had caused her death. Seddon was hung for his crime (London *Times*, 15th March 1912, p. 6, col. f). (15.4541)

418 **1 Horhot ho hray ho rhother's hest** That is, 'forgot to pray for mother's rest'; see note at **207:16**. (15.4547) **2** ***Mrs Bellingham*** See note at **332:25**. (15.4550) **3** ***Mrs Yelverton Barry*** See note at **332:15**. (15.4550) **4** ***the Honourable Mrs Mervyn Talboys*** See note at **333:9**. (15.4550) **5 a time** Colloquial, 'for each item' (*OED*, s.v. time). (15.4555) **6 On coronation day** [...] See note at **11:1**. (15.4562) **7** ***Ça se voit aussi à Paris*** French, 'That also happens in Paris'. (15.4576) **8 But by Saint Patrick!** See note at **145:16**. (15.4576) **9** ***Old Gummy Granny*** See notes at **13:1**, **15:10** and **136:2**. (15.4578) **10** ***deathflower of the potato blight*** See note at **25:16**. (15.4579) **11 grammer!** Should read 'gammer' (the mistake was made in the 1926 edition). Gammer: 'A rustic title for an old woman' (*OED*). (15.4582) **12 Hamlet, revenge!** This line is not from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, but rather from an earlier, anonymous play now referred to as the *Ur-Hamlet*. While this play is lost, its existence is known from several sources. Thomas Lodge (English dramatist, *c.*1558–1625) writes in his book *Wit's Misery* of 'the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet, revenge*' (p. 56) (with thanks to John Turner). (15.4582) **13 The old sow that eats her farrow!** From *Portrait*: 'Do you know what Ireland is? asked Stephen with cold violence. Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow' (p. 203). (15.4582) **14 the king of Spain's daughter** From a nursery rhyme: 'I had a little nut tree, / Nothing would it bear / But a silver nutmeg / And a golden pear; / / The King of Spain's daughter / Came to visit me, / And all for the sake of / My little nut tree' (*ODNR*). (15.4585) **15 alanna** Hiberno-English, 'my child' (Dolan). (15.4586) **16 Strangers in my house** See note at **136:2**. (15.4586) **17 bad manners to them!** Bad manners to you: 'a mild imprecation, to avoid [saying] "bad luck to you", which would be considered wicked: reflecting the people's horror of rude or offensive manners' (PWJ, p. 70). (15.4586) **18** ***keens*** See note at **146:13**. (15.4586) **19** ***banshee*** See note at **199:20**. (15.4587) **20 Ochone** Hiberno-English, 'alas' (Dolan, s.v. ochón). (15.4587) **21 Silk of the kine!** See note at **13:1**. (15.4587) **22 You met with poor old Ireland and how does she stand?** From 'The Wearing of the Green': 'I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand, / And said he, "How's poor ould Ireland and how does she stand?"'; see note at **35:14**. (15.4587)

419 **1 The hat trick!** See note at **312:7**. (15.4590) **2 Soggarth Aroon** 'My dear priest', from the Irish *sagart a rún*; the title of a patriotic song by Irishman John Banim (1798–1842) which tells of a peasant's devotion to his priest. (15.4591) **3 The reverend Carrion Crow** In Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1857), Homais, standing over Emma Bovary's deathbed, 'compared priests to carrion crows lured by the smell of death' (p. 302). (15.4591) **4** ***Erin go bragh*** 'Ireland for ever', from the Irish *Éire go bráth*; a popular catchphrase and the title of an anonymous undated Irish ballad. (15.4621) **5** ***Major Tweedy*** See note at **44:9**. (15.4622) **6 a proboer** See note at **119:32**. (15.4602) **7 Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Honoured by our monarch** In 1900 Queen Victoria recognized the sacrifices of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in the Boer War by creating a new regiment of the Household Brigade called the Irish Guards (Thomas Bartlett and Keith Jeffery, eds., *A Military History of Ireland*, p. 380). (15.4607) **8 make the kwawr a krowawr!** That is, 'make the Boer war!' (15.4609) **9** ***pentice*** Variant of penthouse, 'a makeshift portable shelter formed of soldiers' shields held over their heads' (*OED*). (15.4611) **10** ***Turko the terrible*** See note at **10:2**. (15.4612) **11** ***bearskin cap with hackle plume*** The uniform of an officer in the Grenadier Guards, see note at **56:10**. (15.4613) **12** ***the pilgrim warrior's sign of the knights templars*** The Knights Templar: originally a twelfth-century military order charged with protecting pilgrims to Palestine. From the eighteenth century the name was resurrected as a Masonic order which claims to be a continuation of the ancient order (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*). (15.4615) **13 Rorke's Drift** See note at **327:3**. (15.4618) **14 Up, guards, and at them!** The legendary, if apocryphal, attack order attributed to Lord Wellington at the battle of Waterloo (*Brewer's*). (15.4618) **15 Mahal shalal hashbaz** After 'Maher-shalal-hashbaz': the password of the Masonic Knights Templars (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 196); from the Hebrew, 'the spoil speeds, the prey hastens', the name God commands Isaiah use for his second son (Isaiah 8:1–4). (15.4618)

420 **1 Garryowen** See note at **215:24**. (15.4630) **2 The brave and the fair** After John Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast' (1697): 'None but the brave deserves the fair' (l. 15). (15.4634) **3 gules doublet and merry Saint George** Gules: red, as used in heraldry (*OED*). The English soldiers are wearing red uniforms. St George (d.303): the dragon-slaying patron saint of England. (15.4638) **4 The harlot's cry from street to street** [...] See note at **27:8**. Stephen here substitutes 'Ireland's' for 'England's'. (15.4641) **5 White thy fambles, red thy gan** [...] See note at **37:18**. (15.4655) **6 Dublin's burning! Dublin's**

burning! On fire, on fire! See note at **312:4**. (15.4660) **7** ***Brimstone fires spring up*** Brimstone is generally associated with divine vengeance for sin, as in God's punishment to Sodom and Gomorrah (Gen. 19:24). (15.4661)

421 **1** ***The midnight sun is darkened*** After Luke's description of the moments after Christ died on the cross: 'And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst' (Luke 23:45). (15.4669) **2** ***The earth trembles. The dead of Dublin from Prospect and Mount Jerome*** From the description of the post-crucifixion: 'the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, And came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many' (Matt. 27:51–53). See note at **76:20** for Prospect (Glasnevin) Cemetery and note at **77:6** for Mount Jerome Cemetery. (15.4670) **3** ***white sheepskin overcoats and black goatfell cloaks*** After Christ's description of the Last Judgement: 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory [...] he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left' (Matt. 25:31–32).. (15.4671) **4** ***Factory lasses with fancy clothes toss redhot Yorkshire baraabombs*** After 'My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl', see note at see note at **185:29**. (15.4676) **5** ***Laughing witches in red cutty sarks ride through the air on broomsticks*** 'Laughing witch' from 'Matcham's Masterstroke' (see note at **53:8**). In Robert Burns's 'Tam o' Shanter' (1791), Tam sees a young witch wearing a 'cutty sark, o' Paisley harn' (l. 169). Cutty sark: Scottish dialect, short-cut dress (*OED*, s.vv. cutty; sark). (15.4678) **6** ***Quakerlyster*** See note at **135:1**. (15.4680) **7** ***It rains dragon's teeth. Armed heroes spring up from furrows*** After a 1779 speech by Irish statesman Walter Hussey Burgh (1742–83): 'Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not at peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws as dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up armed men' (Tom Kettle, *Irish Orators and Oratory*, p. 110). The image of dragon's teeth changing into armed men derives from the myth of Cadmus (*Brewer's*, s.v. Cadmus). (15.4680) **8** ***knights of the red cross*** A Masonic degree which has various passes (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 169). (15.4681) **9** ***Wolfe Tone*** See note at **168:20**. (15.4682) **10** ***Henry Grattan*** See note at **103:10**. (15.4683) **11** ***Smith O'Brien*** See note at **71:7**. (15.4683) **12** ***Daniel O'Connell*** See note at **25:15**. (15.4683) **13** ***Michael Davitt*** Michael Davitt (1846–1906): Irish revolutionary and politician. He joined the Fenian movement in 1865 and formed the National Land League with Parnell in 1879. Originally an ally of Parnell, they later divided on the issue of the nationalization of land ownership (*DIB*). (15.4684) **14** ***Isaac Butt*** See note at **102:32**. (15.4684) **15** ***Justin M'Carthy against Parnell*** Justin McCarthy (Irish writer and politician, 1830–1912) led the faction of the Irish Party that advocated Parnell's ousting in the aftermath of the disclosure of Parnell's affair with Mrs O'Shea (see note at **28:6**). On 6th December 1890, McCarthy prevailed and he became the new party chairman (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, pp. 660–61). (15.4684) **16** ***Arthur Griffith*** See note at **34:17**. (15.4685) **17** ***John Redmond*** John Redmond (1856–1918): Parnellite MP who managed to reunite the Irish Parliamentary Party under his leadership from 1900–18. However, by this time the political landscape had changed and Redmond and the IPP found themselves eclipsed by the emerging Republican and Sinn Féin movements which were inspired by Arthur Griffith (*DIB*). (15.4685) **18** ***John O'Leary*** John O'Leary (1830–1907): Irish nationalist and journalist. He publically supported Parnell after the scandal with Mrs O'Shea became public. After Parnell's death, he withdrew from public life (*DIB*). (15.4685) **19** ***Lord Edward Fitzgerald*** See note at **176:26**. (15.4686) **20** ***The O'Donoghue of the Glens*** The O'Donoghue of the Glens are a prominent Irish family of ancient stock. Unlike the majority of the Irish nobility, they were able to hold on to their lands, which were at Glenflesk, County Kerry, after the Tudor conquests (Peter Berresford Ellis, *Erin's Blood Royal*, pp. 143–45). The title 'The O'Donoghue of the Glens' refers to the 'Chief of the Name', the paterfamilias. (15.4687) **21** ***centre of the earth*** See note at **8:12**. (15.4688) **22** ***field altar of Saint Barbara*** See note at **246:73** for St Barbara. She is associated with towers and is the patron saint of artillerymen. (15.4689) **23** ***Black candles rise from its gospel and epistle horns*** A Black Mass is being performed here. The gospel side of the altar is the north side, the side on which the gospel is read. The epistle side is the side to the left of the priest when he faces the congregation. On a Catholic altar, the candles are placed on the altar's surface, not from horns at the side. Black Masses are traditionally performed on Thursdays (16th June 1904 was a Thursday). (15.4689) **24** ***On the altarstone Mrs Mina Purefoy, goddess of unreason*** Black Masses often feature a woman's body as the altar, to reverse the sacrifice of Jesus Christ in the orthodox Mass. 'Goddess of unreason' inverts 'goddess of reason', the name given by French revolutionary Jacques Hébert to the quasi-deity that would replace the Christian God in the new republic. (15.4691) **25** ***Father***

Malachi O'Flynn Combines Malachi Mulligan with Father O'Flynn (see note at **125:11**). (15.4693) **26** ***reversed chasuble, his two left feet back to the front*** Chasuble: 'An ecclesiastical vestment, a kind of sleeveless mantle covering the body and shoulders, worn over the alb and stole by the celebrant at Mass or the Eucharist' (*OED*). By being reversed, it fits in with the inversions of the Black Mass. For 'two left feet', see note at **368:17**. (15.4694) **27** ***camp mass*** That is, a mass celebrated at an army camp. (15.4695) **28** ***The Reverend Mr Hugh C. Haines Love M. A.*** Combines Haines with the Revd Hugh C. Love (see note at **169:14**). 'Haine' is the French word for 'Hate'. (15.4695) **29** ***plain cassock*** A plain cassock denotes a priest outside the church; see note at **371:2**. (15.4696) **30** ***Introibo ad altare diaboli*** Latin, 'I will go unto the altar of the Devil'; see note at **5:3**. (15.4699) **31** **To the devil which hath made glad my young days** After the altar boy's reply to the priest's call at the beginning of the Ordinary of the Latin Mass; see note at **311:5**. (15.4701) **32** ***blooddripping host*** In a Black Mass, actual blood is substituted for the wine used in the Catholic Mass. (15.4703) **33** ***Corpus Meum*** Latin, 'my body'; from the prayer of Consecration of the Host, before Communion: *'Hoc est enim corpus meum'* ('For this is my body'). (15.4703) **34** THE DAMNED At the Last Judgement, the Damned and the Blessed will be divided; see note at **421:3**. (15.4707) **35** **Htengier Tnetopinmo Dog Drol eht rof, Aiulella!** Reverses the phrase 'Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth', which is supposed to be loudly proclaimed during the Last Judgement (Rev. 19:6). Backwards language, like this, is a feature of the Black Mass. (15.4708) **36** ***Adonai*** See note at **250:6**. (15.4709)

422 **1** **Kick the Pope** 'Kick the Pope': an Irish Protestant street rhyme. (15.4718) **2** **Daily, daily sing to Mary** A Catholic hymn (in Latin, *'Omni die dic Mariæ'*). (15.4718) **3** OLD GUMMY GRANNY See notes at **13:1**, **15:10** and **136:2**. (15.4736) **4** **acushla** Hiberno-English, darling (*OED*); see also note at **150:35**. (15.4737) **5** **At 8.35 a.m. you will be in heaven** Executions in the British Isles were usually scheduled for 8 a.m. (Gifford); see also note at **22:2**. (15.4737) **6** **Ireland will be free** After the patriotic song 'The Shan Van Vocht' ('The Poor Old Woman'; see also note at **15:10**): 'Yes Ireland shall be free / From the centre to the sea'. (15.4738) **7** ***Exit Judas. Et laqueo se suspendit*** Latin, 'Judas leaves. And hangs himself with a noose'; paraphrases Matthew 27:5 in the Vulgate, *'et abiens laqueo se suspendit'* ('and departing he [Judas] hangs himself with a noose'). (15.4730) **8** **This feast of pure reason** After the title of Immanuel Kant's (German philosopher, 1724–1804) treatise, *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781) and Alexander Pope's phrase 'feast of reason' ('The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated', l. 128). (15.4735)

423 **1** **Carbine in bucket!** That is, 'Put away your weapon'. Carbine: medium-sized firearm. Bucket: holster (both *OED*). (15.4752) **2** **coward's blow** 'A blow given to provoke a boy or else be branded a coward' (PWJ, p. 240). (15.4763)

424 **1** **Bennett'll have you in the lockup** That is, Sergeant Major Bennett, see note at **183:26**. (15.4793) **2** ***weepers*** See note at **79:2**. (15.4805) **3** **sprung** Drunk (Partridge). (15.4809) **4** **I know him. Won a bit on the races. Gold cup** See note at **236:21**. (15.4813)

425 **1** **wipe your name off the slate** That is, 'to obliterate or cancel a record, usu. of a debt, misdemeanour' (*OED*, s.v. slate). (15.4826) **2** **With my tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom tooraloom** See note at **55:14**. (15.4827)

426 **1** **Two commercials that were standing fizz in Jammet's** Commercial (or commercial traveller): a travelling salesman. Fizz: champagne (Partridge). See note at **268:9** for Jammet's. Corny's route is somewhat indirect (*JJD*, p. 34). (15.4861) **2** **just going home by Gardiner street** Gardiner Street runs north from the back of the Custom House onto Dorset Street two blocks from Bloom's house. Gardiner Street also passes through nighttown, thereby providing Bloom an alibi to explain his presence here. (15.4866) **3** **mots** See note at **183:31**. (15.4868) **4** **Cabra** A suburban neighbourhood in Phibsborough, just beyond the north-west section of Dublin's North Circular Road. In 1902 John Joyce moved to 7 St Peter's Terrace in the Cabra section of Phibsborough, the address at which he is listed in the 1904 *Thom's* (pp. 1743, 1914; see also Ellmann, pp. 105–6). (15.4884) **5** **Sandycove** The Martello Tower is in Sandycove, about 11 km south of Dublin; hence Corny Kelleher's reluctance to drive Stephen home. (15.4886)

427 **1** **The name if you call. Somnambulist** See note at **199:26**. (15.4926) **2** **Black panther vampire** Combines Haines's dream of a black panther (see note at **6:5**) with Stephen's vampire poem (see note at **38:4**). (15.4930) **3** **Who... drive... Fergus now**

[...] Fractured lines from W.B. Yeats's poem 'Who Goes With Fergus?'; see note at **9:6**. (15.4932)

428 1 Ferguson, I think I caught. A girl Bloom misinterprets Stephen's recitation of Yeats's poem 'Who Goes with Fergus' to mean that he has a romantic interest in a Miss Ferguson. (15.4950) **2 swear that I will always hail, ever conceal, never reveal** Fragments from the oath of Entered Apprentices (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, pp. 11–12). Bloom is performing the role of Secret Master and is initiating Stephen as a Mason. (15.4951) **3** ***attitude of secret master*** Secret Master: the fourth degree in the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry (among others); it is a relatively low rank (*Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Rites, Masonic, Scottish Rite). Its sign 'is given by placing the two forefingers of the right hand on the lip' (*Ritual and Illustrations of Freemasonry*, p. 232). (15.4956) **4** ***fairy boy of eleven, a changeling, kidnapped*** Changeling: 'A peevish, sickly child. The notion used to be that the fairies took a healthy child and left in its place one of their starveling elves which never thrived' (*Brewer's*). Such legends were common in Ireland. Rudy was born on 29th December 1893 and thus would have been eleven in 1904. (15.4957) **5** ***Eton suit*** See note at **68:15**. (15.4958) **6** ***glass shoes and a little bronze helmet*** The glass shoes recall the story of Cinderella and the bronze helmet suggests Mercury (see note at **313:6**). (15.4958) **7** ***He reads from right to left inaudibly, smiling, kissing the page*** Hebrew is read right to left (see note at **92:10**). It is common practice for Jews to kiss their prayer book during holidays. (15.4959) **8** ***diamond and ruby buttons*** See note at **546:12**. (15.4965) **9** ***A white lambkin*** When Rudy was buried, his corpse bore 'a fair corselet of lamb's wool' in 'Oxen of the Sun'. (15.4967)

'EUMAEUS'

Time: 1–2 a.m.
Location: The cabman's shelter, near the Custom House

431 1 orthodox Samaritan fashion After the parable of the Good Samaritan who helped an injured Jew on the roadside after the man was ignored by a priest and a Levite (Luke 10:30–37). Traditionally, the Jews and the Samaritans were enemies. (16.3) **2 pumps of Vartry water** See note at **199:13**. (16.6) **3 cabman's shelter** This cabman's shelter is at the intersection of Beresford Place and the Custom House Quay by the Custom House (see note at **166:11**), near the Loop Line and Butt Bridges. It is unlisted in *Thom's*. It was a small structure that was open late at night and served coffee and light fare. (16.8) **4 Butt Bridge** See note at **101:15**. (16.9) **5 was the rub** After Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy: 'To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub' (Act III, Sc. 1, 64). (16.11) **6 e. d. ed** That is, 'exhausted'. (16.17) **7 along Beaver street, or, more properly, lane** Bloom and Stephen turn off Lower Tyrone Street onto Beaver Street (see note at **322:4**). There is no Beaver Lane and Beaver Street is not especially narrow. (16.21) **8 farrier's** J. Kavanagh: farrier, 14–15 Beaver Street (*Thom's*, p. 1424). (16.22) **9 livery stables at the corner of Montgomery street** *Thom's* lists a livery stable at 42 Montgomery Street, at the intersection with Beaver Street (p. 1549). (16.22) **10 debouching** See note at **119:11**. (16.24) **11 Amiens street** Earlier in the day, Amiens Street would have been a good place to find a carriage because of the Amiens Street Station (see note at **431:17**). (16.24) **12 Dan Bergin's** Daniel Bergin: grocery, tea and wine shop, 46 Amiens Street, at the intersection with Montgomery Street (*Thom's*, p. 1412). (16.24) **13 Jehu** A fast or reckless driver, or a coachman generally (Partridge); from 2 Kings 9:20: 'the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously'. (16.25) **14 North Star Hotel** 26–30 Amiens Street, across from the train station (*Thom's*, p. 1971). (16.27) **15 Mullet's** John Mullett (misspelt in the text): tea, wine and spirit shop, 45 Amiens Street (*Thom's*, p. 1412). (16.33) **16 Signal House** A grocery and spirit shop, 36 Amiens Street (*Thom's*, p. 1412). (16.34) **17 Amiens street railway terminus** The terminus of the Great Northern Railway, a railway company servicing Belfast and other station stops in Northern Ireland (*Thom's*, p. 1412); now called Connolly Station. (16.35) **18 gone the way of all buttons** After the stock phrase 'to go the way of all flesh'; that is, 'to perish' (Partridge). (16.37)

432 1 Jupiter Pluvius Jupiter: the Roman king of the gods and, as god of the sky and heavens, he controlled the weather and climate. Pluvius: Latin, rainy or rain-bringing. 'Jupiter Pluvius has got out his water can' was a catchphrase from *circa* 1870 for 'it is raining' (Partridge, s.v. water can). (16.41) **2 Dublin United Tramways Company's sandstrewer** See note at **312:6**. (16.42) **3 Great Northern railway station** See note at **431:17**. (16.46) **4 back door of the morgue** Dublin's city morgue has entrances at 3 Store Street and at 2–4 Amiens Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1411, 1599). In context, the back door would

be the Amiens Street entrance. (16.48) **5 Dock Tavern** Bloom and Stephen turn onto Store Street. The Dock Tavern: 1 Store Street, at the corner of Store and Amiens Street (*Thom's*, p. 1599). (16.49) **6 Store street, famous for its C division police station** The C Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police had its barracks in the same building block as the Dublin City Morgue at 3 Store Street (*Thom's*, p. 1599). (16.50) **7 warehouses of Beresford Place** Beresford Place connects to Store Street across from the north side of the Custom House. It forms half of the arc (with Memorial Road forming the other half) that encloses the Custom House from the rear. In 1904 several timber and petroleum warehouses were located there (*Thom's*, p. 1426). (16.52) **8 Ibsen, associated with Baird's, the stonecutter's** From *Portrait*: 'he foreknew [...] that as he went by Baird's stonecutting works in Talbot Place the spirit of Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind' (p. 176). D.G. Baird and J. Paul Todd: engineers and founders, 20–25 Talbot Place, around the corner from Store Street (*Thom's*, p. 1604). Joyce was a great admirer of Henrik Ibsen (Norwegian writer, 1828–1906); see Ellmann, pp. 42, 71–76, 85–87. (16.52) **9** ***fidus Achates*** See note at **68:1**. (16.54) **10 James Rourke's city bakery** *'City Bakery* – James Rourke, baker and flour merchant', 5–6 Store Street (*Thom's*, p. 1599). (16.55) **11 our daily bread** See note at **44:18**. (16.57) **12 the staff of life** After the proverb, 'Bread is the staff of life' (*ODEP*). (16.59) **13 O tell me where is fancy bread?** After *The Merchant of Venice*, 'Tell me where is fancy bred, / Or in the heart or in the head? / How begot, how nourished? / Reply, reply' (Act III, Sc. 2, 63–66). Fancy bread: 'Bread not of the ordinary texture, size, and weight of the standard "household" and "cottage" loaves' (*OED*). (16.59) **14 swell mobsmen** Pickpockets who dress and behave like respectable citizens (Partridge, s.vv. swell mob; swell mobsmen). (16.63) **15 man in the gap** See note at **216:42**. (16.70) **16 finis** Latin, 'the ending' or 'finish'. (16.71) **17 Bridewell** See note at **119:21**. (16.73) **18 Mr Tobias** Matthew Tobias: the commissioner for oaths and the prosecuting solicitor of the Dublin Metropolitan Police; his office was at 7 Eustace Street (*Thom's*, p. 1487). (16.73) **19 old Wall** See note at **119:4**. (16.74) **20 Malony** Daniel Mahony: divisional magistrate of Dublin's Metropolitan Police (*Thom's*, p. 851). The typist for this episode made the mistake in the name. (16.74) **21 bruited** Gossiped (*OED*). (16.75) **22 unscrupulous in the service of the Crown** See note at **213:1**. (16.77) **23 A division in Clanbrassil street** The Dublin Police Barracks for the A Division were located on Upper Kevin Street (*Thom's*, p. 1523), not Clanbrassil Street. They were near New Street, a continuation of Clanbrassil Street. (16.78) **24 Pembroke Road** A wealthy residential street in Ballsbridge, south-eastern Dublin. (16.80) **25 aperient** 'Opening the bowels' (*OED*). (16.91)

433 **1** ***confrères*** **but one** That is, Lynch. *Confrère*: French, 'companion'. (16.96) **2 circs** Circumstances (Partridge). (16.97) **3 that one was Judas** See note at **422:7**. (16.98) **4 back of the Customhouse** See note at **166:11**. (16.101) **5 Loop Line bridge** See note at **57:18**. (16.101) **6 the corporation watchman** An employee of the Dublin Corporation; see note at **75:3**. (16.106) **7 quondam** See note at **295:3**. (16.109) **8 Gumley** See note at **101:18**. (16.109) **9 on the** ***qui vive*** On the alert (*OED*). (16.118) **10 not funkyish in the least** See note at **51:14**. (16.119) **11 boodle** Money (*OED*). (16.125) **12 Lord John Corley** Corley first appeared as one of Joyce's 'Two Gallants' in *Dubliners* (Lenehan is the other 'gallant'). He is based on Michael Corley, an acquaintance of Joyce's in Dublin (Ellmann, p. 305). (16.130) **13 his genealogy came about in this wise** After the preamble to Christ's genealogy: 'Now the generation of Christ was in this wise' (Matt. 1:18 in the Douay Bible). (16.130) **14 the G division** See note at **119:19**. In 'Two Gallants' we learn that 'Corley was the son of an inspector of police' (*Dubliners*, p. 51) The real-life Michael Corley's father was a Dublin police officer (Ellmann, p. 219 n). (16.132) **15 Louth** County Louth is north of Dublin and is on Ireland's east coast. (16.133) **16 New Ross** The town of New Ross is in County Wexford, south-eastern Ireland, on the river Barrow. (16.134) **17 house of the Lords Talbot de Malahide** See note at **164:8**. (16.136) **18 mansion, really an unquestionably fine residence of its kind** *Thom's* includes a lengthy description of Malahide Castle and environs: 'The demesne is adorned with groups of stately trees, and the grounds and gardens of the Castle are beautifully laid out. It is open daily to visitors' (p. 1733). (16.137) **19 washkitchen** The section of a house or a kitchen designated for doing laundry (*OED*, s.v. wash). (16.140)

434 **1 swab** Also swabber: 'a low or unmannerly fellow' (*OED*, s.vv. swab; swabber). (16.147) **2 on the rocks** See note at **196:11**. (16.156) **3 gentleman usher** 'A gentleman acting as usher to a person of superior rank' (*OED*); in context, an assistant or apprentice teacher or schoolmaster. (16.158) **4 Christian**

Brothers See note at **111:2**. (16.162) **5 dosshouse in Marlborough street, Mrs Maloney's** Dosshouse: a cheap rooming house (*OED*, s.v. doss). Marlborough Street is to the west of where Stephen and Bloom stand. *Thom's* does not list a Mrs Maloney on Marlborough Street, although it does list numerous tenements which could have served as dosshouses (pp. 1538–39). (16.166) **6 tanner** See note at **129:3**. (16.167) **7 the Brazen Head over in Winetavern street** The Brazen Head: 20 Lower Bridge Street (*Thom's*, p. 1432); near but not on Winetavern Street. The oldest tavern in Ireland, dating back to at least 1613 and possibly much earlier (Bennett). (16.168) **8 suggestive to the person addressed of friar Bacon** According to legend, the English monk Roger Bacon (*c.*1214–94) built a brazen head, that is, a brass head that could speak. 'It was said if Bacon heard it speak he would succeed in his projects; if not, he would fail' (*Brewer's*). (16.169) **9 *haud ignarus malorum miseris succurrere disco*** Latin, 'hardly unacquainted with troubles, I know how to aid the wretched'; after Dido in Virgil's *Aeneid*: *'Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco'* (I, 630) ('Not ignorant of trials, I now can learn to help the miserable'). (16.175) **10 screw** Salary (*Brewer's*). (16.177) **11 the needful** The necessary money (Partridge). (16.181) **12 halfcrowns** The half-crown coin (two shillings and sixpence) was almost the same size as the penny, although the penny is copper and the half-crown silver. (16.194) **13 the Bleeding Horse in Camden street** The Bleeding Horse pub, proprietor J. & M. Ryan: 25 Upper Camden Street (*Thom's*, p. 1441). In James Sheridan Le Fanu's (Irish writer, 1814–73) novel *The Cock and Anchor* (1845), the Bleeding Horse appears as a hive of criminal activities. (16.198)

435 **1 the Carl Rosa** The Carl Rosa Opera Company frequently performed in Dublin around the turn of the century. The Carl Rosa performed English-language versions of well-known operas throughout England and the provinces. Although Rosa died in 1889, his company continued performing until 1960. (16.202) **2 Bags Comisky** Possibly C. Comisky, 27 Effra Road, Rathmines (*Thom's*, p. 1836). (16.205) **3 Fullam's, the shipchandler's** John Fullam, 'ship chandler, bonded stores, rope, sail, and twine manufacturer': 6 Eden Quay, 4 Rogerson's Quay and 54 Denzille Street (*Thom's*, p. 1876). (16.206) **4 Nagle's** J. Nagle's pub: 9 Cathedral Street and 25 Earl Street North (*Thom's*, pp. 1445, 1481). (16.207) **5 lagged** Arrested (Partridge; *OED*). (16.209) **6 *rara avis*** Latin, 'rare bird'; used to refer to anything out of the ordinary (*Brewer's*). (16.226) **7 thick** 'Excessive in some disagreeable quality; too much to manage or to stand; *spec.* too gross, indecent, or indelicate' (*OED*). (16.228) **8 blandiloquence** 'Flattering talk' (*OED*). (16.231) **9 Eblana** The Eblana Cement and Plaster Manufacturing Co.: 183 Great Brunswick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1862); see also note at **214:22**. (16.237) **10 Customhouse Quay** Custom House Quay faces the Custom House on the north bank of the Liffey. It was the site of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, the King's Timber Yard and various merchants (*Thom's*, pp. 1466–67). (16.238) **11 Everyone according to his needs and everyone according to his deeds** After Karl Marx's *Criticism of the Gotha Programme* (1875): 'From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs!' (*Karl Marx: A Reader*, p. 166). And, from Paul's letter to the Romans: '[God] will render to every man according to his deeds' (2:6). (16.247) **12 Walking to Sandycove is out of the question** See note at **426:5**. (16.248)

436 **1 I believe he is in Dublin somewhere** See note at **426:4**. (16.258) **2 unpleasant scene at Westland Row terminus** See note at **323:7**. (16.263) **3 ingle** A fire, especially a fire burning in a hearth (*OED*). (16.270) **4 Trinidad shell cocoa** See note at **36:26**. (16.271) **5 Friday herrings** Until 1967 the Roman Catholic Church deemed Fridays 'fast days', meaning that no meat could be eaten then, thereby making fish a staple of the Friday diet (see note at **436:7**). (16.273) **6 mangle** 'A machine for rolling and pressing linen and cotton clothing' (*OED*). (16.275) **7 third precept of the church** According to the *Maynooth Catechism*, the third precept is 'To confess our sins at least once a year'. The second is meant here, 'To fast and abstain on the days commanded' (p. 40); that is, not to eat meat on Fridays. (16.276) **8 quarter tense or, if not, ember days** Quarter tense and ember days are the same thing, i.e. the four fasting periods of the year: the Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays following the first Sunday in Lent; Whitsunday; Holy Cross Day (14th Sep.) and St Lucia's Day (13th Dec.). The closest ember days to 16th June were those after Whitsunday (22nd May in 1904). (16.278) **9 guide, philosopher, and friend** From Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man*: 'Shall then this verse no future age pretend / Thou wert a guide, philosopher, and friend?' (IV, 389–90); now proverbial. (16.281) **10 rescue of that man from certain drowning** See note at **6:6**. (16.292) **11 Skerries** A resort and fishing village on the northern Dublin coast. (16.293) **12 Malahide** See note a **34:31**. (16.293)

437 **1 men's public urinal** There was a men's urinal located under the Loop Line Bridge on the end of Eden Quay near the cabman's shelter. (16.309) **2** ***Putana madonna, che ci dia i quattrini! Ho ragione? Culo rotto!*** [...] Italian (partly misspelt), 'Madonna-Whore, make him give us the money! Am I right? Bloody arse-hole!'; 'Let's get this straight. Half a sovereign more [i.e. 10 shillings]...'; 'So that's what he says, now'; 'Rascal! His filthy dead ancestors!' (16.314) **3 anent** 'In reference to' (*OED*). (16.323) **4 Skin-the-Goat, Fitzharris, the invincible** See note at **62:24** for the Invincibles and notes at **101:13** and **101:14** for Skin-the-Goat Fitzharris. (16.323) **5** ***sangfroid*** French, 'cold blood', that is, composure. (16.334) **6 quandary over** ***voglio*** See note at **49:6**. (16.342) **7** ***Bella Poetria!*** Mangled Italian, 'Beautiful Poetry'; the Italian word for poetry is *'poesia'*, not *'poetria'*. (16.346) **8** ***Belladonna voglio*** Italian, 'Beautiful woman I want'. Belladonna is also another name for the poisonous plant nightshade, which, in small doses, can be used medicinally (*OED*). Rather than say anything meaningful, Bloom is simply using any Italian words he knows; see also note at **49:6**. (16.347) **9** ***tête-à-tête*** French, 'head-to-head'; that is, a conversation. (16.354)

438 **1 Cicero, Podmore, Napoleon, Mr Goodbody, Jesus, Mr Doyle** For Cicero, see note at **93:11**. In Latin, his name means 'chickpea' and is thus like 'podmore' in English. Buonaparte (Napoleon's surname) means 'good body' in Italian. In Greek, Christos means 'anointed one' (see note at **136:17**) and Doyle is homophonous with 'oil', as in anointing oil (*SS*, p. 223 n). (16.363) **2 Shakespeares were as common as Murphies** Murphy is the most common surname in Ireland (MacLysaght, *Surnames of Ireland*, p. 230). 'The name Shakespeare is extremely widespread' (*EB11*, s.v. Shakespeare). Both names are common in the sense of not being associated with nobility. (16.364) **3 What's in a name?** See note at **153:17**. (16.364) **4 Our name was changed too** See note at **245:2**. (16.365) **5 weather eye** To have one's weather eye open: to be watchful and alert (*OED*). (16.367) **6 boarded** To board: 'to make advances to' (*OED*). (16.368) **7 Hollands** A distilled drink similar to gin; in Dutch, 'genever' (*OED*). (16.376) **8** ***Buffalo Bill shoots to kill*** [...] Buffalo Bill: stage name of William Frederick Cody (1847–1917), American frontiersman and entertainer. He founded the Wild West Show and toured the US and Europe (*Brewer's*). A similar rhyme appears in Don Russell's *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*: 'Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill, / Never missed and never will; / Always aims and shoots to kill / And the company pays his buffalo bill' (p. 90). (16.404) **9 the Bisley** An annual contest of the English National Rifle Association, held every July since 1890 at Bisley Common, 48 km south-west of London (*EB11*, s.v. rifle). (16.407)

439 **1 Hengler's Royal Circus** See note at **50:5**. (16.412) **2 Carrigaloe** An area in Queenstown, for which see note at **204:3**. (16.415) **3 Queenstown Harbour** See note at **204:3**. (16.417) **4 Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle** Garrisons at the west and east entrance, respectively, to Queenstown (now Cobh) harbour (*EB11*, s.v. Queenstown). (16.418) **5** ***For England, home and beauty*** See note at **165:8**. (16.420) **6 shieling** Scottish, a primitive hut near a cattle pasture (*OED*). (16.423) **7 diddled Davy Jones** That is, to outsmart the sea or to escape drowning; see note at **273:17**. (16.423) **8 blind moon** That is, a new moon. Blind: 'Enveloped in darkness' (*OED*). (16.424) **9 Across the world for a wife** See note at **402:4**. (16.424) **10 Alice Ben Bolt** From the song 'Ben Bolt', words by Thomas Dunn English and music by Nelson Kneass, which tells of a sailor returning to his wife Alice after a twenty-year absence only to find her dead. (16.425) **11 Enoch Arden** 'Enoch Arden': a narrative poem by Tennyson (1864), in which Arden returns home after a ten-year absence following a shipwreck and finds his wife Annie married to their childhood friend Philip Ray. (16.425) **12 Rip van Winkle** See note at **272:13**. (16.426) **13 does anybody hereabouts remember Caoc O'Leary** After a line from the sentimental Irish ballad 'Caoch the Piper' by John Keegan (1809–49), which tells of Caoch's twenty-year absence: 'Does anybody hereabouts / Remember Caoch the Piper?' (16.426) **14 John Casey** 'Caoch the Piper' was written by John Keegan (see previous note). John Keegan Casey (1846–70): poet and Fenian. He was briefly imprisoned in 1867, and this took a great toll on his health; he died three years later, and his funeral attracted some 50,000 mourners (*DIB*). (16.428) **15 The face at the window!** The title of a popular play from 1897 by F. Brooke Warren. In Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden', when Enoch returns he spies into his old house and sees 'His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe / Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee' (ll. 755–56). (16.429) **16 grass widow** A woman with an absent husband (*OED*); see also note at **99:9**. (16.433) **17 Rocked in the cradle of the deep** The title of the song 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' (1832); words by Emma Willard and music by Joseph Philip Knight. (16.434) **18 uncle Chubb or Tomkin** Cubb

(also 'chub'): a blockhead (Partridge, s.v. chub). Tomkin: 'little Tom'. (16.434) **19 the Crown and Anchor** Crown: nautical, 'The end of the shank of an anchor, or the point from which the arms proceed'. 'Crown and anchor' is a gambling game involving special dice (*OED*); thus an appropriate name for a maritime pub. (16.435) **20 *post mortem* child** That is, a child born after its father's death; see also note at **439:15**. (16.437) **21 With a high ro! and a randy ro! and my galloping tearing tandy O!** From 'Galloping Randy Dandy O', a sailor's song. (16.438) **22 threemaster *Rosevean* from Bridgwater with bricks** See note at **183:1**. (16.450) **23 A. B. S.** That is, Able-Bodied Seaman: 'a sailor capable of performing all duties; *spec.* a rank of sailor in the Royal Navy above ordinary seaman and below leading seaman' (*OED*, s.v. able). (16.452) **24 growlers** Small icebergs (*OED*). (16.461)

440 **1 the best bloody man that ever scuttled a ship** In *Don Juan*, Byron calls Haidée's pirate-father Lambro 'the mildest manner'd man / That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat' (III, 321–22). (16.462) **2 *Gospodi pomilooy*** Should be '*pomilyou*' (the mistake was made on the page proofs of the first edition). *Gospodin pomilyou*: Old Church Slavonic (the language of the Russian Orthodox Church), 'Lord have mercy on us'. (16.463) **3 maneaters in Peru that eats corpses and the livers of horses** In *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690), John Locke (English philosopher, 1632–1704) writes that '*Garcilasso de la Vega* tells us of a people in *Peru*, which were wont to fat and eat the Children they got on their female captives' (p. 71). (16.470) **4 *Choza de Indios. Beni, Bolivia*** *Choza de Indios*: Spanish, 'Indians' hut'. El Beni: a province in north-eastern Bolivia, east of the Andes; population in 1900: 32,180 (*EB11*, s.v. Bolivia). Bolivia does not have a seacoast, and so it is an unlikely destination for a sailor. (16.474) **5 osier** 'Any of several willows with tough pliant branches used in basketwork' (*OED*). (16.478) **6 tarpaulin** A nickname for a sailor (Partridge). (16.479) **7 diddies** Hiberno-English, a woman's breasts (PWJ, p. 247). (16.480) **8 Glass. That boggles 'em. Glass** John Smith (English explorer, *c.*1580–1631) wrote of his encounters with the Native Americans that 'Perspective Glasses, burning Glasses […] so far exceeded their capacities that they thought they were rather the workes of gods than men' (*Generall Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles*, vol. I, p. 23). (16.486) **9 *Tarjeta Postal. Señor A. Boudin, Galeria Becche, Santiago, Chile*** *Tarjeta Postal*: Spanish, postcard. *Boudin*: a French type of sausage, as well as a derogatory term for a corpulent women. Galería Becche (Becche Art Gallery) appears on a 1920 Santiago street map (Richard K. Bass, 'Additional Allusions in "Eumaeus"', p. 323). (16.489) **10 William Tell** See note at **216:52**. (16.492) **11 Lazarillo-Don Cesar de Bazan incident depicted in *Maritana*** In Act III of the opera *Maritana* (see note at **66:14**), Lazarillo is forced to shoot his friend Don Caesar de Bazan, the opera's hero, but Lazarillo misses and the bullet harmlessly lodges in Caesar's hat. (16.493) **12 boxed the compass** To box the compass: to adapt to one's circumstances (Partridge); literally, to name the thirty-two points of the compass forwards and backwards (*OED*). (16.496) **13 on the strict q. t.** On the quiet (Partridge). (16.497) **14 Wednesday or Saturday of travelling to London *via* long sea** The British and Irish Steam Packet Company provided trips from Dublin to London on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with stops at Plymouth, Falmouth, Southampton and Portsmouth (*Thom's*, p. 1354); the total distance travelled was approximately 1,030 km. (16.500) **15 going to Holyhead** The trip from Kingstown Harbour (outside Dublin) to Holyhead, in north-western Wales on the isle of Anglesey, covered a distance of 113 km and, in 1904, lasted roughly two and a half hours. This was the faster way to London. See note at **275:4**. (16.503) **16 Egan** Alfred W. Egan: secretary, British and Irish Steam Packet Co., 3 North Wall Road (*Thom's*, p. 1863). (16.505) **17 planking down the needful and breaking Boyd's heart** To plank: to deposit money (Partridge). See note at **434:11** for 'needful'. Breaking Boyd's heart: a Dublin expression for risking bankruptcy; after Walter J. Boyd (b.1833), a judge of the Court of Bankruptcy, Ireland (1885–97). (16.507)

441 **1 Plymouth, Falmouth, Southampton** See note at **440:14**. (16.512) **2 our modern Babylon** That is, London, 'so called on account of its wealth, luxury and dissipation' (*Brewer's*, s.v. Babylon). (16.514) **3 hydros** Abbreviation of 'hydropathic establishments' (Partridge), resorts or spas that offered various types of hydrotherapy such as mineral baths. (16.520) **4 Eastbourne, Scarborough, Margate and so on, beautiful Bournemouth, the Channel Islands** English coastal resort towns. The Channel Islands (Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark) are off the coast of Normandy. (16.520) **5 bijou spots** Luxurious; from the French word for jewel (*OED*). (16.521) **6 hole and corner scratch company** Hole and corner: underhand or secret (Partridge). Scratch: hastily assembled (*OED*). (16.522) **7 Mrs C. P. M'Coy type—lend**

me your valise and I'll post you the ticket See note at **58:3**. (16.523) **8 Elster Grimes** See note at **70:20**. (16.526) **9 Moody-Manners** The Moody-Manners Opera Company: established in 1898 by the Irish bass and impresario Charles Manners (born Southcote Mansergh, 1857–1935) and his wife, the English soprano Fanny Moody. By 1902 there were two Moody-Manners Companies: the principal one in London and a touring company. (16.527) **10 That was the rub** See note at **431:5**. (16.530) **11 Fishguard-Rosslare route** In 1906 the Great Western Railway inaugurated steamship service between Fishguard in south-western Wales and Rosslare in south-eastern Ireland (*EB11*, s.v. Fishguard). (16.533) **12 on the *tapis*** Rumoured (Partridge). *Tapis*: French, carpet. (16.534) **13 circumlocution departments** After the phrase 'circumlocution office': an inefficient government office or any bureaucracy that does things in a roundabout way; coined by Charles Dickens in *Little Dorrit* (Partridge). (16.534) **14 average man, i. e. Brown, Robinson and Co.** *Punch* magazine often used the names Smith, Brown and Robinson to represent the 'man in the street' (Dent). (16.537) **15 Poulaphouca** See note at **386:4**. (16.551) **16 farther away from the madding crowd** From Thomas Gray's poem 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' (1751): 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife' (l. 73); Thomas Hardy used this line as the title for his novel *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874). (16.551) **17 wheelmen** Cyclists (Partridge). (16.553) **18 wilds of Donegal** See note at **248:22**. (16.554) **19 *coup d'œil*** French, 'general view'. (16.554) **20 not easily getatable** At the time, Donegal was reached from Dublin by branch service off the Great Northern Railway at Strabane in County Tyrone (*Thom's*, p. 770). (16.555) **21 Howth** See note at **32:32**. (16.557) **22 Silken Thomas** See note at **36:15**. During his rebellion, Silken Thomas seized Howth and used it as a stronghold against the landing of English troops at the harbour. (16.558) **23 Grace O'Malley** Grace O'Malley (*c.*1530–*c.*1603): noblewoman and sea captain. According to legend she kidnapped the son and heir of the Earl of Howth and held him to ransom until the earl agreed to keep his door open at dinner time (*DIB*). (16.558) **24 George IV** George IV (1762–1830, r.1820–30): the first English king to visit Ireland in peace; he landed at Howth on 12th August 1821 (*Thom's*, p. 2098; Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 344). (16.559) **25 several hundred feet above sealevel** See note at **128:32**. (16.559) **26 in the spring when young men's fancy** From Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' (1842): 'In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove; / In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love' (ll. 19–20). (16.560)

442 **1 from the pillar** See note at **72:14**. Howth is at a distance of 14.5 km from Nelson's Pillar. (16.563) **2 knockingshop** A brothel (Partridge). (16.580) **3 tryon** Try-on: an attempt to best someone (Partridge). (16.580) **4 *Prepare to meet your God*** After the Book of Amos, when God chastises the people of Israel for not demonstrating faith in him, 'Therefore thus will I do unto thee, O Israel: and because I will do this to thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel' (4:12). (16.581) **5 they thought the park murders of the invincibles was done by foreigners** See note at **62:24**. 'The use of knives led police to theorize that the killers were Irish-Americans or hired assassins from the Continent' (William J. Feeney, *'Ulysses* and the Phoenix Park Murder', p. 56). (16.590) **6 *where ignorance is bliss*** From the ending of Thomas Gray's 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College' (1747): 'Where ignorance is bliss, / 'Tis folly to be wise' (ll. 99–100). (16.593) **7 *entre nous*** French, 'between us'. (16.595) **8 beggaring description** From *Antony and Cleopatra:* 'For her own person, / It beggared all description' (Act II, Sc. 2, 202–3). (16.599) **9 *choza de*** See note at **440:4**. (16.603) **10 in pensive mood** From William Wordsworth's 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud' (1807): 'For oft, when on my couch I lie / In vacant or in pensive mood' (ll. 19–20). (16.604) **11 days of the land troubles** At the time of the Phoenix Park murders, Ireland was beset by violent agitation against unfair rents and rapacious landlords (see, for example, note at **216:28**) and equally brutal counter-assaults by the authorities (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 48–49). (16.606) **12 eightyone to be correct, when he was just turned fifteen** See note at **101:10**. Bloom was born some time in 1866. (16.608)

443 **1 Europa point** The southernmost tip of Gibraltar. (16.614) **2 Salt junk** Hard, salted beef for eating on long voyages (*OED*); also rhyming slang for 'drunk' (Partridge). (16.622) **3 to rule the waves** See note at **236:18**. (16.628) **4 North Bull at Dollymount** A large sandbank island off Dollymount, north-east of Dublin. It is connected to the mainland by the Bull Wall, which was built in 1820 (Bennett). (16.629) **5 fresh woods and pastures new as someone somewhere sings** Combines the last line of Milton's 'Lycidas' (see note at **21:3**), 'To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new' (l. 193) with a line from Byron's *Don Juan*, 'As some one somewhere sings about the sky' (IV, 874). (16.632) **6 to find out the secret for himself** Echoes

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's (American poet, 1807–82) 'The Secret of the Sea' (1841): '"Would'st thou" – so the helmsman answered, / "Learn the secret of the sea?"' (ll. 29–30). (16.634) **7 lifeboat Sunday** An annual fund-raising event and public demonstration of life-saving operations put on by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution all along the coastal regions where lifeboats were needed. (16.643) **8** ***Ireland expects that every man*** See note at **14:4**. (16.648) **9 Kish** See note at **35:17**. (16.650) **10 with his daughter had experienced some remarkably choppy** See note at **51:13**. (16.651) **11 the *Rover*** The name of Murphy's ship and some of the details in his story derive from 'The Irish Rover', a song by J.M. Crofts, which is about a ship called the *Irish Rover* that sails from Cork with a cargo of bricks; after seven years trapped in fog, the singer is the sole survivor. (16.653) **12 Henry Campbell, the townclerk** Henry Campbell: Dublin's town clerk from 1893–1920 and an old friend of John Joyce (Ellmann, p. 749). (16.661) **13 carking** Burdensome or distressing (*OED*). (16.662) **14 nosepaint** Liquor (Partridge). (16.663)

444 **1 Skibbereen father** After the anonymous Irish ballad about the Famine 'Old Skibbereen', in which a father tells his son why they emigrated. (16.666) **2 the figure 16** According to Stuart Gilbert, a tattoo of the numbers 6 and 16 signifies in Neapolitan slang two types of coition (p. 364 n). (16.675) **3** ***As bad as old Antonio*** [...] See note at **74:14**. (16.702) **4 pink sheet of the Abbey street organ** See notes at **88:18** and **94:4**. (16.708)

445 **1 Bewley and Draper's** 'General merchants, manufacturers of mineral waters, and wholesale wine merchants and druggists, and ink manufacturers', 23 and 27 Mary Street (*Thom's*, p. 1541). (16.718) **2 love me, love my dirty shirt** After the proverb, 'Love me, love my dog' (*Brewer's*). (16.719) **3 Lock Hospital** See note at **369:1**. (16.729) **4 Fear not them that sell the body but have not power to buy the soul** After Christ's pronouncement to his disciples: 'And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell' (Matt. 10:28). (16.737) **5** ***instanter*** Latin, immediately, forthwith. (16.741) **6 inventions as X rays** See note at **131:3**. (16.753) **7 it is a simple substance and therefore incorruptible** Aquinas defines the soul as 'simple' in the sense of pure and unadulterated (*OED*), that is, without contrariety: 'We must assert that the intellectual principle which we call the human soul is incorruptible. For a thing may be corrupted in two ways – in itself and accidentally. [...] For corruption is found only where there is contrariety' (*Summa Theologica*, I, q. 75, a. 6). (16.756) **8 immortal, I understand, but for the possibility of its annihilation by its First Cause** See notes at **31:9** and **31:10**. (16.757) **9** ***corruptio per se*** **and** ***corruptio per accidens*** *Corruptio per se*: Latin, 'corruption by itself'. *Corruptio per accidens*: Latin, 'corruption by accident'. See note at **445:7**. (16.759) **10 demurrer** An objection or exception to something (*OED*). (16.763)

446 **1 Röntgen** See note at **131:3**. (16.767) **2 Edison** Thomas Alva Edison (American inventor, 1847–1931) did not invent the telescope, but he is credited with many other inventions. (16.767) **3 Galileo** Galileo Galilei (Italian scientist, 1564–1642) did not invent the telescope, but he was among the first to use a telescope for astronomical observations. 'The practical discovery of the instrument was certainly made in Holland about 1608, but the credit of the original invention has been claimed on behalf of three individuals, Hans Lippershey and Zacharias Jansen, spectacle-makers in Middelburg, and James Metius of Alkmar' (*EB11*, s.v. Galileo Galilei). (16.768) **4** ***in toto*** Latin, 'entirely'. (16.780) **5** ***Hamlet*** **and Bacon** See notes at **143:20** and **143:21**. (16.783) **6 Coffee Palace** See note at **196:12**. (16.792) **7 Sulphate of copper poison, SO_4 or something** The proper notation for copper sulphate is $CuSO_4$. It is used as a herbicide, fungicide and pesticide and as an emetic, although it is mildly toxic. (16.801) **8 Dr Tibble's Vi-Cocoa** Dr Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Ltd: 60–62 Bunhill Row, London. The drink was marketed as promoting health and well-being. Dr William Tibbles (1859–1928): a specialist in Dietetics and the Diseases of Nutrition and Metabolism. (16.805) **9 good genius** A protective spirit that attends a person throughout his life (*Brewer's*, s.v. genius). (16.811) **10** ***sine qua non*** Latin, 'without which not'; that is, an essential requirement. (16.813)

447 **1 knife. I can't look at the point of it. It reminds me of Roman history** See note at **21:1**. (16.816) **2 Our mutual friend's** From the title of Charles Dickens's novel *Our Mutual Friend* (1864–65). (16.821) **3** ***confidante*** The female form of 'confidant' (*OED*). In Italian the word for a male confidant is 'confidente'. (16.822) **4** ***sotto voce*** Italian, 'softly'. (16.822) **5 Sherlockholmesing** See note at **352:18**. (16.831) **6 jail delivery** Leaving prison whether through lawful release or escape (*OED*). (16.833) **7 oakum and treadmill fraternity** That is, the criminal

fraternity. Picking oakum was common prison labour in the UK, and treadmills were used as instruments of discipline. (16.835) **8 dramatic personage of identical name who sprang from the pen of our national poet** Shakespeare has several Antonios: the best known is from *The Merchant of Venice*. Other Antonios are in *The Tempest, Twelfth Night, Much Ado about Nothing* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. (16.839) **9 any ancient mariner** After Coleridge's 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' (1798). (16.844) **10 draw the long bow about the schooner *Hesperus*** To draw the long bow: to exaggerate or tell a tall tale (*Brewer's*). Longfellow's ballad 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' (1840) deals with an 1839 shipwreck. (16.844) **11 Marcella, the midget queen** Her Royal Highness Marcella, Queen of Midgets, the Smallest and Prettiest Little Vocalist: stage name of Elizabeth Paddock (*c.*1875–1955), a regular performer at the Henry Street Waxworks (with thanks to Tim Conley). (16.850) **12 waxworks in Henry street** Henry Street Waxworks: 30 Henry Street, run by Charles Augustus James, 'hardware and fancy dealer' (*Thom's*, p. 1517). 'On the ground floor was an emporium in which everything cost 6 1/2d.; on the first floor was a variety show; and the second and third floors were the waxworks' (*JJD*, p. 113). (16.851) **13 some Aztecs, as they are called, sitting bowlegged** 'In the first place, sitting cross-legged is not an Aztec custom.[…] In the picture-writings of the Aztecs, the men sit doubled up, with their chins almost touching their knees' (Edward Burnett Tylor, *Anahuac*, p. 190). (16.851) **14 Sinbad** An old sailor (Partridge); after the character Sinbad, who appears in several stories of the *Arabian Nights*. (16.858) **15 Ludwig, *alias* Ledwidge** Ludwig: the stage name of the Irish baritone William Ledwidge (1847–1923). He was renowned for playing Vanderdecken, the title character, in Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman* (*DIB*). (16.859) **16 the Gaiety when Michael Gunn was identified with the management** See notes at **70:23** and **208:1**. (16.860) **17 *Flying Dutchman*** Wagner's opera *Der Fliegende Holländer* (1840–41), an adaptation of the legend of the Flying Dutchman (see note at **271:25**), had its first English production on 3rd October 1876 by the Carl Rosa Opera Company (see note at **435:1**). William Ledwidge played the title role (Samuel Holland Rous, *Victrola Book of the Opera*, p. 157). (16.861)

448 **1 little Italy there, near the Coombe** Italians had been emigrating to Ireland for centuries and there were small pockets of Italian neighbourhoods throughout Dublin. Many of the Italians in Dublin were seasonal or temporary migrants (Angelika Dietz, *Dimensions of Belonging and Migrants by Choice*, p. 23). (16.868) **2 pothunting** 'Hunting game for food or monetary gain rather than for sport' (*OED*). (16.870) **3 harmless necessary animal of the feline persuasion** After the phrase 'harmless necessary cat' from *The Merchant of Venice* (Act IV, Sc. 1, 55); and subsequently the epitome of a hackneyed phrase (*Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, s.v. Hackneyed Phrases). (16.870) **4 *de rigueur*** French, obligatory; literally, 'of strictness'. (16.871) **5 Old Nick** See note at **289:1**. (16.874) **6 quietus** 'A release or respite from life; an ending of life, death; something that causes death' (*OED*); from Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy: 'When he himself might his quietus make / With a bare bodkin?' (Act III, Sc. 1, 75–76). (16.875) **7 born in (technically) Spain, i. e. Gibraltar** Incorrect (technically); see note at **44:8**. (16.878) **8 *Roberto ruba roba sua*** Italian, 'Roberto steals his things'. (16.883) **9 Dante and the isosceles triangle, Miss Portinari, he fell in love with** In the *Vita Nuova* (*New Life*, 1293–94) Dante writes of his love for Beatrice, a woman whom he had seen only three times in his life. Beatrice's salvation of Dante is one of the main themes in the *Divine Comedy*. In the *Trattatello in laude di Dante* (*Treatise in Praise of Dante*, 1373), Boccaccio identifies Beatrice as Bice (Beatrice) Portinari (1266–90), the wife of Simone de' Bardi, a Florentine banker. (16.886) **10 Leonardo** That is, Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), artist, sculptor and engineer, and, like Dante, from Florence. (16.887) **11 san Tommaso Mastino** That is, St Thomas Aquinas. *Mastino*: Italian, mastiff; as in Stephen's epithet for St Thomas, 'the bulldog of Aquin' (see note at **152:22**). (16.887) **12 All are washed in the blood of the sun** See note at **111:8**. (16.889) **13 Kildare street Museum** See note at **129:1**. (16.890) **14 ships lost in a fog, collisions with icebergs** Suggests one of Coleridge's marginal glosses to 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner': 'And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice' (note to l. 71). (16.900) **15 doubled the Cape** Either Cape Horn, at the tip of South America, or the Cape of Good Hope, at the tip of southern Africa. To double: 'To sail or pass round or to the other side of (a cape or point), so that the ship's course is, as it were, doubled or bent upon itself' (*OED*). (16.902) **16 pious medal he had that saved him** Probably a St Christopher's medal, since it was widely believed that no one who looked on Christopher's image could die a sudden death that day. (16.905) **17 wreck of Daunt's rock,**

wreck of that illfated Norwegian barque On Christmas Eve 1895, a heavy storm caused the *Palme*, a Finnish ship commanded by Captain Weren, to run aground off Blackrock, just south of Booterstown, in Dublin Bay, not Daunt's Rock (which is off Cork harbour). The ship's officers and crew were saved a day later, but fifteen Irish lives were lost when one of the lifeboats capsized (*Irish Times*, 27th December 1895, p. 5, col. i–p. 6, col. d). (16.906) **18 Henry Campbell** See note at **443:12**. (16.908) **19 Albert William Quill wrote a fine piece of original verse** Albert Quill, a Dublin barrister, wrote a sentimental poem about the shipwreck of the *Palme* entitled 'The Storm of Christmas Eve 1895'. It was published in the *Irish Times* of 16th January 1896 (p. 5, col. d) under the headline 'An Antispastic Dithyramb'. (16.910) **20 case of the s. s. *Lady Cairns* of Swansea, run into by the *Mona*** On 20th March 1904, the *Mona*, a German ship, ran into the *Lady Cairns*, a British ship, some 40 km east of Dublin Bay's Kish Lightship, in rough conditions and poor visibility. The ships were heading in opposite directions and the *Lady Cairns* sank, with a loss of all her crew (*Irish Times*, 21st March 1904, p. 5, col. c). Legal actions were still taking place in the Admiralty Court on 16th June 1904 (see note at **173:8**). (16.913)

449 1 ship's rum That is, naval rum or grog, the daily ration of diluted rum given to sailors in the British Navy (*Brewer's*, s.v. grog). (16.925) **2 old stager** See note at **86:6**. (16.930) **3 all radically altered since his last visit** Construction on the Loop Line Bridge (see note at **57:18**) was finished in 1891 (Bennett, s.v. Custom House Docks Development). (16.934) **4 Gumley aforesaid** See note at **101:18**. (16.944) **5 on the parish rates** That is, dependent upon the Poor Rate, a tax raised on the rental value of property that is distributed to the poor. Paupers only received money in exchange for working in a designated Poor Law Union workhouse, where conditions were deliberately designed to be harsh in order to discourage false claimants (O'Brien, *Dear, Dirty Dublin*, pp. 170–72). (16.945) **6 Pat Tobin** Patrick Tobin: secretary to Dublin Corporation's municipal paving committee. He lived at 2 North St Vincent Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1348, 1590). (16.945) **7 in the arms of Morpheus** That is, asleep (Partridge); Morpheus is the god of dreams. (16.947) **8 to make general ducks and drakes of** To make ducks and drakes: to squander money, especially a family inheritance (Partridge). (16.951) **9 stiver** Any coin of little value (*OED*). (16.953) **10 falling off in Irish shipping, coastwise and foreign as well** The number and tonnage of ships registered out of Dublin declined from 1898 to 1902, as did the number and tonnage of foreign ships cleared outwards. However, coasting trade increased over the same period and total vessels, tonnage and harbour receipts increased (*Thom's*, p. 1338). (16.957) **11 Palgrave Murphy boat** Palgrave, Murphy and Co.: Dublin steamship proprietors, 17 Eden Quay. They were agents for steamers from the Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, France and Holland, and for the Liverpool Underwriters' Association (*Thom's*, p. 1882). (16.959) **12 Alexandra Basin** A large dock on the north side of the Liffey, part of the man-made peninsula that juts out into the harbour at the mouth of the Liffey. (16.959) **13 *au fait*** 'Familiar with [a subject or issue]'; originally French but used in English. (15.963) **14 why that ship ran bang against the only rock in Galway Bay** On 16th June 1858, a ship called the *Indian Empire* ran aground on the Santa Marguerita Rock in Galway Bay, the only obstacle in a harbour 14 km wide. The ship belonged to a new company hoping to establish Galway as a major port (see also note at **26:10**). Since the weather was clear, sabotage was suspected (*Freeman's Journal*, 18th June 1858, p. 2, col. f–p. 3, col. a). (16.964) **15 Worthington** Robert Worthington: a Dublin railway contractor involved in a 1912 scheme to establish a commercial harbour at Galway Bay, and not one of the backers of the original Galway Harbour project of the 1850s (*Irish Times*, 7th February 1912, p. 7, col. c). (16.966) **16 palmoil** See note at **175:11**. (16.967) **17 Captain John Lever of the Lever line** John Orrell Lever was not a sea captain but a Manchester businessman who founded the Galway Harbour company and owned the ships serving the Galway-Halifax route. (16.968)

450 1 seconds or thirds Musical terms. Second: 'Used to distinguish the next to the highest part in a piece of concerted music. Hence of a voice or instrument: Rendering such a part'. Third: 'A note three diatonic degrees above or below a given note (both notes being reckoned)' (both *OED*). (16.973) **2 liquid fire** Bad whiskey (Partridge). (16.976) **3 *soirée*** French, evening party. (16.978) **4 son of a seacook** A term of abuse with nautical origins (Partridge). (16.978) **5 *The biscuits was as hard as brass* [...]** After the anonymous sea shanty 'Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her'. There are numerous versions of this song with up to twenty-five stanzas, with many variations and improvisations. (16.979) **6 *as salt as Lot's wife's arse*** As salt as Lot's wife's backbone: very salty (Partridge); see note at **113:22** for Lot's

wife. (16.980) **7 coal in large quantities** From 1900 to 1902, Ireland produced between 105,000 and 126,000 metric tons of coal per year (*Thom's*, p. 679). By way of comparison, the average annual production of coal in England during the same period was about 193 million metric tons (p. 672). (16.989) **8 six million pounds' worth of pork exported every year** In 1902, Ireland exported 637,972 pigs worth £1,446,070 to Great Britain (*Thom's*, p. 639). (16.989) **9 ten millions between butter and eggs** In 1905, Irish butter exports were estimated at just under £3.4 million (*Report on the Trade in Imports and Exports at Irish Ports*, p. x) and in 1904, egg exports were just under £2.5 million (p. xv). (16.990) **10 Colonel Everard down there in Cavan growing tobacco** For 'Cavan' read 'Navan' (the mistake was made on a typescript); Navan is a small town in County Meath, 45 km north-west of Dublin (Cavan is the county town of County Cavan). In 1904, Colonel N.T. Everard experimented with growing tobacco at his farm in Randlestown, County Meath (*Irish Homestead*, 9th July 1904, pp. 568–69). (16.996) **11 Where would you find anywhere the like of Irish bacon?** In a letter printed in the *Irish Homestead* of 4th June 1904, M.J. Hickey of Enniscorthy writes that 'Irish bacon is the best in the world' (p. 465). (16.996) **12** *crescendo* Italian, increasing; used as a command in music for an increase in the volume and intensity of the tone (*OED*). (16.998) **13 The Germans and the Japs were going to have their little lookin** A reference to the growing military and economic might of Germany and Japan and to the threat they posed to the British Empire. (16.1001) **14 The Boers were the beginning of the end** Now a commonplace observation that the Boer War was 'the beginning of the end of the British Empire, though it certainly did not seem so at the time' (Byron Farwell, *The Great Boer War*, p. xii). See also note at **119:32**. (16.1002) **15 Brummagem** 'A local vulgar form of the name of the town of *Birmingham*, in England. Hence (contemptuously), An article of Birmingham manufacture' (*OED*). (16.1002) **16 Ireland, her Achilles heel** After Coleridge's line about 'Ireland, that vulnerable heel of the British Achilles' (*The Friend*, vol. 2, p. 213). Also, in the 'Preface for Politicians' in George Bernard Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island* (1906): 'the Irish coast is for the English invasion-scaremonger the heel of Achilles' (p. xxiv). (16.1003) **17 Ireland, Parnell said, could not spare a single one of her sons** In reference to the possibility of Protestant-majority Ulster province splitting off from the rest of the island and remaining under British control, Parnell said, 'we cannot afford to lose a single Irishman' (quoted in F.S.L. Lyons, *Charles Stewart Parnell*, p. 362). (16.1008)

451 1 tarpaulin See note at 440:6. (16.1021) **2 The Irish catholic peasant. He's the backbone of our empire** Recalls a remark made in *Stephen Hero* by Stephen's godfather Fulham, 'Our Irish peasantry [...] is the backbone of the nation' (p. 244). (16.1021) **3 Jem Mullins** James Mullin (1846–1919): born in County Tyrone to a poor peasant family, he studied to become a doctor and emigrated to Cardiff where he became involved in Irish politics and served as chair for the local branch of the Irish National League (*DIB*). (16.1022) **4 pending that consummation devoutly to be or not to be wished for** Conflates two lines from Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy: 'To be or not to be' (Act III, Sc. 1, 56) and 'That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation / Devoutly to be wished' (Act III, Sc. 1, 63–64). (16.1031) **5 sister island** Along with 'sister isle' and 'sister kingdom', a common epithet in Ireland, since the late eighteenth century, for England. (16.1035) **6 chummies** See note at **123:6**. (16.1041) **7 Fitzharris, the famous invincible** See note at **62:24** for the Invincibles and notes at **101:13** and **101:14** for Skin-the-Goat Fitzharris. (16.1044) **8 being on all fours with** Being on a level with or presenting an exact analogy to (*OED* s.v. all fours). (16.1045) **9 felonsetting** 'Felon setting is a peculiarly Irish term, which recalls a deep and ancient hatred of the informer, a central figure in Irish history. It is felon setting to whisper to the Guards or the Special Branch about what the boys are up to' (*Guardian*, 6th June 1970, cited in the *OED*). (16.1052) **10 Dannyman** An informer; after Danny Mann, a sinister character in *The Collegians* (1829), for which see note at **70:19**. (16.1052) **11 turning queen's evidence—or king's now—like Denis or Peter Carey** See notes at **62:25**, **62:26** and **62:28**. (16.1053) **12 merely drove the car for the actual perpetrators** Inaccurate; see note at **101:13**. (16.1066)

452 1 plea some legal luminary saved his skin on On 15th May 1883, Fitzharris was found guilty of being an accessory to the murder. He was sentenced to penal servitude for life and was released after serving fifteen years. Most of the other Invincibles were executed (*DIB*). J.O. Byrne and S. McInerney (instructed by Gerald Byrne, solicitor) were Fitzharris's legal counsels (*Freeman's Journal*, 16th May 1883, p. 2, col. d). (16.1068) **2 died naturally or on the scaffold high** See note at **305:14**. (16.1071) **3 snapping at the bone for the**

shadow Refers to Aesop's fable 'The Dog and His Shadow', in which a dog, carrying a hunk of meat in its mouth, sees his shadow reflected in a stream, with what appears to be a larger hunk than his. Greedily, he tries to snatch the other steak and, in doing so, lets the real steak fall into the bottom of the water. (16.1074) **4 Mr Johnny Lever** That is, the sailor Murphy, who improvised a witty song on Johnny Lever; see note at **450:5**. (16.1076) **5** ***Old Ireland*** **tavern** Old Ireland hotel and tavern: 10 North Wall Quay, close to the docks (*Thom's*, p. 1560). (16.1077) **6 come back to Erin** See note at **248:12**. (16.1078) **7 A soft answer turns away wrath** 'A soft answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger' (Proverbs 15:1). (16.1085) **8** ***Ex quibus*** **[...]** From Romans 9:5 in the Vulgate: 'ex quibus est Christus secundum carnem' ('of that race [the Jews] is Christ according to the flesh'). (16.1091) **9 they say, our own distressful included, has the government it deserves** The saying 'Every country has the government it deserves' (*'Toute nation a le gouvernment qu'elle mérite'*) was originally coined by the French philosopher and political writer, Joseph Marie, Comte de Maistre (1753–1821) (*Lettres et opuscules inédits*, vol. 1, p. 264). The phrase 'distressful country' is from the end of the ballad 'The Wearing of the Green' (see note at **35:14**). (16.1097) **10 bloody bridge battle** Originally named the Barrack Bridge, this was the second bridge built across the Liffey and was completed in 1674. This interfered with the commercial interests of a ferry company, which sent some employees to destroy the bridge. They were arrested, but during an attempted escape four saboteurs were killed. The bridge was thus informally dubbed the 'Bloody Bridge'. In 1861 a new bridge was built on the same site and named the Queen Victoria Bridge; this was renamed the Rory O'More Bridge in 1939 (Bennett, s.v. Rory O'More Bridge). (16.1104) **11 seven minutes' war, Stephen assented, between Skinner's alley and Ormond market** Conflates various conflicts: the Seven Weeks' War of 1866 between Prussia and Austria and the pan-European Seven Years War of 1756–63. The more local resonance is with the conflict between the Liberty Boys, south-side weavers, and the Ormond Boys, north-side butchers, in the eighteenth century (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 101). Ormond Market was connected to Skinner's Alley, off Cork Street, by the Ormond Bridge. (16.1104) **12 bump of combativeness** In phrenology, the bumps of combativeness are to be found on the back of the head, above the asterion, which is the bone behind the ears (*EB11*, s.v. phrenology). (16.1112) **13 punctilio** 'Minute detail of action or conduct' (*OED*); from the Italian *puntiglio*, a small point. (16.1113) **14 They accuse** In context, this phrase evokes *'J'Accuse'* ('I Accuse'), the title of a letter by French novelist Émile Zola (1840–1902), addressed to Félix Faure (see note at **34:24**), and first published in the newspaper *Aurore* on 13th January 1898. Zola protested against the French government's jailing of Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish army officer found guilty of spying in the face of overwhelming evidence of his innocence. Zola's letter led to the case being retried and in 1899 Dreyfus was exonerated after having served five years on Devil's Island (*EB11*, s.v. Zola, Émile). (16.1116)

453 **1 Spain decayed when the inquisition hounded the jews out** During the Spanish Inquisition, which started in 1480, Jews and Muslims were expelled from Spain. 'Both were industrious classes, and the loss of their services was disaster to Spain.[...] The commercial authorities of towns like Barcelona, who knew the value of converted Jews, endeavoured to moderate the zeal of the inquisitors' (*EB11*, s.v. Spain). (16.1121) **2 England prospered when Cromwell, an uncommonly able ruffian** Edward I expelled Jews from England in 1290, but, in the face of parliamentary opposition, Oliver Cromwell allowed Jews and non-Anglican Protestants to return to their country. Cromwell's tolerance resulted in 'the great Jewish immigration into England with all its important consequences' (*EB11*, s.v. Oliver Cromwell). On the other hand, Cromwell's reputation in Ireland is not one of tolerance; see notes at **242:13** and **247:10**. (16.1122) **3 Spain again, you saw in the war, compared with goahead America** That is, the Spanish-American War of April–August 1898. America's swift victory against the underequipped Spanish forces decisively signalled the end of Spain's imperial influence. (16.1128) **4 Turks, it's in the dogma** In Bloom's mind, because they are Muslims, Turks value death in a Holy War (jihad) as a guarantee of salvation, therefore the quality of their lives during peacetime is of little importance to them. (16.1128) **5 That's the juggle on which the p.p.'s raise the wind on false pretences** Juggle: 'a trick or act of skill performed by legerdemain' (*OED*). To raise the wind: to raise money (Partridge). (16.1130) **6** ***pro rata*** *Pro rata parte*: Latin, 'in proportion' (the word *parte* is usually elided). (16.1134) **7** ***Ubi patria*****, as we learned a small smattering of in our classical day in** ***Alma Mater*** *Ubi patria, vita bene*: Latin, 'Where my country is, life is good'; an inversion of the Latin proverb *'Ubi bene, ibi patria'* ('Where it is well with me, there is my country'). Alma mater: former school (in Latin,

literally, 'nourishing mother'). (16.1138) **8 changing colour like those crabs about Ringsend in the morning** Stephen was in Ringsend (see note at **33:5**) in the morning during 'Proteus'. He walked north from Leahy's Terrace, at the north end of Sandymount Strand, to the South Wall in Ringsend. (16.1143) **9 pro. tem.** Abbreviation of *pro tempore*, Latin, 'for the time being'. (16.1150) **10 *faubourg Saint-Patrice*** 'St Patrick's suburb'. Literally, *faubourg* means 'false city'. Many of Paris's oldest suburbs were named after saints (Saint-Denis, Saint-Antoine, etc.); these were incorporated into the city in 1860 (*EB11*, s.v. Paris). (16.1161)

454 **1 O'Callaghan, for one, the half crazy faddist** Presumably the medical student named O'Callaghan with whom Joyce stayed for one night in 1904 before moving into the Tower with Gogarty (Ellmann, p. 171). (16.1185) **2 rotto** Drunk (*OED*). (16.1187) **3 John Mallon of Lower Castle Yard** John Mallon (1839–1915): Irish policeman who, after several promotions, served as Assistant Commissioner of the DMP from 1893 until his retirement in 1902. He was involved in tracking down the Invincibles and was known as the 'Irish Sherlock Holmes' (*DIB*). Lower Castle Yard, in Dublin Castle, is the headquarters of the DMP (*Thom's*, p. 851). (16.1192) **4 section two of the Criminal Law Amendment Act** Section two of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 forbids soliciting women for unlawful sexual liaisons. Possibly a confusion with section 11 (since two in Roman numerals is II), which legislated against homosexual acts. (16.1193) **5 six sixteen** See note at **444:2**. (16.1196) **6 the tattoo which was all the go in the seventies or thereabouts** In the late nineteenth century tattoos were in vogue in the English upper classes and nobility. Edward VII received his first tattoo in 1862 (Janey Levy, *Tattoos in Modern Society*, p. 23). (16.1197) **7 upper ten** Abbreviation of 'upper ten thousand', originally an American expression for the wealthy few or the aristocracy (*OED*, s.v. upper). (16.1200) **8 Cornwall case** Possibly a reference to a Dublin scandal from 1883 in which two Dublin Castle officials, named Cornwall and French, were implicated in 'an extensive homosexual circle' (Hyde, *Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*, p. 382). (16.1202) **9 Mrs Grundy** A personification of middle-class propriety, after the character in the play *Speed the Plough* (1798) by English writer Thomas Morton (*c.*1764–1838) (*Brewer's*). (16.1204) **10 not caring a continental** That is, not caring at all. Not worth a continental: worth nothing (*Brewer's*). (16.1212)

455 **1 submerged tenth** The segment of society in perpetual poverty (*OED*, s.v. submerged); coined by 'General' William Booth (1829–1912), founder of the Salvation Army, in his popular and widely discussed book, *In Darkest England; and the Way Out* (1890). (16.1226) **2 To improve the shining hour** From Isaac Watts's (English theologian, 1674–1748) poem and hymn 'Against Idleness': 'How doth the little busy bee / Improve each shining hour' (ll. 1–2). (16.1227) **3 Philip Beaufoy** See note at **53:9**. (16.1229) **4 rate of one guinea per column** See note at **53:10**. (16.1230) **5 pink edition, extra sporting, of the *Telegraph*** The 'Last Pink' edition of the *Evening Telegraph* (see note at **28:8**) contained late sporting results that were not in other newspapers. (16.1232) **6 postcard was addressed to A. Boudin** See note at **440:9**. (16.1235) **7 give us this day our daily press** See note at **44:18**. (16.1237) **8 H. du Boyes, agent for typewriters** The *Evening Telegraph* for 16th June 1904 does not include this advertisement, but *Thom's* lists 'H. Boyes, agent for Williams' Type Writer and Supplies' at 5 Upper Ormond Quay (p. 1813). (16.1239) **9 Great battle Tokio** From the headline to a story about the Russo-Japanese War in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph*: 'THE WAR. / BIG BATTLE AT TELISSA. / Russian Defeat. / Japs Take 300 Prisoners and 14 Guns. / (Press Association War Special) / Tokio, Thursday' (p. 2, col. i). Telissa (or Telissu) lies on the Liaodong Peninsula, west of North Korea (it is now part of China). (16.1240) **10 Lovemaking in Irish £200 damages** Another headline in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph*: 'GAELIC LEAGUE AND LOVE AFFAIRS. / Breach of Promise Action from Kilkenny, / Amusing Correspondence. / Verdict for £200' (p. 3, col. c). The lengthy article describes the suit brought by Miss Maggie Delaney, a young woman not yet twenty-one, against Mr Frank P. Burke, an Inland Revenue officer and Gaelic League supporter for not proposing to her after having courted her. (16.1240) **11 Gordon Bennett** See note at **74:9**. (16.1241) **12 Emigration swindle** See note at **96:1**. (16.1241) **13 Letter from His Grace William †** That is, the Most Reverend William J. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin; see note at **61:15**. The Cross Pattée, a cross with each arm spread or dovetailed, is used by Catholic bishops and archbishops along with their name. See also note at **92:1**. (16.1241) **14 Ascot *Throwaway* recalls Derby of '92 when Captain Marshall's dark horse** The *Evening Telegraph*'s article on the Gold Cup makes no comparison between Throwaway and Sir Hugo (p. 3, col. h). Sir Hugo, which did win the 1892 Derby at 40–1 odds, was not owned

by Captain Marshall, but by Lord Bradford (*SS*, p. 165). (16.1242) **15 New York disaster, thousand lives lost** From the headline in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* about the *General Slocum* (see note at **133:8**): 'APPALLING AMERICAN DISASTER. / EXCURSION STEAMER ON FIRE. / 485 BODIES RECOVERED' (p. 4, col. b). (16.1244) **16 Foot and Mouth** That is, Mr Deasy's letter on the subject. There was no such letter about foot-and-mouth disease in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph*. (16.1244) **17 Funeral of the late Mr Patrick Dignam** There is no parallel to Dignam's funeral notice in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph*. (16.1245) **18 Hynes put it in, of course** See note at **69:3**. (16.1248) **19** ***n° 9 Newbridge Avenue, Sandymount*** This property was unoccupied in 1904 (*Thom's*, p. 1781); by 1905 a Mrs Bedford lived there (*Thom's 1905*, p. 1838). (16.1249) **20 certainly Hynes wrote it with a nudge from Corny** See note at **55:12**. (16.1254) **21** ***Bernard Corrigan*** Paddy Dignam's brother-in-law. He is unnamed in 'Hades' and in 'Wandering Rocks' Patsy Dignam thought of his Uncle Barney (see note at **183:20**). (16.1256) **22** ***John Henry Menton, solr.*** Solr.: abbreviation of 'solicitor'. See note at **78:8**. (16.1256) **23 must be where he called Monks the dayfather about Keyes's ad** See notes at **88:17**, **92:2** and **92:5**. (16.1258) **24** ***Thomas Kernan*** See note at **55:17**. (16.1259) **25** ***Edward J. Lambert*** That is, Ned Lambert; see note at **69:2**. (16.1259) **26** ***C. P. M'Coy*** McCoy (see note at **52:4**) did not attend Dignam's funeral. (16.1260) **27 Is that first epistle to the Hebrews** There is only one epistle to the Hebrews in the New Testament. (16.1268) **28 open thy mouth and put thy foot in it** Stephen's pun on foot-and-mouth disease employs a common colloquialism, 'Every time I open my mouth, I put my foot in it' (*Brewer's*, s.vv. foot; bull). (16.1269)

456 **1 third event at Ascot on page three** Follows the account of the Gold Cup race at Ascot in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* (p. 3, col. h). According to the *Telegraph*, Throwaway was in front right from the start. See also note at **298:33**. (16.1276) **2 sidevalue 1,000 sovs., with 3,000 sovs. in specie added for entire colts and fillies** For 'sidevalue' read 'side. Value' (the 1926 edition aggravated a mistake made on the proofs of the first edition). That is, the winner receives £1,000 (sovereigns) and an additional £3,000 is distributed amongst the top three horses, with £2,000 going to the winner, £700 to second place and £300 to third. (16.1277) **3 Mr F. Alexander's** ***Throwaway*****, b. h. by** ***Rightaway*** B.h. by: bay horse (i.e. male) descended from. Throwaway's parents were Rightaway and Theale (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. h). His owner was F. Alexander and his jockey was W. Lane (see note at **299:1**). (16.1278) **4 Lord Howard de Walden's** ***Zinfandel*** **(M. Cannon)** See note at **127:7**. (16.1279) **5 Mr W. Bass's** ***Sceptre*** See note at **236:22**. (16.1280) **6 Winner trained by Braine** The name of Throwaway's trainer was Braime (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. h). (16.1285) **7 buncombe** Empty eloquence; more commonly spelt 'bunkum' (Partridge, s.v. bunkum); see also note at **298:33**. (16.1286) **8** ***Maximum II*** Another horse that ran in the Gold Cup, Maximum II's owner was a Frenchman named J. de Bremond (*Evening Telegraph*, 16th June 1904, p. 3, col. h). (16.1289) **9 Lovemaking damages** See note at **455:10**. (16.1289) **10 said he saw him in South Africa** See note at **419:7**. (16.1299) **11 Committee Room No. 15** Committee Room 15 in the British Houses of Parliament was the site of the meeting on 6th December 1890 in which the Irish Parliamentary Party split over the issue of Parnell's affair with Katharine O'Shea (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 584–95). (16.1301) **12 The coffin they brought over was full of stones** See note at **85:2**. (16.1304) **13 De Wet, the Boer general** See note at **119:33**. (16.1305) **14 He made a mistake to fight the priests** Initially, the Irish Catholic Church withheld comment on Parnell's affair, although this changed by November 1890. On 30th November, Archbishop Walsh proclaimed, 'the Party that takes him or retains him as leader can no longer count on the support of the bishops of Ireland' (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 570). (16.1306) **15 in nine cases out of ten it was a case of tarbarrels** Tar barrels are used to make bonfires, particularly ones for executing criminals (*OED*). (16.1308) **16 it was twenty odd years** Odysseus returned home to Ithaca twenty years after he set out for Troy, whereas in 1904 Parnell had only been dead for thirteen years. (16.1309) **17 Either he petered out too tamely of acute pneumonia** Parnell's death certificate indicates five days of rheumatic fever, excessive fever and a weak heart as the causes of his death. Already in frail health, he fell ill after giving a speech in County Galway in the rain on 27th September 1891; he died on 6th October (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 4, 607). (16.1313) **18 just when his various different political arrangements were nearing completion** Untrue. 'Parnell's death coincided with the nadir of his political fortune' (Frank Callanan, *The Parnell Split*, p. 171). (16.1313) **19 after a wetting** See note at **456:17**. (16.1316) **20 failing to consult a specialist** In his final month Parnell declined to be examined by Sir Henry Thompson,

a specialist whom he had consulted in London, reportedly because he was reluctant to pay his travel expenses (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 606, 608). (16.1316) **21 nobody being acquainted with his movements even before** The public revelation of Parnell's affair with Katharine O'Shea was received with great shock by the general public, even though it had been an open secret amongst his friends and associates for many years (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 538, 542). (16.1320) **22 *Alice, where art thou*** 'Alice, Where Art Thou?': a song by Wellington Guernsey and Joseph Ascher. (16.1321) **23 aliases such as Fox and Stewart** See note at **350:10**. (16.1322)

457 **1 commanding figure, a sixfooter** 'Parnell was always a good-looking man. One who knew him in his twenties described him as tall, slim and handsome "with the figure and face of a Greek statue"' (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 47). (16.1326) **2 ruled the roost after their redeeming features were very few and far between** Among the main figures who emerged after Parnell's downfall and death were Timothy Healy (see note at **105:1**), John Redmond (see note at **421:17**) and Justin McCarthy (see note at **421:15**). None was as successful as Parnell. (16.1328) **3 idol with feet of clay** This expression is used for someone held in high esteem but later found to have serious weaknesses (*Brewer's*); from the Book of Daniel, where Nebuchadnezzar dreams of a statue made of gold, silver, brass and iron but with clay feet. Daniel interprets this to mean that 'the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken' (Daniel 2:42). (16.1329) **4 seventytwo of his trusty henchmen rounding on him** Including Parnell himself there were seventy-two members of the Irish Parliamentary Party present at the meeting in Committee Room 15 (see note at **456:11**). Of those seventy-two, forty-five walked out and twenty-six stayed with Parnell (Callanan, *The Parnell Split*, p. 53). (16.1330) **5 And the identical same with murderers. You had to come back** See note at **275:7**. (16.1331) **6 they broke up the type in the *Insuppressible* or was it *United Ireland*** *United Ireland* was founded in 1881 as a pro-Parnell newspaper. In December 1890 Matthew Bodkin, its acting editor, turned against Parnell. Parnell then dismissed Bodkin and took control of the paper himself. On 10th December, anti-Parnellites occupied the paper's offices and the next day Parnell and his supporters stormed the building and retook control (without breaking up the printing presses). The anti-Parnellites then created their own newspaper, the *Insuppressible* (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, pp. 587–88). (16.1334) **7 handed him his silk hat when it was knocked off** During the storming of the offices of *United Ireland* on 11th December 1890, Parnell was indeed hatless. An eyewitness recounts: 'His face was ghastly pale save only that on either cheek a hectic crimson spot was glowing. His hat was now off, his hair dishevelled, the dust of conflict begrimed his well-brushed coat' (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 588). (16.1335) **8 like the claimant in the Tichborne case** Refers to a famous case of faked identity, in which Arthur Orton (1834–98), alias Thomas Castro, a butcher from Australia, claimed to be Roger Charles Tichborne (1829–54), the heir of Sir James Francis Tichborne (1784–1862), who drowned at sea on a ship called the *Bella*. In 1865 Orton came forward to claim the estate and, despite his lack of resemblance to the deceased, his mother, Lady Tichborne, believed him. After much legal manoeuvring, he was proven to be an imposter when Lord Bellew, a schoolmate of Roger Tichborne, testified that he had tattooed the initials 'R.C.T.' on his friend and Orton had no such mark. In 1873 he was found guilty of perjury (*EB11*, s.v. The Tichborne claimant). (16.1343) **9 A more prudent course** This is exactly what Odysseus did when he returned to Ithaca in Books XIII and XIV of the *Odyssey*. Following Athena's advice he disguises himself and, at first, stays with the hospitable swineherd Eumaeus whilst assessing the situation with the suitors in his house. Guided by extreme caution, he even tests the virtue of his son Telemachus before revealing his identity to him. (16.1349) **10 That bitch, that English whore** That is, Katharine O'Shea (1845–1921), Parnell's lover and eventually his wife (1890–91). See also note at **28:6**. Timothy Healy described her as 'a proved British prostitute' in a speech made not long after Parnell's death (Callanan, *The Parnell Split*, p. 187). (16.1352) **11 shebeen** See note at **228:6**. (16.1352) **12 husband was a captain or an officer** Katharine's first husband was Captain William Henry O'Shea (1840–1905), an officer in the 18th Hussars. He married Katherine in 1867 and, after experimenting with several business schemes, became an MP for County Clare in 1880 (*DIB*). (16.1356) **13 with the usual affectionate letters that passed between them** Love letters between Parnell and Katharine became evidence at the divorce trial in November 1890 (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 550). (16.1363)

458 **1 scrambling out of an upstairs apartment with the assistance of a ladder** During the O'Sheas' divorce trial, their cook, Caroline Pethers, testified that on several occasions Parnell escaped from the O'Sheas' house by means of two rope fire escapes in

order to avoid being caught by Captain O'Shea. Although many people believed the story a fabrication, it became a joke in music halls and increased Parnell's public humiliation (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 553). (16.1376) **2 lubrica** Should be 'lubric a' (the mistake was introduced in the 1935 printing of the Odyssey Press edition). Lubric: wanton or lascivious (*OED*). (16.1378) **3 falling a victim to her siren charms and forgetting home ties** Recalls Circe's warning about the Sirens in the *Odyssey*: 'You will come first of all to the Sirens, who are enchanters / of all mankind and whoever comes their way; and that man / who unsuspecting approaches them, and listens to the Sirens / singing, has no prospect of coming home and delighting / his wife and little children' (XII, 39–43). (16.1382) **4** ***farewell, my gallant captain*** From Act I of the opera *Maritana* (see note at **66:14**) in which Don Caesar vanquishes a cruel and merciless captain of the guard in a duel. (16.1390) **5 the 18th hussars** See note at **457:12**. (16.1391) **6 his beloved evicted tenants** See note at **353:2**. (16.1396) **7 heaping coals of fire on his head** 'If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink. For thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head, and the Lord shall reward thee' (Proverbs 25:21–22). (16.1399) **8 fabled ass's kick** Refers to Aesop's fable 'The Ass and the Wolf': the ass claims to have a sharp thorn stuck in his hoof and persuades the wolf to remove the thorn. While the wolf is trying to do so, the ass gives the wolf a hearty kick. (16.1400) **9 Irishtown Strand** The seashore in Irishtown, on the south side of Dublin. In fact, Bloom has been to Irishtown twice on 16th June: first to join the Dignam funeral procession in 'Hades' and later, in 'Nausicaa', he was on the strand itself after advising Mrs Dignam (who lives nearby) on Paddy's life-insurance policy. (16.1404) **10 she also was Spanish or half so** Katharine O'Shea was not half-Spanish, but Captain O'Shea had many Spanish relations and the couple lived in Spain shortly after their marriage, where he pursued some business projects (*DIB*). (16.1408) **11 The king of Spain's daughter** See note at **418:14**. (16.1414) **12 farewell and adieu to you Spanish onions and the first land** [...] Garbled from the ballad 'Spanish Ladies': 'Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies [...] From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues [...] The first land we made it is called the Deadman, / Then Ramhead off Scilly, Start, Northland, Isle of Wight'. Deadman's Point is across from Plymouth in Cornwall, the nearby Rame Head is a headland on Cornwall's coast and the Isles of Scilly are a group of 140 islands off Land's End, Cornwall. (16.1415) **13 especially there it was, as she lived there. So, Spain** See note at **458:10**. (16.1419) **14** ***Sweets of*** That is, *Sweets of Sin*; see note at **173:4**. (16.1421) **15 that Capel street library book** See note at **50:9**. (16.1422)

459 **1** ***In old Madrid*** See note at **201:9**. (16.1432) **2 Lafayette of Westmoreland street** See note at **300:4**. (16.1435) **3 barely sweet sixteen** After the romantic ballad 'When You Were Sweet Sixteen' (1898) by James Thornton. (16.1444) **4 Jack Tar's** See note at **451:1**. (16.1456) **5 I looked for the lamp which she told me** From Thomas Moore's 'The Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni' (see note at **28:5**). (16.1470) **6 book about Ruby with met him pike hoses** ***(sic)*** See notes at **50:2** and **49:10**. (16.1472) **7 with apologies to Lindley Murray** Lindley Murray (1745–1826), an American-born Quaker minister, wrote the standard English-grammar textbook of his time, *Grammar of the English Language* (1795, many reissues). (16.1474) **8** ***distingué*** French, distinguished. (16.1477)

460 **1 the decree *nisi* and the King's Proctor to show cause why** [...] A divorce is first granted provisionally by a 'decree *nisi*' (see note at **235:20**). After a period of time (often, but not necessarily, six months) and if no complaint or new fact arises to prevent the divorce, a 'decree absolute' is granted. The King's or Queen's Proctor is an attorney acting for the Crown. (16.1490) **2 Erin's uncrowned king** An epithet once bestowed on Daniel O'Connell and later applied to Parnell, first by Timothy Healy (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 223). (16.1496) **3 penetrated into the printing works** See note at **457:6**. (16.1500) **4 O'Brienite scribes** In December 1890, Matthew Bodkin (see note at **457:6**) was standing in as acting editor of *United Ireland* for its regular editor, William O'Brien (1852–1928), who was in America raising funds for Irish tenants evicted in the recent agrarian disputes. O'Brien put his support behind the anti-Parnellites while in America (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 603). (16.1503) **5 Though palpably a radically altered man** During the struggle over the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Parnell's appearance degenerated from his previous customary fastidiousness. A journalist, who had not seen Parnell for several years, wrote that he was 'less studied in his attire than formerly. His face was paler, his hair more meagre and it was unkempt and long at the back' (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 587). (16.1505) **6 their idol had feet of clay** See note at **457:3**. (16.1508) **7 stake in the country** Parnell inherited the estate of Avondale (built in 1777),

near Rathdrum in County Wicklow, from his father (*DIB*). (16.1518) **8 ornament of the legal profession** Ornament: 'A person who enhances or adds distinction to his or her sphere' (*OED*). That is, John Henry Menton; see note at **78:8**. (16.1524) **9 after the burial of a mutual friend when they had left him alone in his glory** After the poem 'The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna' by Charles Wolfe (Irish poet and clergyman, 1791–1823): 'But we left him alone with his glory' (l. 32). (16.1526) **10 unless it ensued that the legitimate husband happened to be a party to it** It was widely believed that Captain O'Shea had knowledge of his wife's affair with Parnell (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 365). (16.1533) **11 usual boy Jones** The boy Jones: a secret informant (Partridge). (16.1534)

461 **1 promising to sever the connection and not receive his visits any more** At the O'Shea divorce trial, Captain O'Shea testified that his wife had told him in 1881 that she would not see Parnell again. However, there remains some doubt about the veracity of his statement (Kee, *Laurel and the Ivy*, p. 365). (16.1539) **2** ***conditio sine qua non*** Latin, the fundamental or indispensable condition (see also note at **446:10**). (16.1558) **3 Miss Ferguson** See note at **428:1**. (16.1559) **4 eggflip** Eggnog; made with raw eggs, milk, nutmeg and rum or brandy (*OED*). (16.1570) **5 Humpty Dumpty** That is, an egg; after the nursery rhyme. (16.1571) **6 Buckshot Foster days** William Edward 'Buckshot' Forster (1818–86): English MP and Irish Chief Secretary from May 1880–May 1882. He earned the nickname 'Buckshot' because during his tenure as Chief Secretary an earlier administrative decision was implemented that that the Royal Irish Constabulary should use buckshot in riots instead of the more lethal ball cartridge (*DIB*). (16.1583) **7 evicted tenants' question** See notes at **353:2** and **442:11**. (16.1585)

462 **1 step further than Michael Davitt** See notes at **421:13** and **234:27**. (16.1592) **2 destruction of the fittest** See note at **301:9**. (16.1602) **3 Ontario Terrace** Ontario Terrace, in Rathmines, runs south of the Grand Canal. The Blooms lived at Ontario Terrace around 1897–98, after living at Holles Street and before moving to Eccles Street; see note at **488:2**. (16.1609) **4 Sandymount or Sandycove** The Martello Tower in 'Telemachus' is located in Sandycove. Sandymount is considerably closer to central Dublin. There is also a Martello Tower in Sandymount; see note at **252:1**. (16.1611) **5 a cup of Epps's cocoa** Epps's Cocoa, manufactured by James Epps and Company of Holland Street, Blackfriars, London was a popular brand in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. (16.1621) **6 that merry old soul** See note at **119:3**. (16.1626) **7 grasswidower** See note at **99:9**. (16.1626) **8 Sheriff street lower** Lower Sheriff Street runs east of the Amiens Street railway terminal and, in 1904, was populated by tenements and low-rent houses (*Thom's*, p. 1593). (16.1629) **9 the mermaids'** Mermaid: sixteenth-century expression for a courtesan (*Brewer's*). (16.1631) **10 potheen** Hiberno-English, 'home-made (illicit) spirits, once distilled from potatoes in a little pot (hence the name)' (Dolan, s.v. poitín). (16.1635) **11 blarney** See note at **108:17**. (16.1635) **12 blood and ouns champion** See note at **5:4**. (16.1637)

463 **1 Carrick-on-Shannon** The county town of County Leitrim, some 145 km to the west-north-west of Dublin, Carrick-on-Shannon is an archetypal small, provincial town. (16.1642) **2 county Sligo** See note at **288:22**. (16.1642) **3 Brazen Head** See note at **434:7**. (16.1651) **4 prize titbits** See note at **53:8**. (16.1653) **5 hydros** See note at **441:3**. (16.1654) **6 duets in Italian with the accent perfectly true to nature** See note at **49:6**. (16.1655) **7 the former viceroy, earl Cadogan, had presided at the cabdrivers' association dinner** George Henry Cadogan (1840–1915), fifth Earl Cadogan: Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1895 to 1902. The dinner for the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association in London, at which he presided, took place on 27th June 1904 (*SS*, pp. 230–31). (16.1662) **8 sir Anthony MacDonnell had left Euston for the chief secretary's lodge** Antony MacDonnell: the Under-Secretary to Ireland (*Thom's*, pp. vi, 398); the mistake in his name is Joyce's. The under-secretary resides at a different lodge from the chief secretary. The London *Times* of 17th June 1904 reported that 'Sir Antony MacDonnell left Euston yesterday for the Under-Secretary's lodge, Phoenix-park, Dublin' (p. 6, col. c). No Dublin paper carried this story (*SS*, p. 231). (16.1666) **9 the ancient mariner** See note at **447:9**. (16.1669) **10** ***The Arabian Nights Entertainment*** *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment* (or *The Thousand and One Nights*): a collection of medieval Arabic stories. The collection was published in a full, unexpurgated English version, translated by Sir Richard Burton, in 1885–88 (*Brewer's*). (16.1680) **11** ***Red as a Rose is She*** *Red as a Rose Is She* (1870): a romantic novel by Rhoda Broughton (1840–1920). (16.1680) **12 found drowned** There is no 'found drowned' story in the *Evening Telegraph* of 16th June 1904, although

there is a story with the headline 'Rescue from Drowning' (p. 3, col. e). See note at **39:10**. (16.1683) **13 King Willow** Cricket (*OED*, s.v. king); since cricket bats are made of willow. (16.1683) **14 Iremonger having made a hundred and something second wicket** The 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* reported on a cricket match between Nottingham (Notts) and Kent. At the end of the day's play, Iremonger was still in (i.e. at bat, not out) after having scored 155 runs (p. 3, col. f). (16.1683)

464 **1 the last of the Mohicans** See note at **216:38**. (16.1698) **2 for all who ran to read** From Habakkuk 2:2: 'And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it'. (16.1699) **3 do.** Abbreviation for ditto. (16.1700) **4 Wetherup** See note at **95:6**. (16.1701) **5 *dolce far niente*** See note at **55:21**. (16.1705) **6 arms of Murphy** To be in the arms of Murphy: to be asleep (Partridge); see also note at **449:7**. (16.1727) **7 dreaming of fresh fields and pastures new** See note at **443:5**. (16.1727) **8 coffin of stones** See note at **85:2**. (16.1728) **9 stoning to death on the part of seventytwo out of eighty odd constituencies** In 1890, Parnell's Irish Parliamentary Party held 86 of the 103 parliamentary constituencies in Ireland (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 62, 64); see note at **457:4**. (16.1729) **10 across Beresford place** Bloom and Stephen will walk north-east towards Eccles Street via Lower Gardiner Street, which intersects Beresford Place across from the rear of the Custom House. (16.1735) **11 Mercadante's *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer's *Seven Last Words on the Cross*** Bloom again confuses Mercadante and Meyerbeer. For Mercadante's *Seven Last Words on the Cross*, see note at **63:7**. For Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, see note at **123:24**. (16.1737) **12 Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, he simply revelled in, the *Gloria*** See note at **63:8**. (16.1738) **13 Moody and Sankey hymns** Dwight L. Moody (1837–99) and Ira D. Sankey (1840–1908) were a team of American evangelists, who edited collections of Protestant hymns popularized by the Salvation Army (*Brewer's*). (16.1742) **14 *Bid me to live and I will live thy protestant to be*** The first two lines from Robert Herrick's (1591–1674) poem 'To Anthea, Who May Command Him in Anything' (1648). The poem was adapted into a song on at least two occasions: once by Henry Lawes, into a song known as 'Bid Me to Live', and again by John L. Hatton (1809–86). Neither, however, are hymns. (16.1742)

465 **1** Rossini's *Stabat Mater* See note at **63:4**. (16.1744) **2 the jesuit fathers' church in Upper Gardiner street** See note at **161:3**. (16.1747) **3 light opera of the *Don Giovanni* description** Although it contains much humour, *Don Giovanni* (see note at **49:3**) is hardly light opera, a term better applied to more popular entertainments. (16.1752) **4 *Martha*** *Martha* (see note at **89:4**) is a better example of light opera. (16.1753) **5 severe classical school such as Mendelssohn** Felix Mendelssohn (see note at **248:3**) would not ordinarily be considered an exemplar of the 'severe classical school'. (16.1754) **6 Lionel's air in *Martha, M'appari*** See note at **198:11**. (16.1756) **7 Shakespeare's songs, at least of in or about that period** The consensus among Shakespeare scholars is that Shakespeare did not himself write the music that accompanied the songs in his plays, but that this was written by others (Long, *Shakespeare's Use of Music*, p. 54). Joyce, like Stephen, had great enthusiasm for the songs and poems of the Elizabethan period (Ellmann, p. 150). (16.1762) **8 lutenist Dowland who lived in Fetter Lane near Gerard the herbalist** John Dowland (1562–1626): a lutenist, famed for his collection entitled *Songs or Ayres* (1597–1603). He lived in Fetter Lane in London from the early 1600s (Diana Poulton, *John Dowland*, p. 62). For Gerard the herbalist, see note at **148:19**. (16.1762) **9 *anno ludendo hausi, Doulandus*** From part of an inscription given to John Dowland by his friend Henry Peacham: *Iohannes Doulandus / Annos ludendo hausi* ('John Dowland: I exhausted my years in playing') (Poulton, *John Dowland*, p. 71). (16.1763) **10 Mr Arnold Dolmetsch** Arnold Dolmetsch (1858–1940): French-born and London-based musician and instrument-maker. He was a key figure in the revival of historically accurate musical techniques and instrumentation. In 1904 Joyce solicited Dolmetsch to make him a lute but it proved beyond his means (Ellmann, p. 155). (16.1765) **11 Farnaby and son with their *dux* and *comes* conceits** Giles Farnaby (*c.*1560–*c.*1600) and his son Richard (b.1590): English Renaissance musicians and composers. *Dux*: Latin, leader. *Comes*: Latin, companion. These terms refer to the subject-and-answer style of singing parts popular at that time. (16.1766) **12 Byrd (William), who played the virginals, he said, in the Queen's Chapel** William Byrd (or Byrde) (*c.*1543–1623): Organist and composer, served as organist at Elizabeth I's Chapel Royal from 1572 with Thomas Tallis (*c.*1510–85), his godfather and musical mentor. Virginals: a single musical instrument resembling a spinet (*OED*). (16.1767) **13 Tomkins who made toys or airs** The Tomkins were a notable family of English musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Possibly, Stephen is referring to Thomas Tomkins

(1573–1656), organist and composer and student of William Byrd. Toy: 'A light, frivolous, or lively tune'. Air: 'a song with simple or unobtrusive accompaniment' (both *OED*). (16.1769) **14 John Bull** Dr John Bull (*c.*1562–1628): English organist, composer, singer and Oxford professor of music. (16.1769) **15 John Bull the political celebrity of that ilk** John Bull: the popular personification of the English government and the English national character; popularized by Dr John Arbuthnot (1667–1735) in his political satire *The History of John Bull*, first published as a series of pamphlets beginning in 1712 (*Brewer's*). (16.1774) **16 noodly** Foolish (*EDD*). (16.1789) **17 camel, ship of the desert, distilling grapes into potheen in his hump** From the misconception that the camel stores water in his hump. See note at **462:10** for 'potheen'. (16.1792)

466 **1 the brutes of the field** After the phrase 'beasts of the field' which occurs frequently in the Bible (e.g. Gen. 2:20). (16.1797) **2** ***in medias res*** Latin, 'in the middle of things'. (16.1800) **3 Lady Fingall's Irish industries concert on the preceding Monday** The Irish Industries Association, at 21 Lincoln Place (*Thom's*, p. 1909), encouraged folk industries in Ireland, and occasionally gave concerts to benefit the cause. The Lord Lieutenant's wife (see note at **118:8**) was the Association president and Elizabeth Mary Margaret Plunkett, countess of Fingall, was on the Association's committee. Joyce participated in an Irish Industries Association concert on 14th May 1904 (Ellmann, p. 151). (16.1808) **4** ***Youth here has End*** **by Jans Pieter Sweelinck, a Dutchman of Amsterdam** Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562–1621): composer and organist at the Old Church in Amsterdam. The song Stephen refers to is titled 'Mein junges Leben hat ein End' ('My Young Life Has an End'). (16.1810) **5 frows** Frow: 'A woman, a lady; a wife. Chiefly of Dutch or German women, or of others compared to them' (*OED*); from the Dutch *vrouw* and German *Frau*. (16.1811) **6 an old German song of** ***Johannes Jeep*** Johannes Jeep (*c.*1582–*c.*1650): German composer responsible for *Studentengärtlein* (1614) a book of psalms and books of secular songs popular in the seventeenth century. This song is called 'Dulcia dum loquitur cogitat insidias' ('While She Talks Sweetly She Intends a Trap'). (16.1812) **7** ***Von der Sirenen Listigkeit*** [...] German, 'Of the sirens' cunning / do the poets rhyme'. From Johannes Jeep's 'Dulcia dum loquitur'. See note at **458:3**. (16.1815) **8** ***extempore*** Latin, spontaneously; in Latin this is two words, but in English one. (16.1817) **9 Barraclough** See note at **203:1**. (16.1823) **10** ***conversaziones*** *Conversazione*: 'In Italy, the name for an evening assembly for conversation, social recreation, and amusement' (*OED*). (16.1835) **11 causing a slight flutter in the dovecotes of the fair sex** From *Coriolanus*: 'If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there / That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I / Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioles' (Act V, Sc. 6, 113–15). (16.1836)

467 **1 Ivan St Austell and Hilton St Just** Both were members of the Arthur Rousbey Opera Company in the 1890s. St Austell's real name was W.H. Stephens (*SS*, p. 73). (16.1851) **2** ***genus omne*** Latin, 'all that type'. (16.1852) **3 King street house** That is, the Gaiety Theatre, 48–49 South King Street (*Thom's*, p. 1528); see note at **70:23**. (16.1856) **4** ***fools step in where angels*** After Alexander Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (1711): 'For *Fools* rush in where *Angels* fear to tread' (l. 625); and since proverbial. (16.1868) **5 Gardiner street lower** See note at **464:10**. (16.1882) **6** ***Und alle Schiffe brücken*** Incorrect German, roughly, 'And all the ships bridge (i.e. cross over)'; but *Schiffbruch*: German, shipwreck. After a line from Johannes Jeep's song (see note at **466:6**): *'Welches das Schiff ins Unglück bringt'* ('Which the ship in mishap brings'). (16.1884) **7 as he sat on his lowbacked car** [...] 'As we drove in her low-backed car, / To be married by Father Maher': from the song 'The Low Back'd Car'; see note at **226:12**. (16.1886) **8 sirens, enemies of man's reason** See note at **458:3**. (16.1889)

'ITHACA'
Time: 2–3 a.m.
Location: 7 Eccles Street

468 **1 from Beresford place they followed in the order named** An accurate account of the route from the cabman's shelter to 7 Eccles Street. The total distance is 1.6 km and the walk would take about twenty minutes. (17.2) **2 by an inadvertence as far as the farther corner of Temple street** The inadvertence is that they should have turned up Temple Street at the nearer corner but accidentally continued on Gardiner Place to the farther corner of Temple Street before remembering to turn right up Temple Street. (Bloom's house is on the north-eastern side of Eccles Street, not the south-western.) (17.5) **3 circus before George's church** Hardwicke Place curves around the front of St George's Church, forming a semicircle (or 'circus'). (17.8) **4 chord in any circle being less than the arc which it subtends** That is, the

shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Rather than walk along the circumference of the semicircle in Hardwicke Place, Bloom and Stephen walk in a straight line. (17.9) **5 duumvirate** A coalition of two men (*OED*). (17.11) **6 growth of adjoining paraheliotropic trees** Paraheliotropic: leaves 'turning to reduce intense illumination' (*OED*). A story in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* reports an experiment that showed that plants grown more rapidly under electric light (p. 1, col. i). (17.14) **7 emergency** 'A juncture that arises or "turns up"' (*OED*). (17.14) **8 maleficent influence of the presabbath** For a Jew, the 'presabbath' is Friday. Friday is considered unlucky by Christians (because Christ was crucified on a Friday) and by the ancient Romans (*Brewer's*). (17.17) **9 indurated** 'Rendered callous or stubborn' (*OED*). (17.22) **10 obtunding** To obtund: 'To blunt, deaden, dull, deprive of sharpness or vigour, render obtuse' (*OED*). (17.25) **11 Patrick son of Calpornus, son of Potitus, son of Odyssus** The *Confession of St Patrick* lists his ancestry: 'I Patrick [...] had for a father the deacon Calpornius, son of the late presbyter Potitus, son of Odissus' (David N. Dumville, *Saint Patrick, A.D. 493–1993*, p. 192). (17.33) **12 year 260 or thereabouts in the reign of Cormac MacArt († 266 A.D.)** See note at **124:3**. (17.34) **13 at Sletty and interred at Rossnaree** See note at **124:3**. From Samuel Ferguson's 'The Burial of King Cormac': 'bury me at Rossnaree' (l. 31). Rossnaree, 4.8 km south-east of Slane on the south bank of the river Boyne in County Meath, is traditionally called the burial place of King Cormac. (17.36)

469 **1 Owen Goldberg** See note at **119:8**. (17.48) **2 Cecil Turnbull** Possibly the brother of Donald Turnbull; see note at **387:4**. (17.48) **3 Longwood avenue and Leonard's corner and Leonard's corner and Synge street** [...] Bloomfield Avenue, Longwood Avenue and Clanbrassil Street (where Bloom grew up) are adjacent, parallel streets. Synge Street is nearby. See note at **313:1**. (17.50) **4 Percy Apjohn** See note at **497:1**. (17.51) **5 Gibraltar villa and Bloomfield house in Crumlin, barony of Uppercross** Gibraltar Villa, on Dolphin's Barn Street in south-western Dublin, was occupied in 1904 by Daniel Moulang (*Thom's*, p. 1670); see also note at **189:1**. Bloomfield House, on Crumlin Road (which becomes Dolphin's Barn Street north of the South Circular Road), in the village of Crumlin, Uppercross barony, was occupied in 1904 by a J.D. Richardson (p. 1670). (17.52) **6 Matthew Dillon's house in Roundtown** See note at **80:4**. (17.57) **7 Julius Mastiansky** See note at **47:10**. (17.58)

470 **1 To enter or not to enter** After *Hamlet*: 'To be or not to be' (Act III, Sc. 1, 60). (17.82) **2 five feet nine inches and a half** Bloom is 1.77 metres tall. He shares his height with Joyce's friend J.F. Byrne, who in 1909 lived at 7 Eccles Street (J.F. Byrne, *Silent Years*, p. 157). (17.86) **3 his body's known weight of eleven stone and four pounds** Bloom weighs 71.7 kg. Bloom also shares his weight with Joyce's friend J.F. Byrne. In 1909, when Joyce was visiting Dublin, he returned with Byrne late at night to Byrne's home at 7 Eccles Street. Byrne, having forgotten his key, executed the same manoeuvre as Bloom (Byrne, *Silent Years*, p. 157). To maintain verisimilitude, Joyce gives Bloom the same stature as Byrne. (17.91) **4 Francis Frœdman, pharmaceutical chemist of 19 Frederick street, north** Francis Froedman: 'pharmaceutical chemist', 46 Upper Dorset Street and 19 North Frederick Street (*Thom's*, p. 1876), just around the corner from Eccles Street. (17.93) **5 last feast of the Ascension** The Feast of the Ascension, also called Holy Thursday, commemorates Christ's ascent into heaven, and is celebrated forty days after Easter. In 1904, it fell on Thursday, 12th May (*Thom's*, p. 1). Joyce derives almost all the calendric information in this passage from the first page of *Thom's*. (17.94) **6 bissextile year** A bissextile year is a leap year. The first page of *Thom's* states that 1904 is a 'bissextile, or leap year'. (17.95) **7 jewish era five thousand six hundred and sixtyfour** 'The year 5665 of the Jewish Era commences on September 10, 1904' (*Thom's*, p. 1). (17.96) **8 mohammedan era one thousand three hundred and twentytwo** 'The year 1322 of the Mahometan Era commences on March 18, 1904' (*Thom's*, p. 1). (17.97) **9 golden number 5** From the first page of *Thom's*. All the following numbers are used to calculate the date of Easter Sunday. The golden number indicates what year of metonic cycle we are currently in. It is calculated by adding 1 to the current year and dividing by 19: if there is a remainder, it is the golden number, if not the golden number is 19 (*OED*, s.v. golden). Metonic: 'the cycle of 19 tropical years (conventionally equated to 235 synodic months) in which the moon returns to almost the same apparent position relative to the sun, so that new and full moons occur at the same dates in the corresponding year of each cycle' (*OED*). (17.97) **10 epact 13** Epact: 'The number of days in the age of the moon on the first day of the year' (*OED*); thus in 1904 the moon was thirteen days into its cycle at the beginning of

the year. (17.98) **11 solar cycle 9** Solar cycle: 'a period of 28 years, at the end of which the days of the week (according to the Julian Calendar) recur on the same days of the month' (*OED*, s.v. cycle); calculated by adding 9 to the current year and diving by 28. (17.98) **12 dominical letters C B** Dominical letters are used to denote the Sundays in a particular year and leap years have two Dominical letters (*OED*, s.v. Dominical). (17.98) **13 Roman indication 2** After the Roman indiction, a fifteen-year cycle instituted by the Emperor Constantine in 313 AD for taxation purposes (*OED*). 1904 was the second year of this cycle. Joyce wrote 'indication' on the page proofs where he first added this passage. (17.98) **14 Julian period 6617** Julian period: 'a period of 7980 Julian years, proposed by Joseph Scaliger in 1582 as a universal standard of comparison of chronology, consisting of the product of the numbers of years in the solar and lunar cycles and the cycle of the indiction (28 × 19 × 15)' (*OED*, s.v. Julian). (17.99) **15 MXMIV** The Roman numeral for 1904 is the only piece of calendric information in this passage not present on the first page of *Thom's*. The title page of *Thom's* does provide the Roman numeral for 1904: 'MDCCCCIV' (p. i). MCMIV is also a valid form, but MXMIV, which Joyce wrote, is meaningless. (17.99) **16 lucifer match** See note at **394:2**. (17.105) **17 quiescent candescence** Quiescent: motionless. Candescence: 'dazzling whiteness or brightness' (both *OED*). (17.107)

471 **1 Abram coal** The Abram Coal Co.: Bickershaw, Wigan. (17.128) **2 yard of Messrs Flower and M'Donald of 14 D'Olier street** Flower and McDonald: 'coal importers, salt manufacturers, coke, charcoal, and corn merchants', 14 D'Olier Street (*Thom's*, p. 1475). (17.129) **3 Brother Michael in the infirmary** Brother Michael ran the infirmary at Clongowes. His kindness to Stephen during his stay there is described in *Portrait* (pp. 26, 93, 109). (17.136) **4 Simon Dedalus, in an unfurnished room of his first residence in Dublin** Simon Dedalus's attempts to warm the family's half-furnished new home on Fitzgibbon Street are described in *Portrait* (p. 65). In 1893 the Joyces moved to 13 Fitzgibbon Street (just off Mountjoy Square), their first residence in Dublin proper and 'the last of their good addresses' (Ellmann, p. 35). (17.138) **5 his godmother Miss Kate Morkan in the house of her dying sister** Kate and Julia Morkan appear in 'The Dead' in *Dubliners*. They are the aunts of the main character, Gabriel Conroy, and most of the story takes place during a party at their home at 15 Usher's Island, Dublin. The Morkan sisters are based on Joyce's great-aunts, who had the same address (Ellmann, p. 245). (17.139) **6 twelve North Richmond street** In late 1894, the Joyces moved to 13 North Richmond Street (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 134 n). North Richmond Street is the home of the young narrator of 'Araby' in *Dubliners*. (17.143) **7 feast of Saint Francis-Xavier 1898** The feast of St Francis Xavier (1506–52), follower of Loyola and patron of Belvedere College, is 3rd December. Possibly a reference to the scene in *Portrait* where, after the hellfire sermon during the boys' retreat in honour of St Francis, Stephen returns home and sits by a fire in the kitchen (p. 145). However, Joyce left Belvedere in June 1898 (Ellmann, p. 56). (17.144) **8 dean of studies, Father Butt, in the physics' theatre of university College** [...] This scene is described in Chapter 5 of *Portrait* (pp. 184–90). There, the dean is unnamed; he is based on the real-life dean of studies at University College, Father Joseph Darlington. The actual address of University College is 84a–87 St Stephen's Green South; number 16 is the address of the palace of the Church of Ireland's archbishop of Dublin, Joseph F. Peacocke (*Thom's*, p. 1597). (17.144) **9 Cabra** See note at **426:4**. (17.146) **10 lisle suspender tops** Lisle thread: 'a hard twisted cotton thread, originally produced at Lisle, France' (*OED*). (17.154) **11 Yes. From Roundwood reservoir** This passage derives from the description of the completion of the Vartry Water Works in *Thom's* Dublin Annals for the year 1868 (p. 2102). The Vartry River was dammed at Roundwood, a small village in County Wicklow, to create a reservoir which provided the supply. (17.164) **12 Dargle** See note at **109:7**. (17.167) **13 Rathdown** A former village near Greystones, about 29 km south-east of Dublin; by 1904 only the ruins of an ancient castle and the church remained. (17.167) **14 Glen of the Downs** A valley in County Wicklow. (17.167) **15 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan** There are two reservoirs at Stillorgan. As part of the original Vartry river project of 1861–1869 a reservoir of 363,800,000 litres was built; in 1885 a second reservoir of 428,300,000 litres was added (Bennett, s.v. Water Supply). (17.168)

472 **1 from prolonged summer drouth** See note at **44:1**. (17.171) **2 Mr Spencer Harty, C. E.** Mr Spencer Harty, CE (Civil Engineer): 'borough surveyor and waterworks engineer' (*Thom's*, p. 1349); he lived at Ranelagh, Merrion Road, Ballsbridge (p. 1893). (17.173) **3 recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893** The Dublin Annals in *Thom's* records

for 1893: 'Unprecedented drought. Scarcity of water at Roundwood Reservoir. Grand Canal supply resorted to (Oct. 16)' (p. 2105). The water of the canals was filled with raw sewage. (17.176) **4 South Dublin Guardians** The administrative section of Poor Law Guardians (see note at 449:5). While there was no drought in 1904 (see note at 44:1), a letter in the 15th June 1904 *Irish Independent* by Ignatius Rice discusses how the waterworks committee, for which he was the legal counsel, is suing the South Dublin Guardians for excessive waste of water (p. 6, col. c). (17.177) **5 Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor** Law agent for the Dublin waterworks committee (*Thom's*, p. 1348); he lived at 1 Waltham Terrace, Blackrock (p. 1996). See also the previous note. (17.181) **6 Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier** The Latin word *aquarius* means water-carrier. In Deuteronomy 29:11, 'the drawer of thy water' refers to the lowest rank of society. (17.183) **7 its vastness in the ocean of Mercator's projection** Gerardus Mercator (1512–94): Flemish geographer, mathematician and cartographer, who developed a map-projection system (1568) still widely in use today. (17.186) **8 its unplumbed profundity in the Sundam trench** [...] 1 fathom = 1.8288 metres. The depth of the Sunda Trench, south of Java, was sounded in 1906 and found to be 3,828 fathoms (*EB11*, s.v. ocean and oceanography). Contemporary measurements place its depth as 4,073 fathoms. The deepest part of the ocean is, however, the Marianas Trench, near Guam, measured in 1899 as being 5,629 fathoms (*EB11*, s.v. ocean and oceanography). Contemporary measurements place its depth as 6,033 fathoms. (17.186) **9 its hydrostatic quiescence in calm: its hydrokinetic turgidity** Hydrostatic refers to the equilibrium of liquids, and hydrokinetic refers to their motion (both *OED*). (17.190) **10 its preponderance of 3 to 1 over the dry land of the globe** Approximately correct: the earth is '29% of land and 71% of water, or a ratio of 1:2.43' (*EB11*, s.v. ocean and oceanography). (17.193) **11 multisecular** 'That has existed for many ages' (*OED*, s.v. multi-). (17.195) **12 luteofulvous** 'Of a tawny yellow colour' (*OED*). (17.196) **13 millions of tons of the most precious metals** 'Silver and gold also exist in solution in sea-water. Malaguti and Durocher estimate the silver in sea-water as 1 part in 100,000,000 or 1 grain in 1,430 gallons. If this estimate is correct there exists dissolved in the ocean a quantity of silver equal to 13,300 million metric tons, that is to say 46,700 times as much silver as has been produced from all the mines in the world from the discovery of America down to 1902' (*EB11*, s.v. ocean and oceanography). (17.197) **14 tarns** Small mountain lakes (*OED*). (17.201) **15 revealed by rhabdomantic or hygrometric instruments** Rhabdomancy: 'the art of discovering ores, springs of water, etc., in the earth by means of a divining rod' (*OED*). Hygrometric: 'measuring, or relating to, the degree of humidity of the atmosphere or other bodies' (*OED*). (17.209) **16 hole in the wall at Ashtown gate** See note at 61:2. (17.210) **17 its buoyancy in the waters of the Dead Sea** See note at 47:15. (17.213) **18 minches** The channel between the Outer Hebrides and the north-west coast of Scotland is divided into North Minch and South Minch; here used more generically. (17.219)

473 **1 anacoustic, photophobe** Anacoustic: unable to hear. Photophobe: repelled by light. (17.225) **2 stagnant pools in the waning moon** The waning moon carries a number of negative associations, such as decay and decline in health or fortune (*Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. moon affects birth/health/death, etc.). (17.228) **3 partially consumed tablet of Barrington's lemonflavoured soap** John Barrington & Sons (Ltd.): merchants and manufacturers, 201 & 202 Great Britain (now Parnell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1802). (17.231) **4 holland cloth** A 'cloth so called from the country where it was first made. It was originally a fine plain linen fabric of a brownish colour – unbleached flax.[...] They are used for aprons, blinds, shirts, blouses and dresses' (*EB11*, s.v. Holland). (17.235) **5 epigastric** The epigastrium is the part of the abdomen immediately over the stomach (*OED*). (17.244) **6 thenar** The sole of the foot (*OED*). (17.246) **7 respective percentage of protein and caloric energy in bacon, salt ling and butter** Ling: a fish indigenous to the seas off northern Europe, usually served salted and/or dried (*OED*). On his notes for this episode, Joyce recorded that six pence worth of bacon has 9 grams of protein and 7,295 calories, 3 1/2 pence of salt cod has 259 grams of protein and 1,105 calories and butter has no protein (Phillip F. Herring, *Joyce's 'Ulysses' Notesheets*, p. 469). (17.249) **8 bituminous coal** Softer and with a lesser carbon content than anthracite coal; widely used as an industrial fuel (and sometimes, as here, a domestic fuel). (17.260) **9 heat (radiant)** Radiant heat is that which is emitted in rays, as from the sun. Convection is a way heat is transferred in fluids (as Bloom's water) and gases. (17.262) **10 omnipresent luminiferous diathermanous ether** Luminiferous: light-conducting. Diathermanous: able to freely transmit radiant heat (both *OED*). Until Einstein's theory of relativity effectively proved otherwise, it was widely believed that space was filled with

invisible and weightless ether, which was able to conduct light, heat and other forms of radiation. (17.263)

474 **1** **72 thermal units needed to raise 1 pound of water from 50° to 212° Fahrenheit** Incorrect. One British Thermal Unit (BTU) is the amount of heat needed to raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Therefore, 162 BTUs are needed to raise one pound of water from 50°F to 212°F. (17.270) **2** **falciform** Sickle-shaped (*OED*). (17.273) **3** **humected** Moistened (*OED*). (17.287) **4** **heliotherapy, psychophysicotherapeutics, osteopathic surgery** Heliotherapy: 'the treatment of disease by exposure to the sun's rays' (*OED*). Osteopathy: 'A system of complementary medicine that emphasizes the role of malalignments or imbalances of the musculoskeletal system in the causation of disease, and uses manipulation as a primary method of treatment' (*OED*). Pyschophysicotherapeutics: Joyce's neologism, curing the body by treating the mind. (17.295) **5** **moustachecup, uninverted, and saucer of Crown Derby** See note at **48:9**. (17.299) **6** **comfits** See note at **111:3**. (17.302) **7** **empty pot of Plumtree's potted meat** See note at **58:1**. (17.304) **8** **William Gilbey and Co's white invalid port** W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd: 'wine growers and spirit merchants, distiller and importers', main offices at 46 and 47 Upper Sackville (now O'Connell) Street and branch offices throughout Dublin and in London and Edinburgh (*Thom's*, p. 1880). Invalid port: port given to invalids, presumably for its restorative virtues. (17.306) **9** **Epps's soluble cocoa** See note at **462:5**. (17.307) **10** **Anne Lynch's choice tea** Anne Lynch & Co.: tea merchants with offices at 69 George's Street South, 1 Talbot Street, 162 King Street North, 59 Grafton Street and 6 Westland Row (*Thom's*, p. 1934). (17.308)

475 **1** **Irish Model Dairy's cream** 'Model Farm, Department For Agriculture and Technical Instruction Ireland, Glasnevin' (*Thom's*, p. 1958). (17.311) **2** **noggin** Should be 'naggin' (the mistake was made for the Odyssey Press edition); see note at **47:19**. (17.312) **3** **Mrs Fleming's** See note at **67:6**. (17.315) **4** **Bernard Kiernan's** See note at **205:8**. (17.329) **5** **David Byrne's** See note at **124:10**. The address is 21 Duke Street, not 14. (17.330) **6** **Graham Lemon's** See note at **111:6**. (17.331) **7** **Elijah, restorer of the church in Zion** See note at **111:13**. (17.332) **8** **F. W. Sweny and Co (Limited)** See note at **64:8**. (17.333) **9** **Turkish and Warm Baths, 11 Leinster street** See note at **65:3**. (17.338) **10** **Light to the gentiles** From Isaiah's prophecy of the Messiah: 'I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth' (Isaiah 49:6). See also note at **242:2**. (17.353)

476 **1** **symposiarchal** That which pertains to a symposiarch, the 'leader of a convivial gathering' (*OED*). (17.361) **2** **moustache cup of imitation Crown Derby** See note at **48:9**. (17.361) **3** ***Shamrock*, a weekly newspaper** The *Shamrock Illustrated Magazine*, established in 1866 and published weekly by the Irish National Printing and Publishing Co., with offices at 32 Lower Abbey Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1408, 2008). (17.395)

477 **1** **R. G. Johnston** R.G. Johnston is credited as the composer, arranger and selector of the music to *Sindbad* [*sic*] *the Sailor* (*Freeman's Journal*, 26th December 1892, p. 4, col. a); see also notes at **477:4** and **477:5**. (17.417) **2** ***If Brian Boru could but come back and see old Dublin now*** See note at **216:10**. (17.419) **3** **Michael Gunn, lessee of the Gaiety Theatre** See notes at **70:23** and **208:1**. (17.420) **4** **Christmas pantomime** ***Sinbad the Sailor*** *Sindbad* [*sic*] *the Sailor* opened in Dublin at the Gaiety on 26th December 1892. The second edition, featuring new songs, was first performed on 30th January 1893 (*Freeman's Journal*, 31st January 1893, p. 7, col. a). The sixth scene is described in the 26th December 1892 *Freeman's Journal* advertisement as set in 'Diamond Valley' (p. 4, col. a). (17.422) **5** **written by Greenleaf Whittier, scenery by George A. Jackson** Further details from the advertisement for *Sindbad* [*sic*] *the Sailor* in the 26th December 1892 *Freeman's Journal* (p. 4, col. a). The play was written by Greenleaf Withers. The name 'Nellie Bouverist' combines those of two of the performers: Kate Neverist and Nellie Bouverie. 'R. Shelton' is listed in the advert as 'B. Shelton'. The other names are as in the advert. There was no production of *Sindbad* in 1897 (see following note). (17.424) **6** **anticipated diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria** *Thom's* Dublin Annals lists 22nd June 1897 as the official date for commemoration of Victoria's diamond (sixtieth) jubilee (p. 2105). The previous entry, for 11th May, notes the opening of the Dublin Fish Market (see note at **214:30**). Thus, Bloom's composition would have been attempted between these two dates (the 11th May opening being 'posticipated' and the 22nd June jubilee being 'anticipated'). (17.429) **7** **respective visits of Their Royal Highnesses, the duke and duchess of York** On 18th August 1897, 'Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York

arrived in Dublin and received an enthusiastic reception.[...] Their Royal Highnesses left Dublin on the 29th, and after making a tour through Ireland took their departure for Scotland, from Belfast, on 8th September' (*Thom's*, p. 2105). At the time the Duke and Duchess of York were the future George V and his wife Victoria Mary. (17.432) **8 His Majesty King Brian Boru** See note at **216:10**. (17.433) **9 Grand Lyric Hall on Burgh Quay** On 26th November 1897, 'The Grand Lyric Hall on Burgh-quay, formerly the Conciliation Hall, opened' (*Thom's*, p. 2105). (17.435) **10 Theatre Royal in Hawkins street** See note at **199:16**. (17.435) **11** ***Everybody's Book of Jokes*** *Everybody's Book of Jokes, Retorts, Bulls, Jests, Rhymes, Conundrums, Anecdotes, Puns, and Children's Sayings: Over 3000 Selections, Old and New* (London: Saxon & Co., 1890). (17.442)

478 1 new lord mayor, Daniel Tallon Daniel Tallon, elected lord mayor 1st December 1897, took office on 1st January 1898 (*DIB*). See note at **45:17**. (17.444) **2 new high sheriff, Thomas Pile** Thomas Devereux Pile took office as high sheriff on 1st January 1898. He was knighted and elected lord mayor in 1900 and served until 1901 (*Thom's*, p. 431). (17.444) **3 new solicitorgeneral, Dunbar Plunket Barton** Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton was sworn in as solicitor general for Ireland on 1st January 1898 (*Thom's*, p. 2105); see also note at **145:15**. (17.445) **4 ratio of 16 to 0** In ordinary arithmetic, it is impossible to divide by zero. (17.450) **5 maximum postdiluvian age of 70** According to the Old Testament, pre-Deluge lifespans were often hundreds of years; however, as punishment for humanity's sinfulness, God limited the human lifespan after the Flood: 'The days of our years are threescore and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away' (Ps. 90:10). (17.456) **6 Bloom, being 1190 years alive having been born in the year 714** Mathematical error: if Bloom were 1190 in the year 1952, he would have been born in 762, not 714. (17.456) **7 maximum antediluvian age, that of Methusalah, 969 years** See note at **243:13**. Joyce's spelling 'Methusalah' combines the Douay Bible's 'Mathusala' with the King James Bible's 'Methusaleh'. (17.457) **8 until he would attain that age in the year 3072** Mathematical error: if Stephen were 1,190 years old in the year 3072 and the ratio of 17:1 ('the proportion existing in 1883') were to remain in effect, then Bloom would be 20,230 years old and thus born in 17,158 BC. (17.459) **9 in the lilacgarden of Matthew Dillon's house, Medina Villa** See note at **80:4**. In 1904, Medina Villa was occupied by A. McDermott (*Thom's*, p. 1792). (17.467) **10 Breslin's hotel** The Royal Marine Hotel in Bray, owned and operated by Edward Breslin, was no longer in business in 1904 (*JJD*, p. 101). (17.470) **11 Mrs Riordan** See note at **74:18**. The first chapter of *Portrait* recounts a Christmas dinner in which Dante defended the Catholic priests who condemned Parnell (pp. 27–39). Evidently, she left the Dedalus household shortly thereafter, hence her departure, as listed here, on 29th December 1891. (17.479) **12 City Arms Hotel** See note at **125:13**. (17.481) **13 clerk in the employment of Joseph Cuffe of 5 Smithfield** See notes at **46:5** and **74:21**. (17.484)

479 1 corporal work of mercy See note at **215:28**. (17.487) **2 Mr Gavin Low's place of business** See note at **288:5**. (17.491) **3 from the city to the Phœnix Park** The North Circular Road feeds into the eastern end of Phoenix Park. (17.495) **4 velocipedes** A general word for vehicles propelled by the pressure of the feet on pedals, including, but not limited to bicycles and tricycles (*OED*). (17.500) **5 catarrhal** Having to do with the inflammation of the mucous membranes, especially those of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes (*OED*). (17.505) **6 colza oil** Colza oil is extracted from colza, or cole (also called rape) seeds. It can be used as a lamp oil (*OED*). (17.506) **7 statue of the Immaculate Conception** See note at **258:1**. Artistic representations of the Immaculate Conception tend to show Mary *tota pulchra* ('all beautiful'), that is, surrounded by her attributes – the sun, the moon, the stars, etc. (17.506) **8 her green and maroon brushes** From *Portrait*: 'Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper' (p. 2). See note at **421:13** for Davitt. (17.507) **9 Eugen Sandow's** ***Physical Strength and How To Obtain It*** See note at **47:22**. (17.513) **10 full circle gyration beyond his courage** [...] The full-circle gyration is a 360° swivel on the parallel bars. The half-lever movement calls for the arms to be extended straight down at the sides, hands gripping the parallel bars, and the legs to be extended from the torso so as to create 90° angles. (17.520)

480 1 Bloom, only born male transubstantial heir Presumably Bloom is a transubstantial heir because his father, Rudolph, is dead, whereas Stephen is consubstantial because his father still lives. See also notes at **18:7**

and **283:7**. (17.534) **2 Szombathely** See note at **352:47**. (17.535) **3 Karoly** A common Hungarian name. (17.537) **4 Fanny Higgins (born Hegarty)** Hegarty is a common Irish surname; thus only one of Bloom's grandparents is native Irish. (17.537) **5 Richard and Christina Goulding (born Grier)** Stephen's maternal grandparents, the parents of his mother Mary, his uncle John and his uncle Richie. Joyce's maternal grandparents were John and Margaret Theresa Murray (born Flynn) (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 26). (17.539) **6 cleric or layman** The Catholic Church does allow laypeople, even non-Christians, to perform baptisms in cases of necessity; the only requirement is that the ceremony follow the form used by the Church (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. baptism). (17.540) **7 the reverend Mr Gilmer Johnston** [...] The church of St Nicholas Without and St Luke (Church of Ireland) was located in the Coombe, at 9 Eldon Terrace off the South Circular Road (*Thom's*, p. 959). Gilmer Johnston is fictional. (17.542) **8 James O'Connor, Philip Gilligan and James Fitzpatrick, together, under a pump in the village of Swords** Swords: a village about 13 km north of Dublin. Its name comes from a well (in Irish, *sórd*) supposedly blessed by St Columcille (see note at **246:31**). See note at **114:11** for Philip Gilligan; James O'Connor and James Fitzpatrick are unknown. (17.543) **9 the reverend Charles Malone, C. C.** [...] The Church of the Three Patrons: 49 Rathgar Road. In 1904, the reverend Charles Malone was still curate-in-charge (*Thom's*, p. 1756). Bloom's second 'official' baptism is unnecessary since the Catholic Church recognizes baptisms performed by other Christian churches (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. baptism). (17.545) **10 dame's school** A private elementary school run by a woman, usually an old woman or a widow (*OED*, s.v. dame); see also note at **502:4**. (17.550) **11 high school** See note at **56:2**. (17.550) **12 the royal university** Dublin's Royal University, established in 1879, did not offer courses, but administered exams and bestowed degrees. It was created as an alternative for 'Catholic students who had attained the required standards to have an academic qualification without being obliged to attend Trinity College Dublin' (Bennett, s.v. Catholic University of Ireland). Joyce's BA was from the Royal University. (17.553) **13 aeronautic parachute** Although the principles of the parachute were long recognized by such inventors as Leonardo da Vinci, the first known demonstration was by Louis-Sébastien Lenormand in 1783, who descended from the tower of the Montpellier observatory (*EB11*). (17.566) **14 reflecting telescope** The principle of the reflecting telescope was first described by the Scottish mathematician James Gregory (1638–75) in his *Optica Promota* (1663), but he was unable to build one. Sir Isaac Newton adapted Gregory's plans and built a working reflecting telescope and presented his second version to the Royal Society of London in December 1671 (*EB11*, s.v. telescope). (17.566) **15 spiral corkscrew** Corks were first used to stop bottles in the late seventeenth century (*EB11*, s.v. cork); the earliest recorded use of the word 'corkscrew' in the *OED* is from 1720. (17.566) **16 safety pin** The safety pin was invented in 1849 by the American Walter Hunt (*EB11*, s.v. brooch). (17.567) **17 mineral water siphon** The prototype of the modern mineral-water siphon, the Regency portable siphon, was patented by Charles Plinth in 1825, and Antoine Perpigna improved the design in 1837 (*EB11*, s.v. siphon). (17.567) **18 canal lock with winch and sluice** Modern pound locks, in use in China since the tenth century, have only been used in Europe since the fourteenth century and their design has been improved over the years (*EB11*, s.v. canal). (17.567) **19 suction pump** Use of the displacement or suction pump dates back to antiquity. (17.568) **20 orreries** Orrery: a mechanism which represents the movements of the planets by means of clockwork (*OED*). (17.574)

481 **1 Ephraim Marks and Charles A. James** Ephraim Marks ran a penny (1d.) bazaar at 42 South Great George's Street (*Thom's*, p. 1951). See note at **447:12** for Charles Augustus James. (17.577) **2 condensed in triliteral monoideal symbols** Triliteral: consisting of three letters (*OED*). Monoideal: Joyce's neologism, having or expressing one solitary idea. (17.581) **3 K. 11. Kino's 11/- Trousers** See note at **113:1**. (17.586) **4 House of Keys. Alexander J. Keyes** See note at **88:17** and **91:4**. (17.587) **5 noncompo boots** Compo: composite (*OED*); that is, mixed materials. (17.590) **6 Barclay and Cook, 18 Talbot Street** Barclay and Cook's boot shop, at 104 Talbot Street and 5 South Great George's Street, has an advertisement in the 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* (p. 2, col. b). In *Thom's* this is listed as Gordon Barclay, boot dealer, 104 Talbot Street and 16 North Earl Street (p. 1802). (17.591) **7 Bacilikil** Apparently fictitious products. (17.592) **8 What is home without Plumtree's Potted Meat?** See note at **58:1**. (17.597) **9 Councillor Joseph P. Nannetti** See note at **89:7**. (17.601)

482 **1 Queen's Hotel, Ennis, County Clare** See note at **77:8**. (17.622) **2 monkshood (aconite)** Poisonous plants of the order *Ranunculaceæ*, especially monkshood

or wolfsbane. They can be used in pharmaceutical applications, but improperly applied it is deadly (*OED*). (17.624) **3 medical hall of Francis Dennehy, 17 Church street, Ennis** Francis Dennehy is fictional. Church Street is now called Abbey Street. (17.627) **4 the general drapery store of James Cullen, 4 Main street, Ennis** James Cullen is fictional. O'Connell (or Goal) Street in Ennis was sometimes known as Main Street. (17.631) **5** ***A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* or *The Parable of the Plums*** The story Stephen told at the close of 'Aeolus'; see notes at **110:12** and **110:13**. (17.640) **6** ***My Favourite Hero*** Joyce was assigned 'My Favourite Hero' as a composition topic during his first two years at Belvedere College, and chose to write on Odysseus (Ellmann, p. 46). (17.644) **7** ***Procrastination is the Thief of Time*** From Edward Young's (1683–1765) *Night Thoughts* (1742): 'Procrastination is the thief of time' (Night 1, l. 393) and now proverbial (*ODEP*). (17.644) **8 Philip Beaufoy** See note at **53:9**. (17.650) **9 Doctor Dick** The *nom de plume* of a Dublin writer who provided 'local verses and references' for pantomimes like the 1902–3 *Jack and the Beanstalk* (see *Freeman's Journal*, 19th January 1903, p. 6, col. a). (17.650) **10 Heblon's *Studies in Blue*** Heblon: the pseudonym of Joseph K. O'Connor (1878–1961), a Dublin barrister. His *Studies in Blue* (1900) contains 'Sketches, true to life, and cleverly told, of the most disreputable side of Dublin slum-life, as seen, chiefly, in the Police Courts. Amusing, but at times verging on vulgarity' (Stephen J. Brown, *Ireland in Fiction*, p. 237). (17.650) **11 summer solstice on the day but three following, videlicet** [...] *Videlicet*: usually abbreviated as *viz.*, 'That is to say' (*OED*). The summer began at 9 p.m. on 21st June (*Thom's*, p. 1). Sunrise was at 3:33 a.m. and sunset at 8:29 p.m. (p. 14). 21st June is the feast day of St Aloysius Gonzaga (see note at **246:49**). (17.654) **12 halma** From the Greek for 'leap', a game similar to draughts (*OED*). (17.661) **13 spillikins** A game in which sticks are tossed in a pile. The object is then 'to pull off each by means of a hook without disturbing the rest' (*OED*, s.v. spillikin). (17.661) **14 nap** A card game named for Napoleon III (*OED*). (17.661) **15 spoil five** 'A round game of cards which is said to be "spoiled" if no player wins three out of a possible five tricks' (*OED*). (17.662) **16 twentyfive** 'A variety of Spoil-Five, in which the "game" or winning score is twenty-five' (*OED*). (17.662) **17 beggar my neighbour** See note at **242:4**. (17.662) **18 policeaided clothing society** The Police Aided Children's Clothing Society: 188 Great Brunswick Street. 'The object of the Society is to provide destitute children with clothes on the recommendation of the police, in such a way that the clothes cannot be pawned or otherwise misappropriated by the parents' (*Thom's*, p. 1392). (17.663) **19 warm cigar divan** *Thom's* lists seven cigar divans (that is, cigar lounges) in Dublin (p. 2055). (17.667)

483 **1 balance of power** 'A phrase in international law for such a "just equilibrium" between the members of the family of nations as should prevent any one of them from becoming sufficiently strong to enforce its will upon the rest' (*EB11*). (17.681) **2 copperas, green vitriol and nutgall** Used in making ink. Copperas and green vitriol are the same thing: the 'proto-sulphate of iron or ferrous sulphate' (*OED*, s.v. copperas). Nutgall: 'An oak gall' (*OED*). (17.684) **3 metempsychosis** See note at **49:10**. (17.686) **4 *alias* (a mendacious person mentioned in sacred scripture)** Molly confuses the word 'alias' with Ananias, a character mentioned in Acts 5:1–11. After selling his land, he donates some of the proceeds to the Apostles, but keeps some money for himself. As a result of this deceit, he is smitten and dies. (17.686) **5 Moses Maimonides, author of *More Nebukim*** *More Nebukim* is the Hebrew title of Moses Maimonides's *Guide for the Perplexed*; see note at **23:6**. (17.711) **6 Moses Mendelssohn** See note at **248:3**. (17.712)

484 **1 there arose none like Moses** After the saying: 'From Moses [of Egypt] to Moses [Maimonides] there was none like Moses' (Alan Unterman, *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*, s.v. Maimonides). (17.714) **2 pupil of a rabbinical philosopher** After the spurious legend that Aristotle was taught by a rabbi. Josephus's (37–*c.*95 AD) *Contra Apionem* cites a lost treatise by Clearchus, one of Aristotle's pupils, which tells of Aristotle being impressed by a Jewish philosopher (pp. 75–76). (17.718) **3 anapocryphal** Joyce's neologism, authentic, unhidden (Greek: *an-*, not + *apokryphos*, hidden). (17.720) **4 Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn** See note at **248:3**. (17.722) **5 Baruch Spinoza** See note at **208:6**. (17.722) **6 Mendoza (pugilist)** Daniel Mendoza (1764–1836): London-born Jew and one of the most innovative and renowned pugilists of his era (Neil R. Davison, 'Pugilism in *Ulysses*: Round Two', pp. 722–28). (17.723) **7 Ferdinand Lassalle** German socialist of Jewish ancestry (1825–64). He spent most of his early career as an attorney. He founded the Allgemeiner Deutscher Arbeiterverein (General German Workers' Alliance), which was showing signs of success when he was killed in a duel. George Meredith's novel *The Tragic Comedians* (1880) tells the story of Lassalle's life (*EB11*). (17.723) **8 *suil, suil, suil arun,***

suil go siocair agus, suil go cuin Irish, 'walk, walk, walk my darling, walk steadily and walk quietly'; from the chorus of the Irish ballad 'Shule Aroon'. (17.727) **9** ***Kifeloch, harimon rakatejch m'baad l'zamatejch*** Hebrew, 'thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks'; from the Song of Solomon 4:3 (reappears at 6:7). Joyce originally wrote the correct Hebrew form *'Kifelach'*, but this was misread by a typist. (17.729) **10** ***Sweets of Sin*** See note at **173:4**. (17.734) **11** **Irish characters for gee, eh, dee, em, simple and modified** In Irish, a modified vowel carries an accent (or *fada*). A modified consonant carries a *séimhiú*, or dot above the letter; this softens or aspirates the letter (in modern Irish orthography, the *séimhiú* is represented by an 'h' after the consonant rather than by a dot). There is no Irish word *gadm* (phonetically 'eh' represents 'a'). (17.736) **12** **Hebrew characters ghimel, aleph, daleth and (in the absence of mem)** [...] Bloom attempts to give the Hebrew letters which correspond to the Irish ones Stephen has just written. *Gimel* (G) is the third letter of the Hebrew alphabet; *aleph* (A) the first; *daleth* (D) the fourth; *mem* (M) the thirteenth; *qoph* (or *koph*, Q) the nineteenth. The numerical values Bloom provides are correct: *gimel* = 3; *aleph* = 1; *daleth* = 4; *qoth* = 100. (17.738) **13** **the extinct and the revived** That is, in 1904, Hebrew was largely an extinct language whereas Irish, through the efforts of the Gaelic League, was being revived. Since the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, Hebrew has been successfully revived. (17.741) **14** **accidence** The part of grammar that deals with the inflection of words (*OED*). (17.743) **15** **diacritic aspirations** Hebrew does not have diacritic aspirations (although these are used in transliterating Hebrew). In Irish, diacritic aspirations used to be indicated by the *séimhiú* (see note at **484:11**). (17.747) **16** **epenthetic** Epenthetic letters or syllables are those inserted in the middle of a word (*OED*). In Irish, epenthetic vowels are pronounced but not spelt. (17.747) **17** **servile** In Semitic grammar, 'Of a letter: not belonging to the root of the word in which it occurs; serving to express a derivative or flexional element' (*OED*). A similar phenomenon exists in Irish. (17.747) **18** **both having been taught on the plain of Shinar** From *The History of Ireland* by Geoffrey Keating (*c.*1633–34), which attempts to provide a genealogy that links the Irish ruling house to Adam through Feinius Farsaidh, the son of Baoth, son of Magog, the grandson of Noah, and the ancestor of both the Phoenicians and the proto-Irish Milesians (see note at **238:17**): 'it was two hundred and forty-two years after the Deluge that Feinius established the school in the Plain of Seanair' (p. 9). Shinar (Seanair): the site of the tower of Babel (Gen. 11:2). (17.748) **19** **Heber and Heremon** Or Eber and Heremon, two of the three sons of Mileadh; see note at **234:29**. (17.751) **20** **homilectic** Homiletic: of the nature of a homily, or sermon (*OED*). Joyce's 'homilectic' is an incorrect form. (17.752) **21** **toponomastic** 'Of or pertaining to place-names' (*OED*). (17.752) **22** **culdees** See note at **216:73**. (17.753) **23** **Torah** Hebrew, doctrine, law; the Hebrew name for the Pentateuch (the first five books of the Bible) and, by extension, all the teachings of Judaism (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (17.753) **24** **Talmud (Mischna and Ghemara)** Talmud: Hebrew, teaching, learning; the oral law of Judaism, as distinct from the Scriptures. The Talmud is divided into the Mishna (Hebrew), the text of the oral law, and the Gemara (Aramaic), which supplements the Mishna. The Talmud exists in two distinct versions: the Palestinian, from *c.*400 AD, and the Babylonian, from a century later (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (17.754) **25** **Massor** Massorah: Hebrew, tradition; the transmission of Jewish tradition or the tradition itself. Joyce's form, 'Massor', is the infinitive of the Hebrew verb 'to transmit' (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (17.754) **26** **Pentateuch** The first five books of the Old Testament, the books of Moses. (17.754) **27** **Book of the Dun Cow** One of the oldest surviving Irish manuscripts, from *c.*1100 AD (in Irish, *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*), based on an older, non-extant book. Its name comes from the tradition that the original manuscript was written on vellum made from the skin of St Kieran's pet cow at Clonmacnoise (George Brandon Saul, *Traditional Irish Literature and Its Backgrounds*, p. 48). (17.754) **28** **Book of Ballymote** See note at **241:1**. (17.755) **29** **Garland of Howth** An illuminated medieval manuscript of the Latin Gospels, now in the Trinity College library. It was discovered on Ireland's Eye, an island off Howth. (17.755) **30** **Book of Kells** One of the most celebrated illuminated books, the Book of Kells was created in the eighth or ninth century in Kells, County Meath. It contains the four Latin Gospels and is now in the Trinity College library. (17.755) **31** **their dispersal** Both the Jews and the Irish have long histories of dispersal and exile. (17.755) **32** **synagogical and ecclesiastical rites in ghetto (S. Mary's Abbey)** See note at **169:10**. (17.756)

485 **1** **masshouse (Adam and Eve's tavern)** See note at **228:10**. (17.757) **2** **proscription of their national costumes in penal laws and jewish dress acts** Russian laws of the early nineteenth century compelled Russia's

Jews to adopt German modes of dress (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. costume). In Ireland, proscription of native outfits was never an explicit issue in the Penal Laws, which circumscribed the rights of Catholics. (17.758) **3 restoration in Chanan David of Zion** In Isaiah 29:1 there is a reference to Jerusalem as *Kiryat Chanah David*: 'the city where David camped/dwelt'. Thus Chanah David is Jerusalem and the 'restoration in Chanah David of Zion' means the rebirth of a Jewish state. Joyce wrote 'Chanah', but the proofs for the first edition incorrectly set this as 'Chanan'. (17.759) **4** ***Kolod balejwaw pnimah*** [...] Hebrew, 'While yet within the heart-inwardly / The soul of the Jew yearns'; the opening of 'Hatikvah' ('The Hope'), the anthem of the Zionist movement and now the Israeli national anthem; lyrics written by Naphtali Herz Imber (1856–1909) in the early 1880s and set to a traditional melody. (17.763) **5 cuneiform inscriptions (Semitic) and the virgular quinquecostate ogham writing** Cuneiform was invented by the (non-Semitic) Sumerians in the fourth millennium BC and was later adopted by the (Semitic) Babylonians and Assyrians. Ogham is a twenty-letter alphabet used by the ancient Irish. Both resemble the lines used for shorthand writing. Virgular: 'Of Ogham characters, etc.: Having the shape of small thin rods; consisting of slender rod-like lines or strokes' (*OED*). Quinquecostate: having five ribs (*OED*, s.vv. quinque-; costate). (17.772) **6 signature in Irish** Stephen's signature in Irish would read, Steafán Ó Deadaluis. (17.775) **7 traditional figure of hypostasis** That is, how Jesus (the 'hypostasis') is traditionally depicted; see note at **32:26**. (17.783) **8 Johannes Damascenus**: Theologian (*c.*676–*c.*754). He 'described our Lord as beautiful and tall, with fair and slightly curling locks, dark eyebrows which met in the middle, an oval countenance, a pale complexion, olive-tinted, and of the colour of wheat, with eyes bright like His Mother's' (James Hastings, *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, vol. 1, p. 315). (17.784) **9 Lentulus Romanus** The most famous account of Jesus's appearance is found in a forged letter of about the twelfth century, supposedly written in biblical times by Publius Lentulus, president of the people of Jerusalem, to the Roman Senate (Hastings, *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, vol. 1, p. 315). He is not normally called 'Lentulus Romanus', which simply means Lentulus the Roman. (17.784) **10 Epiphanius Monachus** St Epiphanius the Monk (*c.*315–402): founding father of the Eastern Church. Johannes Damascenus defended Epiphanius against charges of iconoclasm. (17.784) **11 leucodermic, sesquipedalian with winedark hair** Leucodermic: white-skinned (*OED*, s.v. leuco-). Christ's hair is 'somewhat wine-coloured' in the forged letter said to be by Lentulus. Sesquipedalian: 'measuring a foot and a half' and, by extension, 'very tall or big' (*OED*). (17.785) **12 very reverend John Conmee S. J.** See note at **61:9**. (17.790) **13 reverend T. Salmon, D. D.** See note at **121:3**. (17.790) **14 Dr Alexander J. Dowie** See note at **111:13**. (17.791) **15 Seymour Bushe, K. C.** See note at **76:13**. (17.792) **16 Rufus Isaacs, K. C.** Rufus Daniel Isaacs (1860–1935): in 1904 he was a successful Jewish lawyer in London and later served as Lord Chief Justice of England, ambassador to America, viceroy of India and was dubbed the first Marquess of Reading. (17.792) **17 Charles Wyndham, high comedian** Charles Wyndham, born Charles Culverwell (1837–1919) trained as a surgeon in Dublin and became a successful actor in London (with roles not limited to comedies). He was knighted in 1902. (17.793) **18 Osmond Tearle († 1901)** George Osmond Tearle (1852–1901): English actor; formed his own travelling company in 1877, producing mostly Shakespeare. (17.794)

486 1 ***Little Harry Hughes and his schoolfellows all*** [...] After an old ballad, with many variants, about the murder of a young boy in about the year 1255. 'St Hugh of Lincoln, a native of Lincoln, was a child about ten years old when he was found dead on premises belonging to a Jew.[...] Great and general indignation was aroused, and a number of Jews were hanged or punished in other ways. The incident is referred to by Chaucer in the *Prioresses Tale* and by Marlowe in the *Jew of Malta*' (*EB11*, s.v. Hugh, St). One of Joyce's protégés, Jacques Benoist-Méchin, copied out the music for this song as it appears in *Ulysses* (Ellmann, p. 521). (17.802)

488 1 continued fraction of veridicity Continued fraction: 'a fraction whose denominator is an integer plus a fraction, which latter fraction has for its denominator an integer plus a fraction, and so on' (*OED*, s.v. continued). Veridicity: truthfulness (*OED*, s.vv. veridicity; veridical). (17.846) **2 in Holles street and in Ontario terrace** Given Milly's birth date (15th June 1889), this places the Blooms' residence at Holles Street during 1895–96, and at Ontario Terrace from June 1897. When they moved from Ontario Terrace to Eccles Street is less clear. (17.860) **3 15 June 1889** Milly's date of birth. (17.865) **4 she had blond ancestry, remote, a violation, Herr Hauptmann Hainau** Hauptmann: German, captain. Milly's blond hair is explained by the remote ancestry, apparently through rape, of an Austrian soldier. Perhaps

the reference is to Julius Jakob, Baron Haynau (1786–1853). He was a counter-revolutionary, brutally putting down insurgencies in Italy and Hungary (1848–49). See F.K. Stanzel, 'All Europe Contributed to the Making of Bloom', p. 623. (17.868) **5 hallucination, lieutenant Mulvey** See note at **268:3**. (17.870) **6 duke's lawn** See note at **183:10**. (17.876) **7 Stamer street** Stamer Street connects Harrington Street / South Circular Road and Lennox Street in the Jewish district in south central Dublin. (17.880)

489 **1 lake in Stephen's green** The large, artificial pond along the northern side of St Stephen's Green. (17.897) **2 oviparous** Egg-producing (*OED*). (17.911) **3 imbalsamation** An obsolete term for embalming (*OED*). (17.913) **4 27th anniversary of his birth** Bloom was born in 1866, making this 1893. (17.921) **5 moustachecup of imitation crown Derby porcelain ware** See note at **48:9**. (17.922) **6 quarter day** Quarter days are the dates which begin the quarters of the year, on which rents fall due. 'In England and Ireland the quarter-days are Lady Day (March 25), Midsummer Day (June 24), Michaelmas (Sept. 29), and Christmas (Dec. 25)' (*OED*). (17.923) **7 moiety** See note at **31:29**. (17.927) **8 diambulist** Joycean neologism, 'daywalker'. (17.929) **9 Stephen, noctambulist** 'Nightwalker' (*OED*). (17.930)

490 **1 acquisition of correct Italian pronunciation** See note at **49:6**. (17.939) **2 Mrs Emily Sinico** [...] See note at **86:15**. In *Dubliners*, Mrs Sinico's death occurs in November (p. 113), not October. (17.947) **3 interment of Mrs Mary Dedalus, born Goulding, 26 June 1903** If Mrs Dedalus was buried on 26th June, she probably died on or about 23rd June. Joyce's mother, May, died on 13th August 1903, at the age of forty-four (Ellmann, p. 136). (17.951) **4 vigil of the anniversary of the decease of Rudolph Bloom** The date of Rudolph Bloom's death was 27th June. (17.952) **5 Ship hotel and tavern** See note at **7:3**. The pub is at 5 Lower Abbey Street; number 6 is occupied by Suche and Rudd, tailors (*Thom's*, p. 1407). (17.966) **6 National Library of Ireland, 10 Kildare street** See note at **14:5**. The National Library is at 9 Kildare Street (*Thom's*, p. 1968); number 10 was occupied by the Church of Ireland Training College (Female department) (p. 1524). (17.968) **7 National Maternity hospital, 29, 30 and 31 Holles street** See note at **116:11**. (17.968) **8 Albert Hengler's circus** See note at **50:5**. (17.975) **9 Rotunda, Rutland square** See note at **73:15**. (17.976)

491 **1 imprevidibility** Joycean neologism, 'unforeseeability'. (17.980) **2 J. and T. Davy, family grocers, 1 Charlemont Mall, Grand Canal** J. and T. Davy: 'family grocers, wine and spirit merchants', 1 Charlemont Mall on the Grand Canal in south central Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1446). Charlemont Mall is just across the canal from Bloom's old house on Ontario Terrace. (17.982)

492 **1 exodus from the house of bondage** See note at **92:14**. (17.1021) **2 *secreto*** Latin, in private, secretly. In the Mass, there is a prayer spoken *secreto* (in a low voice) by the celebrant, after the offertory and before the preface. (17.1029) **3 The 113th, *modus peregrinus: In exitu Israël de Egypto*** *Modus peregrinus*: Latin, 'foreign manner'. From the beginning of Psalm 113 in the Vulgate (114 in King James), on the Exodus: 'When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language; Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.' The Passover *Haggadah* includes this verse, and it is the fifth psalm sung during Sunday vespers. (17.1030) **4 moon invisible in incipient lunation, approaching perigee** The moon was new ('incipient lunation') on 13th June at 8:45 p.m. Perigee (the point at which it is nearest to the earth) was at noon on 17th June. Apogee (when it is at its farthest) was at 11 a.m. on 5th June. On 16th June, the moon rose at 6:40 p.m. and set at 10:17 p.m. (*Thom's*, p. 14). (17.1042) **5 lattiginous** Joyce's neologism, milky (from the Italian *lattiginoso*). (17.1043) **6 lower end of a cylindrical vertical shaft 5000 ft deep** Aristotle claimed in the *De Generatione Animalium* that stars can be seen in the daytime if an observer were placed at the bottom of a deep shaft or well (780b21). This has since been disproved, first by Robert Hooke in 'An Attempt to Prove the Motion of the Earth from Observations' (1674). (17.1045) **7 Sirius (alpha in Canis Major)** [...] The brightest star in the sky, is 8.6 light years distant (*EB11*, s.v. Canis Major). Ten light years equals 94,610,000,000 km. Its volume was unknown in 1904 (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 390); contemporary measurements put its size as six million times the volume of the Earth. (17.1046) **8 Arcturus** In the constellation Boötes (the Ploughman), the second-brightest star in the northern sky after Sirius. (17.1048) **9 precession of equinoxes** The earth's axis of rotation is not around a fixed point, but itself rotates. This rotation 'produces an apparent change in the place of a star, which is known by the term "precession"' (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 472). (17.1048) **10 Orion with belt and sextuple sun theta and nebula** The nebula at Theta

in the constellation Orion is one of the most notable sights in the heavens, and '[the Theta of Orion is] in itself the most striking multiple star in the whole heavens. It consists really of six stars' (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 467). The belt of Orion (stars Zeta, Epsilon and Delta) is a notable feature of the constellation. (17.1049) **11 moribund and of nascent new stars such as Nova in 1901** This nova (Latin, 'new') was first observed in the northern constellation Perseus in February 1901 by T.D. Anderson and was the first nova since 1604 to outshine ordinary stars. It immediately became the brightest star in the sky, though fading drastically in a matter of months (*EB11*, s.v. star). Novae are not really new but, rather, old stars that were too dim to be seen prior to their explosion. (17.1050) **12 our system plunging towards the constellation of Hercules** Sir William Herschel (see note at **493:20**) first established in the late eighteenth century that our sun is heading towards Hercules (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 429). (17.1051) **13 parallax or parallactic drift of socalled fixed stars** For parallax, see note at **113:11**. Since the sun is itself not stationary, its own motion, over time, contributes a further parallax effect, which is known as parallactic drift (W.M. Smart, *Text-Book on Spherical Astronomy*, pp. 217–23). (17.1052) **14 evermoving** Beyond effects of apparent motion caused by parallax, the so-called fixed stars themselves have their own proper motion, as was first discovered by Edmund Halley (1656–1742) in 1718 (Smart, *Spherical Astronomy*, p. 249). (17.1053) **15 years, threescore and ten** See note at **478:5**. (17.1054) **16 themselves universes of void space constellated with other bodies** 'This conception of matter, *as infinitely divisible and continuous*, was taught by Anaxagoras more than four centuries before the Christian era, and in the philosophy of Aristotle the same ideas are found' (*EB11*, s.v. atom). (17.1064)

493 **1 problem of the quadrature of the circle** See note at **365:1**; in 'Circe' the date given for this attempt is 1882, not 1886. (17.1071) **2 the 9th power of the 9th power of 9** Nine to the ninth to the ninth would have some 369 million digits. Hugh Kenner estimates that the figure of thirty-three closely printed volumes, with 1,000 pages each, would feasibly accommodate such a number (*'Ulysses'*, pp. 167–68). In the *Vita Nuova*, Dante writes of the mystical symbolism of the number nine since it is the trinity times itself, that is, 3 x 3 (p. 61). (17.1074) **3 India paper** 'A very thin tough opaque printing paper, used chiefly for bibles and prayer books' (*OED*). (17.1076) **4 atmospheric pressure of 19 tons** A pressure of one atmosphere is equal to 1.03 kg/cm². Using the DuBois and DuBois formula (developed in 1916), Bloom's body-surface area can be calculated from his height and weight (see notes at **470:2** and **470:3**), yielding a result of 18,700 cm². Therefore, the total force of pressure of one atmosphere over his whole body is 19,300 kg or 19 tons. (17.1087) **5 apogean humanity** Apogee: figuratively, 'The most distant or remote spot' (*OED*). (17.1096) **6 to vanities, to vanities of vanities and all that is vanity** 'Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity' (Eccles. 1:2). (17.1099) **7 The minor was proved by the major** In logic, a syllogism consists of three parts: the major premise, the minor premise and the conclusion. The major premise is the predicate of the conclusion and the minor is the subject. For example: 'All men are mortal. Greeks are men. Therefore, all Greeks are mortal.' In a correct syllogism, the minor premise is proved by the major. (17.1102) **8 The various colours significant of various degrees of vitality** The chemical properties of stars differ according to their age and energy output and these can be measured through spectroscopic observation. Stars of a certain class tend to be of a similar hue but a star's colour is a secondary attribute of its spectral class (Russell *et al*, *Astronomy II: Astrophysics and Stellar Astronomy*, pp. 601–11). See also note at **347:11**. (17.1104) **9 white, yellow, crimson, vermilion, cinnabar** The colours listed here approximate the colours and order indicated in the Draper system of stellar class (first devised in the 1890s at Harvard): bluish white; white; yellow; orange; red; very red (Russell *et al*, *Astronomy II*, p. 610). Cinnabar is equivalent to vermilion. (17.1104) **10 magnitudes revealed up to and including the 7th** The brightness of stars and celestial objects is measured in magnitudes; 'exceptionally keen, well-trained eyes and clear moonless nights are necessary for the perception of stars of the seventh magnitude' (*EB11*, s.v. star). (17.1105) **11 waggoner's star** The Waggoner is the constellation Auriga. The most notable star in Auriga is Capella, one of the brightest in the sky (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 414). (17.1106) **12 Walsingham way** 'The Milky Way, supposed formerly to have been used as a guide by pilgrims travelling to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham'; Walsingham is a town in Norfolk (*OED*). (17.1107) **13 chariot of David** In Ireland, Ursa Major is sometimes called King David's Chariot (George Reed, *Dark Sky Legacy*, p. 87). (17.1107) **14 annular cinctures of Saturn** That is, the rings of Saturn. Annular: ring-shaped. Cincture: girdle (both *OED*). (17.1107) **15 condensation of spiral nebulae**

into suns In many nebulae, the Orion being just one example, the vapour 'gradually cools down, and ultimately condenses into a star, or a cluster of stars' (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 528). However, it is now known that spiral nebulae are galaxies rather than stellar nurseries. (17.1108) **16 interdependent gyrations of double suns** That is, double stars, in motion around their common centre of gravity, as first discovered by William Herschel (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 435). (17.1108) **17 independent synchronous discoveries of Galileo, Simon Marius** Galileo Galilei (1564–1642) and Simon Marius (1573–1624) each claimed to have discovered four of Jupiter's moons, Marius in 1609 and Galileo in 1610. Galileo accused Marius of plagiarism (John Russell Hind, *The Solar System*, pp. 135–36). (17.1108) **18 Piazzi** Giuseppe Piazzi (1746–1826): Italian astronomer. He was the first discoverer of an asteroid, on 1st January 1801, which he named Ceres, and in 1803 he published a catalogue of the fixed stars, which he enlarged in 1814 (*EB11*). (17.1110) **19 Le Verrier** Urbain Jean Joseph Le Verrier (1811–77): French mathematician and astronomer. His calculations of the position of Neptune based on perturbations in the orbit of Uranus led to its discovery in 1846. The English astronomer John Couch Adams (1819–92) made similar calculations (*EB11*, s.v. Neptune); see also note at **493:21**. (17.1110) **20 Herschel** Sir Frederick William Herschel (1738–1822): German-born English astronomer. On 13th March 1781, he discovered Uranus, and was subsequently appointed astronomer to the King and is responsible for many other significant contributions to astronomy (*EB11*). (17.1110) **21 Galle** Johann Gottfried Galle (1812–1910): German astronomer. He co-discovered Neptune on 23rd September 1846, using Le Verrier's calculations (*EB11*, s.v. Neptune). (17.1110) **22 systematisations attempted by Bode and Kepler** Johannes Kepler (1571–1630) devised three laws of planetary motion in 1619. His 'third law establishes a relation between the mean distances and the periodic times of the various planets.[…] The squares of the periodic times are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances' (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 142). Johann Bode's (1747–1826) law states that planetary distance follows a numerical progression. This led to the discovery of the asteroid Ceres (see note at **493:18**) (Ball, p. 230). (17.1110) **23 almost infinite compressibility of hirsute comets and their vast elliptical** Comet: from the Greek *kometes*, 'wearing long hair' (*OED*). Comets are mostly gaseous, thus having 'almost infinite compressibility'. Cometary orbits form 'a very extreme type of ellipse' (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 341). (17.1112) **24 from perihelion to aphelion** Perihelion: the point or orbit closest to the sun. Aphelion: the point of orbit farthest from the sun (both *OED*). (17.1113)

494 1 sidereal origin of meteoric stones Sidereal: of or pertaining to the stars (*OED*). 'Though [meteors] only become visible in the atmosphere they are extra-terrestrial planetary bodies' (*EB11*, s.v. meteor). (17.1114) **2 Libyan floods on Mars about the period of the birth of the younger astroscopist** In 1887, some five years after the birth of Stephen ('the younger astroscopist'), an Italian astronomer named Perrotin 'announced that one of the Martian continents named Libya had apparently been inundated by a neighboring sea' (*Popular Science Monthly*, December 1888, p. 269). This claim was not confirmed by other astronomers. (17.1114) **3 annual recurrence of meteoric showers about the period of the feast of S. Lawrence** 'Irish farmers called [the Perseid meteor shower] the "Tears of St. Lawrence", associating their appearance with the day of St. Lawrence, Aug. 10 in the Catholic calendar' (Paul Roggemans, *Handbook for Visual Meteor Observations*, p. 135). (17.1115) **4 new moon with the old moon in her arms** From the anonymous Scottish ballad 'Sir Patrick Spence': 'Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon, / With the old Moon in her arms' (ll. 25–26). (17.1117) **5 appearance of a star (1st magnitude) of exceeding brilliancy** See notes at **154:13** and **154:17**. (17.1119) **6 Corona Septentrionalis about the period of the birth of Leopold Bloom** Bloom was born in 1866. On 12th May 1866 a nova, T Coronae Borealis, appeared in the constellation Corona Septentrionalis (Latin, the Northern Crown; also known as Corona Borealis). After a few days it faded (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, p. 431). (17.1125) **7 Andromeda about the period of the birth of Stephen Dedalus** Stephen Dedalus was born in 1882. S. Andromedae, a nova, appeared in the Andromeda constellation in 1885; this was actually a supernova from within the Andromeda Galaxy (Patrick Moore, *Astronomers' Stars*, pp. 142–44). (17.1128) **8 in and from the constellation of Auriga some years after the birth and death** […] Rudy Bloom was born in December 1893. In January 1892 a nova was discovered in the constellation Auriga (Ball, *Story of the Heavens*, pp. 432–33). (17.1129) **9 transit** 'The passage of an inferior planet (Mercury or Venus) across the sun's disk, or of a satellite or its shadow across the disk of a planet; formerly also applied to an occultation of a star or planet by the moon, or of a star by a planet' (*OED*). (17.1133) **10 Utopia**

Coined by St Thomas More (1478–1535) and is the title of his most famous book (1516). Literally it means, from the Greek, 'No Place'. (17.1140) **11 selenographical** Pertaining to the moon's geography (*OED*, s.v. selenography). (17.1154) **12 lake of dreams, the sea of rains, the gulf of dews, the ocean of fecundity** Features on the lunar surface: *Lacus Somniorum* (Lake of Dreams); *Mare Imbrium* (Sea of Rains); *Sinus Roris* (Gulf of Dew); *Mare Fœcunditatis* (Sea of Fecundity) (*EB11*, s.v. moon). (17.1155) **13 tellurian** Terrestrial (*OED*). (17.1159)

495 **1 forced invariability of her aspect** Only one side of the moon is ever visible from the earth; this is because 'it revolves on its axis in the same time in which it performs its revolution' (*EB11*). (17.1162) **2 to render insane** See note at **116:3**. (17.1165) **3 terribility** A rare variant of 'terribleness', 'frightfulness, dreadfulness, awfulness' (*OED*). (17.1166) **4 Frank O'Hara** Frank O'Hara: 'window, blind, curtain poles and revolving shutter manufacturer', 17 Aungier Street (*Thom's*, p. 1418). In the listing of Nobility, Gentry, Merchants and Traders, *Thom's* provides the incorrect address of 16 Aungier Street (p. 1977; *JJD*, pp. 121–22). (17.1175) **5 irruent** Rushing in violently or hastily (*OED*). (17.1193) **6 High School** See note at **56:2**. (17.1194) **7 pelosity** Variant of 'pilosity', hairiness (*OED*, s.v. pilosity). (17.1202) **8 problem of the sacerdotal integrity of Jesus circumcised** That is, if Christ was born perfect, why was he circumcised and did this circumcision compromise his perfection? According to Paul, Jesus 'received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith' (Romans 4:11). (17.1203) **9 1st January, holiday of obligation to hear mass and abstain from unnecessary servile work** Christ was circumcised on his eighth day (Luke 2:21) and so 1st January is the Feast of the Circumcision, a holy day of obligation, on which Catholics are required to attend Mass and to avoid unnecessary servile work (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.vv. Feast of the Circumcision; Ecclesiastical Feasts). (17.1203) **10 problem as to whether the divine prepuce** [...] That is, whether Jesus's circumcised foreskin is worthy of supreme veneration. Latria: 'The supreme worship which is due to God alone' (*OED*); it is not divided into degrees. Hyperdulia: the 'veneration paid by Roman Catholics to the Virgin Mary' (*OED*). A relic that is purportedly Christ's foreskin is housed in the Church of Saints Cornelius and Cyprian in Calcata, near Rome (Metford, *Dictionary of Christian Lore and Legend*). (17.1205)

496 **1 from Vega in the Lyre above the zenith** [...] Vega is the brightest star in the constellation Lyra, named after Orpheus's lyre (*EB11*, s.v. Lyra). Coma Berenices (The Tress of Berenice): a constellation in the northern hemisphere. Leo: a constellation in the southern hemisphere. This is a plausible apparition: the Lyrids is a meteor shower that peaks in mid-June, with meteors appearing in and around Lyra. (17.1211) **2 arruginated** Joycean neologism, rusty; after the Italian *arrugginire*, to grow rusty. (17.1215) **3 Standing perpendicular at the same door** [...] After Euclid's fifth axiom, which deals with parallel lines: 'If a straight line meet two straight lines, so as to make the two interior angles on the same side of it taken together less than two right angles, these straight lines, being continually produced, shall at length meet on that side on which are the angles which are less than two right angles' (*EB11*, s.v. geometry). (17.1221) **4 church of Saint George** See note at **44:15**. (17.1227) **5 *Liliata rutilantium. Turma circumdet*** [...] See note at **10:5**. The words *'te confessorum'* ('of confessors ... you') are omitted. (17.1230) **6 *Heigho, heigho*** See note at **54:1**. The number of *heighos* indicates that it is half past the hour. (17.1233) **7 Bernard Corrigan** See note at **455:21**. (17.1240) **8 The cold of interstellar space** Absolute zero, the point at which there is a complete absence of heat, is reached at –273.15°C (–459.67°F). Scientists of the time knew that interstellar space was at absolute zero (*EB11*, s.v. cold). (17.1246) **9 Réaumur** An obsolete and ineffective scale, devised by René Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur (French scientist, 1683–1757) (*EB 11*, s.v. Réaumur). (17.1247) **10 proximate dawn** On 17th June the sun rose at 3:33 a.m. (*Thom's*, p. 14). (17.1248)

497 **1 Percy Apjohn (killed in action, Modder river)** Percy Apjohn was a friend of Bloom's from High School. Modder River, in South Africa, was the site of a battle in the Boer War, fought on 28th November 1899 (Farwell, *The Great Boer War*, pp. 100–2). (17.1251) **2 Philip Gilligan (phthisis, Jervis Street hospital)** See note at **114:11**. Phthisis is pulmonary consumption. The Jervis Street Hospital and Charitable Infirmary, 14–20 Jervis Street (*Thom's*, p. 1523). (17.1252) **3 Matthew F. Kane (accidental drowning, Dublin bay)** See note at **61:20**. (17.1253) **4 Philip Moisel (pyemia, Heytesbury street)** Philip Moisel is the son of Nisan Moisel (see note at **47:11**). He lived in Heytesbury Street and emigrated to South Africa where he died in or around 1903 (Hyman, pp. 190–91). Pyaemia: septicaemia (*OED*). (17.1254) **5 Michael Hart (phthisis, Mater Misericordiæ**

hospital) See note at **94:3** for Michael Hart, note at **9:1** for the Mater Misericordiae and note at **497:2** for phthisis. (17.1254) **6 The disparition of three final stars** See note at **271:24**. (17.1257) **7 apparition of a new solar disk** See note at **496:10**. (17.1257) **8 charades in the house of Luke Doyle, Kimmage** See note at **272:10**. (17.1260) **9 Mizrach** Hebrew, rising sun, east; 'The direction of prayer for Jews living in the western world, who turn towards Jerusalem while reciting the amidah' (Unterman, *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*). (17.1262) **10 majolicatopped** Majolica: earthenware with coloured decoration on a white tin glaze (*OED*, s.vv. majolica; maiolica). (17.1284)

498 **1 supermanence** Joycean neologism, 'more than permanent' (i.e. super-permanent). (17.1301) **2 Cadby** A London-based manufacturer of moderately priced pianos; in business from 1838 to 1885. (17.1303) **3 *Love's Old Sweet Song*** See note at **49:5**. (17.1307) **4 Madam Antoinette Sterling** A popular American contralto (1850–1904), primarily based in London (*EB11*). (17.1308) **5 *ad libitum*** Latin, 'at the pleasure [of the performer]'. In music, it is an instruction that the performer may vary the tempo or otherwise alter the piece at will (*Grove*). (17.1309) **6 *forte*** Italian, strong; a musical direction to play louder (*Grove*). (17.1309) **7 pedal** On a piano, 'To produce expressive effects, to change the tone-colour, or to alter the volume' (*Grove*). (17.1310) **8 *animato*** Italian, lively; a musical direction to increase the tempo (*Grove*). (17.1310) **9 sustained, pedal** Sustaining pedal: 'A name often used for the right pedal of the piano, which when depressed raises the dampers from all the strings, allowing them to vibrate freely in sympathy with any notes being played' (*Grove*). (17.1310) **10 *ritirando*** Italian, taking back, withdrawing; not a musical term. Presumably Joyce's mistake for ritardando: 'a musical direction indicating a gradual reduction of speed' (*OED*). (17.1310) **11 close** 'The conclusion of a musical phrase, theme, or movement' (*OED*). (17.1310) **12 black diminutive cone** That is, incense. Echoes Odysseus cleaning out his palace with sulphur after the massacre of the suitors (XXII, 493–94). (17.1321) **13 Agendath Netaim** See note at **47:1**. (17.1325) **14 rutilance** Glowing with a ruddy or golden light (*OED*, s.v. rutilant). (17.1327) **15 Connemara marble** See note at **237:19**. (17.1335) **16 Matthew Dillon** See note at **80:4**. (17.1336) **17 Luke and Caroline Doyle** See note at **272:10**. (17.1338) **18 Alderman John Hooper** See note at **85:12**. (17.1339)

499 **1 pierglass** 'A large tall mirror; orig. one fitted to fill up the pier of space between two windows, or over a chimney-piece' (*OED*). (17.1342) **2 solitary (ipsorelative) mutable (aliorelative)** Ipsorelative: relative to oneself. Aliorelative: relative to another. Both words are neologisms. *Ipse*: Latin, self. *Alius*: Latin, another. (17.1350) **3 *Brothers and sisters had he none*** [...] After an old rhyming riddle, with many variants. Presuming an only child, the answer is 'himself'. (17.1352) **4 *Thom's Dublin Post Office Directory*, 1886** Alexander Thom & Co. (see note at **92:22**) published, in addition to *Thom's Official Directory of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*, the less comprehensive *Post Office Annual Directory and Calendar*. (17.1362) **5 Denis Florence M'Carthy's *Poetical Works*** Denis Florence MacCarthy (1817–82): Irish poet and translator. His writings include *Ballads, Poems and Lyrics* (1850), *Under-Glimpses and Other Poems* (1857) and *Bellfinder and Other Poems* (1857) (*DIB*). The collection of his poems is called *Poems* (Dublin: Gill, 1882), not *Poetical Works*. (17.1363) **6 *The Useful Ready Reckoner*** Presumably one of two titles: *The Ready Reckoner: or, The Trader's Useful Assistant, in Buying and Selling All Sorts of Commodities, Either Wholesale or Retail*, published annually since the late eighteenth century. Or, considering that Bloom used to work in the cattle market (see note at **46:5**), *The Graziers Ready Reckoner, or, A Useful Guide for Buying and Selling Cattle*, by George Renton (Dublin: Berwick, 1802). (17.1366) **7 *The Secret History of the Court of Charles II*** Presumably, Charles McCormick's *The Secret History of the Court and Reign of Charles II, by a Member of His Privy Council*, 2 vols. (London: J. Bew, 1792). (17.1367) **8 *The Child's Guide*** Presumably, *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, 32nd edn. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, 1861); the first edition is simply titled *The Child's Guide*. This is a short booklet that provides instruction through the format of a catechism (with thanks to Fritz Senn). (17.1368) **9 *When We Were Boys* by William O'Brien M. P.** See note at **460:4** for O'Brien. His novel *When We Were Boys* (1890), written in prison, is set in Glengariff, County Cork, at the time of the Fenian rising of the 1860s. (17.1370) **10 *Thoughts from Spinoza*** This book was Bloom's father's; see note at **208:6**. No such book appears to exist; perhaps this title is a simplification of a more cumbersome one, such as *A Treatise Partly Theological, And Partly Political* [...] *to prove the liberty of philosophizing* [...] *may be allowed without any prejudice to piety, or to the Peace of any Commonwealth* [...] 'Translated from the Latin of Spinoza' (London, 1737). (17.1372) **11 *The Story of the Heavens* by Sir Robert Ball**

See note at 113:10. (17.1373) **12 Ellis's *Three Trips to Madagascar*** William Ellis (1794–1872), a British Congregationalist missionary, wrote several books on the African island of Madagascar. The full title of Bloom's book is *Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years 1853–1854–1856. Including A Journey to the Capital; With Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the Present Civilization of the People* (London: John Murray, 1858). (17.1374) **13 *The Stark-Munro Letters* by A. Conan Doyle** *The Stark Munro Letters* (the hyphen is incorrect) (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1895), by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930), the creator of Sherlock Holmes. An epistolary novel that is somewhat autobiographical. (17.1375) **14 City of Dublin Public Library, 106 Capel Street** See note at 50:9. (17.1375) **15 May (Whitsun Eve) 1904** See note at 52:14. (17.1376) **16 due 4 June 1904** The library declared this particular overdue book missing in 1906 (Kenner, *'Ulysses'*, p. 143 n). (17.1377) **17 *Voyages in China* by 'Viator'** 'Viator' (Latin, traveller): a pseudonym used by several nineteenth-century travel writers. This book seems to be spurious. A Presbyterian missionary E.F. Chidell wrote books about the East under the name Viator: *The Way-Farer, Africa and National Regeneration* (1903) and *Overland to Persia* (1906). (17.1379) **18 *Philosophy of the Talmud*** Unknown. (17.1380) **19 Lockhart's *Life of Napoleon*** John Gibson Lockhart's (1794–1854) biography of Napoleon, first published in London in 1829 under the name *The History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, was reprinted numerous times. From the 1850s onwards, a number of revised and abridged editions, retitled *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, were issued in Britain and America. (17.1381) **20 *Soll und Haben* by Gustav Freytag** Gustav Freytag's (1816–95) novel *Soll und Haben* (*Debit and Credit*, Leipzig: Hirzel, 1855) was one of the best-selling German books of the late nineteenth century; it is more than somewhat anti-Semitic. (17.1383) **21 Hozier's *History of the Russo-Turkish War*** Colonel Sir Henry Montague Hozier (1842–1907) wrote and edited *The Russo-Turkish War; including an account of the rise and decline of the Ottoman Power, and the history of the Eastern Question*, 2 vols. (London: William MacKenzie, 1877–79). The Russo-Turkish War was fought in 1877–78. (17.1385) **22 Garrison Library, Governor's Parade, Gibraltar** Evidently, Molly's father signed out Hozier's *History of the Russo-Turkish War* when he was stationed at Gibraltar; 'the garrison library has excellent reading rooms and a large number of volumes of miscellaneous interest' (*EB11*, s.v. Gibraltar). Governor's Parade, the street where the library is found, is more properly known as 'Gunner's Parade'. (17.1386)

500 1 *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* by William Allingham *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland: A Modern Poem* (London: Macmillan, 1864, 1869): a long poem in heroic couplets by the Irish poet William Allingham (1824–89). The poem deals with land politics. (17.1388) **2 *A Handbook of Astronomy*** A generic title; possibly *A Handbook of Descriptive Astronomy*, by George F. Chambers (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1877). (17.1391) **3 brevier** A typographic term, the 'name of the type in size between Bourgeois and Minion'; so-called because this font size is typically used in breviaries (OED). (17.1393) **4 *The Hidden Life of Christ*** Possibly *The Hidden Life of Jesus a Lesson and Model to Christians*, by Henri Marie Boudon (London: Burns, 1869). (17.1394) **5 *In the Track of the Sun*** *In the Track of the Sun*, by Frederick Diodati Thompson (London: Heinemann, 1893) describes the author's trip round the world. Thompson left New York on 14th October 1891 heading west and returned from London on 18th May 1892. (17.1395) **6 intestation** Title or inscription, that is a running header; from the Italian *intestazione*. (17.1395) **7 *Physical Strength and How to Obtain It* by Eugen Sandow** See note at 47:22. (17.1397) **8 *Short but yet Plain Elements of Geometry* [...]** A mostly accurate transcription of this book's titlepage. (17.1398) **9 Michael Gallagher [...]** Identity unknown. Enniscorthy is and was in County Wexford, not Wicklow. Duffry (other attested spellings are Duffrey and Duffery, but not Dufery) Gate led out into a wooded area around Enniscorthy called the Duffry, now part of the town proper. (17.1405) **10 incuneated** Joycean neologism, 'wedged in'; from the Latin *cuneare*, to wedge up, to press in. (17.1412) **11 closestool** A chamberpot enclosed within a stool or box (*OED*). (17.1413) **12 Hozier's *History of the Russo-Turkish War*** Each of the two volumes of Hozier's *History* measures 21.5 cm x 27.5 cm x 4.8 cm. (17.1415) **13 mnemotechnic** See note at 364:12. (17.1422) **14 Plevna** See note at 44:10. (17.1425). **15 image of Narcissus** In Greek myth, Narcissus is the beautiful youth so enamoured of his reflection in a fountain that he jumped in to reach it and died (*Brewer's*). The story is told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (III, 340–510). See also note at 547:8. (17.1428) **16 P. A. Wren, 9 Bachelor's Walk** See note at 76:1. (17.1429) **17 collar (size 17)** A size-17 collar is slightly larger than average and would be appropriate for a man of Bloom's build (see notes at 470:2 and 470:3). (17.1431)

501 **1 infracostal** Below the ribs (*OED*). (17.1448) **2 sting inflicted 2 weeks and 3 days previously (23 May 1904)** See note at **52:14**; the incident in question was three weeks and three days previously. (17.1448) **3 prurition** From Latin '*pruritus*', itching (*OED*). (17.1450) **4 occasion (17 October 1903) of the interment of Mrs Emily Sinico** See notes at **86:15** and **490:2**. (17.1453) **5 Sydney Parade** Sydney Parade is in the village of Merrion (*Thom's*, p. 1736), 4.8 km south-south-west of Dublin. (17.1454)

502 **1 disnoded** To disnode: Joycean neologism, to untie a knot; from *nodus*: Latin, knot. (17.1483) **2 effracted** To effract: to break through, from the Latin *effractus*, to break out. (17.1486) **3 unguical** From ungual, pertaining to a nail or a claw (*OED*). The first edition read 'ungual' and this was changed to 'unguical' in the 1923 printing. (17.1491) **4 Mrs Ellis's juvenile school** See notes at **59:27** and **480:10**. (17.1494) **5 primogeniture, gavelkind or borough English** Primogeniture: inheritance by the first-born. Gavelkind: inheritance divided equally amongst all male heirs (originally practised in Kent). Borough-English: inheritance by the youngest son (all *OED*). (17.1499) **6 roods and perches** See note at **249:6**. (17.1501) **7 valuation £42** Irish property values were expressed in annual rental value rather than appraised sales value. In 1901 the average landholding in County Dublin (outside the city) was valued at £54 (*Thom's*, p. 680). (17.1501) **8 turbary** Land where turf or peat for fuel may be dug up (*OED*). (17.1501) **9 *Rus in Urbe*** Latin, 'the country in the city'; from Martial's (*c.*40–*c.*102) epigram XII, 57. There is a Rus-in-urbe Terrace on Glenageary Road, Kingstown with six units (*Thom's*, p. 1728). (17.1503) **10 *Qui si Sana*** Italian, 'Here one [is] healthy'. *Qui-si-Sano* was the motto of the home of John Reinhardt, 12 Newtown Avenue, Blackrock (south of Dublin) (*Thom's*, p. 1641). ('*Sana*' is feminine, '*sano*' is masculine.) (17.1504) **11 Virginia creeper** See note at **52:9**. (17.1507) **12 Dundrum, south, or Sutton, north** Dundrum and Sutton are suburbs of Dublin: the former is 8 km to the south of the city and the latter is 13 km to the north. 'Dundrum is recommended for the purity of its air, and in summer is much resorted to by invalids' (*Thom's*, p. 1693). Sutton is on the isthmus between the mainland and Howth. The 16th June 1904 *Evening Telegraph* calls Howth, 'that invigorating health resort' (p. 2, col. e). (17.1516) **13 phthisical subjects** See note at **497:2**. In treating tuberculosis, 'The continuous supply of pure fresh air is the main desideratum, a cool climate being greatly superior to a tropical one' (*EB11*, s.v. climate). (17.1518) **14 feefarmgrant, lease 999 years** Fee farm: 'that kind of tenure by which land is held in fee-simple subject to a perpetual fixed rent, without any other services' (*OED*). 999 years is a common duration. (17.1519) **15 messuage** A 'dwelling-house with its outbuildings and curtilage and the adjacent land assigned to its use' (*OED*). (17.1519) **16 Encyclopaedia Britannica and New Century Dictionary** The ninth edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1875–88) had twenty-four volumes, with supplemental volumes appearing from 1900. The *Century Dictionary* is a multi-volume unabridged dictionary and encyclopaedia completed in 1891. The *New Century Dictionary* is a two-volume abridged version that first appeared in 1928 (and thus after Joyce finished *Ulysses*). (17.1523)

503 **1 handtufted Axminster carpet** Axminster: a town in Devon, England, 37 km north-east of Exeter; a centre for the production of imitation oriental carpets in England since the early eighteenth century (*EB11*, s.v. carpet). (17.1526) **2 loo table** A type of round table (*OED*). (17.1527) **3 ormolu** A gold-coloured alloy of copper, zinc and tin (*OED*). (17.1528) **4 lustre** 'One of the prismatic glass pendants often attached in circles to a chandelier' (*OED*). (17.1534) **5 oleograph** A picture printed in oil colours as though it were an oil painting (*OED*). (17.1542) **6 betweenmaid** 'A maidservant who assists both the cook and the housemaid' (*OED*). (17.1544) **7 tennis and fives court** Presumably royal tennis, played in a walled space. In 1911, the cost of such a tennis court was about £2,000 (*EB11*, s.v. tennis). Fives: 'A game in which a ball is struck by the hand against the front wall of a three-sided court' (*OED*). (17.1552) **8 sir James W. Mackey (Limited)** Sir J.W. Mackey Ltd: 'wholesale & retail seed & bulb merchants, & nurserymen; dealers in all classes of chemical manures, sheep dips, hay and cattle spices', 23 Upper Sackville Street (*Thom's*, p. 1585). This is the only time in *Ulysses* that Joyce uses the name Sackville Street (see note at **56:13**). (17.1557)

504 **1 solidungular** Having a whole or uncloven hoof (*OED*, s.vv. solidungular; soliped). Horses and related animals are solidungular. (17.1578) **2 roan gelding, 14h** A roan gelding is a horse of bay, sorrel or chestnut colour that has been gelded; this one would be fourteen hands of height, or 142 cm. (17.1578) **3 erigible** Erectable (*OED*). (17.1579) **4 Saint Leopold's** See note at **246:22**. (17.1580) **5 macadamised** Macadamize: a process of paving

roads according to the system of John Loudon McAdam (Scottish engineer, 1756–1836) (*OED*). (17.1593) **6 light curricle with kedge anchor** Curricle: a 'small boat made of wickerwork covered with some water-tight material (originally hides or skins), used by the ancient Britons, and still by fishermen on the rivers and lakes of Wales and Ireland' (*OED*, s.v. coracle). Kedge anchor: a 'small anchor with an iron stock used in mooring or warping' (*OED*). (17.1595) **7 estivation** 'The passing or spending of the summer' (*OED*). (17.1596) **8 vespertinal** Of the evening (*OED*, s.vv. vespertine; vespertinal). (17.1597) **9 stripper** 'A cow not in calf, but giving very little milk' (*OED*). (17.1604) **10 resident magistrate** *Thom's* lists sixty-seven resident magistrates for Ireland (p. 851). The resident magistrates were salaried officials who dispensed criminal justice in the first instance in Ireland outside Dublin. (17.1610) **11 justice of the peace** A magistrate appointed by the monarch 'to preserve the peace in a county, town, or other district, and discharge other local magisterial functions' (*OED*). (17.1610) **12 *Semper paratus*** Latin, 'always prepared'. (17.1611) **13 M. P., P. C., K. P., L. L. D. *honoris causa*** These abbreviations stand for the following titles: Member of Parliament, Privy Councillor, Knight of the Order of St Patrick and Doctor of Law. *Honoris causa*: Latin, by reason of honour; that is, an honorary degree. (17.1612)

505 **1 law merchant** 'The practice of merchants as established by judicial decisions and administered in the Courts of markets and fairs such as a Pie-Powder Court. From the time of Lord Mansfield (Lord Chief Justice, 1756–1788), Law Merchant became assimilated to the common law' (*Brewer's*). (17.1627) **2 traversers in covin** Covin: 'A privy agreement between two or more to the prejudice of another' (*OED*). To traverse: legal, 'To contradict formally' (*OED*). (17.1628) **3 venville rights** The privileges of the residents of certain parishes adjacent to Dartmoor, south-west Devonshire, which include use of the forest so that 'The tenants in venville are said to have the right to take anything off Dartmoor [...] except green oak and venison' (*OED*, s.v. venville). (17.1630) **4 orotund** Loud, clear, full speech (*OED*). (17.1631) **5 Percy Apjohn** See note at **497:1**. (17.1635) **6 Society for promoting Christianity among the jews** See note at **132:9**. (17.1638) **7 Daniel Magrane and Francis Wade** Unknown. (17.1641) **8 political theory of colonial (e. g. Canadian) expansion** By the late nineteenth century, the Canadian government, nominally under British imperial rule, enjoyed a degree of autonomy such that it was effectively independent. Because of this it was seen as a possible model for Home Rule in Ireland (Robert Kee, *The Green Flag*, p. 389). (17.1643) **9 evolutionary theories of Charles Darwin** [...] Charles Darwin (1809–82) published his most important books, *The Descent of Man* and *The Origin of Species*, in 1871 and 1859, respectively. (17.1644) **10 James Fintan Lalor** Irish republican and political journalist (1807–49). He argued for the precedence of land reform over all other political issues and promoted what he called 'moral insurrection' against the landholding classes (*DIB*). (17.1647) **11 John Fisher Murray** Irish journalist and nationalist (1811–65). In 1848 he contributed to the Young Ireland organ the *United Irishman* and called on Irishmen to take arms in pursuit of self-government (*DIB*). (17.1647) **12 John Mitchel** Leader of the Young Ireland group (1815–75). A journalist for the *Nation* and the founder of the *United Irishman* in 1848, Mitchel was sentenced to fourteen years' prison in Tasmania. He fled to America in 1853 and returned to Ireland in 1872. He was elected MP for Tipperary days before he died (*DIB*). (17.1648) **13 J. F. X. O'Brien** James Francis Xavier O'Brien (1828–1905): American Union army surgeon and Irish Fenian rebel. He left for Ireland after the conclusion of the Civil War. The British sentenced him to death for treason for his role in the Fenian rising in Cork (1867), but he was released in 1869. He became a Home Rule MP for South Mayo and later Cork City (1885–1905) (*DIB*). (17.1648) **14 agrarian policy of Michael Davitt** See note at **421:13**. (17.1648) **15 constitutional agitation of Charles Stewart Parnell** Parnell's efforts to secure Home Rule for Ireland followed constitutional principles as opposed to the more radical factions within the Irish nationalists. 'He insisted that the choice of parliamentary methods was dictated by practical considerations and the prospect of success' (*DIB*). (17.1649) **16 M. P. for Cork City** In 1875 Parnell first won his seat in Parliament, representing Meath. In 1880, he was elected for Mayo, Meath and Cork and chose to sit for Cork (*DIB*). (17.1650) **17 reform of William Ewart Gladstone (M. P. for Midlothian, N. B.)** See note at **61:14**. Gladstone was MP for Midlothian (Edinburghshire), NB (North Britain, a rarely used name for Scotland), in 1880–94, his last term in Parliament. The phrase 'Peace, retrenchment, and reform' was a slogan for the Liberal Party, of which Gladstone was a member. (17.1650) **18 on Northumberland road to see the entrance (2 February 1888) into the capital** The lavish entrance procession for the Marquess of Ripon's (see following note) arrival into Dublin was held on 1st February 1888 (2nd February is Joyce's birthday). 'Some one

hundred and twenty different bodies took part, not less than 20,000 were in line, with over 2,000 torches' (*Proceedings in Connection with the Visit to Dublin of the Marquess of Ripon*, p. 31). (17.1653) **19 marquess of Ripon** George Frederick Samuel Robinson (1827–1909): First Marquess of Ripon (north of Leeds). Robinson, who had converted to Catholicism in 1874, was popular in Ireland because of his support of Home Rule and other associated policies (*EB11*, s.v. Ripon). (17.1656) **20 John Morley** John Morley (1838–1923): Viscount Morley of Blackburn. Like the Marquess of Ripon, whom he accompanied in 1888, he was popular in Ireland because of his support for Home Rule. He is credited with influencing Gladstone's thinking about Home Rule (*EB11*). (17.1656) **21 Industrious Foreign Acclimatised Nationalised Friendly Stateaided Building Society** Not one of the four building societies in operation in Dublin at this time: the Irish Civil Service Permanent Building Society, the City and County Permanent Benefit Building Society, the O'Connell Benefit Building Society and the Second Victoria Mutual (Terminating) Building Society (*Thom's*, p. 1352). (17.1658) **22 headrent** 'Rent payable to the freeholder' (*OED*, s.v. head). (17.1666)

506 **1 A private wireless telegraph** [...] Bloom's scheme of having the results of an English race telegraphed to him privately before the Dublin bookies closed bets is feasible; see note at **171:9**. (17.1674) **2 7-shilling, mauve, imperforate, Hamburg, 1866** The closest stamp that meets this description is a seven-schilling from Hamburg in 1865 (Stanley Gibbons #37); its colour is listed as 'brown lilac to grey lilac'. It is perforate (seven-schilling stamps from earlier years are imperforate, but are orange). This stamp is neither particularly rare nor expensive. (17.1680) **3 4 pence, rose, blue paper perforate, Great Britain, 1855** An accurate description of this stamp (Stanley Gibbons #66a): rose printing on deeply blued paper. This is the rarest stamp listed here, but would hardly be considered especially valuable. (17.1681) **4 1 franc, stone, official, rouletted, diagonal surcharge, Luxembourg, 1878** An accurate description of this stamp (Scott's catalogue #O28): its colour is listed as 'bistre' (blackish-brown or stone). This is a one-franc stamp revalued to 37.5 centimes, with the diagonal overprint 'OFFICIEL', indicating that it was for government use only. A rouletted stamp is one perforated by a revolving toothed wheel. Again, not particularly valuable. (17.1682) **5 lagan** 'Goods or wreckage lying on the bed of the sea' (*OED*). (17.1686) **6 A Spanish prisoner's donation of a distant treasure** After the confidence trick 'The Spanish Prisoner', which dates back at least as far as the nineteenth century. In its basic form, the con man tells the victim (whether in person or by post) that he is acting as an agent for a wealthy man falsely imprisoned in Spain. If he can secure enough funds to secure his release, then the 'prisoner' will reward those who helped free him. The victim, lured by the prospect of 'a distant treasure' then gives money to the con man. (17.1687) **7 to 32 terms** Another confidence trick. A sum of money doubled a sufficient number of times becomes surprisingly large. In this case, the sum of a geometric progression of two beginning with 1/4d. and continuing for thirty-two terms is £4,473,924 5s 3 3/4 d. (17.1694) **8 to break the bank at Monte Carlo** See note at **216:41**. (17.1695) **9 quadrature of the circle, government premium £1,000,000** See note at **365:1**. (17.1696) **10 dunams of waste arenary soil** See note at **47:5** for dunam. Arenary: sandy (*OED*). (17.1699) **11 Agendath Netaim, Bleibtreustrasse, Berlin, W.15** See notes at **47:1** and **47:7**. (17.1700) **12 4,386,035 the total population of Ireland according to the census returns of 1901** The 1901 census counted the total population of Ireland at 4,458,775 people (*Thom's*, p. 686). (17.1707) **13 harbour commissioners** The commissioners of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, which consists of twenty-eight members, led by the Lord Mayor (*Thom's*, p. 1350). (17.1710) **14 at Dublin bar** A sandbank near Ringsend at the entrance to Dublin Harbour. A tidal area, it is at this point that pilot boats meet incoming ships. (17.1712) **15 Poulaphouca** See note at **386:4**. A dam was completed at Poulaphouca in 1939 (Bennett, s.v. water supply). (17.1713) **16 Powerscourt** former seat of Viscount Powerscourt: a noted manor on the Dargle at Enniskerry, near Dublin. The waterfall at Powerscourt (ninety metres) is the highest in Ireland. (17.1713) **17 catchment basins** 'The catchment-basin is a term applied to all that part of a river-basin from which rain is collected, and from which therefore the river is fed' (Thomas Huxley quoted in *OED*, s.v. catchment). (17.1713) **18 W. H. P.** Abbreviation for water horsepower, a unit for measuring power generated by running water. (17.1714) **19 A scheme to enclose the peninsular delta of the North Bull** [...] See note at **443:4**. At least one of Bloom's schemes has been pursued: today two golf courses take up most of North Bull. In 1904 in Dublin there were no locations for mixed bathing. (17.1714)

507 **1 fluvial fairway between Island bridge and Ringsend** Island Bridge

is at the western edge of Dublin, where there is a weir. See note at **33:5** for Ringsend. Fluvial fairway: a navigable channel in a river (*OED*, s.vv. fluvial; fairway). (17.1721) **2 repristination of passenger and goods traffics over Irish waterways** From 1850 onwards, Ireland's extensive network of canals lost passenger and goods traffic to the railroads (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 314). (17.1724) **3 A scheme tó connect by tramline the Cattle Market** [...] See note at **45:9**. (17.1726) **4 Great Southern and Western railway line** Great Southern and Western Railway Company: terminus, 95–97 North Wall Quay (*Thom's* p. 1561). (17.1729) **5 Midland Great Western railway** Midland Great Western railway: terminus, 43–45 North Wall Quay (*Thom's* p. 1560). (17.1730) **6 Great Central Railway** Great Central Railway (England): John Fairclough, chief agent in Ireland, 5–6 North Wall Quay (*Thom's* p. 1560). (17.1731) **7 Midland Railway of England** Midland Railway of England: Frank D. Anill, general agent, 9 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1560). (17.1732) **8 City of Dublin Steam Packet Company** City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.: 13a, 16 and 19 North Wall Quay and 15 and 16 Eden Quay (*Thom's*, pp. 1483, 1560). (17.1732) **9 Lancashire Yorkshire Railway Company** Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Co.: 13 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1560). (17.1733) **10 Dublin and Glasgow Steam Packet Company** Dublin and Glasgow Steam Packet Co.: 70–72 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1561). (17.1733) **11 Glasgow Dublin and Londonderry Steam Packet Company (Laird line)** Glasgow, Dublin and Londonderry Steam Packet Co., Ltd (Laird line): 73–75 and 87–89 North Wall Quay. (*Thom's*, p. 1561). Alex Laird was their shipping agent. (17.1734) **12 British and Irish Steam Packet Company** British and Irish Steam Packet Co.: 3 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1560). (17.1735) **13 Dublin and Morecambe Steamers** Dublin and Morecambe Steamers: 87–89 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1561). Alex Laird was their shipping agent. (17.1736) **14 London and North Western Railway Company** London and North-western Railway Co.: 48–57 North Wall Quay (*Thom's*, p. 1561). (17.1736) **15 Dublin Port and Docks Board Landing Sheds** The penultimate listing for North Wall Quay in *Thom's* is, 'Nine landing sheds, property of Dublin Port and Docks Board'; no street number is indicated (p. 1561). (17.1737) **16 transit sheds of Palgrave, Murphy and Company** The final listing for North Wall Quay in *Thom's* is, 'Messrs. Palgrave's transit shed' (p. 1561). The rest of this item derives from elsewhere in *Thom's*: 'Palgrave, Murphy, & Co. steam ship owners, agents for steamers from Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, &c. and for Liverpool Underwriters' association, 17 Eden quay' (p. 1982). (17.1738) **17 Dublin United Tramways Company, limited** See note at **88:11**. (17.1742) **18 protasis** [...] The protasis and apodosis are, respectively, the 'if' and 'then' clauses in a conditional proposition (*OED*). (17.1744) **19 Blum Pasha** See note at **325:14**. (17.1748) **20 Rothschild** See note at **352:16**. (17.1748) **21 Guggenheim** See note at **352:27**. (17.1749) **22 Hirsch** See note at **352:29**. (17.1749) **23 Montefiore** See note at **46:4**. (17.1749) **24 Morgan** The Morgans: a wealthy American family of bankers and philanthropists. (17.1749) **25 Rockefeller** John Davison Rockefeller (1839–1937): American industrialist and philanthropist; his Standard Oil Company enjoyed a near-monopoly on the oil business until the Supreme Court broke it up in 1911. (17.1749) **26 fortunes in 6 figures** An understatement: at its high point, John D. Rockefeller's wealth, for example, was almost two billion dollars (John K. Winkler, *John D. Rockefeller*, p. 160). (17.1750) **27 70 years of complete human life** See note at **478:5**. (17.1760)

508 **1 A Vere Foster's handwriting copybook** *Vere Foster's Copy-Books, Bold Writing or Civil Service Series*: school copybook materials produced by Vere Henry Lewis Foster (1819–1900), an Anglo-Irish philanthropist. (17.1775) **2 queen Alexandra of England** Alexandra (1844–1925) was Edward VII's wife, the daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. The couple married in 1863. (17.1779) **3 Maud Branscombe** See note at **267:11**. (17.1779) **4 parasitic plant** That is, mistletoe, since it grows around trees. (17.1781) **5 *Mizpah*** Hebrew, watchtower, guardpost. There are several places named Mizpah in the Old Testament; such as, 'And Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another' (Gen. 31:49). (17.1781) **6 Mr and Mrs M. Comerford** Mr M. Comerford: Neptune View, 11 Leslie Avenue, Dalkey (*Thom's*, p. 1836). (17.1782) **7 Messrs Hely's, Ltd., 89, 90 and 91 Dame street** See notes at **81:1** and **114:1**. (17.1785) **8 gilt 'J' pennibs** The J nib is a simple, robust nib with a rounded point; made by various manufacturers. These were very common in the nineteenth century and were used for everyday writing. (17.1786) **9 William Ewart Gladstone's Home Rule bill of 1886** Under pressure from Parnell, whose party held the balance of power in the House of Commons after the general election of 1885, Gladstone set forward a Home Rule bill on 8th June 1886. It failed by 343 votes to 313 because ninety-five members of his Liberal Party defected to the Conservatives. Gladstone resigned as Prime Minister on 26th June (Curtis,

History of Ireland, pp. 328–30). Gladstone became Prime Minister again in 1892 and, in September 1893, submitted a second Home Rule bill, which passed the Commons but was struck down in the House of Lords (p. 332). (17.1789) **10 S. Kevin's Charity Fair** St Kevin's Church (Protestant): 27–30 South Circular Road (*Thom's*, p. 1451); built in 1889. (17.1791) **11 reserved alphabetic boustrophedontic punctated quadrilinear cryptogram** For 'reserved' read 'reversed' (the error was introduced in the 1926 edition). The cipher is quadrilinear, that is, on four lines. 'Reversed alphabetic' means that each letter corresponds with its opposite letter at the other end of the alphabet (A becomes Z, B becomes Y, etc.). Boustrophedontic means that each line is written alternately from left to right and from right to left (*OED*, s.v. boustrophedon). Punctuated (misspelt 'punctated' in the text) means that full stops stand in for vowels. Decoded, the cipher reads: 'Martha / Clifford / Dolphins / Barn'. The last line is not boustrophedontic (Sebastian Knowles, *The Dublin Helix*, pp. 21–23). (17.1799) **12** *Modern Society* A London-based weekly magazine which existed between 1882 and 1917. (17.1802) **13 rubber preservatives** See note at **345:19**. (17.1804) **14 Box 32, P. O., Charing Cross, London, W. C.** A plausible address. (17.1805) **15 the Royal and Privileged Hungarian Lottery** See note at **114:30**. (17.1808) **16 buccal coition** Buccal: 'of or pertaining to the cheek' (*OED*); thus 'buccal coition': oral sex. (17.1809) **17 1d. adhesive stamp, lavender, of the reign of Queen Victoria** The penny lilac stamp issued during Victoria's reign from 1881 to 1901; the most issued Victorian stamp (two variants: Stanley Gibbons #170a and #174a). (17.1814)

509 1 use of Sandow-Whiteley's pulley exerciser Chapter 7 of Sandow's book *Strength and How to Obtain It* (see note at **47:22**), describes (and promotes) the Sandow-Whitely improved exerciser, a system of pulleys attached to a door (pp. 32–33). (17.1817) **2 chest 28 in. and 29 1/2 in., biceps 9 in., and 10 in.** These measurements are disproportionate with Bloom's height and weight (see notes at **470:2** and **470:3**). A man of Bloom's stature would be expected to have a chest of 40–42 inches (102–107 cm). Joyce derived these measurements from the testimonial section of Sandow's book, but the individual in question, Thomas A. Fox from Limehouse, is only five feet (1.52 metres) tall and weighs seven stone (44.5 kg). All of Bloom's measurements here come from Fox, although Fox's thighs are larger than Bloom's (Sandow, pp. 37–38; Kenner, *'Ulysses'*, pp. 164–65). (17.1817) **3 Wonderworker, Coventry House, South Place, London E. C.** The Wonderworker's existence outside of *Ulysses* is not known. The address is actual. (17.1820) **4 thaumaturgic** 'Wonderworking' (*OED*). (17.1825) **5 absentminded beggar** See note at **137:25**. (17.1836) **6 South African campaign** That is, the Boer War; see note at **119:32**. (17.1839) **7 Mrs Josephine Breen, born Josie Powell** See note at **115:4**. (17.1846) **8 Miss Callan** See note at **269:16**. (17.1847) **9 endowment assurance** 'A form of life insurance providing for the payment of an endowment or fixed sum to the insured person at a specified date, or (usually) to his representatives on his death, should that take place before the specified date of payment' (*OED*, s.v. endowment). (17.1855) **10 Scottish Widows' Assurance Society** See note at **274:16**. (17.1856) **11 coming into force at 25 years as with profit policy of £430** That is, at the age of sixty (or if he died before then) Bloom (or Milly) will be eligible to receive in instalments a profit policy based on £430. When he is sixty-five (or if he dies between the ages of sixty and sixty-five) that amount rises to £462 10s. If he dies after he is sixty-five that amount rises to £500. Alternately, twenty-five years after signing the assurance policy, he is eligible to receive a lump-sum payment and £133 10s and the profit policy of £299 10s. (17.1857)

510 1 Ulster Bank, College Green branch See note at **302:8**. (17.1861) **2 a/c** Account. (17.1862) **3 £18-14-6** A not-insignificant sum; the annual rental value of 7 Eccles in 1904 was £28 (*Thom's*, p. 1482). (17.1863) **4 personalty** 'Personal belongings' (*OED*). (17.1863) **5 £900 Canadian 4% (inscribed) government stock (free of stamp duty)** '*£12,000,000 Dominion of Canada 4 Per Cent. Bonds and Stock.* Due from June, 1904 to 1908. Interest payable May and November, at Bank of Montreal. Bonds are convertible into inscribed stock on payment of 1/8% of fee. Now outstanding, stock, £7,900,000; bonds £4,099,700' (*Moody's Manual of Corporate Securities*, 1904, p. 315). This represents a considerable additional income for the Blooms. (17.1864) **6 Catholic Cemeteries' (Glasnevin) Committee** Dublin Catholic Cemeteries Committee: 4 Rutland (now Parnell) Square East (*Thom's*, p. 1581). It was founded by the Catholic Association in 1828 and was responsible for taking care of Glasnevin Cemetery (see note at **76:20**). (17.1865) **7 52 Clanbrassil street** 52 Upper Clanbrassil Street now bears a plaque commemorating it as Bloom's birthplace; however it is more likely that he would have been born at 52 Lower Clanbrassil Street as that is in the Jewish district (Bennett, s.v. Clanbrassil Street

Upper; Ó Gráda, *Jewish Ireland in the Age of Joyce*, pp. 107–8). (17.1869) **8 Szombathely** See note at **352:47**. (17.1870) **9 daguerreotype** See note at **114:23**. (17.1875) **10 (respectively) 1st and 2nd cousin, Stefan Virag** If, as stated, Rudolph Virag and Stefan Virag, who runs the daguerreotype atelier, are first cousins, then Leopold Virag (Rudolph's father) is Stefan's uncle, not his second cousin. If, on the other hand, Leopold Virag and Stefan Virag are the first cousins, then Rudolph Virag and Stefan technically would be first cousins once removed, although the term 'second cousin' is often used in such instances. (17.1876) **11 Szesfehervar** The proper spelling of the name of this Hungarian town is Székesfehérvár; it lies about 66 km south-west of Budapest. (17.1877) **12 hagadah book** See note at **92:11**. (17.1878) **13 passage of thanksgiving in the ritual prayers for Pessach (Passover)** This prayer concludes: 'For everything, Lord our God, we thank thee and bless thee – be thy name forever blessed by all – as it is written: "When you have eaten and are satisfied, you shall bless the Lord your God for the good land he has given you". Blessed art thou, O Lord, for the land and the sustenance' (Philip Birnbaum, tr., *The Passover Haggadah*). (17.1879) **14 Queen's hotel, Ennis** See note at **77:8**. (17.1880) **15 Athos** See note at **69:9**. (17.1885) **16** ***das Herz... Gott... dein...*** German, 'the heart... God... your...' (17.1885) **17 aconite** See note at **482:2**. (17.1890) **18 grains and scruples** Pharmaceutical measurements. One grain equals 64.8 mg (there are 7,000 grains to the pound). One scruple equals twenty grains (both *OED*). (17.1890) **19 The prohibition of the use of fleshmeat and milk at one meal** Milk and meat are, according to Jewish kosher laws, never supposed to be eaten together. This law is based on Exodus 23:19: 'Thou shalt not seethe [stew] a kid in his mother's milk'. See note at **48:3**. (17.1897) **20 hebdomadary** Weekly (*OED*). Drinking (kosher) wine is a standard practice on the Jewish Sabbath. (17.1898) **21 perfervidly** That is, very fervidly. The prefix per- sometimes, as here, means extremely, very (*OED*, s.v. per-). (17.1898) **22 circumcision of male infants** Circumcision is called for as part of God's covenant with the Jews (Gen. 17:9–12). (17.1899) **23 supernatural character of Judaic scripture** For a devout Jew, the Torah 'was revealed directly by God to Moses in the wilderness during the Exodus and was written down by him [...] the other two sections [of the Bible] were written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit' (Unterman, *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*, s.v. Bible). (17.1900) **24 ineffability of the tetragrammaron** Tetragrammaton (misspelt in the text): 'the word of four letters', specifically the Hebrew name for God, YHWH (*OED*). 'Of all the various names of God, the tetragrammaton alone is thought of as a true name, the others being descriptions. So sacred is the name that even a-do-nai ["my Lord"] is only used in prayer, otherwise it is referred to as ha-shem ("the name") because of the prohibition of taking God's name in vain. Today, the correct pronunciation of the tetragrammaton has been forgotten' (Unterman, *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*). (17.1900) **25 sanctity of the sabbath** One of the Ten Commandments is an injunction against work on the Sabbath (Exod. 20:9–10, also Deut. 5:12–15). In Jewish law this commandment has been strictly interpreted and for Orthodox Jews even the most basic quotidian tasks are prohibited on the Sabbath (Unterman, *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*). (17.1901)

511 1 Maria Theresa, empress of Austria, queen of Hungary Maria Theresa (1717–80): Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary (1740–80), and wife of Holy Roman Emperor Francis I. (17.1909) **2 gooseberry fool** 'A dish composed of fruit stewed, crushed, and mixed with milk, cream, or custard' (*OED*, s.v. fool). (17.1924) **3 negative irrational unreal quantity** Negative number: any number less than zero. Irrational number: a number that cannot be expressed as a fraction where both terms are integers. Unreal number: more commonly known as an imaginary number, a number whose square is a negative number. (17.1935) **4 descending helotic order** That is, 'descending order of poverty and servitude'. Helot: 'One of a class of serfs in ancient Sparta, intermediate in status between the ordinary slaves and the free Spartan citizens' (*OED*). (17.1936) **5 dun** See note at **31:26**. (17.1937) **6 poor rate** See note at **449:5**. (17.1938) **7 cess** Derived from 'assess', an assessment, tax or levy (*OED*). (17.1938) **8 Old Man's House (Royal Hospital), Kilmainham** The Royal Hospital for Ancient and Maimed Officers and Soldiers, Inchicore Road, Kilmainham, west Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1716). (17.1944) **9 Simpson's Hospital** Great Britain (now Parnell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1434). 'Founded by the late George Simpson, esq., of this City, for the reception of reduced but respectable men of good character who are permanently disabled either through effects of gout or want of sight' (p. 1382). (17.1945) **10 disfranchised ratesupported** At the time, the United Kingdom disfranchised people who received parish relief under the Poor Law (*EB11*, s.v. Vote). (17.1947)

512 **1 latration** Barking (*OED*). (17.1951) **2 cliffs of Moher** The ocean cliffs of Moher extend for about 8 km near Liscannor, County Clare, on the west coast of Ireland. They reach a height of 204 metres. (17.1974) **3 windy wilds of Connemara** See note at **288:22**. (17.1974) **4 lough Neagh with submerged petrified city** See note at **241:21**. An ancient legend has it that Lough Neagh was once a small fairy fountain that suddenly grew, submerging settlements (P.W. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, p. 176). (17.1974) **5 Giant's Causeway** See note at **249:11**. (17.1975) **6 Fort Camden and Fort Carlisle** See note at **439:4**. (17.1975) **7 Golden Vale of Tipperary** At the heart of County Tipperary, the Golden Vale runs from Cashel to the city of Limerick and is the richest farming region in Ireland. (17.1976) **8 islands of Aran** The three Aran Islands lie off Galway Bay, County Galway. Fishing is the main activity. (17.1976) **9 pastures of royal Meath** In the first century, Túathal carved out a fifth province, royal Meath, 'the province of the Ard-Righ or High King of all Ireland' (MacManus, *Story of the Irish Race*, p. 37). It lies between the modern Counties Meath, Westmeath and Longford. (17.1976) **10 Brigid's elm in Kildare** See note at **237:28**. (17.1977) **11 Queen's Island shipyard in Belfast** Queen's Island: a man-made island on the bank of Belfast's harbour that houses major shipbuilding yards. (17.1977) **12 Salmon Leap** See note at **241:37**. (17.1978) **13 lakes of Killarney** See note at **241:13**. (17.1978) **14 Pulbrook, Robertson and Co, 2 Mincing lane, London, E.C., 5 Dame street, Dublin** *Thom's* directory of nobility, merchants and traders incorrectly lists Pulbrook, Robertson & Co. at 5 Dame Street (p. 1991). Elsewhere, the accurate information is given: 5 Leinster Chambers, an office building at 43 Dame Street. Their agent was R.J. Thornton (p. 1469; *JJD*, p. 124). (17.1981) **15 mosque of Omar** Otherwise known as the Dome of the Rock; built in Jerusalem in 688 on the site of Solomon's Temple and named for the caliph Omar, who took Jerusalem in 637 (*EB11*, s.v. Jerusalem). (17.1982) **16 gate of Damascus** The Damascus Gate affords access to the northern side of the old city of Jerusalem (*EB11*, s.v. Jerusalem). (17.1982) **17 Parthenon** A temple to Athena that stands on top of the Acropolis (*EB11*). (17.1984) **18 Wall street money market (which controlled international finance)** In 1904, London was the pre-eminent financial centre in the world, but after the First World War, Wall Street 'had become the sun around which the world's other financial markets, including London, now revolved' (John Steele Gordon, *The Great Game*, p. 209). (17.1985) **19 Plaza de Toros at La Linea, Spain (where O'Hara of the Camerons** [...] La Línea de la Concepción is a small Spanish town at the border with Gibraltar. In the 1870s, a British soldier in the Gibraltar garrison, John O'Hara, became a proficient and popular bullfighter, billing himself as Don Juan O'Hara. O'Hara was not in the Cameron Highlanders, but the Royal Welsh Fusiliers (Philip B. Sullivan, 'Los Toros in *Ulysses*', pp. 3–4). (17.1986) **20 Niagara (over which no human being had passed with impunity)** On 24th October 1901 Anna Edson Taylor, a schoolteacher from Michigan, became the first person to successfully ride over Niagara Falls in a barrel (Archer Butler Hulbert, *The Niagara River*, pp. 141–43). (17.1987) **21 Eskimos (eaters of soap)** Soap is made from a processed form of fat, and Eskimos 'sometimes, but not habitually [eat] blubber' (*EB11*, s.v. Eskimo). (17.1988) **22 forbidden country of Thibet (from which no traveller returns)** 'Thibet' is an acceptable transliteration (*OED*). From the eighteenth century to August 1904, the Chinese sealed off Tibet to make it a buffer against European aggression. While there were various attempts to enter Tibet during its isolation, these were very risky (*EB11*). This sentence also alludes to Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy: 'The undiscover'd country from whose bourn / No traveller returns' (Act III, Sc. 1, 79–80). (17.1989) **23 bay of Naples (to see which was to die)** After the old Italian saying, which translates, 'See Naples and (then) die' (*Brewer's*). (17.1990) **24 the Dead Sea** See note at **47:15**. (17.1990)

513 **1 septentrional** Northern (*OED*), from the classical Latin name for the constellation Ursa Major (the Great Bear): *Septentriones* (literally, seven plough-oxen). Navigating by the north star is standard nautical practice. (17.1992) **2 polestar, located at the point of intersection** [...] The north star (or Polaris or pole star) can be found by extending a straight (or right) line from the stars Beta Ursae Majoris to Alpha Ursae Majoris (the two outermost stars in the cup of the Big Dipper). At about five times the length of the distance between alpha and beta lies Polaris at the end (or omega) of this line. Polaris also forms one corner of an approximate right-angled triangle, whose other points are the stars alpha and delta of Ursa Major. (17.1992) **3 meridional** Southern (*OED*). (17.1996) **4 carnose** Fleshy (*OED*). (17.1998) **5 pillar of the cloud by day** See note at **106:6**. (17.1999) **6 Everyman** See note at **279:11**. (17.2008) **7 Noman** The name (in Greek, *outis*) Odysseus gives to disguise himself from the Cyclops Polyphemus (IX, 366–67). (17.2008)

8 Honour and gifts of strangers, the friends of Everyman In the morality play *Everyman* (see note at **279:11**), Everyman's friends are named Fellowship, Kindred, Cousin, Goods and Good Deeds. (17.2010) **9 A nymph immortal, beauty, the bride of Noman** The nymph Calypso offers to make Odysseus her husband as well as give him immortality; however Odysseus turns her down (v, 206–10). (17.2010) **10 summons of recall** In the *Odyssey*, Zeus sends Hermes to Calypso's island to tell him that he may return home to Ithaca (v, 29–42). (17.2017) **11 constellation of the Northern Crown** See note at **494:6**. (17.2018) **12 reborn above delta in the constellation of Cassiopeia** See note at **154:13**. (17.2019) **13 estranged avenger, a wreaker of justice on malefactors, a dark crusader** Odysseus could be considered 'a wreaker of justice on malefactors' when he returns home in Book XXII of the *Odyssey* since he kills the parasitic suitors who had invaded his home. The term 'dark crusader' suggests Edmond Dantès, the hero of Alexandre Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1844), who wreaks vengeance on those who had imprisoned him. In *Portrait*, Stephen thinks of Dantès as 'that dark avenger' (p. 62). (17.2021) **14 sleeper awakened** Suggests Rip van Winkle; see note at **272:13**. (17.2022) **15 Rothschild** See note at **352:16**. (17.2023) **16 the silver king** Possibly Horace Tabor (American prospector and politician, 1830–99), known as the 'silver king' because of the wealth he generated during the Colorado silver book of the 1870s. Also the title of a popular melodrama from 1882 by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Newman (1851–1929). (17.2023) **17 statue of Narcissus, sound without echo** In Roman myth, Echo is a nymph who fell in love with Narcissus (see note at **500:15**), but since her love was not returned she withered until only her voice remained (*Brewer's*). (17.2034)

514 1 breakfast (burnt offering) The burnt offering was in the highest class of sacrifice in ancient Jewish rite. Instead of being eaten, the offering was utterly consumed by fire (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*, s.v. Sacrifice). (17.2044) **2 holy of holies** The inner sanctum of the Temple at Jerusalem is called the holy of holies. It kept the ark of the covenant and even *shetiyah*, the foundation stone at the supposed centre of the earth upon which the world was created (*Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend*). (17.2045) **3 the bath (rite of John)** That is, John's baptizing of Jesus in the river Jordan (Matt. 3); this was not properly a Jewish ritual. (17.2045) **4 funeral (rite of Samuel)** 'Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him, and buried him in Ramah, even in his own city. And Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land' (1 Sam. 28:3). (17.2046) **5 advertisement of Alexander Keyes (Urim and Thummin)** For 'Thummin' read 'Thummim' (the mistake was made in the 1926 edition). *Urim*: Hebrew, light. *Thummim*: Hebrew, perfection. The Urim and Thummim are associated with the breastplate of an ancient Jewish high priest and are associated with divination (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). For Keyes, see note at **88:17**. (17.2046) **6 the unsubstantial lunch (rite of Melchizedek)** Melchizedek: a king and priest at the time of Abraham: 'And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth' (Gen. 14:18–19). (17.2047) **7 museum and national library (holy place)** The holy places in Judaism are the Wailing Wall (see note at **384:8**), Abraham's tomb at Hebron, the site of Jacob's dream at Bethel and others that commemorate biblical events. (17.2048) **8 Bedford row, Merchants' Arch, Wellington Quay** See notes at **177:15**, **167:5** and **171:20**. (17.2048) **9 Simchath Torah** Hebrew, 'rejoicing of the Torah'; the ceremony that concludes the Torah reading at the end of Sukkoth (the Feast of the Booths or the Feast of Tabernacles), a week-long religious holiday (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (17.2049) **10 Shira Shirim** Shir Ha-shirim: Hebrew, 'Song of Songs'; that is, the biblical Song of Solomon. (17.2050) **11 holocaust** 'A sacrifice wholly consumed by fire; a whole burnt offering' (*OED*). (17.2051) **12 a blank period of time** The action between 'Cyclops' and 'Nausicaa', which is unrepresented in *Ulysses*. Bloom and Cunningham take a carriage to visit Paddy Dignam's widow to console her and give her the money they have raised. 'House of mourning' comes from Ecclesiastes 7:2. (17.2051) **13 wilderness** The word 'wilderness' is frequently used in the Bible to describe the wanderings of the Jewish people; for example, 'But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red sea: and the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt' (Exod. 13:18). (17.2053) **14 rite of Onan** 'And Judah said unto Onan, Go in unto thy brother's wife, and marry her, and raise up seed to thy brother. And Onan knew that the seed should not be his; and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him also' (Gen. 38:8–10). (17.2053) **15 heave offering** 'In the Levitical law: An offering which

was "heaved" or elevated by the priest when offered; also used of other offerings, e.g. those for the construction of the tabernacle' (*OED*); see Lev. 10:14 and Deut. 12:6. (17.2054) **16 Mrs Bella Cohen, 82 Tyrone street, lower** Bella Cohen's correct address; see note at **339:2**. (17.2055) **17 Armageddon** The site of ultimate battle between good and evil during Christ's second coming (Rev. 16:16); 'Armageddon' is Greek for Har Megiddo (Mount Megiddo), the site of various battles in the Old Testament (*Standard Jewish Encyclopedia*). (17.2056) **18 cabman's shelter, Butt bridge** See notes at **431:3** and **101:15**. (17.2057) **19 atonement** That is, Yom Kippur, or the Jewish Day of Atonement; see note at **111:25**. (17.2058) **20 Where was Moses when the candle went out?** From the song 'Where Was Moses When the Light Went Out?' The question is an old riddle, one answer being, 'Down in the cellar eating sauerkraut' (Sigmund Spaeth, *Weep Some More*, p. 206). (17.2070) **21 certain quantity of tea from Thomas Kernan** See note at **55:17**. (17.2075) **22 Pulbrook, Robertson and C°** See note at **512:14**. (17.2075) **23 performance of *Leah*** See notes at **59:4**, **59:5** and **70:23**. (17.2079)

515 **1 Rehoboth, Dolphin's Barn** Before marrying Bloom, Molly lived with her father at Rehoboth Terrace, where the South Circular Road intersects Dolphin's Barn Lane. In 1904, the street only had two houses (*Thom's*, p. 1577). In Hebrew, *Rehoboth* means 'broad places' and is the name of several locations in the Old Testament. (17.2083) **2 terminus of the Great Northern Railway, Amiens street** See note at **431:17**. (17.2085) **3 parallel lines meeting at infinity, if produced** In Euclidean geometry, parallel lines never meet, no matter how far they may be extended. But in non-Euclidean geometry (such as the one developed by Bernhard Riemann), parallel lines intersect at infinity (*EB11*, s.v. geometry). (17.2087) **4 opoponax, jessamine** See note at **270:11**. (17.2094) **5 Muratti's Turkish cigarettes** Muratti cigarettes: established in Turkey in 1821, relocated to Germany in 1885 and London in 1887. (17.2094) **6 Orangekeyed** See note at **49:7**. (17.2103) **7 Henry Price** Conflates two Prices. Henry Price: 'hardware, chandlery and fancy goods', 27 South Great George's Street and 16 Fade Street. The shop and address belong to George Price, 'basket, fancy goods and ironmongery merchant', 21–23 Moore Street (*Thom's*, p. 1990). Five other George Prices intervene between the listing of this George Price and Henry Price in *Thom's* directory. (17.2104) **8 brass quoits** See note at **44:7**. (17.2117)

516 **1 Mulvey** See note at **268:3**. (17.2133) **2 Penrose** See notes at **114:26**, **132:15** and **532:7**. (17.2133) **3 Bartell d'Arcy** See note at **114:28**. (17.2133) **4 professor Goodwin** See note at **49:1**. (17.2134) **5 Julius Mastiansky** See note at **47:10**. (17.2134) **6 John Henry Menton** See note at **78:8**. (17.2134) **7 Father Bernard Corrigan** Paddy Dignam's brother-in-law is named Bernard Corrigan (see note at **455:21**), but he does not appear to be a priest. In 'Penelope' Molly recalls a Father Corrigan (see note at **523:2**). (17.2134) **8 farmer at the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show** See note at **92:4**. (17.2135) **9 Maggot O'Reilly** See note at **322:1**. (17.2136) **10 Matthew Dillon** See note at **80:4**. (17.2136) **11 Valentine Blake Dillon (Lord Mayor of Dublin)** See note at **114:16**. (17.2136) **12 Christopher Callinan** See note at **102:22**. (17.2137) **13 Lenehan** See note at **94:3**. (17.2137) **14 Benjamin Dollard** See note at **113:14**. (17.2138) **15 Simon Dedalus** See note at **546:5**. (17.2138) **16 Andrew (Pisser) Burke** See note at **222:20**. (17.2139) **17 Joseph Cuffe** See note at **74:21**. (17.2139) **18 Wisdom Hely** See note at **81:1**. (17.2139) **19 Alderman John Hooper** See note at **85:12**. (17.2139) **20 Dr Francis Brady** See note at **532:8**. (17.2140) **21 Father Sebastian of Mount Argus** Father Sebastian Keens at St Paul's College of the Passionist Fathers, Mount Argus, Harold's Cross (*Thom's 1878*, p. 1522); he was 'a famous preacher much admired in the better social circles of Dublin' (Costello, *James Joyce*, p. 60). (17.2140) **22 George Mesias, merchant tailor and outfitter, 5 Eden Quay** See note at **83:10**. (17.2171)

517 **1 natured nature** Translation of the Medieval Latin *natura naturata*, 'Nature as a created entity or system; the natural phenomena and forces in which creation is manifested', as opposed to *natura naturans* (naturing nature), 'Nature as a creative force or process; the essential or divine creative power' (both *OED*). (17.2179) **2 emulation** 'Ambitious rivalry for power or honours; contention or ill-will between rivals' (*OED*). (17.2206) **3 presupposed intangibility of the thing in itself** After Immanuel Kant's (German philosopher, 1724–1804) concept of the 'thing in itself' (*'Ding an Sich'*): an object understood absolutely apart from any sense perception or cognition of it and thus something that is unknowable. 'The sensuous world contains nothing but phenomena, which are mere representations, and always sensuously conditioned; things in themselves are not, and cannot be, objects to us' (Kant, *Critique of Pure Reason*, p. 332). (17.2212) **4 aorist preterite proposition** Aorist: one of the past tenses in Ancient Greek,

'with none of the limitations as to completion, continuance, etc., which belong to the other past tenses' (*OED*). Preterite: 'expressing past action or a past state' (*OED*). (17.2218)

518 **1 nescient** Ignorant (*OED*). (17.2225) **2 land of the midnight sun** A nickname for Norway, where, during the summer months, the sun shines at midnight. This phenomenon occurs in other countries of high latitude but this name has only been applied to Norway (*Brewer's*). (17.2230) **3 islands of the blessed** The Islands of the Blessed (or Fortunate Islands): an ancient name of the Canary Islands and also used as a name for any imaginary, far-off lands (*Brewer's*, s.v. Fortunate Islands). (17.2231) **4 isles of Greece** From Byron's *Don Juan* (1821), a sixteen-stanza lyric between stanzas 86 and 87: 'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece! / Where burning Sappho loved and sung'. (17.2231) **5 land of promise** The land of Canaan was promised to Abraham and his descendants in Genesis 12:5–7 and, in Exodus 3:8, the promise is repeated to Moses. (17.2231) **6 milk and honey** In the Bible, the promised land is the land of milk and honey: 'And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey' (Exod. 3:8). (17.2233) **7 osculation** 'The action of kissing; a kiss' (*OED*). (17.2243) **8 velation** The act of covering with a veil or the condition of being veiled (*OED*). (17.2245) **9 performance by Mrs Bandman Palmer of *Leah* at the Gaiety Theatre** See notes at 59:4, 59:5 and 70:23. (17.2256) **10 Wynn's (Murphy's) Hotel 35, 36, and 37 Lower Abbey street** 'Commercial and Family Hotel (late Wynn's), Mr. D.J. Murphy, proprietor': 35, 36 and 37 Lower Abbey Street (*Thom's*, p. 1408). (17.2258) **11 peccaminous** Sinful (*OED*). (17.2259) **12 *Sweets of Sin*** See note at 173:4. (17.2260) **13 postcenal** 'After dinner' (*OED*, s.v. post-). (17.2262)

519 **1** (8 **September 1870**) 8th September, Molly's birthday, is celebrated as the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary; that is, Mary's birthday (supposedly). (17.2275) **2 a period of 10 years, 5 months and 18 days** Mathematical error. From 27th November 1893 (the date of the Blooms' last 'complete carnal intercourse') to 16th June 1904 is ten years, six months and twenty days. The figure Joyce provides – ten years, five months and eighteen days – is the time between Rudy's birth (29th December 1893) and 16th June 1904. Odysseus spent ten years wandering after the end of the Trojan War before he returned home, and Dante endured ten years of torment between Beatrice's death and the experience of grace recounted in the *Divine Comedy*. (17.2282) **3 indicated by catamenic hemorrhage** That is, her first menstruation. Catamenia: 'menstrual discharge' (*OED*). (17.2287) **4 53rd parallel of latitude, N. and 6th meridian of longitude, W.** Dublin's coordinates are 53°20'38" North and 6°17'30" West (*Thom's*, p. 1335). (17.2303) **5 both carried westward** Since the earth rotates from west to east, one would expect the Blooms to be carried eastward. (17.2308)

520 **1 attitude of Gea-Tellus** That is, Mother Earth. Gea (more usually, Gaia or Ge): 'personification of the Earth and original mother of all beings' (*OED*, s.v. Gaia). Tellus: Gaia's Roman equivalent (*OED*). (17.2313) **2 Narrator** Suggests the end of the *Odyssey*, when Odysseus and Penelope tell each other of what they endured during Odysseus's absence: 'shining Odysseus told of all the cares he inflicted / on other men, and told too of all that in his misery / he had toiled through' (XXIII, 306–8). Odysseus is not completely forthright and omits some details, such as his dalliance with Nausicaa. (17.2314) **3 Percy Apjohn** See note at 497:1. (17.2317) **4 Sinbad the Sailor and Tinbad the Tailor** The pantomime *Sindbad the Sailor* (see note at 477:4) featured, in addition to the eponymous Sindbad, the characters Tindbad (the Tailor) and Whinbad (the Whaler) (*SS*, p. 80). The other names in this list are not from the pantomime. (17.2322) **5 there was a square round Sinbad the Sailor roc's auk's egg** Roc: 'A gigantic mythical bird of prey, legendary in the Middle East' (*OED*). In the *Arabian Nights*, Sinbad finds a huge roc's egg and escapes from an island to the 'valley of diamonds' by tying himself to the roc's leg. This became a standard set piece in Sinbad pantomimes (see note at 477:4). Auk: a clumsy bird of the puffin family; extinct since 1844. (17.2328)

'PENELOPE'

Time: 3–4 a.m.
Location: 7 Eccles Street and elsewhere

521 **1 he never did a thing like that before** 'A Thing He Had Never Done Before': a song by C.W. Murphy (1875–1913). (18.1) **2 *City Arms* hotel** See note at 125:13. (18.2) **3 faggot** 'A term of abuse or contempt applied to a woman' (*OED*). (18.4) **4 Mrs Riordan** See note at 74:18. (18.4) **5 had a great leg of**

Hiberno-English, had a great influence on (Dent). (18.5) **6 masses for herself and her soul** That is, Mrs Riordan left her money to the Church so that Masses would be held in her memory to shorten her stay in purgatory; see note at **84:3**. (18.5) **7 dring** Scottish-English, to push or drive forward (*EDD*). (18.19) **8 choir party at the sugarloaf Mountain** See note at **114:21**. (18.25) **9 the hotel story he made up a pack of lies** That is, the story Bloom told about having dinner at Wynn's Hotel (see note at **518:10**). (18.37) **10 Pooles Myriorama** Myriorama: 'A picture consisting of a number of separate sections which are capable of being combined in numerous ways to form different scenes' (*OED*). Charles W. Poole's travelling Myriorama appeared frequently at the Rotunda in Dublin in the 1890s (*SS*, p. 74). (18.40)

522 1 stupoes Stupe: a fool (*OED*). (18.43) **2 that slut that Mary we had in Ontario terrace** Mary Driscoll; see note at **329:1**. (18.55) **3 oysters 2/6 per doz** An inflated price. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, oysters would sell for around sixpence a dozen (*Report on the Coast and Deep Sea Fisheries of Ireland*, p. 35 n). (18.63) **4 the Tolka** See note at **122:20**. (18.78) **5 the young May Moon shes beaming love** See note at **122:21**. (18.80) **6 going to the Gaiety** See note at **70:23**. (18.82) **7 the jews Temples gardens** In 1904 the main synagogue in Dublin was on Adelaide Road (*Thom's*, p. 1411); however Molly might be referring to the Jewish Library at 57 Lombard Street West (p. 1535). (18.91)

523 1 the German Emperor is it Either Kaiser Wilhelm I (1797–1888, r.1861–88) or his son Kaiser Wilhelm II (1859–1941, r.1888–1918); the Blooms were courting in 1888, the year Wilhelm II succeeded his father. (18.95) **2 Father Corrigan** No Father Corrigan is listed in *Thom's* index of Catholic clergy in Ireland (p. 1011). See note at **516:7**. (18.107) **3 horsecollar** A long, wide collar (Partridge). (18.115) **4 give something to H H the pope for a penance** HH: His Holiness (that is, the Pope). Molly is mistaken, according to Dunlevy's *Catechism*, 'it is much more grievous and more abominable' 'to sin with a person in holy orders' (p. 103). (18.121) **5 stagedoor johnnies** Stage-door Johnny: 'a (young) gentleman who frequents stage-doors for the company of actresses' (*OED* s.v. stage). (18.128) **6 port and potted meat** See note at **58:1**. (18.132) **7 candle I lit that evening in Whitefriars street chapel for the month of May** Convent and Church of the Calced Carmelites: 56–62 Aungier Street, at the corner with Whitefriar Street (*Thom's*, pp. 1419, 1621). See note at **245:37** for 'calced'. (18.139)

524 1 you couldnt hear your ears 'An odd expression: "You are making such noise that *I can't hear my ears*"' (PWJ, p. 201). (18.164) **2 Josie Powell** See note at **115:4**. (18.169) **3 spooning** See note at **19:1**. (18.171) **4 Georgina Simpsons** See note a **318:14**. (18.172) **5 about Our Lord being a carpenter** Jesus began life as a carpenter, following Joseph (Matt. 13:55, Mark 6:3). (18.175) **6 first socialist he said He was** Some Christian socialists in the late nineteenth century quoted Matthew 19:21 to prove that Christ was a 'socialist preacher': 'Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me' (Samuel Smith, *Fallacies of Socialism Exposed*, p. 20). (18.178) **7 that family physician** Possibly Molly is referring to 'The Family Physician' an addendum to most eighteenth and nineteenth-century editions of *Aristotle's Masterpiece* (see note at **172:11**). If not, then there were numerous books entitled *The Family Physician*. (18.181) **8 Floey** See note at **87:5**. (18.185)

525 1 plabbery From the Irish '*plabaire*', 'a fleshy-faced person with thick, indistinct speech' (Dent). (18.195) **2 glauming** Glaum: Hiberno-English, 'to snatch greedily' (Dolan, s.vv. glaum; glam). (18.204) **3 trying to look like lord Byron** 'If Byron was what respectable women wanted, the cultivated heterosexual Englishman could take his cue accordingly.[...] As John Edmond Reade [...] claimed in 1829, "open-shirt collars, and melancholy features; and a certain *dash* of remorse, were... indispensible to young men"' (Andrew Elfenbein, *Byron and the Victorians*, p. 67). (18.209) **4 grigged** See note at **82:8**. (18.214) **5 when the maggot takes him** After the expression, 'When the maggot bites': 'when the fancy takes us' (*Brewer's*). (18.223) **6 going about in his slippers to look for £10000 for a postcard up up** See note at **116:6**. (18.228) **7 O Sweetheart May** After the song 'Sweetheart May' (1895) by Leslie Stuart. (18.229) **8 Mrs Maybrick that poisoned her husband** In August 1889, Mrs Florence Elizabeth Chandler Maybrick (1862–1941), of Liverpool, was found guilty of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick (1839–89), with arsenic that she had scraped off flypaper. She was sentenced to be hanged, but her sentence was commuted when it was revealed that her husband had been taking medications that contained arsenic. She was released on 25th January 1904 (*Irish Times*, 1st

February. 1904, p. 5, col. b). (18.234) **9 hed say its from the Greek** The word 'arsenic' derives from the Greek *'arsenikon'*; however the Greeks used that word to refer to yellow arsenic or arsenic trisulfide (As_2S_3). White arsenic is Arsenic trioxide (As_2O_3) (*OED*). (18.241)

526 **1 the D B C** The Dublin Bread Company; see note at **120:20**. (18.247) **2 the Irish Times** See note at **117:12**. (18.255) **3 stone for my month a nice aquamarine** Molly's birthday is 8th September and the birthstone for September is chrysolite or sardonyx. Aquamarine, a type of beryl, is the birthstone for October (George Kunz, *Curious Lore of Precious Stones*, p. 316). (18.261) **4 night after Goodwins botchup of a concert** See note at **114:31**. (18.263) **5 Katty Lanner** See note at **405:5**. (18.269) **6 because the stoppress edition just passed** That is, a newsboy hawking the 'stop press' edition drowned out Bloom's voice. See notes at **273:25** and **88:18**. (18.270) **7 Lucan dairy** The Lucan Dairy Company had fifteen locations in Dublin and three in the suburbs (*Thom's*, p. 1934). (18.271) **8 Bartell dArcy** See note at **114:28**. (18.273) **9 choir stairs** See note at **61:21**. (18.274) **10 Gounods** *Ave Maria* Charles François Gounod's (1818–93) setting for the Ave Maria ('Hail Mary'), adapted from Bach's First Prelude. (18.274) **11 what are we waiting for O my heart kiss me straight on the brow and part** From the song 'Goodbye' (1881), words by G.J. Whyte-Melville and music by F. Paolo Tosti. (18.275) **12 Kenilworth square** Kenilworth Square, Rathgar: a small park west of Rathmines and about 1.5 km south-east of Rehoboth Terrace in Dolphin's Barn, where the Tweedys lived when they moved to Dublin from Gibraltar. (18.285) **13 skeezing** See note at **221:1**. (18.290) **14 corner of the Harolds cross road** A large main road that leads out of Dublin to the outer suburbs south-west of the city. It passes close by Kenilworth Square. (18.294) **15 Zingari colours** *Zingari*: Italian, gypsies. I Zingari: an amateur cricket club with no home pitch, and thus a 'nomadic' club (James Pycroft, *The Cricket-Field*, p. 19). Zingari colours, as they appear on the club cap, are green, purple and pink with alternating yellow stripes. I Zingari visited Dublin frequently (Hone, *Cricket in Ireland*, p. 51). (18.296)

527 **1** *O Maria Santissima* Italian, 'O Most Holy Mary'. According to Henry M. Field, *'Ave Maria Santissima'* was a common cry from the Spanish watchmen in Gibraltar (*Gibraltar*, p. 10). (18.306) **2 dreeping** Drooping, dripping, growing faint (*OED*). (18.307) **3 Gardner** Lieutenant Stanley Gardner of the 8th Battalion of the 2d East Lancashire Regiment. (18.313) **4 what a Deceiver** In many post-Homeric sources, notably Virgil's *Aeneid* and Dante's *Inferno*, Odysseus is characterized as a master of deception. (18.318) **5 Henny Doyle he was always breaking or tearing something in the charades** See notes at **272:10** and **272:14**. (18.322) **6 I liked the way he made love** To make love: 'To pay amorous attention; to court, woo'; only from the late 1920s did this phrase become a euphemism for sexual intercourse (*OED*, s.v. love). (18.328) **7 it was 1/4 after 3 when I saw the 2 Dedalus girls** Katey and Boody Dedalus (see note at **165:9**) live in Cabra (see note at **426:4**), about 1.5 km north-west of Eccles Street. Presumably they attend a school east or south-east of Eccles Street. (18.344) **8 that lame sailor for England home and beauty** See note at **165:8**. (18.346) **9 there is a charming girl I love** In 'Wandering Rocks' the tune Molly whistled was not named. 'It Is a Charming Girl I Love' is a song from the first act of *The Lily of Killarney* (see note at **70:19**). (18.347)

528 **1 this day week were to go to Belfast** Molly is to sing in Belfast on 25th June. (18.349) **2 Ennis his fathers anniversary the 27th** See note at **85:6**. (18.349) **3 some protestant clergyman** Unlike Dublin, Belfast is a predominantly Protestant city. (18.353) **4 going to the Mallow Concert at Maryborough ordering boiling soup** Mallow: a small village near Cork and 230 km south-west of Dublin. Maryborough (now Portlaoise), about 80 km south-west of Dublin, is one of the train's stops. (18.357) **5 holy show** See note at **191:7**. (18.361) **6 theyd have taken us on to Cork** The Great Southern and Western Railway runs from Dublin to Cork and Queenstown, with stops in Maryborough and Mallow. Cork is some 32 km beyond Mallow. (18.365) **7 St Teresas hall Clarendon St** St Teresa's Total Abstinence and Temperance Loan Fund Society: 43 & 44 Clarendon Street (*Thom's*, p. 1457). (18.375) **8 Kathleen Kearney** From the *Dubliners* story 'A Mother'. Kathleen Kearney is a young accompanist pushed by her mother into a humiliating scene at an Irish Revivalist concert. Joyce modelled her on Eileen Reidy, who was to have been his accompanist at a concert in August 1904 but left before the performance (Ellmann, p. 168). (18.376) **9 the absentminded beggar** See note at **137:25**. (18.377) **10 lord Roberts** See note at **302:10**. (18.378) **11 I had the map of it all** He has the map of Ireland written all over his face: 'he is unmistakably Irish' (Partridge, s.v. map of England). (18.378) **12 the** *Stabat Mater* See note at **63:4**. (18.380) **13 putting Lead Kindly Light to**

music 'Lead, Kindly Light' (1833): a popular hymn with words by John Henry Cardinal Newman (1801–90). The hymn is often sung to a melody by John B. Dykes, written in 1865. It was also set to music by C.H. Purday in 1860. (18.381) **14 till the jesuits found out he was a freemason** The Catholic church has a long history of enmity against the Freemasons due to their secrecy and 'unsectarian' character (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, s.v. Masonry). (18.381) **15 Sinner Fein** That is, Sinn Fein; see note at **120:12**. (18.383) **16 that little man** That is, Arthur Griffith (see note at **34:17**). Griffith was only 1.65 metres tall (Ulick O'Connor, *A Terrible Beauty Is Born*, p. 25). (18.385) **17 there was a boycott** In 1903 Arthur Griffith formed the National Council, an organization to protest against Edward VII's visit to Ireland in July of that year (*NHI*, vol. 6, p. 115). (18.387) **18 Pretoria** The administrative capital of the South African province of Transvaal, and an important location during the Boer War. The evacuation of Pretoria by the Boer leader Paul Kruger in May 1900 was a turning point in the war (*EB11*). (18.388) **19 Ladysmith and Bloemfontein** See notes at **344:11** and **327:12**. (18.388) **20 Gardner Lieut Stanley G 8th Bn 2nd East Lancs Rgt of enteric fever** See note at **527:3**. Enteric fever: typhoid (*OED*, s.v. enteric). (18.389) **21 oom Paul and the rest of the old Krugers** Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger (1825–1904), known as 'Oom Paul' (*Oom*: Dutch, uncle): South African Boer statesman and President of Transvaal, 1883–1900. His policies were anti-British (*EB11*). (18.394) **22 Spanish cavalry at La Roque** Presumably San Roque, a Spanish garrison town about 10 km from Gibraltar. (18.398) **23 Algeciras** A Spanish seaport in the province of Cadiz, about 16 km from Gibraltar. (18.399)

529 **1 the 15 acres** The Fifteen Acres: an area in Phoenix Park traditionally used for military reviews (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 312). (18.400) **2 Black Watch** Also known as the Royal Highlanders Regiment, a Scottish infantry regiment whose soldiers wear kilts of dark tartan. (18.400) **3 10th hussars the prince of Wales own** The Prince of Wales's Own Hussars was the tenth regiment of the cavalry. (18.401) **4 the lancers** There are several regiments of lancers: the 5th (Royal Irish Lancers), the 9th (Queen's Royal Lancers), the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers), the 16th (Queen's Lancers), the 17th (Duke of Cambridge's Own Lancers) and the 21st (Empress of India's Lancers) (*Thom's*, pp. 562–64). (18.402) **5 the Dublins that won Tugela** In December 1899, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers fought in an unsuccessful battle at the Tugela River valley during the Boer War. The British troops suffered heavy losses (*EB11*, s.vv. Sir Redvers Henry Buller; Tugela River). (18.402) **6 his father made his money over selling the horses for the cavalry** See note at **232:10**. (18.403) **7 washy** Pale (*OED*). (18.413) **8 scrooching down on me** To scrooch: 'to crouch or bend' (*OED*). (18.415) **9 Mrs Mastiansky** See note at **47:10**. (18.417) **10 20 quid he said he lost over that outsider** See note at **236:21**. (18.424) **11 the Glencree dinner** See note at **114:17**. (18.427) **12 joult** Hiberno-English, journey (Wall, *Anglo-Irish Dialect Glossary for Joyce's Works*). (18.427) **13 featherbed mountain** See note at **172:2**. (18.428) **14 lord Mayor looking at me with his dirty eyes Val Dillon** See note at **114:16**. (18.428) **15 Manola** A Spanish name for a woman (the feminine form of Manuel) and slang for a flamboyant woman from Madrid. 'La Manola' is a nineteenth-century duet by Paul Henrion. (18.441) **16 Lewers** Either Mrs R.G. Lewers' ladies' outfitting warehouse, 67 Grafton Street, or (Samuel) Lewers & Co., outfitters, 33 Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1931). (18.443) **17 the Gentlewoman** *The Gentlewoman*: a popular weekly fashion magazine, published in London and appearing between July 1890 and August 1926. (18.447) **18 elastic gores** Gore: 'Any wedge-shaped or triangular piece of cloth forming part of a garment and serving to produce the difference in width required at different points, esp. used to narrow a skirt at the waist' (*OED*). (18.447)

530 **1 ORourkes** See note at **45:6**. (18.451) **2 antifat** A generic name for any substance used to counteract obesity (*OED*). (18.456) **3 opoponax and violet** See note at **270:11**. (18.463) **4 4 years more I have of life up to 35** At this point, Molly mistakenly believes she is thirty-one years old. (18.474) **5 Ill be 33 in September** Molly will be thirty-four in September. (18.475) **6 Mrs Galbraith** Possibly Mrs H. Denham Galbraith, 58b Rathmines Road, Rathmines (*Thom's*, p. 1764). This address is close to Molly's former home at Rehoboth Terrace, in Dolphin's Barn (*SS*, p. 155). (18.476) **7 Kitty OShea in Grantham street** Not the Kitty O'Shea who was mistress and later wife of Charles Stewart Parnell (see note at **28:6**). This is likely the Miss O'Shea who lived at 3 Grantham Street in 1882 (*SS*, p. 239), which is a block south of Pleasants Street, where the Blooms lived after their marriage in 1888. (18.479) **8 Mrs Langtry the Jersey Lily the prince of Wales was in love with** Lillie Langtry (1853–1929): English actress, born Emilie Le Breton and nicknamed

'the Jersey Lily' as she was born on the island of Jersey. In 1874 she married Edward Langtry and a few years later began an affair with the Prince of Wales. She was the Prince's 'first official mistress' (Theo Aronson, *The King in Love*, p. 41). (18.481) **9 tin thing around her and the prince of Wales yes he had the oyster knife** It is not known if this story is true or even if it had ever been rumoured to be true before Joyce. (18.486) **10 works of Master Francois somebody** That is, the French satirical writer and monk François Rabelais (*c.*1494–*c.*1553). In Book 1, Chapter 6 of *The Histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1534), Gargantua's odd birth is described. Because his mother's intestines had slipped out, her doctor gave her some medicine that had the effect of redirecting the child upwards to the left ear, where he finally emerged. (18.488) **11 Ruby and Fair Tyrants he brought me that twice** See note at **50:2** for *Ruby: the Pride of the Ring* and note at **173:3** for *Fair Tyrants*. (18.493) **12 part about where she hangs him up out of a hook with a cord flagellate** Presumably from *Fair Tyrants*; see note at **173:3**. (18.494) **13 after the ball** After the song 'After the Ball' (1892) by Charles K. Harris. (18.496) **14 infant Jesus in the crib at Inchicore** Inchicore: a suburb of Dublin. Every year, the Church of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate displays a Christmas crib. Stanislaus Joyce recalls outings to 'see the crib at Inchicore, with the wax figures of the Holy Family and Magi and the shepherds and horses and oxen, sheep and camels stretching all round the hall in cheap and dusty grandeur' (*My Brother's Keeper*, p. 33). (18.497) **15 H. R. H. he was in Gibraltar the year I was born** That is, His Royal Highness, the King of England, Edward VII. As Prince of Wales, he visited Gibraltar in 1859 and 1876, but not in 1870, the year Molly was born (Sidney Lee, *Edward VII*, vol. 1, pp. 69, 409). (18.500) **16 where he planted the tree** There is no record of the Prince of Wales planting trees on his visits to Gibraltar. (18.501)

531 **1 plottering** Plotter: variant of the Hiberno-English 'plouter', 'To move or work ineffectually or aimlessly' (*OED*, s.v. plouter). (18.507) **2 Mr Cuffes** See note at **74:21**. (18.510) **3 mirada** Spanish, a look or a glance. (18.512) **4 Todd and Burns** See note at **77:11**. (18.516) **5 Lees** Edward Lee: draper, with shops in Dublin at 48 Mary Street and 6 & 7 Upper Abbey Street and three other shops in the suburbs (*Thom's*, p. 1928). (18.517) **6 mathering** Context suggests 'mixing' or 'pouring' or 'gathering'. (18.520) **7 that place in Grafton street** Since Grafton Street is lined with shops, this could refer to any of a number of establishments. (18.524) **8 like those statues in the museum** See note at **129:1**. (18.540) **9 two bags full** Echoes the nursery rhyme, 'Baa, baa black sheep, / Have you any wool? / Yes sir, yes sir, / Three bags full; / One for the master, / And one for the dame, / And one for the little boy / Who lives down the lane' (*ODNR*). (18.542) **10 in Holles street** See note at **488:2**. (18.561) **11 when he lost the job in Helys** See note at **81:1**. (18.561) **12 strumming in the coffee palace** See note at **196:12**. (18.562) **13 bath of the nymph** See note at **50:11**. (18.562) **14 Cameron highlander** See note at **341:23**. The Cameron Highlanders were stationed at Gibraltar from June 1879 to August 1882 (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 22). (18.545) **15 where the statue of the fish used to be** In the Alameda Gardens (see note at **232:15**) in Gibraltar there used to be a statue of a man harpooning a fish. This had been the figurehead of the *San Juan*, a Spanish battleship captured during the Battle of Trafalgar (*Traveller's Hand-book for Gibraltar*, p. 54). The statue was removed in 1884. (18.546) **16 Queens own** That is, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, who were stationed at the garrison at Gibraltar from June 1879 to August 1882 (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 22). (18.548) **17 the Surreys relieved them** The 1st East Surreys relieved the Cameron Highlanders at the Gibraltar garrison in August 1882 (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 21). (18.548)

532 **1 mens greenhouse** See note at **113:3**. (18.550) **2 Harcourt street station** The railway station for the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, on South Harcourt Street at the intersection with Harcourt Road in south-east Dublin (*Thom's*, p. 1513). (18.550) **3 7 wonders of the world** The seven wonders of the ancient world were: the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus at Olympia by Phidias and the Pharos (lighthouse) of Alexandria (*Brewer's*). (18.552) **4 the Comerfords party** See note at **508:6**. (18.553) **5 93 the canal was frozen** See note at **332:27**. (18.555) **6 meadero** Spanish, urinal. (18.557) **7 student that stopped in No 28 with the Citrons Penrose** Bloom remembered Penrose and his voyeurism in 'Lestrygonians' (see note at **114:26**). Citron lived at 17 St Kevin's Parade (see note at **47:9**), not 28. (18.573) **8 doctor Brady** The only Dr Francis Brady in Ireland in 1904 was in Carnew, County Wicklow (*Thom's*, p. 869). See also note at **516:20** for his first name. (18.576) **9 Belladonna** See note at **437:8**. (18.576) **10 somebody ought to put him in the budget** That is, budget as in a 'frequent

title for a journal' (*OED*). (18.579) **11 Loves old sweet sonnnng** See note at **49:5**. (18.598) **12 Photo bits** See note at **50:11**. (18.601)

533 **1 levanter** A harsh, easterly Mediterranean wind (*OED*). (18.607) **2 like a big giant compared with their 3 Rock mountain** The Rock of Gibraltar rises to 429 metres at its highest point (*EB11*). Three Rock Mountain (see note at **248:16**) has an elevation of just over 450 metres. However, the Three Rock Mountain is just one peak in a chain of mountains while the Rock of Gibraltar stands alone. (18.608) **3 poplars** The white poplar is common on Gibraltar (*EB11*, s.v. Gibraltar). (18.610) **4 B Marche Paris** Au Bon Marché: a large Paris department store, founded in 1838 (now called Le Bon Marché). (18.613) **5 wogger** From 'wog', 'a very young child' – a term of endearment of 'affectionate idiocy' (Partridge). (18.616) **6 in old Madrid** See note at **201:9**. (18.617) **7 Waiting** See note at **201:8**. (18.617) **8 Concone is the name of those exercises** Giuseppe Concone (1810–61): Italian singing instructor best known for his books, such as *Thirty Exercises for the Voice* (Margaret Honton, 'Concerning Concone', p. 115). (18.617) **9 bullfight at La Linea** See note at **512:19**. (18.626) **10 that matador Gomez was given the bulls ear** Traditionally, the bull's ear is presented to a bullfighter after an outstanding performance. Although there were numerous matadors named Gomez, if this bullfight occurred between 1883 and 1886, then this is likely Fernando Gómez (Gallio), 'one of Spain's really great matadors' (Sullivan, 'Los Toros in *Ulysses*', pp. 3–4). (18.626) **11 Killiney hill** Killiney Hill is on the coast at the southern edge of Dublin's suburbs near Dalkey. (18.628) **12 banderillos** Banderilleros ('banderillos' in the text; the mistake was made in the 1926 printing): bullfighters who use a banderilla, a dart decorated with a streamer that is plunged into the neck and shoulders of a bull (*OED*, s.vv. banderillero; banderilla). The banderilleros precede the matador, who is supposed to kill the bull. (18.631) **13 mantillas** Mantilla: 'A large light veil or scarf, often of black lace, worn by (esp. Spanish) women over the head and covering the shoulders' (*OED*). (18.633) **14 bell lane** A street in Gibraltar, listed in the *Gibraltar Directory 1896*. There is also a Bell Lane in Dublin, near St Stephen's Green. (18.635) **15 at the band on the Alameda esplanade** Concerts by military bands occurred twice a week on the Alameda esplanade in Gibraltar (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 39). (18.643) **16 the church** That is, the Church of Saint Mary (Santa Maria) the Crowned, Gibraltar's Roman Catholic church. (18.645) **17 the Moonstone to read that was the first I read of Wilkie Collins** *The Moonstone* (1868): a novel by Wilkie Collins (see also note at **168:15**). (18.653) **18 East Lynne** *East Lynne* (1861): a popular novel by Mrs Henry (Ellen Price) Wood (1814–87). (18.653) **19 the shadow of Ashlydyat Mrs Henry Wood** *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863): another novel by Mrs Henry Wood. (18.654) **20 Henry Dunbar** *Henry Dunbar* (1864): one of eighty novels by the London-born writer Mary Elizabeth Braddon (1837–1915). (18.654) **21 Mulveys photo** See note at **268:3**. (18.655) **22 Lord Lytton Eugene Aram** *The Trial and Life of Eugene Aram* (1832): a novel by Baron Lytton, or Edward Bulwer-Lytton (see note at **101:1**). (18.656) **23 Molly bawn she gave me by Mrs Hungerford** *Molly Bawn* (1878): a novel by Mrs Margaret Hungerford (1855–97). The title translates as 'Blonde (or Fair) Molly' and derives from an Irish ballad of the same name. (18.656) **24 the one from Flanders a whore always shoplifting** That is, *Moll Flanders* (1722) by Daniel Defoe. While the eponymous Moll is a thief and prostitute, she is not from Flanders. (18.658)

534 **1 taittering** Tait: to shake or overturn (*EDD*). (18.673) **2 waiting always waiting to guiiiide him toooo me** See note at **201:8**. (18.678) **3 damn guns bursting** See note at **274:8**. Queen Victoria's birthday (24th May) is celebrated on Gibraltar with an even louder barrage of gunfire. 'Nothing like it is seen or heard in any other part of the world' (Henry Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 26). (18.679) **4 when general Ulysses Grant whoever he was or did** The American president (1869–77) and Civil War general, Ulysses S. Grant (1822–85), visited Gibraltar in November 1878, as part of a journey around the world. (18.681) **5 old Sprague the consul that was there from before the flood** Horatio J. Sprague (1823–1901): the American consul in Gibraltar. 'He is the oldest Consul in the service, having been forty years at this post, where his father, who was appointed by General Jackson, was Consul before him' (Henry Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 7). (18.683) **6 in mourning for the son** Horatio Sprague's wife, Antonia Sprague (1837–77), died a little over a year before Grant's visit to Gibraltar. Their eldest son, John Louis Sprague (1855–86) was vice-consul when Grant visited. (18.684) **7 old longbearded jews** 'Here are long-bearded Jews in their gabardines; and Turks in their baggy trousers, taking up more space than is allowed to Christian legs; with a mongrel race from the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, known as Levantines; and another like unto them, the Maltese' (Henry

Field, *Gibraltar*, pp. 33–34). (18.687) **8 jellibees** Jellibee is Molly's rendition of galabiya, 'A smock-like garment worn in Arabic-speaking Mediterranean countries' (*OED*). Although an Arabic word, the garment is associated with Jews: 'A black jellaba and cap, such as the Jews must wear in Morocco' (A.E.W. Mason, *Truants*, cited in *OED*). (18.687) **9 levites** Descendants of Levi and one of the twelve tribes of Israel. (18.687) **10 gunfire for the men to cross the lines** See note at **274:8**. (18.688) **11 Rorkes drift** See note at **327:3**. (18.690) **12 Plevna** See note at **44:10**. (18.690) **13 sir Garnet Wolseley and Gordon at Khartoum** Sir Garnet Wolseley (1833–1913): Dublin-born British Army general. In the war in the Sudan in the 1880s he led an unsuccessful attempt to relieve the beleaguered General Charles George Gordon (1833–85) at Khartoum in 1884–85 (*EB11*, s.vv. Wolseley; Sudan). (18.690) **14 that medical in Holles street the nurse was after** That is, Dr O'Hare and Nurse Callan; see notes at **269:18** and **269:16**. (18.704) **15 Westland row chapel** See note at **61:8**. (18.709) **16 up in the City Arms** See note at **28:11**. (18.711)

535 **1 that wonderworker** See note at **509:3**. (18.716) **2 pisto madrileno** *Pisto*: a Spanish stew of chopped tomatoes and red or green peppers. *Madrileño*: Spanish, in the style of Madrid (Armstrong, *The Joyce of Cooking*, p. 9). (18.720) **3 in Old Madrid silly women believe love is sighing I am dying** See note at **201:9**. (18.736) **4 Atty Dillon** See note at **272:11**. (18.741) **5 four courts** See note at **173:7**. (18.741) **6 the ladies letterwriter** That is, a manual of writing letters, which would include templates or sample letters that could be copied verbatim. Many examples exist, such as *The Ladies' Letter Writer: containing a new and original series of letters on business, friendship, love, courtship, marriage, &c; with models of invitations, cards, and notes, forms of receipts, bills, and promissory notes; a complete correspondent's guide; and a list of abbreviations* (Glasgow: Cameron, 1890). (18.742) **7 answer to a gentlemans proposal affirmatively** An example of the type of heading in *The Ladies' Letter Writer*. (18.744) **8 Mulveys was the first** See note at **268:3**. (18.748) **9 Mrs Rubio** Mrs Rubio was the Spanish housekeeper in the Tweedy home in Gibraltar. (18.748) **10 horquilla** Spanish, hairpin. (18.751) **11 Atlantic fleet coming in** The Atlantic fleet of the British Royal Navy was formed in 1905 and was stationed in Gibraltar (J.R. Hill, *The Oxford Illustrated History of the Royal Navy*, p. 287). (18.754) **12 carabineros** Spanish, national police officers, especially border guards. (18.756) **13 4 drunken English sailors took all the rock from them** In fact, Gibraltar was captured on 24th July 1704 by a well-armed coalition of British and Dutch troops. While the island was well fortified, the Spanish forces numbered only 150 and were substantially outmanned by the British and Dutch (*EB11*; Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 64). (18.756) **14 Santa Maria** See note at **533:16**. (18.757) **15 black blessed virgin with the silver dress** That is, a 'Black Madonna', a depiction of Mary with dark skin. 'Nuestra Senora de Montserrat, Patrona de Cataluna ("Our Lady of Montserrat, Patron Saint of Catalonia"), is one of the most celebrated images in Spain [...]. The image is small, black, and carved of wood, but possesses magnificent robes and jewels' (*EB11*, s.v. Montserrat). (18.759) **16 the sun dancing 3 times on Easter Sunday morning** After the old Irish superstition, a remnant of pre-Christian pagan worship, in which 'People used to be out early on Easter Sunday to see the sun dance in honour of the Resurrection' (James Bonwick, *Irish Druids*, p. 195). (18.760) **17 priest was going by with the bell bringing the vatican to the dying** Molly mistakes 'vatican' for *viaticum*, the 'Holy Communion given to those in danger of death' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). (18.760) **18 Majestad** Spanish, majesty. (18.761)

536 **1 the Calle Real** Spanish, 'Royal Street'; a street in Gibraltar, its name in English is Waterport Street (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 34). Many Gibraltar streets have both English and Spanish names. (18.763) **2 he tipped me just in passing** Tip: to touch or to wink at (*OED*); either sense is appropriate here. (18.764) **3 father was up at the drill instructing** See notes at **197:8** and **44:9**. (18.766) **4 language of stamps** Before the standardization of placing postage stamps in the upper-right corner of envelopes, the placement and orientation of stamps could be used to convey a coded message. Astra Cielo's book *Fortunes and Dreams* has a brief chapter entitled 'The Language of Postage Stamps' (pp. 211–12). (18.767) **5 shall I wear a white rose** 'Shall I Wear a White Rose?': a song by H. Saville Clarke and Emily Bardsley Farmer. (18.768) **6 Moorish wall** See note at **268:4**. (18.769) **7 my sweetheart when a boy** 'My Sweetheart, When a Boy': a song by Frederick Enoch and Wilford Morgan. (18.770) **8 de la Flora** Spanish, 'of the flower'. (18.774) **9 there is a flower that bloometh** See note at **259:7**. (18.775) **10 pesetas and the perragordas** Despite being under British rule, before 1898 only Spanish money was used in Gibraltar (*EB11*). The peseta was the main unit of Spanish currency. *Perra gorda*: Spanish, 'fat bitch'; the colloquial name for the ten-céntimo

coin. (18.779) **11 Cappoquin** A small town in County Waterford, on the River Blackwater. (18.779) **12 May when the infant king of Spain was born** Alfonso XIII (1886–1941), born 17th May 1886, six months after his father Alfonso XII's death. His mother, Maria Christina (1858–1929), ruled as regent until 17th May 1902, when her son ascended to the throne. (18.781) **13 on the tiptop under the rockgun** The Rock Gun is located on one of the highest points in Gibraltar, Wolf's Crag (408 metres), in the peninsula's north. (18.782) **14 OHaras tower I told him it was struck by lightning** O'Hara's Tower was a Gibraltar lookout: it stood 428 metres above sea level on Sugar Loaf Hill, making it one of the highest points on Gibraltar. It was struck by lightning shortly after it was built (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 15). (18.783) **15 Barbary apes they sent to Clapham** See note at **274:7**. 'About two years ago, the attention of the keepers of the *Alameda* gardens, was arrested by an unusual screaming of monkeys, and they presently saw *one* of very large size pursued most hastily by two or three others.[…] The governor ordered the fugitive to be properly treated, and finally had him transported to the zoological gardens in the Regent's Park [London]' (*Traveller's Hand-book for Gibraltar*, pp. 64–65). There was formerly a zoo near Clapham Common. (18.784) **16 rock scorpion** A non-English native of Gibraltar (Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 34). (18.786) **17 Inces farm** Inces farm is on the upper slopes of the Rock of Gibraltar, near the Moorish Wall (*Traveller's Hand-book for Gibraltar*, p. 64). (18.786) **18 firtree cove** Presumably, Fig Tree Cave, which lies on Gibraltar's east coast, a bit less than 1 km south of Sandy Bay. (Joyce clearly wrote 'firtree cove', but there is no such place on Gibraltar.) (18.790) **19 galleries and casemates** The Windsor and Union Galleries are fortifications tunnelled into the north face of the Rock of Gibraltar. 'There is no excavation in the world, for military purposes, at all approaching them in conception or execution' (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 31). Casemate: 'A vaulted chamber built in the thickness of the ramparts of a fortress' (*OED*). (18.791) **20 Saint Michaels cave** St Michael's is the largest cave in Gibraltar, located 335 metres above sea level in central Gibraltar, south of the Signal Station (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 30). (18.791) **21 plotching** Plotch: blotch, spot (*OED*). (18.793) **22 the way down the monkeys go under the sea to Africa when they die** Barbary apes live both on Gibraltar and in North Africa although they cannot swim. 'The wild and impossible theory of a communication under the sea between Gibraltar and the Barbary coast has been started by some ingenious people […]; but the simple fact seems to be that they were brought over from the opposite coast at different times and increased in numbers' (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 22). (18.793) **23 Malta boat** Malta was a stop on the London-based Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Mediterranean Line; Gibraltar agents: Smith, Imossi & Co., Irish Town (*Gibraltar Directory* 1883, p. 118). (18.795) **24 embarazada** Spanish, pregnant. (18.802)

537 1 Molly darling 'Mollie Darling' (1871): a song by Will S. Hays (1837–1907). (18.817) **2 block** To block: to have sexual intercourse with (Partridge). (18.822) **3 firtree cove** See note at **536:18**. (18.824) **4 the black water** See note at **536:11**. (18.826) **5 the Chronicle** The *Gibraltar Chronicle & Official Gazette*: a weekly newspaper published out of the Garrison Library, Governor's (Gunner's) Parade (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 22). (18.830) **6 Benady Bros** Mordajai and Samuel Benadi: Engineer's Lane (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*). (18.831) **7 over middle hill round by the old guardhouse and the jews burial place** Middle Hill rises over 300 metres in northern central Gibraltar, between the Signal Station and the Rock Gun. The Jewish Cemetery is only about 1 km to the north-west, but a substantial walk because of the descent down the hill. (18.833) **8 H M S Calypso** The HMS *Calypso* served as a drill ship for the Royal Naval Reserve in North American and West Indian waters (*Thom's*, p. 541). (18.837) **9 that old Bishop** In 1883 the Catholic bishop with jurisdiction over Gibraltar was the Right Revd Gonzalo Canilla, D.D., Bishop of Lystra, Vicar Apostolic (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 140). (18.837) **10 new woman bloomers** Bloomers were invented in America around 1850 and are named for their inventor, the dressmaker and woman's rights advocate Amelia Jenks Bloomer (1818–94) (*EB11*, s.v. Amelia Jenks Bloomer). (18.839) **11 brig** That is, brigue: trap, beguile or 'solicit by underhand methods' (*OED*). (18.844) **12 Lunita Laredo** Molly's mother; she seems to have left the family or died when Molly was a girl. (18.848) **13 along Willis road to Europa point** Europa Point is the southernmost point of Gibraltar. Willis's Road runs on the north-west side of Gibraltar and heads to the Moorish Wall. From there several paths lead south to Europa Point. (18.848) **14 the other side of Jersey** Presumably Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, thus suggesting the distance she walked with Mulvey to Europa Point. (18.849) **15 up windmill hill to the flats** Windmill Hill, in southern Gibraltar, stands about 90–120 metres above

sea level (*EB11*). Windmill Flats is the plateau at the top of the hill and the site of the Windmill Barracks. (18.856) **16 Captain Rubios** Perhaps related to the Tweedys' housekeeper Mrs Rubio (see note at **535:9**); otherwise identity unknown. (18.857) **17 the B Marche Paris** See note at **533:4**. (18.858) **18 I could see over to Morocco almost the bay of Tangier white and the Atlas mountain** Morocco is 51 km distant from Gibraltar and is easily visible. But even with a spyglass the Bay of Tangier would not be visible. The Atlas Mountains (which run through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia) are more than 320 km distant at their closest. (18.859) **19 Molly Darling** See note at **537:1**. (18.861) **20 the elevation** In Mass, 'The lifting up of the Host for the adoration of the people' (*OED*). (18.862) **21 peau despagne** See note at **65:2**. (18.865)

538 **1 Claddagh ring** Claddagh is a section of Galway City. The Claddagh ring has been in use as a wedding ring in Galway since the early eighteenth century. It is made of gold or silver and consists of a heart supported by two hands. (18.866) **2 like an opal** The opal is supposedly an omen of misfortune (*Brewer's*). (18.869) **3 once in the dear deaead days beyond recall** From 'Love's Old Sweet Song'; see note at **49:5**. (18.874) **4 Kathleen Kearney** See note at **528:8**. (18.878) **5 skitting** To skit: Hiberno-English, 'to laugh and giggle in a silly way' (PWJ, p. 325). (18.879) **6 Alameda on an officers arm like me on the bandnight** See note at **533:15**. (18.884) **7 comes looooves old** See note at **49:5**. (18.896) **8 My Ladys Bower is too long for an encore about the moated grange at twilight** 'My Lady's Bower': a song by F.E. Weatherly and Hope Temple. (18.897) **9 Winds that blow from the south** See note at **114:29**. (18.899) **10 wherever you be let your wind go free** The first line of a comic epitaph that continues, 'For holding my wind was the death of me' (Victory Pomeranz, 'More Trivia Ulysseana', p. 94). (18.909) **11 porkbutchers** See note at **44:3**. (18.911) **12 sierra nevada** The Sierra Nevada: a mountain range along the southern coast of Spain, mostly in Granada and Almería provinces. (18.919)

539 **1 Findon haddy** See note at **320:8**. (18.930) **2 licking and lecking** Leck: variant of leak, to urinate (*OED*, s.vv. leck; leak). (18.936) **3 the London and Newcastle Williams and Woods** Williams and Woods: confectionery and jam producer, 205–6 Great Britain Street (*Thom's*, p. 1434); with branches in Newcastle and London. (18.941) **4 Buckleys** See note at **44:2**. (18.944) **5 scrag** 'The lean and inferior end of a neck of mutton' (*OED*). (18.945) **6 pluck** See note at **251:9**. (18.945) **7 Mrs Fleming** See note at **67:6**. (18.947) **8 the furry glen or the strawberry beds** The Furry (or Furze) Glen and the Strawberry Beds are scenic and popular spots in near Phoenix Park. The Furry Glen is 'a deep hollow lined on either side with furze bushes and unnumerable hawthorn trees' (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 314). (18.948) **9 ruck of Mary Ann coalboxes** Ruck: a crowd (*OED*). Coal box: a chorus (Partridge), in this instance a chorus singing the song 'McGilligan's Daughter, Mary Ann' (see note at **12:5**). That is, a crowd of Dublin women dressed up for an outing. There might be a joke on 'coalbox' here since 'ruck' is also a 'particular measure or quantity of coal' (*OED*). (18.952) **10 Whit Monday is a cursed day too no wonder that bee bit him** See note at **52:14**. (18.953) **11 Bray** See note at **8:13**. (18.955) **12 steeplechase for the gold cup** The Ascot Gold Cup (see note at **65:5**) is not a steeplechase, a race in which the horses leap over obstacles. (18.956) **13 Burke out of the City Arms hotel** See note at **222:20** for Andrew 'Pisser' Burke and note at **125:13** for the City Arms Hotel. (18.965) **14 Sweets of Sin by a gentleman of fashion** See note at **173:4**. (18.968) **15 Mr de Kock** See note at **50:8**. (18.969)

540 **1 sardines and the bream in Catalan bay** 'There is also a small barrack for a detachment at Catalan Bay, a small village on the eastern side of the Rock, ensconced in a sandy bay, and occupied principally by fishermen of Genoese origin' (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 34). (18.973) **2 I never brought a bit of salt in** Bringing salt into a new home is supposedly auspicious (Opie and Tatem, *Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. House, moving). (18.979) **3 lake of Como** Lake Como: a resort site in Lombardy, in northern Italy, surrounded by mountains. (18.985) **4 will you be my man will you carry my can** From a children's game played in County Kerry (Gifford). (18.987) **5 leather medal with a putty rim** A booby prize (*Brewer's*). (18.988) **6 Lloyds Weekly News** *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*: founded in 1842 and one of the most popular newspapers of its time. (18.992) **7 to learn to take photographs on account of his grandfather** See note at **510:10**. (18.1005) **8 Skerrys academy** George E. Skerry & Co.: shorthand, typewriting and commercial college, 10 Harcourt Street (*Thom's*, p. 1513). Skerry's also had a branch school at 76 St Stephen's Green South (p. 1597). (18.1006) **9 like me getting all at school** Should read 'getting all 1s at school' (the mistake was made on the page proofs). That is, Molly received all firsts or

top-class marks at school. (18.1006) **10 teem** 'To drain the water off' (*OED*). (18.1016)

541 **1 Tom Devans** See note at **184:24**. (18.1023) **2 Murray girls** A John Murray lived at 79 Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1482), across the street from the Blooms' house. (18.1024) **3 Nelson street** Nelson Street runs parallel to Dorset Street and intersects Eccles Street. (18.1026) **4 I oughtnt to have stitched it and it on her it brings a parting** After the superstition that mending an article of clothing while it is still being worn will lead to some kind of misfortune for the person wearing that item (Opie and Tatem, *Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. Clothes: mending while wearing). (18.1031) **5 last plumpudding too split in 2 halves** After the superstition that a loaf of bread (or cake or pudding) breaking in halves is a bad omen (Opie and Tatem, *Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. bread: loaf, cake, etc. breaks). (18.1032) **6 the Only Way in the Theatre royal** *The Only Way*: a stage version of Charles Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) by the Irish clerics Revd Freeman Crofts Wills (*c.*1849–1913) and Canon Frederick Langbridge, at the request of Sir John Martin-Harvey (see note at **259:2**). The production debuted at the London Lyceum and its Dublin premiere, at the Theatre Royal (see note at **199:16**), was on 9th October 1899. (18.1038) **7 at the Gaiety for Beerbohm Tree in Trilby** Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree (1853–1917): English actor and theatre manager. In October 1895 he performed in Dublin at the Gaiety (see note at **70:23**) in a touring production of *Trilby*, based on the novel of the same name (see note at **372:6**). The play was staged again in Dublin in 1900, but this was less popular than the 1895 production (Stephen Watt, *Joyce, O'Casey, and the Irish Popular Theater*, p. 103). (18.1041) **8 Switzers window** Switzer's & Co., Ltd: department store and draper, silk mercer, milliner, dressmaker, ladies' outfitter and furniture dealer, 88–93 Grafton Street, with tailors at 43–45 Wicklow Street and 1–5 Clarendon Street (*Thom's*, p. 1507). (18.1045) **9 Broadstone** See note at **57:12**. (18.1047) **10 to dance attendance** 'To wait (upon a person) with assiduous attention and ready obsequiousness' (*OED*). (18.1048) **11 Conny Connolly** The sister of Albrecht and Vincent Connolly, classmates of James Joyce's from Belvedere College (Ellmann, p. 365). (18.1052) **12 Martin Harvey** See note at **259:2**. (18.1055) **13 it must be real love if a man gives up his life for her** Molly refers to the plot of *The Only Way* (see note at **541:6**), based on Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which the hero, Sydney Carton, sacrifices his life so that his lover's husband can live. (18.1056) **14 Mrs Joe Gallaher** A friend of Joyce's family (see notes at **321:11** and **68:11**). The incident Molly remembers was based on a real event, but it was Mrs Gallaher's sister, Mrs Clinch (see note at **267:15**), who rose with Friery (Ellmann, p. 46 n). (18.1068) **15 trotting-matches** See note at **61:3**. (18.1069) **16 Friery the solicitor** Christopher Friery: solicitor, offices at 52 Rutland Square; he served as coroner for the northern district of County Dublin (*Thom's*, pp. 921, 1139, 1581). (18.1070)

542 **1 not to leave knives crossed** After the superstition that it is bad luck to cross knives at a table (Radford, *Encyclopedia of Superstitions*, s.v. crossed things). (18.1075) **2 the intermediate** See note at **253:8**. In *Portrait* Stephen does well enough on the intermediates to win some money (p. 97); likewise, Joyce performed well when he took the exam in 1897 and 1898 (Ellmann, pp. 51, 56). (18.1091) **3 box that Michael Gunn gave him** See note at **208:1**. (18.1111) **4 Mrs Kendal and her husband at the Gaiety** Mr and Mrs William Hunter Kendal: the stage names of actors William Hunter Grimston (1843–1917) and his wife, born Margaret (Madge) Brunton Robertson (1849–1935). Both appeared in several productions at the Gaiety from the 1870s onwards. (18.1111) **5 Drimmies** See note at **267:7**. (18.1113) **6 Spinoza and his soul thats dead** Spinoza (see note at **208:6**) argued against the existence of an immortal soul. In Appendix 2 of his *Short Treatise on God, Man and His Well-Being*, he writes: 'As man is a created finite thing, &c., it necessarily follows that what he has of Thought, and what we call the Soul, is a mode of the attribute which we call Thought, and that nothing else except this mode belongs to his essence: so much so that when this mode comes to naught, the soul perishes also' (p. 157). (18.1115) **7 wife of Scarli** *The Wife of Scarli* (1897): English adaptation, by G.A. Greene, of the Italian play *Tristi Amori* (*Sorrows of Love*) by Giuseppe Giacosa. First performed in Dublin at the Gaiety on 22nd October 1897. The play presents an adulterous wife and her lover sympathetically. (18.1117)

543 **1 sweets of sin** See note at **173:4**. (18.1129) **2 suckin** Suck-in: a 'disappointing or deceptive incident, event, or result' (Partridge). (18.1135) **3 kissing comfits** See note at **111:3**. (18.1141) **4 scout** Variant of scoot, 'to eject liquid forcibly; to squirt; to flow or gush forth' (*EDD*). (18.1141) **5 bubbles on it for a wad of money** After the superstition that the appearance of bubbles on liquids foretells an improvement in finances (Opie and Tatem, *Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. tea, bubbles on).

(18.1143) **6 the jersey lily** See note at **530:8**. (18.1148) **7 O how the waters come down at Lahore** After the opening lines of Robert Southey's (1774–1843) poem 'The Cataract of Lodore; Described in Rhymes for the Nursery' (1823): 'How does the water / Come down at Lodore?' Lodore is a waterfall in the Lake District; Lahore is the capital of Punjab province. (18.1148) **8 Whit Monday** See note at **52:14**. (18.1151) **9 Floey** See note at **87:5**. (18.1153) **10 Dr Collins for womens diseases on Pembroke road** J.R. Collins, MB, BS: 65 Pembroke Road (*Thom's*, pp. 870, 1835). (18.1153) **11 rich ones off Stephens green** St Stephen's Green is surrounded by houses built by the 'Irish aristocracy during their period of power. Each was inspired by a desire to excel his fellows in the size and splendour of his mansion' (Chart, *The Story of Dublin*, p. 238). (18.1155) **12 smathered** Smather: Hiberno-English, to hit or daub (Dolan). (18.1161) **13 strap** 'A bold forward girl or woman' (PWJ, p. 336). (18.1174) **14 a thing of beauty and of joy for ever** See note at **361:18**. (18.1177)

544 **1 Rehoboth terrace** See note at **515:1**. (18.1182) **2 sloothering** Hiberno-English, flattering, cajoling, coaxing (Dolan, s.v. sluther). (18.1185) **3 the Doyles** See note at **116:8**. (18.1186) **4 home rule and the land league** The Irish National Land League was founded in October 1870 by Michael Davitt (see note at **421:13**). Its goal was to reform the laws that prevented Catholics from owning the land they lived on (*NHI*, vol. 6, pp. 35–37). Along with Home Rule, land reform was the key issue of Irish politics in the late nineteenth century. (18.1187) **5 strool** Scottish dialect, a stream of liquid (*OED*). (18.1188) **6 Huguenots** See note at **123:23**. (18.1189) **7 O beau pays de la Touraine** French, 'O lovely land of Touraine'; from Act II of the French version of Meyerbeer's opera *Les Huguenots* (see note at **123:24**). (18.1189) **8 Brighton square** Brighton Square (actually a triangle): an area in Rathgar, a suburb about 5 km south of the centre of Dublin. James Joyce was born at 41 Brighton Square in 1882 (Ellmann, p. 21). (18.1192) **9 Albion milk and sulphur soap** Albion: a brand of bath soap, made in London at 76 New Oxford Street. Sulphur soap: 'a medicinal soap containing elemental sulphur for use in treating skin complaints' (*OED*, s.v. sulphur). (18.1194) **10 that Indian god he took me to show one wet Sunday in the museum in Kildare street** The statue is of Buddha; see note at **61:16**. The posture Molly describes, breathing with hand on nose, is a Hindu ritual, *Pranyam* (S. Krishnamoorthy Aithal, 'Allusions to the Buddha in *Ulysses*', p. 511). (18.1201) **11 bigger religion than the jews and Our Lords both put together** This is only true if all non-Western religions are amalgamated. The *World Almanac and Encyclopedia 1906* gives the following estimates from a 'competent authority': 477,080,158 Christians; 7,186,000 Jews; 147,900,000 Buddhists; 190,000,000 Hindus; 256,000,000 ancestor worshippers and Confucians; 176,834,372 Muslims; 43,000,000 Taoists; 14,000,000 Shintoists; and 117,681,669 Polytheists (s.v. Religious statistics, p. 343). (18.1203) **12 old Cohen** The *Gibraltar Directory 1883* lists two Cohens: Abraham S. Cohen, in Market Lane, and Dris [*sic*] Cohen in Waterport Street (p. 155). See also note at **149:12**. (18.1213) **13 Lord Napier** General Robert Cornelis Napier (1810–90): commander-in-chief of British forces in India from 1869 to 1875, and Governor of Gibraltar from 1876 to 1883 (*EB11*). (18.1214) **14 Raymond terrace** See note at **68:16**. (18.1216) **15 Ontario terrace** See note at **462:3**. (18.1217) **16 Lombard street** See note at **83:9**. (18.1217) **17 Holles street** See notes at **197:3** and **488:2**. (18.1217) **18 his huguenots** See note at **123:23**. (18.1218) **19 frogs march** Frog's march: carrying away a drunk, especially to a police station (Partridge); possibly an allusion to the 'Soldier's Chorus' in Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* (Bowen). (18.1219) **20 City Arms hotel** See note at **125:13**. (18.1220) **21 worse and worse says Warden Daly** Possibly a reference to Revd James Daly, warden of Galway until 1840. (18.1220) **22 Thoms** See note at **92:22**. (18.1223) **23 Helys** See note at **81:1**. (18.1224) **24 Mr Cuffes** See note at **74:21**. (18.1224) **25 Drimmies** See note at **267:7**. (18.1224) **26 his old lottery tickets** See note at **114:30**. (18.1225) **27 Sinner Fein** See note at **120:12**. (18.1227) **28 little man** See notes at **528:16** and **34:17**. (18.1228) **29 Coadys lane** Coady's Lane is not listed in *Thom's* street directory; it runs off West Road at the North Strand Road. Coady's Cottages are off Bessborough Avenue, which runs south-east off the North Strand (*Thom's*, p. 1400). (18.1229)

545 **1 Georges church bells wait 3 quarters the hour wait 2 oclock** See notes at **44:15** and **54:1**. (18.1231) **2 French letter** See note at **157:16**. (18.1235) **3 the Aristocrats Masterpiece** That is, *Aristotle's Masterpiece*; see note at **172:11**. (18.1238) **4 in Holles street** See notes at **197:3** and **488:2**. (18.1245) **5 naked the way the jews used when somebody dies belonged to them** An exaggeration of *shib'ah* (or *shivah*), the first phase of mourning in the Jewish tradition. During this week-long period, mourners refrain from wearing any adornments, deny themselves

the comfort of sitting on anything other than the floor or bare earth and give up sexual intercourse (*Standard Jewish Encyclopaedia*). (18.1246) **6 we then** Should be 'wethen' (the mistake was made in the 1926 edition). Wethen (or whethen): a mild exclamation, likely a phonetic dialect spelling of 'why then' (*EDD*). (18.1251) **7 College races** A series of track-and-field athletic events hosted annually by Trinity College in College Park. This was a major event on the calendar of high-society Dublin. In 1904 they were held on 8th June. (18.1257) **8 Hornblower with the childs bonnet on the top of his nob** See notes at **66:5** and **186:8**. (18.1257) **9 reversed arms** Weapons carried with the butts slung or pointed upwards, contrary to normal practice (*OED*, s.v. reverse). From Henry Field's *Gibraltar*: 'walking near the barracks, I met a company with reversed arms bearing the body of a comrade to the grave' (p. 46). (18.1263) **10 Tom Kernan that drunken little barrelly man that bit his tongue off falling down** The opening scene from 'Grace' in *Dubliners*: 'Two gentlemen who were in the lavatory at the time tried to lift him up: but he was quite helpless. He lay curled up at the foot of the stairs down which he had fallen' (p. 150). Later, it is discovered that 'a minute piece of the tongue seemed to have been bitten off' (p. 153). (18.1264) **11 the two Dedaluses and Fanny MCoys husband** Fanny McCoy's husband is Charley (see note at **52:4**). He did not attend Dignam's funeral, nor did Stephen, but both are listed as having done so in the *Evening Telegraph* report, as seen in 'Eumaeus'. (18.1266) **12 teetotum** Hiberno-English, 'A very little person' (*OED*). (18.1281)

546 1 Bill Bailey wont you please come home 'Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home' (1902): a famous American ragtime song by Hughie Cannon (1877–1912) about a woman waiting in vain for her lover's return. (18.1282) **2 the Glencree dinner** See note at **114:17**. (18.1285) **3 the old love is the new** Perhaps the Irish song 'The Old Love and the New Love' by Alfred Maltby and Frank Musgrave; or 'Don't Give Up the Old Love for the New' (1896) by James Thornton; or 'The Old Love and the New' by an author named Cowen. (18.1291) **4 so sweetly sang the maiden on the hawthorn bough** Source unknown; but likely after the old proverb, 'The fair maid who, the first of May, / Goes to the fields at break of day / And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree, / Will ever after handsome be'. (18.1292) **5 always on for flirtyfying** In *Portrait*, Stephen was told that 'Your father [...] was the boldest flirt in the city of Cork in his day' (p. 94). (18.1293) **6 Maritana** See note at **66:14**. (18.1293) **7 Freddy Mayers** Possibly a reference to Teodoro Mayer, one of Joyce's Triestine friends. Mayer was of Hungarian-Jewish extraction; he founded the newspaper *Il Piccolo della Sera* and was a prominent Italian nationalist (Ellmann, pp. 196–97). (18.1293) **8 Phœbe dearest** 'Phoebe Dearest, Tell O Tell Me' by Claxson Bellamy and J.L. Hatton (1809–86). (18.1294) **9 goodbye *swee*theart he always sang it** See note at **193:9**. (18.1295) **10 O Maritana wildwood flower** A duet in Act III of *Maritana* (see note at **66:14**), sung by the hero Don César and his wife Maritana. When the song begins, the Don (incorrectly) believes that Maritana is being unfaithful. (18.1297) **11 driving down to the Kingsbridge station with his father and mother** Kingsbridge Station (now Heuston Station) is the last stop on the Great Southern and Western railway, the main line between Dublin and Cork. (18.1305) **12 lord Fauntleroy suit** An outfit modelled after that worn by the young protagonist of the popular novel *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) by Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849–1924). It consisted of a velvet suit and knickerbockers and a shirt with a vandyke collar and cuffs made or trimmed with lace. This was popular (among parents) in the late nineteenth century (Kathryn McKelvey, *Fashion Source Book*, p. 190). (18.1311) **13 when I saw him at Mat Dillons** See note at **80:4**. (18.1312) **14 union with a young stranger neither dark nor fair you met before** 'The first shuffle and division of the pack into three reveals three hearts – king, knave, and seven – which indicates that the lady whom the queen represents has a firm man friend, who is neither fair nor dark' (P.R.S. Foli, *Fortune-Telling by Cards*, p. 38). Joyce's use of P.R.S. Foli was discovered by Steven Bond; for more on the source, see Steven Bond and Ronan Crowley, 'SD Was on the Cards: P.R.S. Foli's *Fortune-Telling by Cards* (1904) in "Penelope"'. (18.1315) **15 my face was turned the other way** 'Now, from the queen of hearts we will proceed to count seven, taking into consideration the way the lady's face is turned. It is to the left, consequently the seventh card from her is the queen of spades, the seventh from which is the king of hearts, and the seventh again is the ten of hearts' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 39). (18.1316) **16 10 of spades for a Journey by land** 'Ten [of spades]: a journey by land' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 37). (18.1317) **17 there was a letter on its way** 'The ace of clubs shows that a letter is on its way' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 46). (18.1318) **18 scandals too the 3 queens** 'Three queens together generally betoken some mischief or scandal, but as they are guarded by kings it will probably not amount to much' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*,

p. 39). (18.1318) **19 8 of diamonds for a rise in society** 'Eight [of Diamonds]: Society' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 44). (18.1319) **20 2 red 8s for new garments** '[T]wo red eights promise new garments to the inquirer' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 23). (18.1320) **21 hes 23 or 24** Stephen was born in 1882, although the date is unspecified, so he is either twenty-one or twenty-two. (18.1328) **22 Eppss cocoa** See note at **462:5**. (18.1330) **23 I hope hes not a professor like Goodwin** See notes at **49:1** and **114:31**. (18.1332)

547 1 where softly sighs of love the light guitar From 'In Old Madrid'; see note at **201:9**. (18.1335) **2 Tarifa** A minor seaport in the Cadiz province of Spain and the southernmost city of mainland Europe. It lies about 8 km away from Europa Point and is well within range of the lighthouse there (*EB11*). (18.1337) **3 two glancing eyes a lattice hid** From 'In Old Madrid'; see note at **201:9**. In the song, the eyes are 'sparkling', not 'glancing'. (18.1338) **4 two eyes as darkly bright as loves own star** From 'In Old Madrid'; see note at **201:9**. (18.1339) **5 Billy Prescotts ad** See note at **64:6**. (18.1342) **6 Keyess ad** See note at **88:17**. (18.1343) **7 Margate strand** A section of beach on the eastern side of the isthmus called the North Front, which joins Gibraltar to mainland Spain. It was named after the English seaside resort (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 48). (18.1346) **8 curly head and his shoulders his finger up for you to listen** The statue of Narcissus Bloom purchased (see note at **500:15**). Based on Molly's description, this statue can be identified as a reproduction of a bronze statue of Narcissus unearthed from Pompeii in 1862 (Ralph W. Rader, 'Why Stephen's Hand Hurts', p. 444 n. 2). (18.1350) **9 if the wishcard comes out** The 'wish card' is the nine of hearts: 'the sign of riches, and of high social position accompanied by influence and esteem. It may be affected by the neighbourhood of bad cards' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 9). (18.1360) **10 my uncle John has a thing long** 'My Man John Had a Thing That Was Long' by John Eccles (*c.*1688–1735): a bawdy song that was popular in Victorian glee clubs and 'sung like a canon by at least three voices simultaneously' (Frederick William Dame, 'The Part(ed) Song', pp. 48–49). (18.1383) **11 corner of Marrowbone lane** Marrowbone Lane is in south-western Dublin and runs from Thomas Court to Cork Street in Dolphin's Barn, near where Molly lived with her father. (18.1384)

548 1 those houses round behind Irish street There was no Irish Street in either Gibraltar or Dublin. Presumably Molly means 'Irish Town', one of the main business thoroughfares in Gibraltar. (18.1390) **2 coronado** Spanish, crowned or tonsured; presumably Molly means *cornudo*, horned or cuckolded. (18.1394) **3 the wife in Fair Tyrants** See note at **173:3**. (18.1396) **4 didnt he kiss our halldoor** Bloom's habit of kissing the door follows from the Jewish custom of kissing the mezuzah (see note at **273:13**), even though there is no mezuzah on the threshold of 7 Eccles Street. (18.1406) **5 Rathfarnham** A parish and village in Uppercross and Rathdown baronies, County Dublin, 6.5 km south of the centre of Dublin. (18.1414) **6 Bloomfield laundry** The Bloomfield Steam Laundry Co. owned a model laundry in Edmondstown, Rathfarnham (*Thom's*, p. 1755). (18.1414) **7 that K C lives up somewhere this way** In 1904, three King's Counsels lived in the vicinity of the Blooms: Timothy Michael Healy, MP, 1 Mountjoy Square; Michael C. Macinerney, 22 Mountjoy Square; and Denis B. Sullivan, 56 Mountjoy Square (all *Thom's*, p. 1552). (18.1420) **8 Hardwicke lane** Hardwicke Lane is a small side alley that connects Upper Dorset Street to Hardwicke Street, just south of St George's Church and about a block away from the Blooms' house. It is not listed in *Thom's*. (18.1420) **9 the boxing match** See note at **126:13**. (18.1421) **10 half of those sailors are rotten again with disease** See note at **56:15**. (18.1425) **11 the winds that waft my sighs to thee** The song 'The Winds That Waft My Sighs to Thee' (1856): music by William V. Wallace (who also composed the music to *Maritana*), words by Henry W. Challis. (18.1427) **12 Don Poldo de la Flora** An approximate translation of Bloom's name into Spanish; see note at **536:8**. (18.1428) **13 dark man in some perplexity** 'The business appears again, and a dark man seems to be in some perplexity' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 40). (18.1429) **14 between 2 7s too in prison** 'A court card placed between two cards of the same grade – for instance, two nines, two sevens, &c., shows that the one represented by that card is threatened by the clutches of the law, and may be lodged at His Majesty's expense' (Foli, *Fortune-Telling*, p. 23). (18.1430) **15 slooching** Combines 'slouching' and 'mooching'; mooching: sneaking or idling about (Partridge). (18.1431)

549 1 nightwalkers Night-walker: 'a nocturnal thief or miscreant' (*OED*). (18.1453) **2 arrah** See note at **215:34**. (18.1462) **3 Delapaz Delagracia** *The Gibraltar Directory 1896* lists a John de la Paz on Cumberland Place, and a Joseph de Gracia, on Victualling Office Lane (pp. 109, 112). There is no one of either name in

the *Gibraltar Directory 1883*. (18.1463) **4 father Vial plana of Santa Maria** Should read 'Vilaplana' (the mistake was made on the page proofs of the first edition). Revd J. Vilaplana did not arrive in Gibraltar until 1910 (*SS*, p. 232). See note at **533:16** for Santa Maria. (18.1464) **5 Rosales y OReilly in the Calle las Siete Revueltas** *Calle las Siete Revueltas*: Spanish, 'Street of the Seven Turns'; its English name is City Mill Lane. The *Gibraltar Directory 1896* lists a James O'Reilly on City Mill Lane (p. 112), but no Rosales is listed. (18.1465) **6 Pisimbo** Not listed in the *Gibraltar Directory 1883* or *1896*. (18.1466) **7 Mrs Opisso in Governor street** Mrs Catherine Opisso: milliner and dress maker, Governor's Street (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, pp. 28, 112). (18.1466) **8 Paradise ramp** The English name for Escalera de Cardona (Stairway of Cardona), a street that ascends the Rock of Gibraltar (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 34). (18.1468) **9 Bedlam ramp** Another name for Witham's Ramp, which runs up the western slope of the Rock of Gibraltar to the lunatic asylum (Gifford). (18.1468) **10 Rodgers ramp** The English name for Los Espinillos, which runs up the western slope of the Rock of Gibraltar (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 34). (18.1468) **11 Crutchetts ramp** Also known as 'Portuguese Town', is the English name for La Calera, another stairway street that runs up the western slope of the Rock of Gibraltar (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 34). (18.1469) **12 devils gap** The English name for Escalera del Monte (Stairway of the Mountain), which runs from the south-western end of the town to Devil's Bellows, a ravine dividing the Rock of Gibraltar from the plateau of Windmill Hill Flats (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 34). (18.1469) **13 como esta usted muy bien gracias y usted** Spanish, 'How are you?' 'Very well, thank you. And yourself?' (18.1471) **14 Mrs Rubio** See note at **535:9**. (18.1474) **15 Valera** Juan Valera y Alcalá Galiano (1824–1905): Spanish diplomat and man of letters. His best-known work is the 1874 novel *Pepita Jiménez*, which was translated into English in 1886 and adapted into an opera in 1896 (*EB11*). (18.1475) **16 questions in it all upside down the two ways** In Spanish, exclamations and questions begin with inverted punctuation marks and conclude with marks right side up. (18.1475) **17 so long as I didnt do it on the knife for bad luck** After the superstition that it is bad luck to use a knife instead of a spoon for stirring (Opie and Tatem, *Dictionary of Superstitions*, s.v. knife, stirring with). (18.1479) **18 Abrines** R. & J. Abrines; 'Wines, Spirits, Ales, Groceries & Provisions Stores, Contractors to Her Majesty's Government', 27 Waterport Street, with three branches (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 105). (18.1482) **19 criada** Spanish, maidservant. (18.1483) **20 dos huevos estrellados señor** Spanish, 'two fried eggs, sir'. (18.1486)

550 **1 gesabo** See note at **270:6**. (18.1493) **2 Walpoles** Walpole Brothers Ltd: Irish linen and damask manufacturers, house furnishing linen drapers, hosiers, outfitters, 8–10 Suffolk Street; with branches in London, Belfast, Kensington, Belfast, Knightsbridge and Waringstown (*Thom's*, p. 1600). (18.1497) **3 Im sick of Cohens old bed** See note at **544:12**. (18.1498) **4 over to the markets** The Dublin Corporation Fruit, Vegetable and Fish Market; see note at **214:30**. (18.1499) **5 Mamy Dillon** See note at **272:11**. (18.1502) **6 moustachecup she gave him** See note at **48:9**. (18.1505) **7 mi fa pietà Masetto** Italian, 'I'm sorry for Masetto'; one of Zerlina's lines from 'Là ci darem la mano'; see note at **49:3**. (18.1507) **8 presto non son più forte** Italian, 'All at once my strength is failing'; another of Zerlina's lines from 'Là ci darem la mano'; see note at **49:3**. (18.1508) **9 handrunning** Consecutively (*OED*). (18.1512) **10 adulteress as the thing in the gallery said** See note at **542:7**. (18.1516) **11 in this vale of tears** After Psalm 83:67 in the Douay Bible (84:5–6 in the King James): 'Blessed is the man whose help is from thee: in his heart he hath disposed to ascend by steps, in the vale of tears, in the place which he hath set'; and used as a stock phrase since. (18.1517)

551 **1 well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus** Angelus: 'a short practice of devotion in honour of the Incarnation repeated three times each day, morning, noon, and evening, at the sound of the bell' (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). In this case the nuns would be at the Dominican Convent of Our Lady of Sion, 18–21 Eccles Street (*Thom's*, p. 1482). (18.1541) **2 an odd priest or two for his night office** A joke on the Divine Office; see note at **164:19**. (18.1543) **3 Lambes** Alicia Lambe: fruiterer and florist, 33 Upper Sackville (O'Connell) Street (*Thom's*, p. 1925). (18.1548) **4 Findlaters** See note at **45:16**. (18.1548) **5 Fridays an unlucky day** See note at **468:8**. (18.1550) **6 shall I wear a white rose** See note at **536:5**. (18.1553) **7 Liptons** Lipton's: tea, wine, spirit, and provision merchants, 59–61 Dame Street; 1 and 2 Eustace Street; 23 Merchants' Quay; 58 Henry Street; 4 Upper Baggot Street and 105 Upper George's Street, Kingstown, with stores in London, Glasgow and Liverpool (*Thom's*, p. 1931); founded by Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton (1850–1931). (18.1554) **8 go and wash the cobbles off** After the expression 'cobblers': nonsense or rubbish; the phrase

'cobbler's awls' is rhyming slang for 'balls', i.e. testicles (*OED*). (18.1566) **9 I gave him the bit of seedcake** See note at **128:31**. (18.1574) **10 leapyear like now yes 16 years ago** 1888, the year that Bloom proposed to (and married) Molly, was a leap year, as was 1904. (18.1575) **11 all birds fly** An Irish parlour game associated with, but not limited to wakes. Players sit in a circle and imitate the flying of a bird when the leader says so, but the leader can try to fool the players by instructing them to fly like a non-flying animal. Any player so fooled is chastised (Seán Ó Súilleabháin, *Irish Wake Amusements*, pp. 105–6). (18.1584) **12 stoop** A variant of the children's game 'Tag' (Iona and Peter Opie, *Children's Games in Street and Playground*, pp. 7, 86). (18.1584) **13 washing up dishes** Suggests another children's game. (18.1584) **14 governors house** The Governor has two residences: The Convent, in the town, and The Cottage, located at the east side of the peninsula (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 5). (18.1585) **15 auctions in the morning** Daily auctions were held in the Commercial Square, Plaza del Martillo (*martillo*: Spanish, auction house), also known as the Jew's market (*Gibraltar Directory 1883*, p. 39). (18.1587) **16 Duke street** Neither the 1883 nor the 1896 *Gibraltar Directory* lists a Duke Street in Gibraltar. There is, however, a Duke Street in central Dublin, off Grafton Street. (18.1589) **17 Larby Sharons** Larbi Sharon, egg and poultry dealer, first ran ads in the *Gibraltar Directory* for 1912 (*SS*, p. 232). (18.1590) **18 the old castle** The Moorish Castle, the oldest known man-made structure on Gibraltar, lies at the north end of the peninsula. The British military used some of the more complete parts of the castle for storehouses and officers' quarters (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 31). (18.1592)

552 **1 Ronda** A Spanish town to the north of Gibraltar, 64 km west of Malaga. The old town of Ronda was the old capital of the Moors (*Gibraltar Directory 1896*, p. 65). (18.1594) **2 posadas** Spanish, wayside inns or guest houses. (18.1595) **3 glancing eyes a lattice hid** From 'In Old Madrid'; see note at **201:9**. (18.1595) **4 Algeciras** See note at **528:23**. (18.1597) **5 serene** In Spanish, a *sereno* is a night watchman, after his cry as he makes his rounds. *Sereno* means serene, quiet or, as a night watch might say in English, 'All is well'. (18.1597) **6 the sea the sea** See note at **6:10**. (18.1598) **7 figtrees** 'The sunshine of Africa rests in the clefts of the rocks; in every sheltered spot the vine and fig-tree flourish, and the almond-tree and the myrtle; you inhale the fragrance of the locust and the orange blossoms [...] and the red geranium lights up the cold gray stone with rich masses of color' (Field, *Gibraltar*, p. 13). (18.1599) **8 jessamine** See note at **270:11**. (18.1601) **9 or shall I wear a red** See note at **536:5**. (18.1603) **10 Moorish wall** See note at **268:4**. (18.1604)

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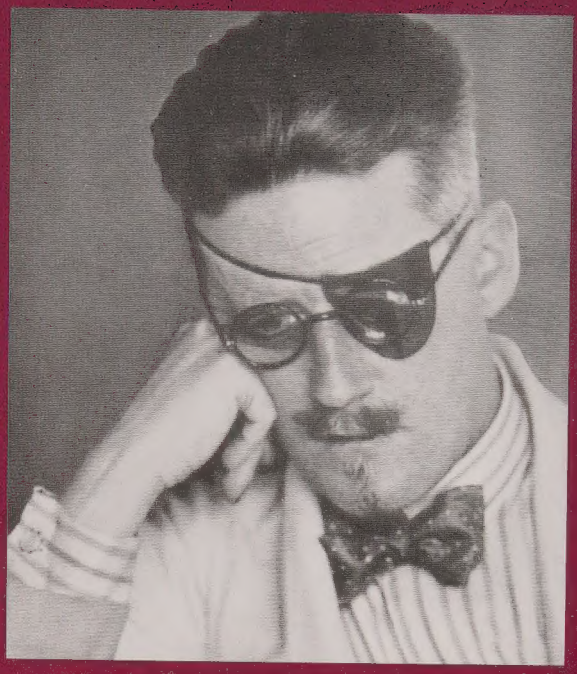
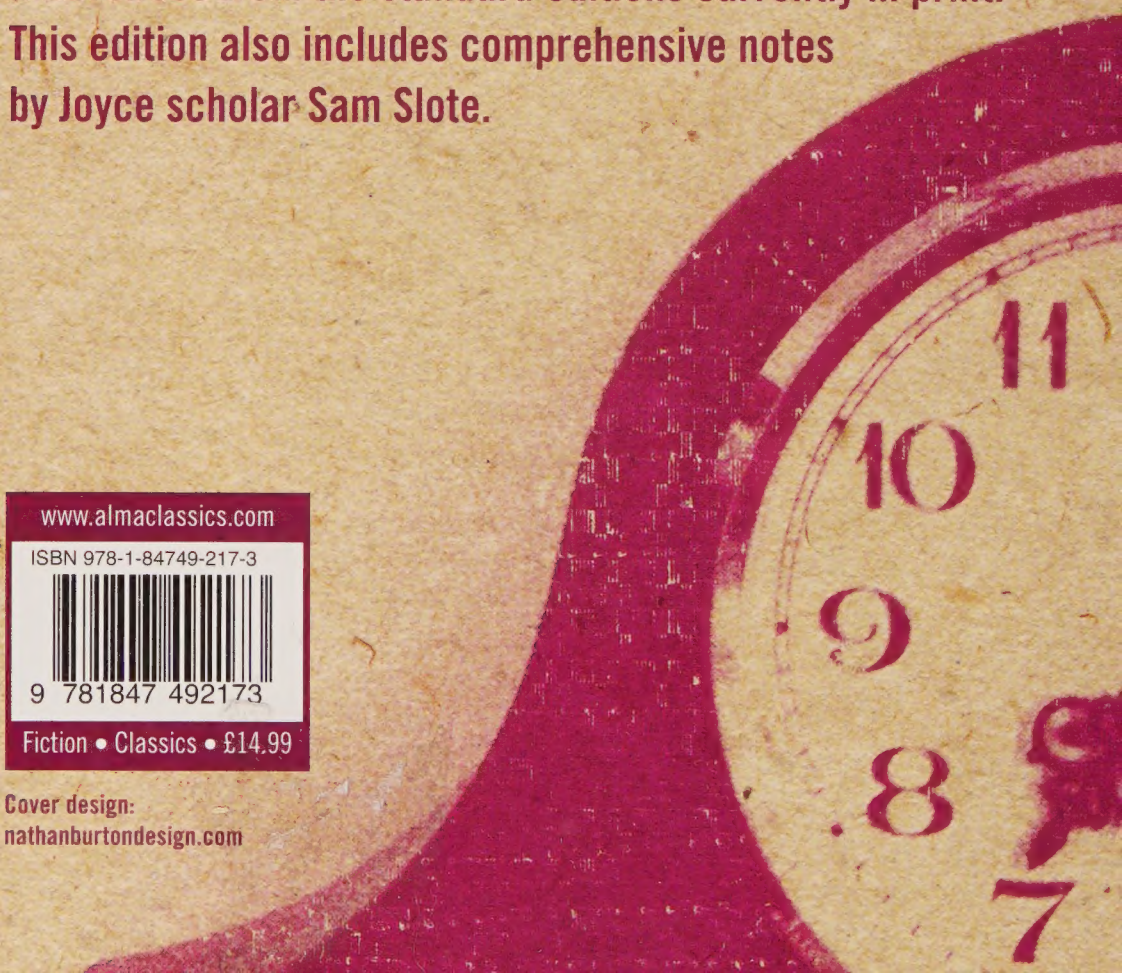


Born in Dublin, James Joyce (1882–1941) spent most of his life abroad, living in Trieste, Paris and Zurich. His writings, however, mainly centre on Dublin – most famously *Ulysses*, *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He pioneered and perfected avant-garde prose techniques that saw him rise to the rank of one of Europe's foremost Modernists.

Sam Slote is an Associate Professor in the School of English and a Fellow of Trinity College Dublin. He is the editor of *How Joyce Wrote 'Finnegans Wake'* (2007) and *Derrida and Joyce: Texts and Contexts* (2013). In addition to his work on Joyce, he has written on Beckett, Dante, Mallarmé, Woolf, Borges, Nabokov and Elvis Presley.

Controversial, scandalous, erudite and funny, *Ulysses* is undisputedly a landmark of twentieth-century modernism. It charts one day – 16th June 1904 – in the lives of three inhabitants of Dublin, the advertising salesman Leopold Bloom, the artist Stephen Dedalus and Bloom's wife Molly. Their peregrinations, thoughts and encounters form the basis of the narrative, which becomes a celebration of all human experience through the lives of specific individuals in a specific place at a specific time. *Ulysses* is both an experimental novel and a book intimately concerned with the events of modern life.

A lively repository of literary allusion and colloquial realism, this dazzlingly innovative, ambitious novel is here presented in its 1939 version, which contains notable textual differences from the standard editions currently in print. This edition also includes comprehensive notes by Joyce scholar Sam Slote.



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